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1971-01-05 • Memory • Honeywell Computer Chip Animals • LR

My Dad was a salesman for Honeywell in the early Seventies. My first memory about information technology is from 1971 when he would bring home small displays of computer chips that showed how technology had advanced. I remember looking at a chip, and dad describing how incredibly powerful it was. He also gave me a set of cards in a wallet. Each card had a picture of an animal sculpture made out of computer chips. My mom wanted the wallet. After she took the wallet, I lost the cards.

#computer stories #dad #mom



1971-01-17 • Memory • Black Mass and Dark Shadows • LR

One time, when I was five or six, I told my mom that I had a dream that I saw an alter in a parking garage. There were robed figures that were about to perform a human sacrifice as part of a ceremony. They noticed I witnessed their black mass and started running after me. Up until that point, I watched Dark Shadows with my mom as she ironed; however, she decided that I shouldn't watch it any more after that dream.

#mom



1971-03-24 • Memory • Tracks • LR

As a kid I used to play on the railroad tracks along East Lake Sammamish. The older kids taught me how to smash pennies on the tracks. They also warned me about the trains coming. I remember there were often garter snakes on the gravel in the hot sun in the summer. I often think back on that time, and how it was I was able to roam so freely. Part of it was the time; kids just ran all over the place together. (1)

My brother was a toddler, which kept my mom busy, and my sister was still bumping around the house, not quite preschool. I got kicked out of preschool after a week because my dad didn't pick me up in time. I remember sitting in the room watching Gilligan's island with the teacher and her telling me how bad it was that my dad was so late. He was selling minicomputers at the time, so I understand. My mom had learned to drive recently and didn't drive around lots, so it wasn't really an option for her to drive me. Plus, packing up the car with kids was not something you could do easily. I enjoyed preschool. I remember one of the kids showing me airplane tracks (vapor trails) as we laid with our backs on the wood chips looking at the sky.

I would walk down the railroad tracks to get to the creek, where I would look at pollywogs and egg clusters near the lake. In the other direction I remember finding a goose guarding some eggs. I tried to get close and she hissed at me. She was pretty scary. I would find railroad spikes, and if I was lucky a plate. Eventually my roaming and exploring got us kicked out of our rental house after several incidents with our landlord.

Our landlord was a trucker. He lived in the duplex above us. Back then all trash that was paper was burned in a burn barrel. I got the task of burning the trash. Mom would give me a match and I would burn the trash. Can you imagine giving a six year old a bunch of paper trash and a match? Well, I made "fire bombs". I would balance the paper on the edge of the burn barrel and light the inner side so it would burn and then fall down to the ground and make a poof. I caught the side of the hill on fire, though, and the fire department came. (Strike one)

There was a barrel on its side full of oil in the gravel parking area where the landlord parked his trailer and kept other equipment. The barrel had a spigot on the end. I figured out that I could make rivers of oil and float wood chips (tiny boats) down the hill. Unfortunately I got too caught up in floating wood chip boats down the stream and forgot to turn off the spigot. (Strike two)

One time I was walking up to catch the school bus and I noticed that there were was a big piece of wood stuck under the rear wheel of a car that belonged to the landlord's son. His son would play a rock music on a small hand-held radio. I would hang out with him while he would work inside the car and play music. I saw the wood and figured that it would keep him from being able to drive, so I removed the wood block and tossed it into the shrubs so nobody else would get stuck on it. When I got back from school the car had rolled down the hill and was embedded in the side of their house. (Strike three)

We moved to a mostly undeveloped tract in the woods outside of Issaquah after that, and for several more years I would roam all over the woods with my hatchet, but that is a different story.

#lake sammamish #mom #dad

Comments:

2021-10-25:

This area is geographically just a hill over Lake Sammamish with railroad tracks running at the bottom of the hill... now a bike path... oooo... what changing that to a bike path did for property values. And this isn't enough for the dwellers of the mansions. They encroach and battle over the bike path. It isn't enough that they have turned this beautiful lake of pollywogs, moss, ferns, and woods into an ugly array of mansions, they need to take over the bike path. The entire world is their consumer oyster... until it is all gone, just a shell for most. I imagine, like the Iron Man industrialists, that they will cling to their mansions until the end. Until the end. After they have ravaged nature and stuck her with knives... to borrow from The Doors (Sean and I recently watched Oliver Stone's movie).

2020-04-24:

The other day I saw a whole bunch of kids, 3-7 years old, going up and down our street without supervision on bikes. It made me happy to see.



1971-06-10 • Memory • Grass Torture • L R

I was visiting a friend that lived south of us on Lake Sammamish, and the kids a couple houses down asked if I wanted to see their club house. That sounded like fun, but when they got me inside, they tied up my hands behind me and shone a bright light in my eyes, pretending to interrogate me. They asked me some questions like who I was, and what I was doing on the road, stuff like that. They wadded up a bunch of grass into a ball and put it in my mouth. They let me go and told me if I told anybody they would come after me. They told me that I couldn't look back, and I couldn't spit out the grass.

I walked further down the road, and went into a field where I didn't think they could see me, and spit out the grass. I imagined that everything they had done to me was inside the grass, and when I spit it out, all of it went with the grass. I told my dad about it, and he talked to the kid's parents. He said afterwards that I wouldn't have to worry about those kids again.

I thought of the grass ball, later, when I sold Ruby in 2007. Ruby held all of the pain of the previous years, and I felt like I could just spit it all out by selling Ruby. I had poured so much energy into Ruby as a way to deal with what was going on at the time. I still think I was right, but I miss Ruby sometimes.

#bullies #dad #rambler #wrenching #ruby



1971-09-05 • Memory • Project Gutenberg - Surprising Stories • LR



In second grade I remember going to the library at school by myself for the first time. The "Sno Boy" truck parked near the library as well. I was fascinated by the picture of the Sno Boy.

I went in to the library, and the librarian asked me what I wanted. I asked for a copy of The Wizard of Oz. She told me that the book wasn't like the movie, and I might not like it. Well, I did like it, and the memory has always lurked in the back of my mind. I never did know where the story came from. I was looking at Project Gutenberg, and noticed that they have released L. Frank Baum's book. Ahh... this is what I remember. I can hardly wait to read this to Bobo. Here

is an excerpt:

"It is useless to fight people with shooting heads; no one can withstand them." "What can we do, then?" she asked. "Call the Winged Monkeys," suggested the Tin Woodman. "You have still the right to command them once more."

"Very well," she answered, and putting on the Golden Cap she uttered the magic words. The Monkeys were as prompt as ever, and in a few moments the entire band stood before her.

"What are your commands?" inquired the King of the Monkeys, bowing low.

"Carry us over the hill to the country of the Quadlings," answered the girl.

"It shall be done," said the King, and at once the Winged Monkeys caught the four travelers and Toto up in their arms and flew away with them. As they passed over the hill the Hammer-Heads yelled with vexation, and shot their heads high in the air, but they could not reach the Winged Monkeys, which carried Dorothy and her comrades safely over the hill and set them down in the beautiful country of the Quadlings.

"This is the last time you can summon us," said the leader to Dorothy; "so good-bye and good luck to you."

To read the rest of the story, see it here. For other books you can get online, see the main Project Gutenberg Site.

#bobo

Comments:

2021-10-25:

I've been re-watching the series Sara Connor Chronicles. They show this exact version of the book, same cover, in the series:



Figure 1: The Wonderful Wizard of Oz

It is John's favorite book.

2021-10-25:

I watched this today while I worked out. Certainly it needs the backstory, but my-o-my what a great episode.



1971-10-10 • Memory • Dream Boat • L R

Yesterday I emailed the author of Collapse OS to share some of my Z-80 projects. I heard back from the author and talked a bit about what I was working on that was similar in the present. I also mentioned that odd feeling of writing

for the future. In addition to the pink beam idea, which is a bit of a weird idea, I told him about the idea of a dream boat.

When I was in second grade, they didn't know what to do with me. A local high school student volunteered to help kids with problems, and I was the kid. I remember she took me on a walk to a nearby creek. She said something about a dream boat, and I told her that I didn't know what that was. She explained that a dream boat was a tiny boat you put in the stream with a small candle. You would watch it drift downstream and wish on your dream boat, who was a person you wanted to fall in love with you.

Collapse is like an event horizon or a line 1/x. Nobody on this side can see across. There are any number of ways this can go down. We are aware of the current predicament. We are aware that humans still use 4 billion gallons of oil and related equivalents (natural gas) each day. We are aware that not only does our economy rely on this for everything, but that it is triggering positive feedback loops associated with global warming. Any kind of speculation on the other side of collapse, though, is foolish, besides, well, things will be much different and many will die between here and there.

Some of us attempt to address this, and have come to similar conclusions about what to do in the present. The author of Collapse OS is looking at the supply chain associated with computers, and trying to provide the future with a means to bootstrap from TI-84+ calculators and other Z-80 consumer items. Until today, I didn't know that the Z-80 was still in production in a modern consumer device. My focus is on portable means for systems analysis. My take is that it is impossible to predict what will be needed on the other side of the event horizon of collapse, but resilience at the other side (and interim states, whatever those are) will not only benefit from these tools, but could be used to make better choices.

I don't know that I've ever referred to the offering to the future as a dream boat before today. It kind of makes sense. It is something that is mostly imaginary, if this is your approach. You can't see the person. You hope they will fall in love with you, and so you send this tiny boat down the stream. The metaphors, here, are rich and luscious. I also like it that for me, personally, there is an innocence, here, because it is a memory of second grade, when I was barely able to grasp the world. Everything seemed magical, whether it was the Sno Boy truck or L. Frank Baum's books. A couple of years later I became fascinated by the movie Paddle to the Sea, which is appropriate on many levels in this stream of memory and correlation.

As I considered this, I realized that I was confused about whether the person who told me about dream boats was the woman who helped me in second grade or my aunt. My aunt is my dad's youngest sister, and she is relatively close to me in age. When I was in second grade she was still in high school (perhaps in college, but still relatively young). At first I thought that my aunt was the one that told me, but it doesn't fit with the stream, which was where I remembered hearing the story. It may be that my aunt *is* the one that told me. I also have the story of Alley Oop mixed in there, which I associated with my aunt. She was surprised that I had never heard of the Alley Oop comic. My memory is that she said that Alley Oop launched a dream boat. I'm sticking with the local high school woman for the dream boat story, though, for now.

Memory has a similar texture as the future does from this perspective. The correlations of a young brain and fifty years of time are certainly not as difficult to penetrate from the present as fifty years in the future, across collapse, but I can see it is a similar challenge. What I like about relating these two, is that it softens the stance in the present. In a way, trying to recreate these memories is equally as directional. My 2nd grade self knew very well what was going on in the present, but there were also many mysteries. It was a completely different world. Little about what I am saying now would make sense to me in 2nd grade. I could say I was making a Paddle to the Sea boat, or a dream boat, and that would make sense.

I did some searching on Alley Oop to see if I could find a reference to a dream boat. I'm still not entirely sure I have the story right, and now that I've added Paddle to the Sea to the water of memory, I am even more unsure. It turns out that as of today Alley Oop is from the future and time travels back to 1986 to recover a mix tape.

#collapse #dream boat

Comments:

2024-09-25:



1974-07-29 • Memory • Boat • LR

The boy clutched the wheel and peered out over the winding Sacramento river. "What do I do now?", he asked nervously. The sun was shining behind his grandfather, and made his silver hair blend in with the bright reflection on the water.

His grandfather smiled wide, a tumbler with three fingers of whiskey in his right hand, and said, "Steady as she goes!"

"What's that?"

"Just pick a point out over the bow, and trace a path that is in the same direction we are going, and steer along that path. I'm going down to check on your Grandmother. It's all yours."

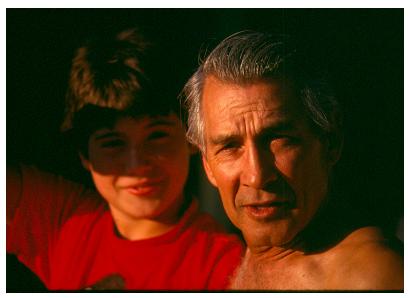


Figure 2: Grandpa on Boat

#grandpa



1974-10-15 • Memory • Hot Lunch • L R

In fifth grade I decided that I would rather have a hot lunch than bring the lunch my mom prepared for me, and I found out that I could get a hot lunch in the cafeteria if I swept the floors instead of going out for recess. I imagine that the conversation with my mom. I imagine that the conversation with my mom went something like:

"I can get a hot lunch if I sweep the floors."

"Why would you want to do that? You would rather do that than eat the lunch I give you?"

"Yeah"

"Fine with me."

That was probably the extent of the discussion. I don't know that I outright asked mom if she would buy me hot lunch, I just kind of stubbornly decided that was what I was going to do. Eventually I worked in the kitchen loading the dishwasher. In eighth and ninth grade I loaded the dishwasher and washed pots and pans at Cascade Junior High in Auburn. For years after I worked at Cascade, one of the ladies in the kitchen that went to our church would ask my mom how I was doing. In exchange for a free hot lunch, I also worked on the food line at Auburn high. My friend Sunn worked the cash box, which was the primo job.



1975-03-02 • Memory • Microdata • L R

My father got the NW territory for Microdata minicomputers in the mid 70s. The operating system was called Reality.

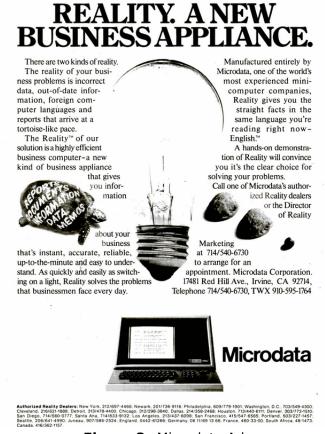


Figure 3: Microdata Ad

Microdata ran circles around IBM mainframes for compute cost. Eventually his territory included the West Coast and Alaska. Another feature of Microdata is that the database queries were supposed to be so easy to write that the end-user could simply enter a query using natural language syntax.

I wrote my first database query in 1975 in our kitchen on a terminal with an acoustic coupler on the top that you set a phone handset in. The acoustic coupler was connected to a modem that communicated with a Microdata minicomputer. Some programs you ran took 10 minutes to load **because it required a tape to be mounted by an operator**. I've mounted those same tapes and was shown how to bootstrap a Microdata with toggle switches.

My father gave me a t-shirt that had a cartoon of somebody that was sitting at a terminal, and there were 12 or so different people on the shirt in different roles (operator, programmer, technician, etc.). The caption was, "Too many people between you and your data? Face Reality!"

#computers #dad

Comments:

2019-08-24:

The "English" they are talking about in the ad was similar to modern SQL.



I let myself space out in the clouds today, drinking beer in the sun with the opportunity. I wandered back to 1975, to my old friend Andy. I met Andy in elementary school. My dad took us to rifle certification training class in the evenings, but I was expelled. The instructor told my dad that perhaps I should learn with a BB gun instead, as I was failing miserably at his class.

Andy and I both had "waffle stomper" boots. They were suede boots with a waffle pattern (they were more like jagged trapezoids). We had lots of fun times in the late spring and summer. His big sister taught us how to look at the clouds and see things as we lay on our backs. We flew kites. We decided we were blood brothers. He told me the ceremony, but I don't know for sure if we cut ourselves and shared blood or not. We were good friends, though.

The summer went on. We spent the night in his tree fort. His family had a large piece of land in the valley along Hobart road. I remember admiring his dad's array of baby food jars holding various fasteners in his basement workshop, the lids nailed to the board above. [Munged in is a memory of Blood Sweat and Tears singing Spinning Wheel. I went to a birthday party one time and the parents had this on their player piano reel, is my memory, but I don't know if it was an early party of Andy or something else... I'm thinking something else..] Andy and I went to YMCA summer camp together, but we got in a fight on the way and split up. I stayed in a different cabin. I took some pictures with my mom's brownie camera that I had for many years. I got rid of most of the pictures in '85 on my big purge.

Late in that same summer of 1975, Andy and I built a fire on the cedar river in the afternoon. We put a ring of rocks around it. After we were done, we put the fire out. I burned the palm of my hand badly while picking up one of the rocks. I vaguely remember thinking the rock would make steam when it hit the water, but why would I pick it up? We went back, and Andy's mom was horrified at what we had done. She felt I was a bad influence, told my mom, and I never saw Andy again. I remember my mom stopping by to return some stuff of Andy's in the car. I wasn't allowed to come inside the house, but I had a soap-on-a-rope of an alligator that I wanted to give to Andy, and mom delivered it for me as I sat waiting in the car.

#andy #greg



1975-10-01 • Memory • Washing Machine Lids and Pits • LR

When we lived near Issaquah in Mirrormont, I would dig holes that I would crawl into and cover myself up in. I suppose the best would be if it was really, really big, like a fort under the ground, but I could never dig that deep. We had a circular area around a tree over near where the old Buick Special was parked. I dug a hole big enough to fit in and used an old washing machine lid to cover myself up completely. I would dig holes in the woods as well. The woods were fairly dense and full of fir and cedar trees that had fallen down in wind storms. It was difficult to dig in the woods because of all of the roots. I also built a variety of forts above ground that were not much different than holes. They were barely big enough to hold me and maybe one other person - not that many people ever joined me in my fort. When we first moved there I had a three story treehouse. Completely different. All three of us kids would play on it. It was on our neighbor's property, though, and he tore it down apologetically.

#hole #pit



1975-10-13 • Memory • Oatmeal Funnies • LR

I called my great grandma, my mom's dad's mom, GG. The same with my mom's mom's mom. I visited GG, my mom's dad's mom once in her apartment with my parents and my grandpa. It was dark outside. She lived on the side of a hill in Alameda. I played dominoes with her, and she read a joke from her oatmeal pouch. I laughed so hard at the joke that she would save the bags from her oatmeal and send them to me in the mail.

#gg #grandpa



1975-10-15 • Memory • Ms. Strickland's Bust • L R

My sixth grade teacher got mad at the entire class one time when she heard us use the word bust the wrong way, as in, "The door lock is busted. It doesn't work." She stood in front of the class and scolded us for using a word in a way that didn't exist. She stood at the front of the class, grabbed both of her breasts and said, "This is a bust!" That lesson really stuck with me.

#bust



1976-02-01 • Memory • Bus Driver and Principal • LR

In sixth grade the bus driver yelled at me for letting our dog chase the bus. This was in the mid seventies on Tiger Mountain, quite rural, although all the houses had shakes according to the rules of the development (Mirrormont). I started looking at her in the mirror of the bus, because I thought her protest was not justified. This went on for several days. She was so unnerved that she complained to the Principal. He called me in to the office. She confronted me with the Principal. She had to say that her problem with me was that I looked at her in the mirror. Not really much that could be done to me for that! The principal asked if that was all.

She said, "Well, he calls me names."

The principal asked "What names?"

"The old lady that sells crosses at the church."

The principal turned to me. "Do you?"

"Yes," I said, matter-of-factly.

So, in addition to looking at her in the mirror, I called her the old lady that sells crosses at the church. I actually bought one from her with my own money. It had a bunch of different polished rocks. It was about two inches tall.

The principal said that there wasn't much he could do about it if I called her that. He thought I had said something worse. The bus driver left. When she left the principal told me that he could hardly wait until I got into Junior High so I would get the crap beaten out of me.

#church



1976-03-21 • Memory • Sad Eye Cat • L R

My first (and only) art class was oil pastel class in 76. I used my mom's old set of oil pastels she used when she took art class in college. They were a wee bit dry, but there were many colors in a wood box. It was quite fancy. The first thing we did was of a painting/print of a sad eye cat standing in a corner with bricks.

I spent an entire week getting three bricks finished. The teacher played KJR (a top 40 AM station at the time). The rest of the class had moved on to the next painting, but I was still trying to get my bricks perfect with the right texture of colors. My teacher told me I had to hurry up, as he needed to take down the painting to rotate. I finished the rest that very day. I have it hanging on my wall at home, now. Sometimes I try and figure out what three bricks I worked on so hard. I think I can make them out.



Figure 4: Sad Eye Cats

#mom



1976-04-02 • Memory • Recess Hiding • L R

The general pattern of my difficulties with bullies is that they would pick on me for awhile, but in the majority of the times, it would become a fight, and I would win. I was pretty strong and good at wrestling, so if/when it got to that point I **could** win. Usually I would not directly confront bullies, but instead would avoid them at first. They would take this as a sign that I was scared, and would escalate. I was scared. At the same time, though, when it got to the point of a real fight, I would defend myself. Several of the fights in my memory ended up in my neighborhood. I can think of four fights:

- The boy who lived down at the end of the street in the reddish house, near the dirt road with the abandoned appliances (I vaguely remember going down there with David and rolling him in a dryer drum for fun... my memory is he liked it too, but it seems like us kids often tried to get each other to do things that our memory in later times is "not fun").
- Chip, who lived just a couple blocks from my house, picked a fight with me wearing a football helmet. That didn't work for him, as I was able to wrestle him to the ground and pin his shoulders. I held on to the front of the guard on his helmet, left it up, punch him, repeat. I think I fought Chip once prior at school, but we were pulled apart. I think he is the one I bit. The principal asked why I bit him, and I told the principal we were fighting and he had his hand in my mouth, so I bit it.
- Brian, just a couple houses down. I don't remember the details, but I won.
- Michael, who lived next door. Michael started the fight. It was a quick one... I forget the details, but his big sister called me over to their yard and punched me in the stomach, saying that I was a bully myself. He was younger. I think part of the problem was that people thought they could win, so they fought me, even if they were younger. I seemed like a great mark to most.

One memory in particular has always haunted me. A boy had threatened to beat me up, and I didn't want to confront him, so I hid during recess in the bathroom. I don't know what I had done. I think, mostly, I was just odd. My dad would often relate how chickens would peck at a speck on another chicken until they died to get me to understand that my weirdness was why kids picked on me. I don't think dad was being mean. He was just relating a truth that he thought would help me; however, I am not sure how I could have been "not weird" to remove the spot.

But, back to the boy and my hiding. I hid for several days during recess. Eventually this boy had recruited a large number of kids who were searching for me. I remember a mob, roughly twenty kids, that descended on me as I came out of the entryway to go to my class, right where it opened up to the playground. This was at Maple Hills elementary. It had semi-open passageways between the classrooms, with a big open area for the playground, including two rough play fields, some woods, and two different areas for games like basketball and tether ball. I was knocked down by the mob, and I crawled backwards under the railing into the flower bed, pulling myself along, facing the crowd. The kids were shouting that they had found me. The flower bed was right in front of the office. I went into the office and said I felt sick. I am not sure if it was Friday, and Monday the kids forgot, or perhaps I pretended to be sick for awhile, but nothing happened after that.

#beat up #bobo #bullies #dad

Comments:

2021-01-16:

One of the bigger problems was that I switched schools quite a bit, usually from moving around so much. Every time I moved I had a new batch of bullies to fight. After a few rounds, and me winning 50/50 or so, the kids would leave me alone. I ran across this video that talks about a similar problem. This is a large part of why Yvette and I resolved to not move while Bobo was in school.



1977-03-01 • Memory • Pilot Bread • L R

When I was twelve I went on a two week camping trip with the Boy Scouts around Mount Rainier. I just had a homemade tent, a tarp and some stakes. The scout troop met at the Mormon church, and every third meeting was pure religion (which means I have been formally indoctrinated as a kid by three different formal religions).

My homemade tent didn't work so well. We didn't hike on Sundays, so we just waited all day in the rain. It rained quite a bit. We ate pilot bread, which I have enjoyed ever since. It tastes very good when you are cold and hungry the next day... nothing seems like it could possibly taste better, particularly with PBJ. That night I got very cold and tried to crawl into the scoutmaster's tent, but got kicked out. My homemade tent leaked. The next day they decided I had hypothermia, so they made room for me in a real tent, where slept as I hiked the remainder of the trip.

Another fond memory is when we stopped at Paradise and dried out our socks on the hand dryers. The feeling of dry, warm socks is right up there with pilot bread in joy for me.

#boy_scouts



1977-12-23 • Memory • Nana Oven • LR

Nana and Grandpa had this exact same oven:



Figure 5: Mad Men Oven

I saw this on an episode of Mad Men. The range pulled out.

#mad men #nana



1978-05-25 • **Memory** • **Glue and Husky Plus** • **L R**

When I was in eight grade I had an area above the carport where I would work on my flying wing. It was an old fashioned control-line airplane with a Cox .049 Babe Bee engine. A couple years earlier my dad had helped me build a plane with a larger engine, but he was too bossy and did everything. I grew to hate working on it with him and crashed it on purpose when we flew it, I found it so unpleasant to fly it with him. I did learn about doping the nylon for the wings and how it generally went together.

I liked to spend time above the carport. I'd read books sometimes, too. I remember I had checked out cowboy tall tales, and I would read them while the plane was drying. I would get glue on my pants, various earth-tone Husky Plus jeans from Sears. I'd wear them to school and the kids would point it out sometimes, but I didn't really care that much. I believe I was classified as "a scrounge". In the summer I remember flying the wing when my great Aunt and Uncle were visiting. It flew decent, at least a few good sessions. I don't remember what happened to it, if I

crashed it or what, but my only memory flying it was when my great Aunt and Uncle were watching. The were all the way across the field, on the other side of Mom's giant garden eating lunch on the back porch. I was alone in the field, just flying my flying wing.

#dad #ranch



1978-07-12 • Memory • Jonathan Livingston Seagull • L R

I used to poke around my dad's bathroom, go through his drawers, and listen to an 8 track he had, Jonathan Livingston Seagull soundtrack, by Neil Diamond. I loved that music. Dad had divided his drawers into little cardboard compartments, and I was fascinated by all of his stuff. Mostly, though, I enjoyed listening to the soundtrack again and again. I don't know why, but it seems like he never changed the tape. It was always that 8 track in the player.

#dad

Comments:

2023-08-23:

A couple of years ago I found a copy of the record album in a box of stuff people had set out to give away. It was the first time I'd listened to it since my Dad's bathroom.



1979-03-23 • Memory • Drivers Ed and Steve Martin • LR

I was a very bad student. I rarely cared about what was taught. I didn't get it. Part of it is because I'm a bit of a freak - a bit. Part of this was that I often sat in classes of 30-40 kids. This remains a problem with me, in that I still have a hard time getting traction in presentations. Much later, after many failures, I majored in math; however, I probably only fully followed 30 lectures out of hundreds that I had beyond first year calculus. With the majority of lectures, I'd write the stuff down, but had absolutely no idea what was being said. I remember one clear counter-example. One of my professors, Jens Jantzen, pinched a globe in the air and described how where his fingers came together, there was a limit, but... Pop! if you pushed through, it would create a hole through the center of the globe and become a donut. He delivered almost all of his lectures with his eyes closed and his head tilted slightly upwards, like there was a huge, glaring light on the center floor of the classroom.

I focused on math, because it was something that was interesting to dig at. Another feature, unlike electrical engineering, is that it was further removed from the cable TV company. I'm not joking. This is completely true, and part of the logic of how my life unfolded. In a rush of anger I reacted to a phone call with Comcast. I also rejected computer science because of The Big O. But the stories of math... that is much later. Most of my math story until 1989 was that I could never learn my multiplication tables. I still don't know them completely.

In 1979 I took drivers ed. The actual drivers ed. classroom had a driving simulator. We would watch movies and run the simulator. I don't think I ever drove the simulator. Instead of lectures, we had a combination study-hall and study/drivers-ed. period. We sat in a big room at the top of the school building. I never read my drivers ed study books or study. I would have failed the class if I hadn't cheated by changing the grades in the grade book. I also changed my grades in Math and History. The teachers left their grade books in their rooms at night, and I happened to have a key. Besides my constant stream of books I got from the Sci-Fi book club, the only thing I remember reading in study-hall/drivers ed. was Cruel Shoes by Steve Martin.

#auburn_high



1979-10-06 • Memory • Micro Slow • L R

Prior to fall of '79, the only computers I had used were dumb terminals with acoustic couplers. I would play craps, Hammurabi, wumpus, and Star Trek. In '76 my dad tried to get me to do queries on the computer on the weekends. It was a Pick OS, so the queries were kind of like SQL of today. I didn't think it was very interesting. I remember seeing the Altair 8800 on the cover of Popular Electronics, but I had no idea what it was, nor had any interest. I was more interested in tromping through the woods, riding motorcycles and horses, and generally exploring.

I was quite interested in electronics, though. I was inspired by Chariots of the Gods, and wanted to build a radio that could hear the signals of aliens. I asked my dad about it, and he gave me his old scout book that had instructions for a cat whisker radio. I took that and rummaged around the junk drawer full of screws and random parts, trying to find something that looked like what I saw in the picture. I tried to build the radio with a brass plate and a wire touching it. It didn't work, of course, but my dad took me down to Radio Shack and knew enough to ask the guy for a diode. I tried with that for awhile, it still didn't work, and we then bought a full radio kit that was packaged in a little box with instructions. I tried to get that to work for awhile too. My dad told me I needed to have a good antenna, so I strung up around the trees next to our house. This also failed, so dad figured maybe it was because I had just twisted the wires together rather than solder. Dad helped me solder, but he had a large iron that was more for soldering metal. The radio never did work.

A few months after the radio failure, I used the money I made babysitting and mowing lawns to purchase a Radio Shack 150 in 1 kit.

It had springs that would pinch wires connecting the transistors, resistors and capacitors together. I remember being frustrated by all of the explanations. I didn't care how the transistor worked. I just wanted to build the circuit that sounded like a bird chirping. I remember making an alarm circuit with a photo-cell. I set it up in the front yard with a flashlight shining across the grass at night, and me and my brothers and sisters would play a game where we would try and jump over the light beam.

In 1970 or so, my dad won a large console TV with a stereo for selling computers at Honeywell that finally died in 1976. He said I could take it apart. This leveled me up a bit on electronics. I pulled every part. I wired the big speaker to my clock radio to make better sound. I hadn't learned to solder yet. I just twisted the wires to the back of the speaker.

Mostly, though, I spent my time wandering around the woods, riding bikes and horses, an climbing trees. I remember I would climb quite high in fir trees. I would pick the biggest tree I could find and climb until the branches started breaking under my weight. I would stop and just look out from the tree. I spent hours in the woods.

We moved to the ranch in '77. Increasingly I would tinker with electronics. I would check out books from the library that had different circuit examples. There was a pipe factory nearby that had shut down that my friend Matt lived next



to. He showed me where there were electronic control panels with electronic parts, as well as a hillside where people would dump their old TVs. We would rummage around and gather parts.

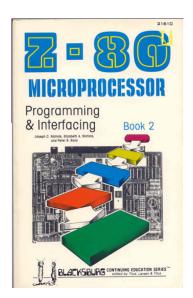
In junior high, kids would give me broken radios, because they knew I was an electronics nerd. A turning point for me was when I read an article on an LED chaser project in Popular Electronics. It used a CMOS 4017 decade counter. The digital electronics made more sense to me. I would peruse large parts catalogs of TTL chips, hunting for recipes.

My dad liked to go out on the boat with the family, but mostly I was bored and read electronic technical manuals. Once I decided I would build an electronic game to bring on a weekend boat trip so I had something to do. I took the plastic container for a mechanic's ratchet and socket set, and put a toggle switch on each side. I created a debounce circuit for each switch, a set/reset circuit with 7400 NAND gates, and hooked each up to the up or down count on a 74193 counter with a 74154 that would increment the LED on the socket set containers up or down. I called it tug-of-war, and each player would just toggle their switch back and forth to increment or decrement the LEDs towards their end. When the LED got to 0 or 15 it would disable the toggle switches and that person would be the winner.

I took some of the ideas from tug-of-war, and started a bigger project. I decided to build my own Space Invaders game. It would have a digital counter at the top and a grid of LEDs representing the aliens. I would use a similar approach to the tug-of-war, but instead of just a line I would have multiple lines and detect when a scrolling shot hit the invaders and they cascaded down the 2-D grid. Microcontrollers looked very interesting to me. They appeared to do much of what I was trying to do with the Space Invaders game as far as detecting collisions. I sent in a card for an old Intel microcontroller (likely the MCS-48), but all I got was a letter back saying that manual didn't exist anymore.

I took an electronics class in high school in my sophomore year. Sunn had encouraged me to take the class, even thought it was normally only offered to juniors and seniors. The teacher, Mr. Kochel, brought in a 6800 development system with hexadecimal digit display and a keypad. He presented it to me like it was a rare golden chalice. I didn't get it, though. I read the manual about entering machine code, and nothing clicked. I had no idea what it was for, or why it was interesting. Both my math teacher and Mr. Kochel also brought in their own personal Commodore computers. Again, I had no idea why it was interesting.

On the shelf in the electronics class were technical reference manuals for different microprocessors and microcontrollers. I remember taking the AMD 2900 book home so I had something to read on the boat. I remember my dad was on the bow when we were anchored somewhere, and I was all excited about how bit-slice worked, how you could create a faster computer by a smaller instruction set. I showed him the pages in the reference manual, but he was puzzled by my focus in the setting. Why was I reading this while on a boat in the San Juan Islands? Thinking back, I don't think I really understood the books.. I just knew there was something interesting there. I read other books, including the MCS-48. I spent months pouring over them, trying to learn through osmosis, flooding myself with stuff that I didn't really understand but knowing that there was something fabulous on the other side, something that I knew would be fascinating and useful. I also remember getting the Z-80 Bug Books.



I carried those around with me everywhere the following year. I remember bringing them with me to the Grand Canyon on a school trip a few weeks after I first met Sean on the hay ride.

After close to two years reading about microprocessors and microcontrollers, I finally got it enough to start my Z-80 homebrew computer project. I built a hexadecimal keypad first, that addressed 16 bits address with 8 bits data. I mounted it in a file case from an office supply store that Sunn took me to, next to a record store in a strip mall in Auburn. I bought Doobie Brothers Greatest Hits, there, as well as my own copy of Steve Martin, Wild and Crazy Guy. I also mounted two "super strip" breadboards in the top of the box.

I didn't completely understand buss states at this time. I also didn't fully understand about using decoupling capacitors. I remember showing my prototyped CPU with memory to my dad, and how I could program it, but it would skip digits when advancing, so, for instance, if you pushed a C, it would enter a hexadecimal C in bits 5-8 and 9-12. Also, when I passed my hand over the wires it would act all wonky... the lights would flicker. This was because the bus was tri-state, and it was essentially an open wire that would float to 0 or 1 depending on if my hand was over it.

I picked it up again in the cabin in 1984, put it away again until 1989, and finally built this boot loader.

This progression is similar to my interest in ontologies in 2019. I see a similar pattern where I am very excited about it, and pour myself into reading all about it, and sharing what I found out. It is fascinating, and I know there is something incredibly useful and profound behind it, but much of my effort has been naive. The advantage, now, is

there are some crossover efforts like key-value pairs and analysis that somewhat translate to triples and machine learning.

#chariots of the gods #computers #dad #electronics #kochel #ontologies #radio shack #sunn



1979-10-13 • Memory • The Beatles and the Annex • LR

I had geometry class in the Auburn High Annex. It had two stories, a basement and an attic, if I remember right. My geometry class was on the second floor. There was a high ceiling. It was a very old building, condemned, and they were going to tear it down. My geometry class moved later that year to the new building. My teacher worked at Longacres horse race track. I remember that every day for a few weeks at least, somebody would play "The Day the Music Died" in the hall about the same time.

American Pie

I created an early version of a hexadecimal counter as part of a project for geometry class. I remember being impressed because the teacher knew it was hexadecimal. I thought it was so cool that you could count so high so quickly with base 16. I used a 7 segment driver (7447) that had odd symbols for 10-15 decimal and a 74193 as the counter. I explained that you just needed to convert it to the class.

I bought The Beatles' White Album around that time. I didn't like it at first. It didn't have the songs I remembered I liked on it. Eventually, though, I liked it more and more. I remember talking to somebody in geometry class about it and asking if it was a good album. He said that it was a classic. My dad said it was a bad album, and it was made at the end of their career. He especially didn't seem to like the pictures that came with the album (there were four rather ratty looking pictures of the Beatles included). I remember that he had somebody from Barclays Bank over to dinner for some reason. Since he was British I figured he would know about The Beatles. He also confirmed that The White Album was a respected recording. I listened to it a lot. I especially loved (and still do) Martha my Dear.

Martha my Dear

The Beatles remained my favorite band for several years. I remember Sunn picking me up to go caroling the following year and me, Sean, Ross, and others mainly sang Beatles songs in the back at the top of our lungs while Sunn drove us around in his father's truck filled with alfalfa hay from my parent's barn. I mainly knew the songs off of The White Album at that point. I believe my second Beatles album was Abbey Road.

#abbey_road #attic #auburn_high #basement #dad #sean #sunn #the_beatles #white_album



1980-05-17 • Memory • Kochel Air Core • L R

My electronics teacher in high school, Mr. Kochel, bragged to the class that his family never paid for power. They lived on a farm in Eastern Washington and ran an electric fence under the power lines and ran it right into their house on top of the feed to the meter. What an excellent way to demonstrate an air core transformer. I'm pretty gullible, it turns out, but I've always believed that story. He was a strange man. I liked him. He drove a "three on the tree". He drove me to a television repair competition one time (I placed third in regional television repair once), which was the first time I'd seen a car with that kind of manual transmission.

#kochel



1980-06-15 • Memory • The Electric Fried Hot Dogs Period: 1980-1986 • LR

The electric fried hot dogs period starts the summer before my second sophomore year in high school. I had to take my sophomore year over again when I went from a public high school to private, likely because I didn't do well in my classes, I just changed my grades in the gradebook. This period of my life ends when I took off for Taos in my 1984

Mazda pickup with Paula. The electric fried hot dog refers to a device I made where I put a couple of galvanized nails through a board hooked up to an electrical cord. If you put a hot dog on the nails and plugged it in, it would cook the hot dog. Now, this was quite dangerous, of course. It was really a bad idea. Plus the hot dogs had kind of a galvanized-nail-lectric-fried taste to them. Yes, they would cook fine. Our hot dogs at that time came from our own pigs. They were fabulous hot dogs, sausages, really. I would proudly exclaim that they tasted "lectric fried", as thought it was a good thing the taste was a little off.

[2019: I used to separate my journal by periods of time designated by food, Greenoodle, Electric Fried Hot Dogs. I stopped doing this in 2011, but I retained the entries where I described the period of time.]

#mazda #paula #taos



1980-06-29 • Memory • Specialty House Electronics: Ash Filters • L R

My first job was working for Specialty House Electronics. Ron, the owner, was also one of the judges for our High School VICA electronics contest. I might have been in the top three or so for our High School. I know Sunn beat me in the competition. I did better at the TV repair competition. I placed 3rd in regionals for TV repair. Anyway, Sunn ended up getting a job at Specialty House for the summer. Specialty House made these heavy equipment service timers, among other things. They used a memory resistor (capacitor?) component so that after a certain amount of time that current flowed through the device, the LED would go on. They were made in a square, epoxy module that bolted to the equipment.

The back side had to be perfectly flat so that the module wouldn't crack when bolted down. Ron had set up a belt sander clamped to a table, and one of the steps was to sand the back of the module. Another step was to bundle up the wires that stuck out of the module, wrap them, and put the unit in the plastic bag. Ron lectured Sunn about being too sloppy when he bundled and wrapped the wires. Sunn then carefully wrapped the wires, but Ron thought Sunn was too exaggerated so he fired Sunn on the spot. I got Sunn's job.

I didn't have a vehicle to get to work. I didn't even have a drivers license. I took my drivers license test the Saturday before my job started. I got an 81, and needed an 80. I ended up convincing my Dad to let me drive the International Pickup that we used as a work truck on the ranch with the condition that I give him 25 cents per mile. Marshall, another guy from electronics class, a year older than me, also worked for Specialty house, and I got a ride with him to Federal way. I drove the truck down to the East end



of Main street in Auburn and met Marshall at his house. I remember listening to Funky Town on the way to work at Specialty House.

I bundled wires and sanded modules for awhile, but I spent a lot of my time making ash filters. Mt. St. Helens had recently erupted, and among Ron's many different businesses he had a filter he sold that could hook up to a car's carburetor to filter ash. It was simply a PVC pipe tee with foam on the end held on with tape. The problem was that he had only tested it on his Honda. When it was put on a larger car the suction pulled the foam pads into the carburetor. I had to take them apart, put screen on the ends, and re-tape them. By the time these were all done, there wasn't much ash any more, and I heard that Ron ended up filling a step van out in the yard with them.

#sunn #work #specialty house



1980-07-08 • Memory • Painting Houses, Digging Ditches, EOL • LR

My Specialty House Electronics job had some odd tasks. When I was taken off of the ash filter construction, I painted Ron's house. I remember he didn't like the way I carefully put the paint on, and he told me to load up the brush with paint and just slather it on, which I did, and this bad habit has stuck with me. The day after I painted the back of his

house, he asked me to lay down some plastic underneath a portable he had bought and was turning into a house. He had a bright orange seventies Chevy van that he asked me to follow him in to Seattle. I was sixteen, and had barely driven at that time, and now, here I was following him on I-5 in this full sized van. He told me to just turn off on Empire way (Now Martin Luther King Jr. Way) and he gave me directions. He said there was a roll of plastic under the portable and I just had to crawl underneath the house and roll it out over the dirt. I got there without any trouble and did what he asked. After I finished I was hungry and noticed a Church's Fried Chicken across the street. I thought it was so exciting and authentic to eat Church's Chicken. The chicken and biscuits were very good, the best chicken I remember until eating at Ezell's 16 years later. Of course, I had just finished rolling out a vapor barrier, so my memory might be skewed. I like the crispier coating. The problem with Kentucky Fried Chicken is that the original recipe is too soft, and the extra crispy is too crispy.

I went back to the portable after eating and Ron showed up. He then handed me a pick and told me to dig a ditch from the house to a power pole. At the time it didn't really cross my mind, but now I think that he must have been trying to test me. After we were done for the day, Ron went on without me, either back to Seattle for another appointment, or back to his home, I don't remember, but I got lost on the way back to Ron's. I remember somehow getting to highway 99 and following it south to Federal Way. Even back then I much preferred the surface streets. Like Church's Chicken, I thought they were more authentic, more real.

I talked to my Dad and he wasn't happy about what I had been doing, and said that he wanted me to design and build an alarm system for his boat. The next day at work I was back at Ron's doing electronic assembly again. I worked there a few more days, learned how to use calipers, and got to watch one of Ron's epoxy flow meter's burn in. The epoxy flow meter's were used at the place my Uncle worked at. Ron burned them in in a cardboard box with foam and a light bulb on the inside. He had a thermometer in the top. I don't remember how hot it was, but I thought his contraption was creative. I believe that the flow meter was all digital electronics inside, no microprocessors. Simply decade counters, seven segment decoder drivers, and other gates. I remember Sunn telling me about how critical the decoupling caps were for a circuit like that. I don't think I truly comprehended what he was saying, because this was the main thing that was wrong my original Z-80 homebrew computer. (The noise on the power wires on the hex keyboard for my dev system caused the circuit to malfunction.)

The following week I went in and told Ron I didn't want to work there any more because my Dad had some work he wanted me to do for him. I called Ron up several years later when I was desperately looking for work, and he said that times were tough... he didn't have any work, and he didn't know anybody who was hiring.

#dad #seattle #sunn #work



1980-10-31 • Memory • Musical Chairs • L R

Sunn invited me to a Halloween party in 1980. My guess is that it must have been that Friday, Halloween, as we snuck up into the closed off portion of the Auburn High School Annex, above the stage, and looked through boxes to obtain a costume. I dug out an olive dress - not quite olive drab, a little darker. It had a thick, rough texture to it. Sunn said, "You could go as a transvestite," chuckling. I asked him what that was, and he explained. I was game, so I put on the dress. I forget what Sunn went as.

The party was in a basement with one side open to light. The only thing I remember about the party was that we played musical chairs, but the people who didn't have a chair sat in people's laps as chairs were removed during the music. The people sitting were one sex, and the people that walked around to find a seat were the other sex. After a full round of the game, the sexes switched roles. At first I was titillated by the idea, but then I realized that because I was in a dress, the people at the party grouped me with the women, so I sat on men's laps.

Sean and I were talking a couple years ago and I learned that Sean was at that party as well. I don't remember seeing her, but I didn't know who she was at the time, either. I could write quite a bit about October.

#sean #sunn



1980-12-08 • Memory • Germs and Lennon • LR

I met Susan in 7th grade in the spring, right after we moved to the ranch. She sat in front of me in English class. She taught me how to put a slash through a seven. I liked that. I had never seen that before. I was interested in Susan. I made her an electronic egg that beeped when you tilted it, the following year, and I asked her out, but she said no.

She called me on the day John Lennon was shot. We talked for quite a bit, and she explained how she didn't know what to do with me when I was in eighth grade. She was too young, and wasn't interested in boys. There was an unstated subtext that now she was interested in me.

Five days later I went on a hay ride and met Sean. We laid down in the back of the truck as Sunn drove. I felt something infinite and connected with her that I hadn't felt before. Susan was also on the hay ride, but as soon as I saw Sean, nothing else existed. Susan melted down, particularly when Sean was sitting in my lap as we drove to Susan's house to drop her off.

I think about this sometimes when I listen to The Germs. Darby Crash killed himself the day that John Lennon was Shot. It was a strange, unexpected interaction, an astroid or bit of a planet that went off course, crashed into the planet and changed everything.

#germs #sean #sunn #susan



1981-07-29 • Memory • Princess Di • L R

I was visiting my Nana and Grandpa during the ceremony. This was also the time that I used up so many LM309Ks. My Nana was interested in the royal wedding. I remember her asking me if I was, and I politely said "kind of", but I didn't really care.

#electronics



1982-08-24 • Memory • Wild Sumerian Parrots • L R

When I was in seventh grade my parents bought a ranch. It was 140 acres, and we had pigs, goats, chickens, 40 cows, a bull, and horses. My dad thought it would be good for me to learn how to really work on the ranch, which was likely true. I would creosote fence posts, shovel the barnyard, and deliver hay in the scoop of the tractor. The previous owner had an alcoholic matriarch that filled the land near the house with broken glass that I picked up. I hauled rocks to make acres of lawn and then mowed the lawn. At most, I would work a couple hours each day on the weekend and during the summers, but the rest of the time I roamed the old buildings and the woods, rode horses and later motorbikes, and generally enjoyed myself, even though it was more isolated than my previous suburban life outside of Issaquah.

One summer in the early eighties, after I was legal to drive, probably '82 or '83, my mom said that a man was coming by to pick up all of the old hens. I'm thinking about the timing, here, considering that we moved in the spring of '77 and got chicks then, my guess is the old hens were the same chickens we had had ever since we moved in. I was horrified when my mom said the chickens weren't good for anything anymore and they were just going to be killed. I told her I could find homes for them, and she said, "be my guest", and I figured out a scheme to find them all homes.

I recorded myself squawking and hooting like a bunch of wild birds on the Wollensak reel-to-reel, and called people randomly from the phone book with the sounds playing in the background. I told them that I was with the zoo and I had some Wild Sumerian Parrots that needed a home. Most people were pretty incredulous and hung up. One person even questioned the idea of "Sumerian", as he pointed out that that was an ancient civilization and not a country, and he doubted there was a bird from there. I told him I was with the zoo, so I should know, but he didn't believe me and hung up. I got five or so people sprinkled around the Auburn and Kent area to agree to take the birds.

I called up Sunn and asked him if he would help me deliver the birds. He said sure, so we took the pickup with the cattle rack on the back, loaded up the chickens, and took off to find the people who had said yes. Mostly people were pretty disgusted when we showed up with the chickens. They were not fooled at all, and didn't think it was very funny. One young woman who lived up the road from the nearby wrecking yard seemed like she considered it a bit, but she eventually declined the offer. I returned home, Sunn and I put the chickens back in the coop, and I told my mom that I couldn't find a home for them.

#dad #mom #sunn #wollensak



1983-03-11 • Memory • Glen Campbell MB Cover • LR

I first heard the Moody Blues (that I was aware of) when I got Long Distance Voyager because I forgot to return my record club card that month. They became a favorite of mine. When I had money, I'd get another album. This morning I was coding and listening to my collection of Moody Blues, when I got to Question, today, and searched for a weird memory. In 1983 I saw Glenn Campbell perform Question live (on TV). I was floored, at the time. I was way, way, into them, but like with many things, I was late to the game. Wait, what? The Rhinestone Cowboy guy? Well... the magic of the internet means I don't have to doubt my sanity. It did exist.

Glen Campbell ~ "Question" 1983 LIVE! (Justin Hayward & The Moody Blues) HD HQ

I am so proud that Glen did my song - I never knew.

#moody blues



1983-04-20 • Memory • First Meditation • LR

In 1983, while in high school, my girlfriend's mom introduced me to meditation. She taught me to breathe in and breath out while saying the word "one" in my mind. It was very simple. I remember her warning me at the time that strange things might happen when I started meditating, that it would bring up stuff that I might not be prepared to deal with. She said her husband had tried meditating and he had to stop because it was too difficult for him to deal with the resulting feelings. I practiced this fairly regularly, and, yes, I did cough up a few hair balls, but I was absolutely oblivious to a correlation with meditating.

#meditation



1984-01-17 • Memory • The End of American Beauty • LR

In January of 1984 I moved into an apartment with CJ, a nickname that stood for Cowboy Jock. He wore a cowboy hat, boots, and played baseball. He had a tradition of eating Chips Ahoy cookies and milk once a week. He had done it since he was a kid, and the tradition continued on through college. I would get the milk and cookies on my moped, sometimes, and we would sit on the floor in the living room and eat them together, eating the whole package and much of a gallon of milk. I had a job at Olympia Computer Center, in back of Bob's Big Burgers off of Harrison, near Division.

I sold various CP/M computers: Northstar, Kaypro, and a strange beast called a Chameleon that ran CP/M-80, CP/M-86, and MS-DOS programs. I had a Model-100 notebook, and it was the only computer I had, but I sold it to get enough money to purchase a yellow Puch moped to commute to work with. It had a basket on the back, and I mounted a plate with a Grateful Dead Skull and Roses



sticker on it. One of the salesmen was in the Merchant Marine, and he would be gone for stretches of time. He returned that winter to sell computers. He had a TRS-80 Pocket Computer with a companion dot matrix printer that I created labels with..



My computer-free lifestyle was short lived, and he took an IOU for \$100 for the complete system. I used the printer to create labels for my cassettes. I put them into a wooden box with grooves cut into one side and foam rubber in the other, so that they fit snugly, were easy to remove, but fit many in a small space. I used the TRS-80 Pocket Computer to print labels that fit on the edge of the cassette.

I've purged almost every cassette I've had over the years. I used to have hundreds. This is the oldest cassette, and it is entirely accidental that I have it. It had slid behind the stereo at the old house, and so it didn't get included

when we got rid of all of our old cassette tapes. This morning I was thinking about the lyrics of Uncle John's Band off of Workingman's Dead. My son had a friend over, and I showed them how to nail floor boards. I noticed that American Beauty was in the old tape deck in the workshop. This isn't that weird, as I'm an old Grateful Dead fan, but I did think about it as I played the tape. I've played this tape, and my wife's old Repo Man cassette in alternation in the workshop. The only other remaining tape is a live Aretha Franklin tape. That is all that has survived. I've enjoyed listening to American Beauty in the workshop for several years now. Shakedown Street is on the flip side. I watched my son and his friend pounding nails during Box of Rain, and towards the end of the song, I could hear the telltale scritching and stuttering of ingested magnetic tape. The cassette had finally given up the ghost.





#computer stories #moped #work



1984-04-26 • Memory • Service Bureau • L R

In Spring of 1984 I was living in The Hobbitat and selling CP/M machines. My boss told me to make sure I introduced myself to the service bureau that was a few blocks from our new downtown Olympia location. I looked kind of puzzled, and he asked me if I knew what a service bureau was, and after I said I didn't, he explained that they handled mailing lists and printing for local businesses. He suggested that I get them to warm up to me and our business, by inquiring about purchasing a mailing list and what formats they could export to.

The service bureau was on the top floor of a two story building. They took up a full half of the block. The room was open with desks sprinkled around printing equipment. A woman with black horn-rimmed glasses greeted me, and she gave me a rate card for their services. She said that they didn't use computers that much, but she would keep me in mind.

I don't remember if I was able to import the addresses or if they were just printed off. I do remember that we had a very large, very fast dot matrix printer. It printed an entire line across the wide style paper in half a second is my guess. My first real commercial computer program I wrote was to create the labels in dBASE II on a Kaypro CP/M machine. We printed them four across on salmon colored cards, and mailed them out to every business in downtown Olympia.

I remember that I still had dBASE II listed on my resume in 1994 when I applied for work in Seattle while I was living in Eugene. The company I applied to was a staffing firm, and they were all impressed that I had DB2 experience. I was a bit surprised that dBASE II was still that popular. The recruiter was confusing it with IBM's database.



1984-04-27 • Memory • Hands and Typewriters • LR

Right after Olympia Computer Center moved downtown from the West Side, I was asked to introduce us to all of the businesses within five blocks or so. I was very reluctant and nervous about it, but I did it anyway. One business I went into was a typewriter repair shop. There were typewriters hanging from the walls and a long L-shaped glass counter that had more parts and typewriters inside it. A man looked up from some repair work he was doing and I introduced myself. All he said was, "Let me tell you one thing. Work with your hands. It will keep you sane." At the time I remember thinking that statement was a bit ironic since personal computers would put him out of business. I've often thought of his statement over the years.

#hands #olympia_computer_center #typewriter



1984-06-06 • Memory • The Cabins in Mingo's Woods • LR

This is what I remember about the names of the cabins on Mingo's Farm.

The Church

I had dinner with Larry there a couple of times. He told me stories of his days operating mainframes at Sears at night. He dropped out and hitchhiked to Eastern Washington to pick grapes for a vineyard.

The Octagon

The Hobbitat

The Little House

The Dome

The Playhouse

#hobbitat

Comments:

2023-08-23:

I visited The Hobbitat a few weeks ago. It fell down last year. This is what it looks like now:



Figure 6: Hobbitat 2023

The Dome, The Little House, The Playhouse are the only two still standing.



1984-07-12 • Memory • Au Lait • LR

I am working on the CB sections today. My lover gave me some fancy chocolate with coffee beans embedded in the squares. That should propel my efforts in the wee hours. It reminds me about how I first started caffeine. I was working in Oly, selling computers and living in the cabin. My boss was a smart man with a PhD that was related to analytics for social services. He was a short, bald, round guy who called himself Spud. I didn't want to presume too much, and asked him why he was called Spud, and he gave me a "you gotta be kidding" look and gestured at his figure. He also appreciated cappuccinos. There was a place downtown that sold them nearby (Buck's). He would send me over to buy him one, and said I could buy myself something too, but I didn't drink coffee, so I asked the barista what the options were. She said I could have an "au lait", which was just steamed milk. It made Spud shake his head in disbelief. The funny thing is that I noticed chocolate covered espresso beans, so I would eat those with my steamed milk. Eventually I got hooked on caffeine that way.

#cabin #journal



1984-09-23 • Memory • Cabin, Computer Salesperson, Shave and Shower • LR

I was living in the cabin in September of 1984 and working at Olympia Computer Center in downtown Olympia. I sold Kaypro luggable PCs, primarily, with some Morrow CP/M machine and Leading Edge PC compatibles thrown in. I

lived in a 10X10 cabin called The Hobbitat on Mingo's Farm on Steamboat Island Road. I paid \$75/mo. rent. There was no running water or electricity. I would haul five gallons of water in a plastic jug that came with the cabin. I had to walk down a small hill and across a field to get to fill up the jug from a faucet outside at the main house. I would heat up the water on the stove, as well as a flat iron I'd use to iron my dress shirt and pants as the water heated. I had rigged up a shower outside by placing a 3 gallon bucket on the roof and siphoning water through a hose with a spray nozzle with a shutoff valve. I would get myself wet, lather up, and then rinse off. It really didn't take much water. I would then shave, get dressed in my freshly-pressed sales clothes and go to work in my 84 Mazda pickup. I'll tell you: showers are a big deal.

#hobbitat



1984-10-15 • Memory • Wind Dunes • L R

In the fall of 1984, likely October, but perhaps November, I saw a movie on campus. It is possible it was Woman in the Dunes, but I watched quite a few movies on campus that year and am not sure. Woman in the Dunes and 200 Motels are the only titles I remember, and it wasn't 200 Motels that night. I was living in the cabin. As I left the movie and walked down the hill to my truck to go home, I remember the feel of the wind, burst-swish through the trees like surf, and the variegated reds of sunset against the clouds. The air felt powerful. In that moment I knew that I could do anything I wanted. I was horrified by that thought and I rejected it with a prayer I knew in Sanscrit, the Shanti Mantra of the Isha Upanishad that I got off a meditation tape my friend Rhys lent me. I was victorious in that intent, in that I stayed in the cabin, did what I was doing before that evening, eating like a squirrel, as my boss said; I ate all of the munchy things that you can eat without refrigeration: soy nuts, granola, dried fruit, etc.

#olympia computer center #rhys



1984-12-14 • Memory • George and Lucinda • LR

I met Lucinda at an Electronics and Computer store in Olympia. She was the cashier. I'm really not too sure if she sold computers or not. I don't think so. The Radio Shack was across the street, and I think she worked there before. She had six kids or so, and she was pregnant when I first met her. She wore a brown sweater and a leather hippie hat. I had the 1970 International pickup when I first started working there, and I would buy cheap loafs of white bread, miracle whip, and baloney, and keep the fixins in a cooler in the truck. I was only working part time at the electronics shop. She saw what I was living on, and invited me to her house for dinner. Her husband had random part-time jobs. I drove the International when I started school, then I gave it back to dad when he complained about his subsidy of me somehow, then I drove the moped, then he gave me the International, then I sold the moped, then I traded the International for the '57 Chevy Pickup that George had, then I sold that to Aaron and got the Mazda in '84. I'll have to mull that over. I remember I blew the freeze plugs out that winter and fixed it with Solder Seal, and the time I roamed Pacific trying to tune up the truck, I was still in the dorms. Back to George's part time jobs. One job I remember was when he was working at a Christmas tree lot, so that must have been Christmas of '84.

Anyway, back to when we first met. Lucinda found out I was living on white bread and baloney. She was shocked, and invited me over to dinner. They had a really good deal on a run down house at a dead-end dirt street on the east side, across the street from Rainy Day records, on the Seven Eleven side. I never did go upstairs or really go around the house much. I'd hang out in the living room and watch TV with them and eat dinner. The kids were always running around like crazy. [2019: I wrote this before I had kids of my own, and now I know that this is just how kids are. They run around like crazy.] It was dark in the house that time of year, but it was warm, and the casseroles I ate were good. It was pretty much always a casserole, maybe enchiladas or something like that. George and Lucinda met on the streets of Sacramento. Lucinda told about how she would spend the night in telephone booths. Both of them were big fans of the '57 era of Chevy trucks. I forget how long the series went, but my '55 GMC was the same series, just a 6 volt. One night after a Friday evening party, George said he had a contract to do some landscaping at the strip mall near his house. I helped him, as well as the tiny freak guy with long hair. It was probably midnight, and I was pretty out of it, but having quite a blast. The police showed up though, thinking we were stealing beauty bark.

The after-work dinners went on for quite awhile. I remember leaving late one night on the moped after dinner and some Benny Hill for entertainment. There was thunder and lightning, and it started raining. I was living at Mingo's Farm in a 10X10 foot cabin without water or electricity. It was about seven miles home. The moped started to sputter right about the point in the road where this one dog that **always** chased me was, and that night was no exception. I decided to get rid of the moped that night. I'm not entirely sure how the whole International thing went down the second time around, but I had it for a while and traded it to George for the '57 Chevy, and then sold that to Aaron. I thought the clutch was broken because it wouldn't disengage. I had no idea how a clutch really worked. George tried to tell me.

The following year George dumped a front loader full of gravel into the bed of the International (a 1970 2WD pickup), and it split the sides clean off. My new Mazda truck, George said, had a 2 barrel carburetor in it that made it act like a 4 barrel the way it was staged. I have no idea what that meant, but he was impressed by my 2 liter Mazda engine. About that time, we started getting farther apart. They got kicked out of their house, and moved to some land that had a single-wide trailer on it. He made bunks for the kids. Lucinda called to chat while I was at the downtown location. She got laid off, I think, so she could have her baby. The owner was always doing kind things for her. He died of lung cancer a year or so later. Lucinda would call me, but I was a bit annoyed with her. I suppose I was moving on in my life I thought. I did check out the land they got. There was a chicken coop that George thought I might want to live in, but I declined. I did seriously consider it. I've thought about living in some weird places (like under Dave's Pie Shop). I think the small freak guy might have ended up living in the chicken coop. George was especially proud of the wood stove he made out of two 55 gallon drums. He built a fire in the bottom drum with staggered exhaust through a second drum to catch heat that would normally be wasted.

One evening George caught me outside of a grocery store buying Del's fire logs (kinda like presto logs) to heat my cabin. This must have been late fall/early Winter of '84. He told me to come on by and pick up some wood. I shouldn't be buying it. I filled my Mazda truck up with wood. He said he would drop by the next day on his way out to cut some wood in my old International with the small freak guy. The small freak guy had long, greasy, black hair. He had kind of a mousey look. He didn't say much, but he gave me a very unsettled feeling. I didn't think about it much at first, but just wait... George did stop by my cabin the next day. I had a \$100 McCullough chainsaw I bought at Ernst to cut wood. Chainsaws were actually banned on the farm I lived, but I would use it occasionally anyway. It was 15 acres or so out Steamboat island road. There were a bunch of different cabins there. A big octagon with three stories was next to my cabin. Mine was called the Hobbitat. George showed me how to sharpen the chain on my saw with a file.

The neighbor in the octagon, Perry, came over, and asked if everything was OK. George and the small freak guy did look kind of threatening, I suppose. Anyway, I thanked George, and he went on his way, with kind of a weird demeanor. Later, I figure it was because I was supposed to help him get wood. It never even crossed my mind at the time. I didn't see George and Lucinda for a long time after that. I called up Lucinda one time and said I'd bring by some 99 cent pizzas. She said she'd have one of her kids go up to the store and get some veggies and cheese to put on the pizzas. When George got home, he said, "what are you doing here?" to me, as thought I wasn't welcome. Lucinda said I brought pizzas, and he seemed OK. He asked me to go outside to look at something. I followed him, and he turned to me and asked if I would screw his wife. I said "sure!", figuring, in my strange logic, that he meant was she good looking enough to screw. He then showed me a gate, and pointed his finger at some liquid on the post next to it, and said if I put "that there". I said, "what?", and he said that somebody spooged on the post, and did I do it. As an added piece of background here, George had a vasectomy twice, and Lucinda still got pregnant, even after George got tested. Lucinda told this to me as a story of incredible nature, like, "how could I possibly get pregnant after that?". Of course, I now figure that it might not have been so incredible. Regardless, I didn't see George and Lucinda much after this. I went back there around the time I was buying parts with Sigg for Earl (ERL XXX), the rocker Baja Bug, but they had moved by then.

#55 gmc #cars #dad #moped #olympia computer center



1984-12-28 • Memory • Terminator, Microprocessors, and Pants • LR

Marc visited me over winter break. I was living in the Hobbitat and working at Olympia Computer Center. We bought a matching pair of wool surplus army pants from Yard Birds and wandered around Olympia awhile before seeing "The Terminator" downtown. I was very stricken by the movie, much like when I saw Mad Max later that year when I was living with Shanty in Fremont. I felt like I had to focus. I had to prepare. There was an urgency to learning more about microprocessors. Seriously, I felt that I had been neglecting my skills at programming microprocessors, and I needed to redouble my efforts and get my homebrew Z-80 computer project running. It was important for the future.

I have a flash memory when I tried to explain this to Marc after the movie. I got into my Mazda pickup, which was parked perpendicular to 4th, West of the theater. I explained to Marc that I had so much work to do to prepare. Marc really didn't know what I meant. Marc was at Carnegie Mellon, which was working on technology for drones and cruise missiles if I remember right from his stories. Marc dropped out for awhile in the fall, but eventually got his EE at UC Berkeley.

#fremont #hobbitat #marc #mazda #olympia #olympia computer center #shanty #the terminator #yard birds



1985-01-20 • Memory • Super Bowl Sunday • LR

I'm not much of a football fan. I've watched a few games. My Nana was a huge fan, though, and I've watched some games with her. She was a big fan of The Oakland Raiders, before they first left Oakland for L.A.. I do remember Super Bowl XIX clearly, though, because of the circumstances. I was living in my cabin. I had to haul my own water and shower outside, siphoning water from a bucket I balanced on the roof, after I heated on my stove.

Because it was January, it was worth it to drive onto campus and use the showers there. Sometimes I would swim; usually I would use the sauna, and then I would take a shower. I had a quirk from my habits with my home shower that I would turn off the shower in-between soap, lather, and rinse. Nobody else did that. I remember one person told me he wasn't that worried about enough water in the Northwest.

One Sunday I was drying off with a towel, and some of the men in the locker room were talking about the game that day. It was the Super Bowl Sunday. I wanted to show that I was participating too, so I piped up, "Oh, Super Bowl is today? Who's playing?". I did not get the cheerful, inclusive reaction that I thought I would. It was more like Arlo's song Alices Restaurant: "...and they all moved away from me on the bench."

#hobbitat



1985-10-04 • Memory • Bike Racking • L R

Across the street from TESC there was a guy that rented Rhys part of his living room. Rhys kept himself warm with a high wattage incandescent lamp that doubled as light. I forget the guys name, but he told me once a story about a bike rack he designed. He proposed a simple design to the city, and it got implemented, but, what he didn't know was that another group of people was going through all of the various considerations of bike racks, and he missed one of them that was important. His point was that the slow progress of a formal treatment of requirements was often preferable to the cowboy quick solution. This was in 1985 or so, long, long before the mostly opposite idea of Bike Shedding existed. I can see both sides, and in various scenarios they both have their use. Regardless, it is still kind of funny that I was lectured on bike racks with a mostly opposite lesson than bike sheds.

#rhys



1985-11-13 • Memory • The Dark Age • L R

In fall of 1985 I took a class on the Dark Age. We read Geoffrey Chaucer, mostly, and kept a journal with a very specific format. Every entry had the format of journal, memory, subject, dialog, or dream. A journal entry was whatever was going on that day. As an example, the captain of a ship might discuss birds he had seen, landmarks, and bearing. A dialog was a pretend dialog with a historical or famous person. Each page in the journal had a certain layout that needed to be drawn with a pen like a Marsmatic 00 technical pen. A line had to be drawn across the top of the page with a right triangle and a perpendicular line on the left side of the page. The date, classification, subject, and location for each entry was written in the resulting square in the corner of the page. This format is described in a pamphlet my professor wrote called *Journal* of Exploration.

I decided to look this up and noticed that Pete Sinclair wrote a book on mountaineering.

Evergreen Class of 72

#history #mcj

Comments:

2023-08-24:

Pete Sinclair used to climb with Willie Unsoeld. When I visited The Hobbitat a few weeks ago, Kristin told me that the big outbuilding near the farm house was built by Willi Unsoeld's son, Krag.



1985-11-26 • Memory • Friday Agatha • L R

A friend of Viv lived in the private quads off of 101. I visited her a couple times and hung out with her and her friends. I don't remember her name. At one point she told me nicely that she was tired of me hanging out, and could I please give her a break. I continued showing up at the quads on Friday, though, but didn't see Viv's friend much any more. There were two girls that lived in the other rooms. They referred to me as "Friday Agatha".



1986-01-02 Journal Mountain Climbing Metaphor - The Mountain LR

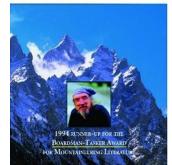


The mountain part of the metaphor predates the climbing part. The mountain came from a guided meditation I had in January of 1986. Most of Phlegm house had gone to a party. I decided to take a bath. The Phlegm house bathroom was amazingly disgusting. There were different kinds of fungus growing on the walls, even some bright orange slimy fungus. In the middle of all of the Phlegm house madness, I was still burning incense and meditating quite a bit. I remember burning some incense in a brass burner and had accidentally left it on one of Eric's 45s, and the record was destroyed with little melted dimples. All of this puts an interesting perspective and flavor for my meditation.

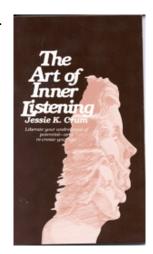
I was in a swampy mire. There were other fish like me around. I would swim up briefly over the land and back in the water. Eventually I was able to stay on the land and realized I could walk

around. There was a mountain in the background that took up most of the horizon, and the mountain had lava coming out of the top of it. All around was a rain forest with trees with big leaves. I saw a small round wooden door with two metal strips on the front of it, one vertical and one horizontal. I opened the door and it led down a long, black tunnel. I went through the tunnel and out into space. There were three spots in the sky that I could go to. One of them was a planet of purple daisies. I went further and further out until I felt a tugging at my umbilical cord, and turned around and saw the underside of the earth with tons of tree roots with dirt clinging to them. I went back through the hole and into the woods.





I then stared at the forest floor, and red and white swirls like peppermint candies appeared. In the center of the swirl was a white circle which was also a tunnel. I went through the white tunnel and arrived in a rounded blue room with Christ sitting in a gold throne. I waited for him to tell me truth. He said "It's all in you". That was all. I was disappointed. After all of this, I finally hear what Christ says, and all he says is four words. I was then back out in the forest and I understood that what he meant was it was all in me to enjoy the forest. I looked around at the leaves in the forest, and realized it was true. The leaves were beautiful. Then in real life an acquaintance, Lee, knocked on the door, so I got out of the tub, put on my robe, and told him about my vision.



I recently found a picture with Lee in it:



As Lee and I were talking, Geoff, another guy I'd seen a couple times before, knocked on the door. I didn't really know him (although one time he found my cash card which I'd left in the SeaFirst ATM and a friend of mine told him it was mine). I opened the door, he handed me a paperback copy of **The Tibetan Book Of The Dead** by W. Y. Evans-Wentz, which had a red and white pattern on it just like in my vision, and said he thought I might be interested in it. He also gave me a book called **The Art of Inner Listening** by Jessie Crum, and a copy of the Nag Hammadi Scrolls. He then said goodbye and left.

#climbing #eric #fish #forest #geoff #lee #mcj #phlegm_house #tibetan_book_of_the_dead #tunnel #umbilical_cord

Comments:

2021-10-25:

Some of these journal entries should be memories. The oldest surviving journal entries go back to 1990.

2018-09-01:

I don't do a proper guided meditation, in that I just follow images I see and even have dialog, but the guidance comes from myself. This was the first one. As I write this note in 2018, I don't think I ever connected the fact that this was my first significant guided meditation and the advice that Christ had. At the time I figured it had to do with judgement and beauty. Likely it is both things.



1986-01-10 • Memory • Motor Home PC Sales • LR

After Dad's venture failed, he started up a company that sold PCs. He had a motor home that he used to present computer systems to prospective clients. At this point he was still living on the ranch. Among other things, he sold an integrated package called Smartware that had a programming language, reporting, database, spreadsheet and

other office applications. He called me up at the end of fall quarter and asked me if I could take Winter quarter off to help him with his business. I said sure. I remember that Eric and some others were playing music in the living room of the Phlegm House and having a party. I went to bed, but my bed was only about six feet away from the living room. I was good at practicing going to sleep even though there was a lot of noise. I just let the noise go through my head. I had earplugs in as well, but a band practicing six feet away from your head takes quite a bit of mental control (uncontrol?), even if you have earplugs in. When I woke up in the morning Eric and the others were still partying, drinking beer in the living room. Eric tossed me a beer, which I did catch successfully mid-air on my way to the bathroom to get ready for work. I drank the beer while I took a shower. I was so honored to have a beer tossed to me in the morning, and quite tickled that I got to drink a beer in the shower before work.

#computer stories #eric #phlegm house #smartware



1986-03-13 • Memory • Kelso Towing • L R

Sigg drove down to Kelso with Paula late one night and his van broke down.







Sigg and Paula tried to hitchhike back and had (go figure) a hard time getting a ride. Sigg built a campfire on the side of the road to keep warm. Eventually they got a ride, probably by Sigg hiding and letting Paula thumb. Sigg showed up at the Church of Toast and Beer early in the morning and wanted me to drive down and tow him back in my '84 Mazda. Paula went home (mad Mom... DD's) and Rhett joined us for the next journey. I towed Sigg back with a towstrap from Kelso with him and Rhett in the van. The van would drift over an entire lane as we went up I-5. A state trooper passed us and left us alone. Imagine that!! There is a crank hole in the rear lid where you could start the engine by hand... this bus has bones that old!

Here is one of the bus parked in front of the Church of Toast and Beer with the Honda 360 that I traded to Sigg for Earl:



Figure 7: Honda 360 and VFH



1986-04-05 • Memory • Mission to Beat up Ron • LR

Things started to get a bit weird at the Chuch of Toast and Beer. Some angry rockers were looking to beat up Ron. Ron had shaved some girl's head when she passed out at a party. They walked in to the house late in the evening. They woke me up and I put on my bathrobe to investigate. They were back in Ron's area, which was off of the kitchen, towards the back of the house. I told them to get out of the house and take their problems outside. They agreed, and I tried to get Ron to talk to them, but he wouldn't. I had to tell them all to leave anyway. All of the activity woke up the others in the house. There were a handful of people trying to get in through the door, and I wrestled with the door as they tried to get back in to the house. Nobody else at the house helped, either because they were asleep, didn't know what to do, or were scared. Ron was still back in his curtained room. I think Heather and Eric had come downstairs by then.

I got them to leave, finally. They never were able to push the door open, although I think they probably just thought better of it. It isn't good to be ramming in somebody's door, even if an inhabitant did shave off your friend's hair. Right before they drove off somebody through a rock through our front window. We all stood around in the living room discussing it. I moved out not too long after this to Brandywine.

#church_of_toast_and_beer #eric



1986-05-30 • Memory • The Hawg Burger Period: 1986-1992 • LR

The Hawg Burger period starts when I started south with Paula towards Taos by way of Tucson and ends when Yvette went to Montana with Taylor. The Hawg Burger was on the menu of Larry and Kathy's in Eugene, Oregon. It was one of my favorite things to eat for lunch. It was eight inches around and had at least a half a pound of hamburger on it, along with cheese and everything else. For breakfast we would usually eat Kathy's country breakfast, which had eggs, sausage, hash browns, biscuits, and sausage gravy all over the top of that. Yvette and I would eat either breakfast or lunch on Saturday's after I would arrive home from my trips to Washington in 1987.

#paula #yvette



1986-06-03 • Memory • To Taos • L R

In June of 1986 Paula was going to visit her dad in Tucson. Her brother had a quarter acre on a mesa near Taos. She paid me gas money to drive her to Tucson and said I could stay on her brother's land. I had already been living out of my truck, mostly, so I put what I owned in my Mazda, quit my job, and drove her to Tucson. I then drove to the mesa and stayed less than a week.



1986-06-05 • Memory • Boy Named Sue • L R

Back in '86 I reset my life in a big way. I gave away my stuff and took off for Taos, as a friend paid me gas money to drive her there (so, of course, give stuff away and quit job, right? The glory and folly of youth... wouldn't trade it). I dropped her off at her dad's in Tucson. Her brother had a quarter acre on the mesa near Taos (the one just across the bridge in Natural Born Killers... there was a movie made about it called Off the Grid: Life on the mesa). I had lots of solitude and mostly fasted and lived on a box of crackers I brought, with a burger interlude. Anyway... my point: As I was trying to let "next steps" seep into my mind by watching the sun rise over the mountains, etc., I developed the idea that there were six general paths/areas. It was arranged visually in a circle. I drew it down in my journal at

the time, but it is long gone. I don't know for sure if the current six areas for resilience that are in my diagram map directly... it wasn't until recently I made that connection; however, one of the areas was communication.

Communication was my reason for existence, my purpose... that was what came through, so I drove back to Eugene to stay with Sammy, and the rest was history. The funny thing is that my mission that came through was likely the most difficult aspect of all of them for me to be successful at, particularly with the subject area I have gathered over the years. I know enough to understand that this is the point, in a "Boy named Sue" difficulty kind of way from the Judeo-Christian patriarchy lesson archetype we have brewing in our background collective unconscious. But it is also funny... (think Steve Martin routine in the desert waving arms to sky). My career in streams (splunk), or knowledge directly (enginering), or mapping (analysis), or collaboration (manager/team), or meaning (ontology academic phd) would all have been easier. But, nope... communication is the area, about something that is foreign to most. Plus, I'm more partial to Medusa/Bitch Mare/White Goddess/Matriarchy... not these unwinnable Sisyphus/(old testament Job) man things. Ah well... thanks, Dad, for naming me Sue. I guess. But... seriously. I'll take it on and thank Dad (and my Anima-in-myth-in-world whatever that entity is... I'll thank her too).

#sammy



1986-06-06 • Memory • Give a Man a Coat • LR

In June of 1986 a friend of mine was going to visit her dad in Tucson. Her brother had a quarter acre on a mesa near Taos. She paid me gas money to drive her to Tucson and said I could stay on her brother's land. I had already been living out of my truck, mostly, so I put what I owned in my Mazda, quit my job, and drove her to Tucson. I then drove to the mesa. The rule was that to keep the land, you had to have some kind of dwelling. Her brother just had a camper shell parked on his quarter-acre propped up with cinder blocks. It had an In-N-Out burger sticker on it.

Mike M., one of the inhabitants on the Mesa, invited me over to dinner the first night. There was a trailer/adobe structure on the corner, facing the mountains, with the river in back. It was towards the river and to the right. Northeast? There were six or so people at the dinner. My friend's dad had given me a letter of introduction, but I think they were still a little unsure of me. They were being friendly as well, but I think the dinner was a bit of a test to see if I was a narc or something. I remember Mike describing this one experience he had where he saw all of the rays of the sun individually. In my strange way, I later thought that this was a part of the test, to see if I recognized the Grateful Dead reference of splintered sunlight.

I was mostly intending to fast, being on a mesa and all, but after two days living on crackers, I had had enough, and headed into town. There were a handful of people walking around, and not that many cars. I wandered around a bit looking at the adobe houses. I walked towards the center of town. There was an open mall. A bum spied me and started following me. I didn't pay too much attention to him. I was very hungry and saw a diner. I went inside. The bum followed me inside and asked me if I'd buy him a burger. I said "sure", and told the waitress I'd buy him a burger.

I ordered a burger, fries, and coffee for myself. The burn asked across the room if I'd buy him some coffee, and I said no. A little while later I went to the bathroom and thought about the Sermon on the Mount, where Jesus said that if a man asks you for your cloak, you should give it to him and your coat as well. That is how I remembered the verses Mathew 5:40-42 and Luke 6:29-30. I thought to myself, "I should have given him my coat!" I went back to my table, the burn was gone, and so was my coat, a slightly fuzzy wool sport jacket that Melissa had given me when I lived at Phlegm House.

The following day I visited a woman that lived in a small plywood shack. It was well-built. She said that she was retiring on the mesa and living on social security. We talked for awhile and I went up to see Mike. Mike lived on the top of the slope. He showed me a painting he had been working on for many years. It was an Egyptian eye. He talked about John M. Allegro and Egyptian mushroom cults, and how the eye was an optical illusion that was revealed only through crossing your eyes in a certain way, the same way that your eyes crossed on mushrooms. (Was he just making a joke about The Sacred Mushroom and the Cross? Eyes cross, heh!)

The next morning I mulled over how I wanted my life to unfold. I was alone on the mesa, besides the handful of scattered people in strange dwellings without power that were not very visible. I sat on the roof of my truck and

watched the sun rise over the period of two hours. The light transitioned from a deep blue-black until I could see a cutting light blue emerge across the top of the mountain range. It was June, so the night was pretty cold. I watched as the sun finally poked over the edge. Then there was light. Then there was warmth. Rapture. It also corresponded with my decision to focus on "communication" vs. five other areas of focus that I'd arrived at while driving from Tucson to Taos alone. I decided to move to Eugene at that moment when the sun rose, and this is where I met Yvette. I'm still playing out the implications of that moment in many ways, a ray of time in reverse.

I went back to Taos 12 years later with Yvette. We visited the mesa in a rental car. We stood on the mesa and looked out over the Rio Grande towards Taos and I felt the sky again. Yvette felt it too. The energy, the sky in that area is amazing, and I will return again some day. There are only three places on earth that approach it, as far as sky, and Taos is above the others.

Here are some pictures of the 1998 visit:

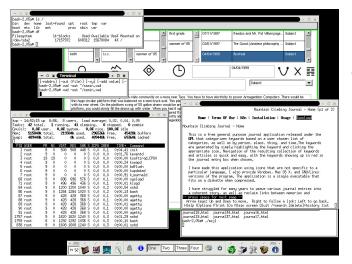


#coat #jesus #mesa #phlegm_house #yvette



1986-06-10 • Memory • Taos Flywheel • L R

While driving from Tucson to Taos after dropping off Paula with her dad, I had an idea for generating power for an off-grid community.



I would build a huge circular platform that was balanced on a semi-truck axle. This platform would have a lip on it that would allow a Volkswagen Bug to rotate the platform with its rear wheel. On the platform, a ring of 55 gallon drums would be arranged with cables diagonally holding them in place. The platform could be spun increasingly fast as the drums filled up with water. When the drums were full and spinning fast enough, you had a huge flywheel that could store energy. Just hook up a generator/tire to spin on the lip, and you could tap this power. I figured this whole contraption could be in the center of an encampment. I studied a wee bit of physics in school later on, and realized that this was a pretty absurd plan. The cables would snap, and send all these 55 gallon drums full of water shooting off into the town.

I found an old version of my journal software on archive.org that

had this article loaded. This picture was captured by archive.org in August 2006.

More details and better colors here.

#paula #taos

Comments:

2021-10-25:

Another problem with this is the way bearings work, as semi axles are meant to spin around a horizontal axis. It would need to be designed so the bearings were between the rotating plate and the base. That part shouldn't be too bad, but it would create heat and would need good lubrication.



1986-06-11 • Journal • Roving Plastic Communication Balls • LR

I decided that I needed to focus on communication and needed to move along. I didn't know exactly what that meant, but I drove to Eugene, where I stayed with a friend, Sammy. I remember talking with Sammy at the Beanery near campus, which later moved down near the railroad tracks. I told him about my focus on communication. [5/1/2010 - the six areas diagram w/ understanding that communication was what I needed to do and I returned from Taos] I had a strange notion that I would pass around plastic balls with notes in them. They could get passed on like chain letters and circulate, perhaps eventually ending up back with the author. Sammy was interested in setting up a BBS (electronic bulletin board via dial-up).

#sammy



1986-06-14 • Memory • Portal • L R

I was walking with Sigg from Sammy's apartment to downtown. It was a hot Eugene day in June. Sigg glanced up from his low cigarette gaze to a car in an abandoned lot and said, "Look, \$100." Was it a Dodge Dart or a Swinger? It doesn't matter. It was pea soup faded into gold. An old man sat with his legs out of the door, hunched back in the seat, gazing across Willamette street. Willamette ran through downtown. This was the south side of Willamette, before the bend at 18th, in the crux between the chocolate store and the pawn shop.



There was a sign in the back window that said For Sale. Runs. \$100. \$100! I had that much. I had \$200 at this point, cash that started out as \$400 to get me to Taos. I was sleeping in the back of a pickup that was soon to be repossessed for the \$150/mo. payment that I couldn't make. It was hot and dusty. The concrete and stones radiated white obeisance around the man and his car. This was my car.

Sigg discouraged my purchase. He pointed out that the sills were rusted, the door was sagging, and likely the entire car was infested with rust. You can't fix rust on a car like this when it is so far gone. You can't fix it. The rust can't merely be painted, it has to be removed and the metal replaced. You could go crazy on the car in a fit of love, go bankrupt, but this was not my world. I couldn't afford to go crazy on a car.

It didn't matter, though. The man and his slant-6 powered splay captured my mind and soul. He was a sentinel for a reality that I didn't choose.

#cars #sigg



1986-06-18 • Memory • World Peace Flier • LR

While I was staying with Sammy, I drank way too much coffee on a really hot Eugene day. I was alone, sitting in his studio overlooking the church across the street. It was Saturday and a couple were getting married. I saw somebody hang outside the window of an upper floor, and grab items from somebody below as they handed them up. What did they need for their wedding that couldn't go in the front door? Champagne? A flask? Lucky garter? I had just read a particularly nasty story in the newspaper about Nicaragua death squads that the U.S. government was supporting. The death squads tortured people by peeling the skin off of their face like a grape. I'd also just finished reading Jean M. Auel's The Clan of the Cave Bear. The coffee, the fact that I'd just driven back from Taos with all of my belongings in my '84 Mazda pickup, the sun, the heat, the Church across the street, the idea that Humans had exterminated Neanderthal, all of these things swirled together and I was inspired. I wrote up a flier and spent the next month stapling it up all over Eugene on telephone poles and sticking them under peoples windshield wipers.

HOW TO USE DRUGS TO BRING ABOUT WORLD-PEACE If you were in a park at three in the morning, and someone approaches you, what would you believe the person's intentions were. If you believe that men and women are, at the core, mean, nasty, father rapers, then you are in the majority of those in the U.S. Hmmm, you say, that is not the case. Well, then, I would ask why the majority of those in the U.S. agree with a violent solution to conflicts. If you would believe that men and women are, at the core, mean, nasty, mother rapers, then you would suspect this person approaching you of mem meanness. Worse yet, meanness pointed at you, personally. If you think this, then you would be scared shitless of every approach by everybody. mm my friend, is a terrible way to go throught life. There was, let's say, During another animal that co-existed with us humans for a million years. million years we lived together, the other animal -- who walked upright like us, and communicated with being, just being-ate plants, mostly nuts and berries. Well, we found it good sport to hunt. After awhile (500,000) years?) we became terminally annoyed with these other man animals. They never collected things around themselves, they just hung out until the plants thinned out, and then they moved. Simple. Another really annoying thing was that they wouldn't run when hunted like the other mm animals did. Not very good sport. mm So, Butt-face (one of the humans) declared all drugs (the human's name for the other animals) evil. You see, Butt-face was smart. How could he keep his status as a leader and the possessions that that entitled him to, if there was no evil? If there was nothing more to life than eating berries? If one gave all her time for finding food, being, max sleeping, and fornicatring? If one didn't kill or hurt his fellow creatures? Sooo, the humans needed things. Lots of things. And big caves to keep their things in. And rules, so that Butt-face could keep power by making sure the rules were kept. If a human went to the drugs, noo big deal. The drugs smiled and shared their food. If a drug went to the humans, then the humans killed the smiling drug, for it was an evil thing to not kill a drug. Butt-face had nightmares of the smile on the drug's face as he killed her. These nightmares were xing signals from his slowly evolving conscience. And the drugs smiled for they knew what they were doing as they accepted death by butt-face.(drug slang) A little drug boy named hmmm once asked his mother what had happened tohix his father. (he was late to supper) His mother said with a smile, "Hmmm, he's KNNN butt-faced." Then she added. Then she added, "Life's great, and then you get butt-faced." The greatest drug of all was Ommm seemed to understand more than most drugs why haring smiling at death by butt-face was best for the whole scheme of things. my children," Ommm would say, "why worry about death?" One o You see xxxxxxxxxxxxx One of the younger drugs, especially in the last 100 years of their existance, would usually say, "Ommm, we will all die, and all that will be left is the humans." Then ommm would start to ramble... "...what if you were in the woods, and a human approached you? If you were to assume that he wished you harm, then your life would be a bitch, and then you would be butt-faced. But, if you assumed that he was good, just misled, then you will die happy, knowing that someday humans too might be happy. might be happy. Imagine. Imagine, my children a world of love. It is possible through the sacrifice of our blood and our bodies. You see, amanda humans do have a conscience, and we are affecting it every time wo we die smiling at their spear-tip. And, we have lived our entire lives smiling and happy, no matter how short it was..." Well, all of the drugs eventually died. Some humans still honor noment ommon. Perhaps they are all smiling in another place, while human angels in the other place call them evil and feather-face them. Perhaps the human angels and the drugs get along fine, and be. Perhaps when humans understand and love they are reincarnated as drugs. There is a little drug in all of us, as ommm prophisised, and it comes out in some of us humans occasionally. When our conscience has developed to the point where we love, be, eat, sleep, and fornicate, then we no longer need drugs. The country you live in is killing other humans in Nicaragua, and other places. these kumman humans are being killedm, butchered, executed, starved. ** Everything that you purchase, and all work that you do, this is where the 100 million comes from. Look into your conscience, my friend, & Cockroaches have a long way to evolve. Aggy Codrust 143 Willamette 97401 Eugene, OR

Figure 8: Drugs for World Peace

the Ferry Street bridge by parking it cross-ways and tossing the keys in the water. I'd then hand these fliers out to anybody who would take one and encourage them all to do the same thing every day. I didn't end up doing that. One time I handed this out to some relatively conservative-looking people at Poppi's. I figured they were fraternity and sorority folk. I just sat down at a table with eight people and handed them out. One woman waved the page at me incredulously and said, "You wrote this?!!". I beamed, "Yes!". I was happy that I surprised her. I brought a stack of them with me to the Oregon Country Fair that year and passed them out there as well. A friend I knew from Oly, the one who I loaned my solar panel to, he asked me what I was doing, and I told him I was handing out these fliers. I meant it completely. He asked me again, and I said the same thing. Finally his girlfriend said that I was handing out fliers emphatically so that he got it. This was what I was doing. I didn't have a job at that point. When I'm asked what I'm doing, I enjoy giving answers like: "mountain climbing", "stirring sugar", "handing out these fliers", "baking pies".

It is really interesting reading this after twenty five years. I can see some ideas that grew into ideas I still hold. It is heavy, light, and, ummm... a wee bit bonkers. Some of the jokes and puns still crack me up. It does serve as a reminder that what I think is the thing that defines my life and that I urgently need to share, well, this sense of urgency might just be something that is kind of unique to my own particular perspective. No matter. The intention was good. I do continue to do this with other projects of mine, but the technology certainly has changed. I couldn't have dreamed at the time that I would be able to put this flier up in context and have it mirrored and retained by various search engines and stores, branding my odd youth experience and expression into the fabric of the web. Certainly more efficient than Roving Plastic Communication Balls.

#church #eugene #mountain climbing #poppis #sammy



1986-06-27 • Memory • A Beer at Perry's • L R

As I walked door-to-door looking for work, I came across Perry's, and applied at the bar. I didn't know it at the time, but it was a gay bar that was owned by the brother-in-law of Terry, my future boss at the pie shop. I discussed possible jobs with the bartender, and filled out the application. There was a man at the bar that suggested I apply at some of the mills north of Eugene. He said the pay was good, but it was hard work pulling green chain. He asked if I could piss in a bottle. I said sure. I didn't know what that meant. I thought he wanted to know if I was skilled enough to piss in a bottle. As I was filling out the job application, I realized that it was my birthday. I told this to the man at sitting at the bar, and he bought me a beer. We talked more about getting a job at the mill until my beer was finished. I thanked him for the beer, said goodbye to him and the bartender, and continued on my job search grid.

#pie shop #terry



1986-06-30 • Memory • Finding a Job in Eugene • LR

I went to every store in Eugene looking for work. The most promising places were as a door man, a breakfast cook, and a computer salesperson, but it took two months to find a job. In the mean time I considered moving to Portland to look there. Sigg was agreeable. I was still sleeping in the back of the Mazda and had another guided meditation. I literally followed a guide up the side of a mountain. It was misty, dim, cold, and barren. No trees, just rocks. My guide was a light that flew around like a firefly in front of me. The guide told me that I should go down into the valley. I went down and saw a clearing next to a river. I understood that a lot of people got caught up in the current of the river and flowed down to the ocean. I'm not sure if I read this at the time, but the idea was a lot like the limpets in the book Illusions. Letting go in Illusions was a virtue. I didn't want to let go, though, and noticed a clearing in the trees besides the river. Children ran around the campsite. There were pots and pans lining the trees around the clearing. I decided that this meant that I should stay in Eugene. Around the same time Sigg wrote a story about how Winnebagos don't float. People tried to cross the river in their Winnebagos, but didn't realize before they tried that this wouldn't work.

Sigg was also agreeable about staying in Eugene. I continued looking for a job without much luck.

#clearing #firefly #guide #mazda #pots and pans #sigg #valley #winnebagos



1986-07-01 • Memory • Honda CB200 Twin: Adventures in Plumbing • LR

In the summer of 1986 I was sleeping in the back of an '84 Mazda pickup parked in the back of an apartment on Lincoln street in Eugene, OR. Eugene was my decided resting place after a trip to Taos. I was unemployed, but I still had some cash left from the trip. I started my journey with \$400 that I took with me to Taos. It didn't worry me too much to load up all I owned, drive to Taos, and show up in Eugene without a job, figuring things would work out. I was driving a friend, Paula, to Tucson, and she was paying for gas, so it didn't take a lot of money. I had \$250 or so when I got to Eugene.

I had met Sammy several times before, but we didn't know each other that well. Regardless, though, he welcomed me to stay at his small studio apartment. It was quite generous of him.

I wandered around to every place of business in Eugene, asked for the manager, and asked for a job. It took me a couple months to find one. The summer of '86 was not a great time to find a job, particularly in Eugene. One morning I heard a knock on the glass of the Mazda. It was Sammy, and he said that the 7-11 he worked at was hiring. I applied, but they didn't hire me. I even applied at the cannery. They gave me a physical exam, but wouldn't take me because of scars on my fingers (my guess). Meanwhile, I had a lot of time on my hands.

Walking around the neighborhood near the Lincoln Street Market, I saw a somewhat bent-up Honda CB200 twin motorcycle at a garage sale for \$125. I figured, well, I had \$250, so I could afford a motorcycle at that price. The forks were a bit bent, but they worked OK. I took the bike back to the lot behind the store, poked at it a bit, started it up, and was ready to roll.

Here is a picture of a 1975 Honda CB200 twin that looks a lot like the one I bought:



I rode the bike up river road. I got the bike up to 70, and it kind of floated in the air at that speed, so I slowed down, but it was awful fun. It gets hot in Eugene in July, and when I got back the engine was crackling and shimmering in heat. I checked the oil, and it was OK, but I decided to change it and it gushed out like water. My theory at the time was that either gas was getting into the oil and breaking it down, or the heat was. The bike ran fine, and I used it around town.

Sammy got kicked out of his apartment because of Sigg and I. The landlady gave him a choice: either kick Sigg and I out of his apartment, or all of us had to leave. Sammy chose to find another apartment. The new apartment was on Portland street and Willamette, across the street from Oasis natural foods, a block back from the street. It was the top half of a house. The downstairs

neighbors had an old British motorcycle, a Vincent, I think, that they eventually sold to Sigg. Since Sammy was the only one with a job at that point, I slept in the unfinished attic, Sigg slept on the couch, and we got another roommate, James, to take the other bedroom. I had to walk through his bedroom to get to the Attic.

Sigg used to drive the 200 around quite a bit. One time he pulled into the 7-11 just as a biker was rolling up on his Harley. Sigg gave a sheepish shrug, but the biker said, "It doesn't matter what you ride, it matters THAT you ride." So, that is the source of one of my favorite quotes, attributed to "Unknown Biker".

Eventually I tried to fix the bike. I forget what was broken. Sigg warned me not to take it apart, but, well, once I started I kept going, until it was down to the pistons. I brought the whole thing up to our apartment. We used the pistons as ash trays.

The apartment, by this time, was quite a scene. When we moved in, I thought the couch fit best along the shorter wall near the kitchen, so I sawed the end off of the couch. It wasn't a big loss or anything; it was just a brown vinyl couch, but it was kind of shocking to see the couch with the end cut off and foam, wood, and springs hanging out of the end. Another couch of Sammy's sat against the back wall. I had two wooden troughs in the hall from my truck that had most of my belongings in them. We stacked all of the garbage next to the fridge. By that time I didn't have my Mazda anymore. The bank took it back, so we didn't have a good way to get rid of the garbage. Sigg had a truck as well. Looking back, I don't know why we didn't use his truck to haul off the trash; perhaps gas was a problem, or the idea of paying the dump; regardless, the apartment was full of flies.

Every week or so I'd buy another fly strip. It was quite entertaining. Some flies fly in squares. I would watch them for hours in the hot room on the rough salmon-colored couch. James, occasionally, would get disgusted about the garbage and take it to the church dumpster. Believe it or not, the thought never crossed my mind that the flies were related to the garbage stacked up next to the fridge. The addition of all the motorcycle parts added more to the ambiance.

James was a queen. Very neat and tidy. He had a lot of makeup in the bathroom. One day the toilet clogged up. A plunger wouldn't help. Sigg and I decided we would take the toilet apart to unclog it. I was employed by that time, so I sprang for some Harley-Davidson wine coolers. Yes, I kid you not. At Oaisis Natural Foods, in the summer of 1986, they sold Harley-Davidson wine coolers. On a hot summer day, when taking apart a toilet, one needs to drink Harley-Davidson wine coolers if they exist, and that is exactly what we did. I found a picture:



In the spirit of the beverage, the only tool we could find that would clear the toilet was the old chain from the Honda 200. The two of us managed to hold the toilet in the air and shake the toilet as we used the chain as a snake. It turned out that the culprit was a tube of James' makeup that had fallen in the toilet. We didn't have a wax ring, and somehow we lost the bolts, so from then on the toilet just kind of perched on the hole in the floor. We didn't really mind, and it was an added bonus that it bothered James. We were quite miffed at James for putting us through the trouble, but, really, it was kind of fun.

James left not too long after we did our chain snaking operation on the toilet. Sammy left in the fall when things got kind of weird. Sigg took over Sammy's room, but left to move into a different place with Sammy right after he let his brother, his girlfriend, and another of his friends move in. When James left, I took over his room. I stole James' "eye of time".

I had a job by then and could pay rent. I moved from that apartment in with my girlfriend at the time, my future wife, Yvette, and left the people living there with the Honda CB200 parts. The box of parts were moved to another apartment Sigg lived in (and my wife and I did as well at one point), but neither of us remembers moving them again, so perhaps they were stolen out of the storage locker in the apartment on 11th. So, the chances are slim, but the bike might still be living in one form or other.



#eugene #sammy #sigg #vehicles #yvette



1986-07-02 • Memory • A Cover Thing for When you Sleep • LR

I was up fairly late at a party in Sammy's apartment above the Lincoln Street Market. I was a wee bit disoriented from the party fun when a neighbor from next door came in and said, "I've caught him! He's the same guy that broke into my truck!".

He then explained that he saw somebody break in to the back of my truck and stole some stuff, and that he had called the police. I went downstairs and, yes, the back of my Mazda Pickup was open. The officer told me that they had the guy a couple blocks over and he had some of my stuff. He asked what I was missing. Being disoriented from the aforementioned party, I had difficulty describing what was mentioned. I said, "He took a... a... a cover thing for when you sleep".

The officer looked at me with disgust and said, "A blanket?".

"Yes. A blanket, and a flashlight."

"Yes. That matches what he has. We want you to go down to the station with us and fill out some paperwork."

"For a blanket and a flashlight? I don't want to press charges or anything, I just want my blanket and flashlight back."

The officer was really, really disgusted now and said, "That is not SOP. We aren't in the possession retrieval business."

They said they wouldn't drive me over, but I needed to go pick up my stuff from the guy. I walked over there (I had a feeling at the time that the officer was kind of hoping I'd try and drive) and they had two cars with lights pointed on this guy in shorts holding my flashlight and blanket. The guy said, "These are yours? Sorry."

I took the blanket and flashlight, and shook the guy's hand. One of the officer's said, "Watch out. That guy has sores all over. He is infected with something."

I don't think I ever washed it until after it got covered in cat pee from Sigg's brother's cats. The neighbor was not happy that I wouldn't press charges because he thought the same guy had burgled his truck. Likely this was part of why Sammy got kicked out of his apartment, unfortunately.

#lincoln_street #mazda #sammy #sigg



1986-08-02 • Memory • Kicked out of Lincoln Street • LR

I was sleeping in the back of my truck at night outside of Sammy's studio apartment. The landlady ran a corner store underneath his apartment. She didn't like the number of people that were in and out of his apartment and gave him a choice of either telling me (and another friend who slept on Sammy's couch) that we had to leave, or else Sammy had to find another place. Sammy opted to find another place, which he found on Portland St. across from Oasis foods on Willamette.

#sammy



1986-08-03 • Memory • Flashpoint • L R

Sigg and I watched a 1984 film called Flashpoint that night. It was a conspiracy film that got under our skin so we went to the Denny's in Glenwood to discuss our plans. Although I didn't know it at the time, it turns out that a famous scene from Five Easy Pieces was filmed here:



Sigg and I had pie and coffee and I gave him a map to the mesa. We agreed we would meet there if things got really bad. We were really disturbed and paranoid after watching Flashpoint. After we finished our pie and coffee we paid for the food, but stiffed the waitress. I don't remember why. Maybe we didn't have the money, or maybe we didn't like the service. Dave's Pie Shop had an opening for a driver. There were two candidates, but the owner, Terry, hadn't decided yet. The next morning I showed up at Dave's Pie Shop and got the job since I was there. I ended up going to the same Denny's to deliver pies

that day.

#five easy pieces #mesa #pie shop #sigg



1986-08-20 • Memory • Hot Oil • L R



The Portland Street apartment was above some old bikers with kids. They had a bus parked in the side yard that the kids would play in. They had a tape deck that they would play Joan Jett really loud on. I was working as a pie delivery driver with almost no money, really. I would buy 100 pound bags of potatoes and bake 20 of them at once. I'd bring them to work in my pocket for lunch. I'd also buy cheap oil to fry them in. I was making french fries one day and I forgot the oil on the stove. It caught on fire and the first thought I had was to throw the burning oil out the window. Luckily I put a larger pan over the top of the flaming pan since the kids were

running around outside.

#portland_street



1986-09-25 • Memory • Cruising on Willamette • LR

I slept in the attic of the new place. I had to walk through somebody's bedroom, into their closet and climb up the top of the crossmembers above the stairell to get to my room. I had a thin foam pad and a sleeping bag on top of a couple sheets of plywood laying on top of the rafters. I could hear all of the cars cruising Willamette late into the night on Friday and Saturday, but I enjoyed it. I practiced going to sleep with the noise, much like I did at Phlegm house.

Honda CB200 Twin: Adventures in Plumbing

#phlegm_house



1986-09-26 • Memory • Susan B Anthony Dollars • LR

I used to get rolls of these when I got paid as a delivery driver at the pie shop. I liked them because most they were more permanent than cash, you could take enough with you for beers and burgers fairly easily, and they felt good to spend. They felt good in your hand. They also seemed to last longer than cash, perhaps because they were more difficult to spend all at once than a \$20 bill would be. I found a couple today and it made me happy to see them again.

#portland street

Comments:

2018-08-13:

I ended up getting hundreds of dollars and put them in a small chest in the attic crawl space. I took them down a few years ago so Bobo could spend them during summer vacation. I still have about \$40 left. He uses them for bus fare to get to the game store.



1986-09-30 • Subject • Mountain Climbing Metaphor - Climbing • L R

I first came up with the full mountain climbing metaphor in the fall of 1986. We had a party at the Portland St. House, and I remember tossing a 2 liter plastic bottle partly full of pop across the room at Sammy and he caught it. He would toss it back and it would tumble end-over-end, and still I could catch it. It was an enjoyable party. Later that evening Sammy said that his life was dirt. He was distraught: his life amounted to nothing. I told him, no, your life is more like a mountain. I then described my life as a mountain climber:

Everything I see and experience is part of the mountain. It may be made of dirt, but it is incomprehensible with its complicated web of occurrences and interconnected events. The distinction between the mountain being myself or outside myself is blurry. I am conscious of climbing, observing, and avoiding crevasses. As a climber, what I can lay claim to as my own, what I can manage to carry as I climb, is limited. I have a click of life, signified by the sound of my thumb and middle fingernails clicking together. This is my rope. If I am true as I move through the web, I might fix chinks in the web; however it is impossible for me to know this. It is an honor just to have the chance to do this, even though I will never know. There were two things that I can do as a climber that are a bit of a luxury: keep a journal and read old books. [2010: I remember telling my dad one time in early 1986 that I enjoyed taking the Dark Ages class because there was a kind of truth to reading Geoffrey Chaucer that modern books didn't have. I told him that I had resolved to limit the application of computers that I facilitated to issues and challenges that existed in the time of Chaucer.]

The morning after my conversation with my friend I noticed a toy knight's helmet, and I took it as a sign that in addition to keeping a journal, old books were also a possible indulgence for a mountain climber. I had been sleeping in the attic for a couple months and never noticed the helmet before. It was kind of strange. I had some old work boots: big, steel shank work boots that I called my mountain climbing boots after that. I would walk all over Eugene with them. I wore them at my job delivering pies. The downstairs neighbors asked Sammy if he could please get me

to not wear my boots when I walked up and down the stairs, but, well, they were my climbing boots, plus, they took quite awhile to get off, so I continued to clomp down the stairs early in the morning. They were a bit uncomfortable after awhile. They were probably seven years old and the sole on one was cracked.

#chaucer #dad #dark ages #mountain climbing #portland street #sammy



1986-10-03 • Memory • Had it in the Ear Before • LR

After the Mountain Climbing evening I would write a lot more in my journal. I remember going to the small diner next to the drug store and talking to the old folks about Eugene. One woman told me quite a bit about the history of the town. I discovered a lot about really listening. I'd go down to Poppi's and just listen to people who wanted to talk. I had some money from the Pie Shop delivery job, and so I'd often drink a bit on the weekends. You could get a big canning jar full of Henry's for a dollar (dollar fifty?) One time I started talking to this one guy for a long time. We really hit it off. I told him that I felt a connection with him, and signified with my hands that our hearts were connected. I didn't really mean it in a sexual way, but he asked if we could wander around a bit. I went with him and we sat in a small courtyard near campus at the end of thirteenth. He asked if we could kiss, and I said no, but I let him stick his tongue in my ear. He asked if I wanted to go home with him, and I said no. He said that he wouldn't do anything. The worst thing would be that he might have a boner when we woke up. But I declined. He asked if maybe I would like some pizza or something, but he then got kind of quiet and we just sat there for a little while. I left and never saw him again. I met Yvette the following week at Poppi's.

#pie_shop #poppis #yvette



1986-10-10 • Memory • First Night Yvette • LR

The first night I met Yvette I was out drinking at a pub/grill called Poppi's Grill House in Eugene. I was probably passing out my Peace flyers. It was October 10, 1986. It was around midnight. It was Friday. I didn't have to deliver pies the next day, so I was out late. This was when I was sleeping in the attic crawl space in the upper part of a house that the guy whose studio we got him kicked out of. I caught Yvette's eye across the room, and we connected well, so I came over in my socks, leaving my boots behind at the table. (My mountain climbing boots I called them. They were heavy black leather work boots. I wore them everywhere.)

When I arrived at the table it became apparent that she was with another man who was buying her beers. I asked if she was with him, and she said, "No, not in that way. We are just room-mates." [It wasn't true, though. He was her room-mate's boyfriend and she was having sex with him while her room-mate was taking the quarter off in Enumclaw.] His name was Bill. Yvette and I drank more beers, and talked, and played music together on the jukebox, all while Bill was there. We got along great, as you might guess. We talked about depression and Carl Jung: the yolk of creativity. We took turns picking songs on the jukebox together. We had a great time. I gave her my phone number and address, which was actually the Eugene Mail Center. She gave me her phone number. I got up to use the restroom, and when I came back they were gone. Since I thought he was just a room-mate, I left messages with Bill, but he never gave them to Yvette. I called her one day in the middle of the day on the pie route a few weeks later and finally got a hold of her.

Bill's parents died and left him a bunch of money in a trust fund. He goofed off, bought fancy cars, and didn't have to work. He didn't do very well at school because he was out drinking and having fun. When I went back to school at the community college a few years later I saw him there, so I figure he had been kicked out of UofO. He had a white Alpha Romeo. Great car! He dropped me off one time. He did really like Yvette a lot. One time he did the "dangerous drive in my car" deal that men do. You know that? If you mess with their woman, they drive you fast and dangerously in a car. I've had it happen with two different men and two different women that I was messing with (one I knew that I was doing it, the other was Yvette and I didn't know). He called the dangerous car his "sports sedan" but it was a boat, really. So he had two cars. He was clean shaven, and had a handsome face.



1986-11-20 • Memory • Moped Rides to the French Quarter • LR

Sammy had a small red Puch moped. He got it from some friend or other. He was living in the house that Sigg moved into after Portland Street. I bought it from Sammy.

I also put the symbol from the Tibetan Book of the Dead on a pair of leather work gloves I got in the winter of 1986 to keep my hands warm while riding the moped. I got the Pusch right around the time I met Yvette. I parked it at the French quarter. Sigg later used the gloves for his job at Small World Auto Wrecking, and perhaps Greenhill Auto Wreckers.



#moped #sammy #sigg #tibetan_book_of_the_dead #yvette



1987-03-09 • Memory • Highway Men • L R

Yvette and I had lived at our apartment together for a little over a month. We were playing gin on the carpet and listening to Yvette's Gigantes Del Jazz tape, when we heard a knock on the door. It was dark outside. I opened the door, and the wind blew some rain into the light coming from our apartment. A thin man that looked kind like my uncle Steve, with a full mustache and a two-week old beard pleaded, "My car broke down, and I need to call a tow. Can I use your phone?"

I said, "Sure, and pointed him to the phone in the opposite corner of the apartment next to the kitchen." Yvette stood near the kitchen table, next to the phone. Along the wall opposite of the front door was a homemade book case with twenty or so books. On the floor, against the wall perpendicular to the door, was Yvette's Sears Sound System: an integrated amp, turntable and tape deck, with a small speaker on either side. That was all we had. We didn't even have a couch, yet. That would come later, courtesy of Sammy. Spread across the carpet was our gin rummy game.

Yvette handed the man the handle of our phone, which was mounted on the wall. The man took the phone and held it against his chest as another man entered the apartment and closed the door. They looked around our apartment, and with a look of disgust they both left. They didn't even try to call anybody (or pretend). They just gave the phone back to Yvette and left.

#sammy



1987-03-14 • Memory • 55 GMC With Butterfly Wings • LR



Back in the spring of 1987, I lived in Eugene, and would drive up to Seattle to work during the week as a computer tech. I was working with 8088 and 286 clones and IBMs, networking them with a product called LanLink that worked via the serial port. The office software was called SmartWare, and was the first integrated, complete suite with a cross application programming language.

When I got the job I had to figure out how to commute to Seattle. Sammy had a '55 GMC pickup that had been used to mow grass for years. Some rockers bought it, and proceeded to blow the head gasket. They let the truck sit, and the inside of the cylinders got rusty. The engine was a straight 6 that took 8 quarts of oil. I bought the truck for \$100, cleaned out the cylinders with emery cloth, and put a new head gasket in the truck that Brooks Cut Rate Auto,

amazingly, had in stock. Presto! I had wheels to go to my new job. I carried my tools around in a stainless steel bowl, which I still have today.



Here is a picture of me in 1987 replacing the brakes on Yvette's 1965 Rambler Station Wagon, with my "tool bowl" in the foreground. I had endless trouble with the voltage regulator and had to improvise a charging system by connecting the battery to the generator when the lights got dim, and disconnecting when the lights got bright. I remember buying a switch with my grandpa on my dad's side while I was in Washington, but the switch didn't last long. I improvised and used a bolt and a nail that was bent to fit over the end of the bolt. Light from the sparks would fill the cab when I connected or disconnected the nail. I picked up some hitchhikers one time, and they got off early, before Corvallis, their destination, after they witnessed my sparking manual charge system. I'm not sure they knew it or not, but in a 55 GMC the

gas tank is in the cab under the seat.

One problem with the truck was that it had sloppy tie rod ends. The king pins probably weren't too happy either. As I'd drive down the road, if I paid too much attention to steering, I'd over correct and over correct again to correct the careening, and it would get quite nerve racking and dangerous. The trick, though, was to drive towards a spot 100 yards ahead, rather than reacting to every bump in the road. Sure, I had to correct when a bump would knock the tie-rod ends over to the other side of the joint, but this just happened naturally. This trick works with many things besides driving an old pickup.

One of the brake drums was badly grooved. I'm not sure how seriously I thought about having the drum turned. It may have been too far gone. I called around and found a wrecking yard in Springfield that had a drum they said would work. Yvette and I went out to the wrecking yard and they sent a guy out to pull the part. He came back and tossed the drum ten feet into the windshield of the wrecked car we were standing next to and said, "there you go". I'm not sure if we did something wrong like not pulling the part ourselves, or if that was just his way of having fun. We charged the drum on Yvette's credit card, and the guy at the counter forced the imprint machine across the card even though it was in crooked, and he cracked the card. (Imprint machines are kind of dated,



now, but you just slid a handle that caused a roller to go across the card and imprint a carbon copy of the card number.)

We lived in an apartment building that didn't allow car repairs in the parking lot, but I didn't really have much of a choice, so I worked on the truck in the lot anyway. The hub, it turns out, was riveted to the drum. It was a long time ago, but I'm guessing I pulled the whole wheel off to see that the drum was scored and bought the new drum from the wrecking yard. To remove the drum I used a cold chisel to remove the rivets. I spent hours in the parking lot of our apartment complex banging on that drum with a cold chisel. The drum magnified the sound and I filled the whole neighborhood West of New Frontier Market with the sound of banging on metal. We thought for sure the landlord, Les, would have something to say, but he never did.

I was back in Eugene for good by summer. I purchased a regulator at the NAPA store in Veneta while on my pie delivery route, but the truck didn't start very well by the end of the summer. She was a bit tired after the trips to Seattle. I'd put over 5,000 miles on the engine, which doesn't seem like much, but for a truck that old it is quite a few without spending much money. Sammy came over one Saturday, the first week in November, and helped me clean the truck up. I got her running OK and went to the spray and wash to clean out the engine compartment a bit. She was running rough, but I figured I just had to get the engine hot, since she had been sitting awhile. I decided to drive out to Veneta, which was about 15 miles away. She coughed and sputtered the entire time. I filled her up at a gas station just outside of Veneta, but she wouldn't start. I got somebody to give me a jump, but I still couldn't start her again. I decided to hitch back to Eugene, but nobody would pick me up. I started walking home. It was a long ways, I didn't have a coat, and I had recently shaved off my hair. I was getting cold, and the sun was going down.

I decided to take a different approach and stood outside of a mini market and asked everybody leaving if they wanted to give me a ride home and \$50 for my truck. I found somebody who said he would. He and his friend gave me a ride home and \$50 and I gave him the title. I didn't even really transfer the title, as it was simply signed by the

previous owner, so I probably only had \$150 into the truck. Not bad for 5,000 miles and a lot of fun. Years later I figured out what was wrong with the truck. I'm pretty sure I got water in the distributor. This was the main problem. Oh, she was tired all right, but it was the water in the distributor from the car wash that kept her from starting.

Some of this came from a paper I wrote in 1990.

#55_gmc #eugene #sammy #seattle #stainless_steel_bowl #tyler_street #vehicles #veneta #yvette #grandpa



1987-03-15 • Memory • Driving With Eyes in Skull • LR

True, I would stare down the road to make up for the sloppy tie-rod ends when I drove the 55 GMC, but another thing I would do is drive with my "eyes-in-skull". I would look out my eyes, simply look out my eye balls resting in my skull. The driving was easier and time went by more intensely. I was not anxious about time passing, and so it passed quickly in one sense, but more flavorful and rich in another sense. I first started doing this on the long route between Bakersfield and Sacramento on the way back from Taos.

#55 gmc #eyes in skull #taos



1987-08-15 • Memory • Zeus Fashion • L R

There was a street person in Eugene named Zeus. He was a crazy cross dresser with flair. He made strange purses and in one extremely creative expression he put his hair up through a Dixie Cup. Yvette and Rhett decided to celebrate Zeus fashion. Me, Rhett, Sigg, and Yvette:





Yvette and Rhett:







1987-09-21 • Memory • Mrs Oregon • L R

The owner of the pie shop had a wife who made cakes there. She won the Mrs. Oregon pageant and went on to run it for many years. She is probably old enough to compete in the competition they are filming about. She had this skin-tight tuxedo patterned full-body leotard she would wear to deliver cakes for special (extra \$) occasions. She called it her birthday suit. When a phone order came in for a delivery of a cake in her birthday suit, the entire pie shop was filled with her excitement about it. Sigg was certain she wanted him. (He was the janitor at the same pie shop for awhile.) The husband (Terry, who owned the pie shop) said he would give me the pie shop when he got sucked up in The Rapture. I was honored, but a little miffed he assumed I wouldn't go to heaven with him. Dee Dee (Mrs. Oregon) gave me her crock pot. I had it for many years before Yvette got rid of it after we got a new one (or it blew up... not sure).

#pie shop

Comments:

2021-10-25:

It turns out that Sean's dad had the exact same kind of crock pot when she was a girl. She brought it home.



1987-10-08 • **Memory** • **Becoming Baker** • **L R**

I became a baker at the Pie Shop in the late fall of 1987. The previous baker left and went to California along with (Terry claims) all of his pie recipes. The baker before me had shorter black/brown hair. This, and her general nature

reminded me a lot of the women I worked with in the school kitchens as a youth. She drove a purple 70s Cadillac. She had the first complicated "boss attitude" that I experienced. That is, she had deep issues with Terry, what he said, how he managed the pie shop, etc. Not particularly unique. I've seen this most places I've ever worked since then. The new driver called Terry's truck a typical middle American truck. Even at the time, as I struggled with a '61 Ford and a '55 GMC, I knew that a 72 Chevy was one of the best trucks because of parts availability and the ability to work on it without specialized tools and skills. It was a simple truck, but relatively reliable and easy to find parts for. That was back in 1987. I took issue with the "typical middle American truck" crack, as did Terry. I suppose, now, that a '72 Chevy Pickup in 1988 really was a typical middle American truck.

#kitchen #pie shop



1987-10-11 • Memory • The Spiegel Catalog • LR

Yvette and I were living on Tyler Street (The Driftwood). We had a next door neighbor that was a single mother. Her child was three or so? I don't remember whether it was a boy or a girl. Her bedroom was right next to our bedroom, the way the apartments were configured, and I remember her telling us one time, very pointedly, that she could hear everything. It really didn't concern us at all, although we chuckled about it a bit. She got the Spiegel catalog in her mail box. Apartment mailboxes are long and skinny, and don't fit much. One time Yvette and I noticed that she had a Spiegel Catalog resting on the lower bin for mail that wouldn't fit in the locked box, so we stole it. We thought it was fancy and glitzy, and it was fun to look at the pictures.



#tyler street #yvette



1988-03-10 • Memory • Walking Next to Kesey • LR

I walked next to Ken Kesey in Eugene. I got off the bus downtown and he was walking next to the theater across the street from the downtown mall. He had an aviators cap on and was wearing sunglasses. I was in a terrible state of mind, in quite a storm over something or other. He smiled at my confusion as I walked next to him, and my mind went completely blank. When my mind went blank he smiled more as though he knew what had happened. I continued up Willamette street on my way to Dave's Pie Shop. As I reflected on what had happened and thought about how my worries had been sucked out of my head by Kesey, and how I felt at peace, I looked down and saw a manhole cover that said illumination. Now, it isn't like I saw his ID, but, well, I'll believe it was Kesey that I walked next to.

#illumination #kesey #pie_shop

Comments:

2023-08-24:

Sean and I watched Eli Stone last week. In the season 1 finale, one of the characters talked about how he was going to avoid chemo a third time. God spoke to him, but he didn't use words. He just felt peace. I don't remember all of the exact words, and it doesn't matter too much, but it reminded me of the feeling I got when I walked next to Kesey.



1988-03-22 • Memory • Mikey and Milk • L R

When I baked pies at the pie shop there was a janitor named Mikey. He would loan me Pink Floyd and blues tapes (Sunny Boy Williamson and others) that I would record. He would roam the Eugene tunnels and tell me how they

worked. There was an entrance to a huge underground room in the sidewalk in front of the pie shop. I followed his directions and checked it out with Yvette, figuring I could save on rent. There was standing water next to a concrete platform that had an old generator on it, hooked to a huge diesel engine. In the very back was an elevator shaft. The elevator had long been broken and was filled stuff for storage. My boss, Terry, said if I really wanted to live down there, he would clear out the elevator and I could crawl in through the bottom of the car. Luckily, I decided not to live down there. I'd probably have contracted a lung infection.

Mikey would steal milk from the back room. I caught him leaving with a couple of gallons one time. I was horrified he would do it. (Not so much now, though. It seems in the "OK" spectrum if you are living off of 10 or so hours a week on minimum wage in 1987 to take a gallon of milk a week or so. At least, I'm not horrified looking back on that.) In the winter sometimes he would spend the night with a friend in the back room (over by the elevator). I remember (again, horrified) finding a glass jar of pee. I took it out to my boss's wife (and my ummm... dotted line boss) Dee Dee, held it out and said, "Smell this!" She did, and got one of those "baby getting first shot and realizing nurse is enemy" looks on her face because I did that to her, and I told her it was Mikey's.

As I iterate over and over on various ideas in the present, and struggle with my place in relation to our civilization, I remember one thing Mikey said: "You take yourself too seriously, Agatha." At the time I responded, "It is what I have! Why would I not take myself seriously?" I think, over time, we are supposed to not take ourselves seriously. Perhaps we are all supposed to embrace the Frank Sinatra song "The world still is the same, you'll never change it/As sure as the stars shine above". Just love, be kind, take small steps, sprinkle small kindnesses... buckdancer's choice, but I still have trouble with that.

#pie_shop



1988-10-01 • Subject • Woody's Sun Down Laws • LR

In 1988 I was baking pies and the owner of a popular restaurant in town, Woody's, called me up to complain about our black delivery driver. He said if I didn't take care of it, he would with friends and baseball bats. I told my boss about it, and he didn't seem surprised. It was then that I found out that Eugene had sundown laws, and what that was. It meant that any black found in town after dark would be beaten and run out of town. I was shocked. The owner of Woody's likely participated in enforcement of the sundown laws.

#pie shop



1989-08-05 • Memory • A Dryer Timer • L R

I got all of the appliances for our rental hose from the pile of broken appliances next to the pie shop. I'd repair them. I created a dryer timer out of an old stereo, a big huge relay, and a binary countdown timer. The dryer timer lasted quite awhile. Our friends who rented the house (owned by the pie shop owner's dad) used the dryer after we moved out.

#dryer_timer #royal_ave



1989-09-02 • Memory • System 23 • LR

My boss, Terry, at the pie shop I worked at, had purchased a System/23 for the Elks Club while he was manager there, and they no longer needed it. I decided to go back to school after getting tennis elbow lifting pie filling, and needed something to write papers on. I didn't have any money to buy a real PC at the time, especially a printer, so I traded some week-end work at the pie shop in exchange for a van full of computer. It was the version that had a stand-alone floppy unit, two eight inch drives in a cabinet 2 feet high. It also had a 20 MB hard disk unit, if I remember the numbers right. It had a big red pull handle on the front that would manually retract the heads if you

realized the power was out. (Seriously, that is my memory. It seems so weird now.). I used one terminal, the printer, the hard drive unit and floppy unit in my bedroom at a rental house owned by my boss's, wife's dad, drilled a hole in the floor, and ran a one inch diameter cable through the crawl space to Ernie's room who shared our house.

I wrote my own word processor for the system on the included BASIC interpreter. (The Elks club had rightly not given the software or data on the 8 inch floppies away with the computer.). Here is a paper I wrote for class with that system on my crude word processor and printed on the dot matrix printer that took up most of my closet.

One thing that always stuck in my head about the System /23 is that the cases for the units were made of steel that was so thick and sturdy you could jack a car up on it. I kept the cases themselves for years after I had moved on to a more standard microcomputer and printer. They were meant to last. IBM had no idea how explosive the growth and change of microcomputers would be. The System /23 was designed to run for a decade.

This PDF of the related ecosystem of products at the time is mind boggling when you think of the scope and depth of the document.

#ernie #pie shop #terry



1989-11-02 • Subject • Stairwell Clearing • L R

I wrote about the clearing next to the river in this short nonfiction account for a writing class at L.C.C. in 1989:

Lingering in the Stairwell

Class is over, and thirty students pack their papers. I trail behind as most of the class moves against the inrush of those who will be taught next. I own a small day pack. In it I keep books, food, papers, and supplies for a long day. The pack is unwieldy as I heft it to my shoulder, and I almost hit someone with it. I smile an apology. I wouldn't want to tread on anyone. The hall outside the classroom is busy with people. I trace their eddies as I move through the hallway.

My mouth tastes like old cream from the coffee I drank an hour ago. A mass of people gushes through double doors. We move along catwalks, and through plazas. A woman with red shoes and tight acid-washed jeans passes too close.

"Excuse me", I mutter softly. I try to keep my surface, but these people are so sharp. A woman with long, perfect legs, and a short denim skirt cuts through the crowds assuredly. She knows where she is. Three men in white shirts with colorful patterns of surf things on them walk toward me, smiling in formation. Their eyes are hidden behind dark glasses. I scurry around them as they pass. A woman, strange, in black, rests on a cement block, her cheeks held thinly against her skull as she inhales deeply from her cigarette. Her body is adorned with makeup and jewelry of death. She knows where she is going. A woman with bleached, spiked hair, leather, and Lennox lips leaves through double doors as I enter. [May 2010, I'm referring to the singer Annie Lennox in her Eighties presentation.]

The door shuts behind me with a sighing sound, and then all is quiet. I am alone. My footsteps echo in the stairwell. The air is still. The cement walls and floor know. They rest quietly like wise speechless sentinels. They are silent-humming. Transformers operate air things behind the walls. Thousands of people move through this place, but the cement stays silent, unscratched. There are gentle wear marks on the edges of the stairs, but form is maintained with passiveness. I walk down one collection of stairs. There is a clearing here, a flat area between stairs that go up, and stairs that go down. On the wall are two long tubes which emit light frim the bottom. I could stay here forever. I could make a fire in the corner. My pots and pans could line the walls. I could rest here. I could sit in the clearing and listen to the hum from behind the walls. Others could come at any time, I remember, and they would need to walk through my clearing. People! Quick, I must leave here before I am seen. It is not good to be caught lingering in the stairwell. It would be evident that I did not know where I was. It could be seen that I did not know where I was going.

I walk down the second set of stairs. They lead to the big room that holds people while they eat. There is a sign that glows with hundreds of small green lights above a pair of doors leading outside. It says exit. I do not choose that way; instead, I open the door that leads from the stairwell into the cafeteria. A man immersed in his Walkman brushes me as he goes into my stairwell.

"Excuse me", I mutter. I didn't mean to be in your way. Hundreds of people are feeding at the tables spread underneath fluorescent lights. My stomach growls its hunger, so I push my way through the crowds to the salad bar. I grab a large plate and begin heaping lettuce, and my pack swings dangerously close to a woman's carefully arranged vegetables.

"Excuse me", she whispers. She did not mean to be in my way. Cucumbers, tomatoes, broccoli, and other vegetables decorate my plate. I smother the salad with blue cheese dressing. I try to catch some of the dressing with my finger as it dribbles off my plate onto the floor. My finger smells of something you shouldn't eat; something moldy, too pungent to trust. There is someone taking too long to serve himself coffee, and I wait impatiently. I grab a large cup and fill it with coffee and cream. I want to sit down and enjoy my salad and coffee, butt here are several people in front of me waiting to pay for their food. This should go faster, I think to myself. Don't these people know what they're doing? Finally, I pay for my meal, and my eyes roam for a table. There is a woman by herself, draped in a worn, brown chamois shirt, hunched over her textbook.

"Do you mind if I sit here?", I say without asking.

"No, go ahead.", she says without choice.

I wolf down my salad, slurp my coffee, trying to study my economics at the same time. I must be fast, because my economics class starts in a half hour. After awhile the woman stands up and glances at me as though disturbed. As she leaves, I imagine I have interrupted her meal; I've stumbled onto her clearing.

Later the next year, after I wrote the above, I remembered this story while reading Blackberrying by Sylvia Plath. Blackberrying was written after the birth of Plath and her Husband Ted Hughes' daughter. The "too green and sweet" hills were not really a place to take refuge, the wind blowing her to the sea was too compelling.

I dug out Lingering in the Stairwell because I remembered how it talked about the clearing.

Geography, the mountain, the valley, the river, the clearing, etc. is an important part of the metaphor.

#blackberrying #class #clearing #eurythmics #lcc #pots and pans #river



1990-01-19 • Subject • Interview with writer Yvette Demetz, January, 1990 • LR

Interview with writer Yvette Demetz, January, 1990

Yvette was dressed in a white T-shirt with baggy black pants. She had gold hoop earrings on, and a pack of Scotch Buy light cigarettes rested on the arm of her chair. She is twenty five years old. Four inches of brown roots are showing on her shoulder length black hair. She is the assistant manager at a natural foods store in Eugene. "I like the crossword puzzles as long as I'm getting paid, Liz Taylor movies, L.A. Law, and gardening, but I don't know if gardening is entertainment as much as the others. Gardening is more satisfying, like writing."

"I've always liked to write ever since I learned how. One time I wrote this poem called Dead Jellyfish. It was when I was in high school. On the beach in North Bend there are all these tiny little jellyfish that get washed ashore at a certain time of the year. There's just thousands of them, dead, on the beach. They look like clear superballs that are sort of cut open, kind of mealy. They had a deep blue purple tint to them." Yvette squints her eyes and looks past me, an unlit cigarette in her hand. "They were gorgeous. you couldn't walk on the beach without stepping on them, and they stunk. So, I wrote this poem about them, and it was really tragic. It was about how they traveled in waves, traveled in rows, only to reach their destination to die. It was really nihilistic and hopeless. I thought it was so good. I just wanted to share it with the world. It was published in the TV section of the Coos Bay World in a poetry corner. Nobody said anything about it. My english teacher, Mrs. Burge, called me up and said, 'I read your poem in the TV guide.' I said, 'Oh, did you like it?' I really wanted her to like it, because she introduced me to these great authors and explained them to me and everything. She goes, 'It was very interesting.' That was the only thing anybody ever said about it. That was when I still thought I could be a writer for a career."

Yvette lit the cigarette she had been dangling during the entire story, took a drag, and sank back into her frayed armchair. "After I went to college I thought that writing was dumb, it wasn't practical. I wouldn't make any money

at it. I decided to major in psychology. I felt this was much more realistic. Finally, when I got out of college I realized that psychology wasn't very realistic either. I didn't have the heart for it at all, so writing seemed just as realistic as anything else. Now, it seems like the only thing I can do that makes my life mean something."

"I try to write three hours every day, but in reality I write a lot less. I also have a full time job, and this makes it difficult for me to keep a schedule, but it also forces me to use my time better. Also, I get to meet people at work and that gives me ideas."

"I get ideas from dreams, people I know, things that have happened to me, from thin air, it seems like. Sometimes I'm afraid I don't have enough ideas. I wish I knew where they came from. I have an easier time with poetry. I feel I could write a poem about almost anything. When I'm writing a poem, I try to express a feeling or emotion about something."

Like in January:

January

Newness and promise look hateful on you, your pinched white face goes on forever.

The fresh blank page should be a prayer for nothing could grow here and weather is death.

What we have here are a few dead sticks a pile of snow which will melt into sludge, but summer, my friend, is a long time away and I can't see a reason to believe it will come.

(Yvette Demetz, January, 1990. Used with permission.)

"I hate January, and when I wrote the poem I wasn't exactly sure why I hated it so much. I just hate it. But as I was writing it, thinking about January and how much I hate it, images occurred that explained why I hate January so much, even though I couldn't have said it before I wrote the poem. That's one of the reasons that I write. It helps me figure things out. I use short stories to express things that have to do with people in general, less personal things, less peculiar to me."

"I like writing because I'm good at it. I can entertain myself when I write a good story, and through my poems and stories I understand myself and others. There is nobody I admire more than a good writer, and that's what I aspire to be." Yvette can be reached at New Frontier Market. 345-7401

#yvette



1990-12-06 • Subject • Foolish Bardo • L R

One of the ways through a particular bardo... what is the bardo called... probably it would be "defense of face, or worth, or image...ego??" It arrives when making a fool of yourself, or feeling foolish around others. I felt foolish today for monopolizing class time, and I wanted to make it right. This preoccupation seems harmful. It's probably not helpful to pursue foolishness, but when it arrives, it is a great lesson. It is helpful to use the feeling of foolishness to one's advantage. "It is not bad that I look like a fool. Meaning has absolutely nothing to do with my reflection." If

I go off accidentally (or on purpose), no big deal. Meaning has nothing to do with how I come off. After I feel foolish, I am often preoccupied with how I can make it better in other's eyes. For instance, Today I started planning out how I would not talk so much next time, so I'd be respectable again. No No Nooo... be rational in the present, sure, but what a waste of time to plan future reactions. Plus, it is a helpful exercise to accept the foolishness.

#Icc

Comments:

2021-10-25:

I'm not so sure about the logic here. Planning out a different path for a reaction under certain circumstances can help change in a positive way. The triggers of foolishness and other things won't have as much power, and you can act more consciously. Now, feeling foolish and accepting it is fine. I did write this in 1990.



1990-12-06 • Dream • Hippy Money in the Sand with a Spoon Dream • LR

I was in the woods near where I had lived before, perhaps like Mingo's woods. They were also like Canada woods. There were all of these old hippie campsites made of branches with little clusters of tent-like structures made of branches. I poked around them for awhile. It was amazing to me how many there were. There was this big house near a little beach, and it too had remnants of hippies. I figured there must be money in the sand from the rich hippies, so I started digging in the sand with a spoon. I found a few pennies and some nickels, and then Dave swam up. He was a guard. I had called up the guard station earlier, and had been loud and bullying about keeping a guard on duty because I was still digging. I hadn't known until then that he worked as a guard there. He was a superior to the other guards, because he mentioned how he had ordered them to stay open and keep watch while he swam over to see what was what. I continued digging for coins while we talked. I told him about how there were so many hippie sites, and how their parents gave them \$5,000 and then they moved to the woods, and the money they left was what I was digging for. I was leaving big holes in the beach and finding quarters. There were these live, big, clams that were hanging in the sand, and I killed them with my spoon. I told Dave how I felt bad that I had to kill them. We went to the big house, and I showed Dave this metal music box where they kept their pet. I was making fun of them, but sort of admiring them. I felt extremely smart and clever for thinking up this money making scam.

#canada #coin #dave #guard #mingo #pet #woods #money #hippy

Comments:

2018-08-11:

This is the oldest journal entry, likely done on WordPerfect. I was wondering about what Canada woods were, and I figure it must have been the K family compound up in Canada on Vancouver Island (I think it was Salt Spring Island??) From a quick search I read that you could see the K estate on the Island from Deep Cove.*



1990-12-13 • Dream • Strawberry Pig Dream • LR

Yvette and I lived next to L.C.C. in the woods. I had ordered a calculus book from the bookstore that was fifty years old, and it came with this huge box. I took the box to where I lived in the woods. I had built Yvette a fern house, with rocks and flowers lining a patio of grass. I lived in a tree house built on stilts, and it was open to the air. I unpacked the box, and it was a calculus typewriter built into an old desk. The yellow, repainted top was curled up from damp age. Ernie said it was no good because the keyboard was out-dated, it wasn't standard any more. Yvette had this really cute pet. It was a little pig with a tray-like opening in its back. Strawberries were piled up in it, and it wandered out of Yvette's fern house when I showed up with the calculus typewriter.

Comments:

2010-03-24:

Maybe it is the clearing, but it is also possible in the sequence of places I lived that this was just the woods, like Mingo's woods.

2008-05-24:

It seems to me that Lane Community College is the river here. I'm still trying to live in the clearing, but the river is pulling at me. Eventually I was swept up in the current and it carried me and Yvette away from our clearing in the woods where Yvette primped produce at New Frontier Market in Eugene. We were both swept up to Seattle and the world of IT. I remember telling Yvette at the time that going back to school was like entering a tunnel. I lost control of where I would end up. With my job as a baker at the pie shop, I knew where I was and where I was going. Further, my labor made sense. I stirred sugar, I patted down pies in the oven, and when the day was done there were racks and coolers full of fruit and custard pies.



1991-01-05 • Dream • Bee Dream • LR

The unemployment rate is very high. Bees have been genetically altered so that they don't sting. They inject an opiate/hallucinogen. San Francisco is a mecca where there are tons of bees. One goes there and stays high for two weeks at a time.

#bee



1991-01-14 • Dream • Marc Unloading Truck • LR

I was trying to find my calculus class in this old, weird building at L.C.C.. I couldn't find it, but I saw Penny Schlueter, my old econ teacher in real life, but my calculus teacher in my dream. I followed her to class. She was happy with me for getting an A (I had just come from Physics class, and my physics teacher was happy with me too. In physics, I had been wondering why, if there is entropy, is the earth in a big clump.) Anyway, people were sleeping in calculus, and she showed us how to sew shorts. I then went over to meet with Yvette in a CAB [Campus Activities Building] kind of building similar to the one in the calculus typewriter dream. I couldn't find her anywhere. The building is sort of a combination library and administration building also. Marc was there with someone I don't know. Marc waved me down, and I chided him for not keeping in touch with me. They bought me lunch, because last time I'd seen them, they said I bought them a pizza. I helped Marc unload his truck. He said it got 10 mpg. I told him my old International got 8. I told Marc he was coming back from CA with less than he went down with.

#building #lcc #marc #typewriter #yvette



1991-01-15 • Journal • Siouxsie Vid • LR

I watched the Siouxsie video that Yvette and I bought last night. I feel different after watching it, as though how I felt before was a little petty. If the way I feel now is similar to the Phlegm house way, then petty would make sense. I must explore what the deal with Plegm House was. I feel like I can sit on the bus and enjoy it immensely. I feel less concerned with things like the skin tags on my back. I was working four days a week for dad during most of Phlegm. I wasn't going to school, and the most intense stuff happened after the TBD thing in the tub. What was the guys name that Sigg and Rhett say they forced to listen to Butt Hole Surfers.... Lee, that was his name.

#phlegm_house #rhett #sigg #tibetan_book_of_the_dead #yvette

Comments:

2021-01-27:

The video was Nocturne



1991-05-18 • Memory • Jump in the Hole • LR

We rented a house from my bosses wife's dad, Brooks, who owned a barber shop that was attached to our rental house. The barber shop was aptly and somewhat confusingly named "Brooks for Barbering". Brooks' barbering partner was a strange looking man with thick glasses, a black mustache, aggressive sideburns, and plaid pants. One time I was arguing with Brooks about whether or not he would pay for a plumbing repair I did. When Brooks left, the partner turned to me and said, "Do you know the difference between a sinner and a fool?" I said no. He said, "A fool falls into a hole because he doesn't see it, but a sinner sees the hole and jumps in anyway." These were the only words he ever said to me over several years, but I think about what he said sometimes.

#hole



1991-09-22 • Dream • Black GMC Pickup • L R

Kirk was driving a black GMC truck with a spotlight and it was night. Kirk almost ran over his little brother, who fled on his bike as Kirk tried to catch him. Kirk was freaked out because he almost hit him. While he was chasing his little brother, the little brother came near me, and I told him he'd better go home before mom got him, and he took off running, but mom ran faster. When I woke up I realized that Kirk was both the one driving the truck and the one on the bike.

#kirk #mom #pickup



1991-09-22 • Journal • Putting the Homebrew Away • LR

I put my homebrew computer project away in preparation for school on Monday. I'll be busy enough with my classes. I got it running, though. I even had a keyboard and 8 seven segment displays hooked up to it. It was kind of funny towards the end because debugging the keyboard and display routines was both hard and soft: I'd program for awhile, solder some wires, program some more, add a chip... It really has been a ten year project. I remember being completely baffled by microprocessors in Mr. Kochell's class at Auburn High. Well, it's on mothballs until next summer.

#auburn high #electronics #homebrew #lcc



1992-05-15 • Subject • The Reuben Sandwich Period: 1992-1994 • LR

The Reuben sandwich period starts when Yvette left for Wyoming and ends when I moved to Seattle. When I was managing Bellevue Computer, a PC compatible retail store in Eugene, Oregon, there was a store across the street called The Giant Grinder where I would get a Reuben sandwich and a double latte every day for about a year in a row. I liked it, and every time I tried something else it ended in me not liking it. Downtown Eugene didn't have tons of quick places to eat that I remember, so it isn't as crazy as it might sound. Still, I ate an awful lot of Reubens from the fall of '93 until December of '94. Yvette was working at The Giant Grinder at a different location on 13th when I first met her.



1992-06-20 • Memory • Hot Dusty Dirt • L R

I remember when Yvette was in Wyoming and it was hot and dusty walking down the alley on Ferry street on the way to get an It's-It bar and a giant Mountain Dew. Later on I mixed a tape called hot and dusty. REM's Losing my Religion played in my mind. I would stare down at the dust in the heat as I walked in vibrant melancholy.

#wyoming #yvette



1992-08-04 • Memory • Purchasing Barney • LR

It was summer of 1992. Yvette had just got back from Wyoming and we decided it was time for another car. We saw an ad in the Register-Guard for a "Runs. \$600". We were living on Ferry Street then and walked down to 13th and Pearl or so. We had 2 credit cards we could use to withdraw \$300 each. We took out the cash and went to meet the sellers. They were a Scandinavian couple w/ a child. It was a brown 1976 Toyota Corolla wagon:



I had to recharge the A/C, and I rigged up a toggle switch to turn it on because the controls were broken, but it was cool in the summer. I used a 330 aircraft bulb from my homebrew computer project mounted in the dash to show when the A/C switch was on. We would drive him around when it got really hot. We would take Barney up to the mountains and would pick huckleberries. We took Barney up to Seattle that year and bought lots of stuff from Archie McPhee's. We would take Kirk up to pick huckleberries as well.

#76_toyota #ferry_street #kirk #wrenching #wyoming #yvette



1992-11-08 • Journal • Math Analysis • LR

This is the first entry of the millionth start of a journal. [although I just stuck some old stuff above] Hopefully I can keep this one going. I really should work on my analysis right now... I was just flashing back to L.C.C., and when I was studying physics and calculus. Ernie moved out of the house in January of '91, and I had my own room to study in. Wyoming was already in the future, and Yvette and I were pretty stressed about it. I finally wrote to the Incense works six years from when I got the address from Rhys when I was at TESC.

#lcc #rhys #yvette



1992-11-13 • Journal • Solar Quest • L R

Yvette and I went over to Keith and Jim's last night, drank quite a bit, and played a monopoly type of game called Solar Quest that involves conquering and settling planets. Yvette just went to work, and it is a quarter to seven. I made a vow not to drink again, but thought about it and realized that it seemed to help my consciousness. That word consciousness...I used to use it an awful lot in my last serious journal effort...I thought a lot about consciousness back then. Anyway, drinking seems to help through some Bardos. I know this because I want to write in my journal, and I recognize a similar insight, weirdly: this insight happens the day after with the hangover. I remember Joyce saying (and the whole mountain is starting to draw into place) that alcohol didn't help the nerves, rather it ate away at them. I wonder. Interesting euphemism, I wonder; Shanty used that in her letter...something like "Do you think that people won't know how to do their own dishes until they get married and have kids? I wonder." The dishes idea was originally mine. I called her on the phone, and I felt bad just working for Boeing after graduation, so I decided to do environmental science. I explained this in a letter to her by saying that when there are dirty dishes, unless one person in the household just does them they get to be more and more, and one eventually doesn't even want to go

into the kitchen, and pretty soon the whole house is full of dishes. It sounds pretty stupid to me right now, but at the time it seemed good. I got mad at Shanty's reply and didn't write for seven months. She didn't write either, as though my moral ramblings or rationalizations were over the top for her, and so our friendship was over. Well, I have this strange desire to work on the philosophy paper. I also had this feeling that if I had some beer today it would be O.K. and I could feel better, and there was nothing wrong with drinking continuously... So, of course, this is something that should be kept an eye on. Don't want to feel like that..!!

#bardo #shanty #yvette



1992-11-30 • Journal • Port and Divine • L R

I was drinking port last night and watching Divine movies. I asked Yvette if we could do a reading with the tarot deck about whether or not we should stay in Eugene. The reading stated our situation well, but was inconclusive. Then, after I went to sleep, I had the dream about Geoff and the Tibetan Book of the Dead. I interpret it as staying in Eugene because of the minimalism implied by the Portland street time and the fifty dollars.

#divine #eugene #geoff #portland_street #tibetan_book_of_the_dead #yvette

Comments:

2018-11-24:

The "fifty dollars" was referring to how I would get two rolls of Susan B. Anthony dollars when I cashed my paycheck every two weeks. I was working for minimum wage and getting about 30 hours a week in, so it was a decent chunk of my paycheck. I thought the coins were pleasant to hold and carry vs. bills. I also appreciated their resilience.



1993-02-01 • Memory • Information Underground • LR

I was finishing up the last six months of my math degree in February of 93. Yvette and I talked about starting a business called Information Underground. It would have comic books, espresso, electronics and computer equipment. Yvette was also starting to work on Big Top, a zine. I had an old 8088 machine with a hard disk and Word Perfect on it that I used for word processing. I also started working on the Matrix Master program, although at that time I hadn't figured out a name yet. I was thinking of calling it something like mathworld or matchbox. Later on Yvette and I came up with the name Information Axis (Bold as Love), and I eventually attempted to start a small online store that didn't go very well.

#yvette



1993-02-01 • Journal • Mesa, Mountain, Clearing • LR

Well, I'm on a hard disk in WordPerfect now. I'm still sticking with Eugene, but it has been quite a vacillating couple of months. I was just thinking about the mesa, and something about minimalist computers and flywheels, and Dostoyevsky. I've been planning lately to write my own software...mathworld...matchbox..., but with the mesa I wonder if a better focus is on mesa stuff. [Mesa stuff??...] Yvette is going to start working on Big Top, and so I could write some articles in there. We have had ideas of information underground, but I think that whatever we could sell is already available. It is the preaching to the perverted thing that shoots it down. True, I could make money, but theoretically I could do something more worthwhile in my spare time, and more tangible at work. Also, work will keep me grounded. I will meet people, and I won't be standing my life on a marketing scheme base. And, really, there is the mountain. I keep on going back to the mountain, and keep getting distracted. And there is the clearing with Yvette and children, and pots and pans lining the trees.

Comments:

2021-10-25:

Until this point I was using floppy disks and didn't have a hard disk.



1993-02-03 • Dream • Woody Allen Dream • L R

I was at the pie shop, and Woody Allen approached from the Tino's side of Fletcher and Smart. [May 2010: these are the shops near the Pie Shop, the appliance store and Tino's Pizza.] We talked about some stuff, and he was kind of wise, and he said he was my imaginary guide. Then there was this woman, and she was fretting over whether to think of things existentially or spiritually. She said that existential thought was so cold. And I said yes, that is exactly the dilemma I face. Are humans really alone and disconnected from life, but are forced to feel something more spiritual out of weakness, or are humans entwined in something bigger than their individual, perceiving and acting self. I also said that this dilemma was ironically somewhat existential in that it was up to us to choose which relation we used.

#guide #pie_shop



1993-02-03 • Journal • Cash for Bottles • LR

I went to Safeway today to return bottles, and when I was waiting I saw a guy come up with an onion sack of bottles. I glanced away, thinking he wasn't with me, but I felt ashamed because he was returning bottles just like me, and everyone was looking at me as if I was scum cuz I had the brown coat and was looking kind of unkempt. Anyway, he joined me later at the checkout line, and asked me if I too was one of the homeless people. I said, no, I have a home... and bottles. He looked kind of pained, like maybe he had found a friend in his predicament and we could join forces or something.

#eugene



1993-02-05 • Journal • Letter to Grandma and Grandpa • LR

I wrote to Grandma and Grandpa [Dad's side] today for the first time since the spring of 1988. When I wrote in '88 I was amazed at how scarred I was. It seemed that I was a very cold person to have let things with my family get so bad. I wrote something about it in the letter back then. I also wrote that I wanted to stay in Eugene. An example I gave for staying was Lincoln Street park. I talked about the way the sky vibrated, and how it didn't vibrate like that in any other place. It was a comforting sky that helped me when I was mentally smeared. Grandma wrote back and said she had been thinking of me, so we must be on the same plane.

Another thing I wanted to write about. I was in Kinko's today, and they moved the keys off of the counter and put them on these weird holder cards. I couldn't find them, and wandered in front of this man at the counter. I said excuse me, and he said something back that intoned I was annoying him. I still couldn't find the keys, and I mumbled that they said the keys were near the register. He asked "What are you looking for?" in a very annoyed, authoritarian man way, like I was hazy meaningless trash-for-brains. I realized that I get annoyed with people for the same reason, sometimes. No.. People can be in a haze. Quit judging them for not being highly caffeinated.

Another thing is that I am an asshole in class. There is this one teacher who is really old, and I find myself almost bullying him at times. It isn't just a respect for teachers thing. It is more of an I'm missing the point thing. Snap out of that world view Agatha. Mellow out. Don't interrogate the teacher. I may actually be "justified" in my bullying and interrogation, but this is bad for the "other world".

Comments:

2010-05-24:

The Other World refers to a conversation I had with Ernie in spring of 1989 when he was staying on West 11th with us.



1993-02-13 • Journal • Barney Problems • L R

I have been hassling with the car. There have been many problems with the clutch. We replaced the clutch last June, but a couple months later I replaced the master cylinder. A couple weeks ago I replaced the slave cylinder. Still, the clutch was having problems. I took it into Asian import to get it looked at this morning. It turned out that there was something wrong with the clutch. What is kind of weird is that I think I might have been able to get some work done for free, but I had relaxed my intent, and consequently I might end up paying for the work. [They replaced the entire clutch and fixed the seal for 150 bucks] We'll see. Just now someone came up the stairs and tried to open the door. This fits into the worrying about maybe being ripped off by the Asian Import people, worrying about money and stuff, when we have plenty to eat and a cool apartment to live in. It is important to remember to live without having too many things. If you have too many things, then you end up worrying too much about whether or not somebody is ripping you off. The same goes to some extent about worrying about your own safety. Really, Yvette and I will be making quite a bit of money, and there is no reason to start worrying about whether or not we have to pay Asian Import too much, or whether or not someone steals some CDs. I feel the mountain again. I'm not sure that the mountain trip is some kind of Christian brainwashing perpetuated by those with money and land. I think that instead, my feelings are right on. The World Peace Flier was right on. Concern for property is a dangerous bardo pitfall, and worry about the car and the door is over concern for property. I remember the game we went through with Rasta woman and the door knob. Well, I'm smearing. [May 2010: Smearing is brain blood smeared on glass. Thinking way too much, injuring yourself with your thoughts and getting confused.]

#bardo #mountain #wrenching #yvette



1993-02-14 • Journal • Plans for Life After Graduation/Property • L R

Went back and looked at the homebrew computer in the bedroom. Very nice trip there. A beautiful book can be made and distributed. Actually it is perfect for a series in Yvette's Big Top. The conviction to keep Barney and stay in Eugene also seems very good right now, especially when considering that fear for life and property thing. Odd, these are a little contradictory. If one is not afraid of losing money or property at all, then there is no reason why not to own a mansion and 3,000 televisions. Thing is, a compromise is made when acknowledging that the differential in what I have vs. what others have that makes what I have in danger of being ripped off (or for that matter being killed for it). So there is a weird mix of morality and bardos here. It's not that complicated, though. I was thinking about this this morning, and I saw it as a well with many people around the well waiting for water. There was only so much water, enough for all; however, some were incredibly adept at getting water, and some had guns to kill people in their way, so there were differences in the amount of water that people had. Some saved their excess water in government sponsored reservoirs, and others just sat near the well and made water gluttons of themselves in front of the others trying to get water.

#bardo #yvette



1993-08-01 • Journal • 84 Charlie Mopic • L R

I just watched 84 Charlie Mopic. As I was leaving the movie I had a feeling that I had to concentrate to keep from falling apart. There was a quivering dread. I remember one time in Seattle in the summer of '85. Mad Max was

showing for 99 cents. I went to see it and I got the same feeling. Quivering dread. I remember looking around as I left the theater and saying to myself that it was true; it was all true. The world really was sickeningly violent, and when you looked closely that is what you saw. Concentrating on not falling apart is another way of saying don't look too closely. I walked around looking for my Mazda truck after watching Mad Max; I walked around for two hours before I could find it. After watching 84 Charlie Mopic I drove home and almost wrecked my car where 11th is two way and neglected to look left as I went onto 11th. It is like the scene in 84 Charlie Mopic where the squad leader hands the officer the knife to kill the wounded VC. The officer was going off about how he could advance his career. A very rationalist motivation for killing. But no! Killing was totally different. There was no place for rationalist motivation. This is human blood. True, we are rationally just animals (Just. Rational. Animals...BULLSHIT), and so what is one more dead animal more or less as long as you're alive. But my experience is that when I see the level of violence in 84 Charlie Mopic or Mad Max (one fiction, and one supposedly a documentary) I have a visceral reaction that I don't want to examine or explain. I just want to concentrate on not going to pieces, falling apart. And these are MOVIES!!

[May 2010: I took a class on the Vietnam war in my last quarter at school in the summer of 1993.]

#mad max #mazda #vietnam



1993-08-05 • Subject • If I Die in a Combat Zone • LR

The reasonableness of the north Vietnamese lieutenant on page 99 BEFORE O'Brien even went to war seems crucial. Strange that this is in the middle of the book. This is not good vs. evil. This is merely politics and perspective. In the beginning of the book O'Brien talks a lot about Plato (Socrates) and evil, justice, and dying for ones country."They were defending Vietnam from American aggression", according to the North Vietnamese Lieutenant. But it really doesn't matter what the obscure or random reasons the politics were defined on both sides, or what veils of justice, good, evil, or philosophy are used to defend the politics...STILL the lieutenant is O'Brien's counterpart. Both are victims of propaganda. Or in a less pessimistic way, both are correct in their beliefs.

This is also an existentialist observation. Sartre's claim that existence precedes essence (and also a claim that is the supposed root of existentialist thought) is illustrated in O'brien's book. Plato's essentialism (that there is a static, pure definition of courage) is rattling around in O'briens mind, but he finds that what exists around him...the blood, the horror, Johansen, Smith, define courage. There is no a priori definition of courage. "You have to pick the times not to be afraid." This is also similar to Caputo's realization that there is a wide gulf between fact and truth. (How does that Talking Heads song go..."Facts just twist the truth around...") O'Brien put all the quotes from the old greek philosophers in for a reason. By showing how the experience of the war molded the truth about courage, rather than the truth about courage molding the experience of the war, O'Brien is pointing out that existence precedes essence. That is the entire point of existentialism, a philosophy that was forced after people witnessed the horrors of WWI and WWII. Sartre was in the French resistance in WWII and his philosophy takes into account the horrors of war, the relativism of truth, etc. Existentialism was very popular at the time when O'Brien was attending college, so it is very reasonable to expect that if he is interested enough in philosophy to sprinkle Plato around, he is was probably also interested in Sartre, Camus, etc.

#vietnam



1993-08-10 • Subject • Hearts and Minds • LR

I've never seen this live footage before. I'm surprised (or not) that it isn't shown more often. I can see how people blamed the media for undermining the war. Thing is, of course, that these were pictures of what was really going on that nobody wanted to see. The only thing I ever remember seeing about war at all as a kid was a graphic representation of how many missiles the Soviets had and how many we had. I think that the war in Vietnam was still going on at the time. I also remember hearing on the radio about the evacuation in '75. Along the same lines, my dad brought home a surplus helmet that I wore to school in first grade (1971) and a bigger kid told me that

the helmet was a bad thing. A couple years later we would go around making peace signs with our fingers, and grownups would tell us that was a bad thing.

#vietnam



1993-08-11 • Memory • War Gas • L R

I took a class a long time ago on Vietnam war lit. It was a summer class, held in the evening, and I just had a few credits left that I needed for my degree. I have an uncle that served two tours in the war, and it haunted him until he died, too young, so it wasn't merely a convenient class choice.

The professor dressed in olive drab, a nerdier John Lennon look (much like Jacob Singer in Jacob's ladder). We didn't know what his credentials were. He revealed at the end of the class that he had a PhD in English. (Or masters?) He owned a gas station too, we learned, but it doubled as a book store. It was called the Book Station. A few years before, I filled up a milk jug with gas for my car that was empty a few blocks away, and he came out to say I shouldn't do that. I protested that I had no money for a proper gas can, and he caved. I got my gas (very dangerous to do, but it indicates his empathy, which I respect).

He shared that the movie Jacob's Ladder, which we watched in the class, resonated more than any other movie with vets. There is something about the underlying myth, archetypes and imagery that rang true for the experience vets had in Vietnam, something that was not directly rational and revealed by analysis. I've watched the movie a couple of times since then, and I can guess, but I haven't been a soldier in a war, and I don't really know.

#vietnam

Comments:

2021-12-03:

Recently I watched the movie series Hunger Games. I had previously dismissed it as formulaic, and for a younger crowd. I found that much of my work experience, and my experience struggling in our current world, resonated with me as I watched. I imagine, like Jacob's Ladder, that any analysis will fail; however, I am tapped in to a common myth/archetype... whatever it is, it resonates. I am connected through this to younger generations, the audience for the movie. I *did* soldier in the insane modern salaried IT job war, I suppose.



1993-08-15 • Subject • Dispatches • L R

"Sitting in Saigon was like sitting inside the folded petals of a poisonous flower, the poison history, fucked in its root no matter how far back you wanted to run your trace." (Herr 43)

The Sick Rose
O Rose, thou art sick!
The invisible worm
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm,

Has found out thy bed Of crimson joy, And his dark secret love Does thy life destroy.

-William Blake (published in 1794)

What made the rose of Saigon sick? The milk snakes, serpents, worms. the noncombatants stationed in Saigon. "There was the common failure of feeling and imagination compounded by punishing boredom, and alienation

beyond tolerance and a terrible, ongoing anxiety that it might one day, any day, come closer than it had so far. And operating inside of that fear was the half-hidden, half vaunted jealousy of every grunt who ever went out there and killed himself a gook, furtive vicarious bloodthirsting behind 10,000 desks, a fantasy life rich with lurid war-comics adventure, a smudge of closet throatsticker on every morning report, requisition slip, pay voucher, medical profile, information handout and sermon in the entire system." (Herr 45). It is not unreasonable to use Blake's poem, since Herr refers to William Blake explicitly on page 44.

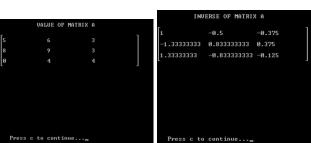
#rose #vietnam



1993-09-15 • Memory • Tasty Bytes Software • LR

I wrote a software package called Matrix Master that did various math operations on matrices. I used the C/Math Toolchest from Mix Software. Having just obtained a degree in math, I really thought a lot more people would be interested in purchasing my software than there were. Here are some screenshots:





I had planned to get the business going while living in student housing, since we were only paying \$140 per month. I was hoping to have an extra quarter before we moved, but we got a notice in September that we had to move out. I got my job at the computer store and abandoned the software business. I sold one copy for \$10, and that was all I sold. I used to have the money order stapled to a board over my desk, but I don't know where it is any more.

#matrix_master



1993-10-04 • Memory • Apple 401K • LR

In 1993 I started looking for my first job after I got my degree. I had jobs before then... pie baker, even some tech jobs and computer sales, but it was the first time I was thinking further out than six months.

I went to every computer-related store in town without much luck. I got an interview at one of the larger PC retailers in town, Omnitek. They put me through a pretty grueling interview and a test that I took on a computer. The manager had an advanced math degree, and he was quite serious about culling out the smartest applicants for his sales staff.

I also interviewed at The Apple Store. I had worked on Apple IIs, and used a Mac a few times... mostly I had PC experience. I remember the recruiter/hiring manager telling me about this thing called a 401K. Seriously, I thought if I worked there until retirement I got 401 thousand dollars free money. The hiring manager was very patient and didn't ridicule me. "No, sir, you pay into a tax-free fund, and we will match after a year."

#charlie #computers



1993-10-05 • Memory • Interviewing for the computer store • LR

I interviewed with a small PC sales store that was located in Corvallis and expanding into Eugene. The presumed manager was Tom, and we met Denny's at Gateway Mall in Springfield, Northeast of Eugene. We talked for awhile,

and it seemed to go well, so he arranged another interview with me in Corvallis with Su, the owner of Bellevue Computers. As I understood it, Su couldn't inherit money from his family in Taiwan unless he made a successful business in the United States.

The interview with Su went well. I remember him asking me if I had experience networking. I told him I didn't. He still hired me, though. I had to tell the large computer store that I got another job when they called later in the week to hire me. I started at \$1,100 per month, and I thought that was great money. There were no other benefits, no health insurance. There was a commission, but I think I only qualified for it one time and made maybe \$50.

#bellevue computer



1994-02-14 - Subject - Crowley's Confessions - LR

In 1994 Yvette bought me a copy of *The Confessions of Aleister Crowley*. I have tried several times to get through the book, but I get disgusted with his writings and abandon it on principal. I noticed the mountain climbing connection in the introduction:

"...I have felt throughout an essential difficulty with regard to the form of the book. The subject is too big to be susceptible of organic structure unless I make a deliberate effort of will and a strict arbitrary selection. It would, as a matter of fact, be easy for me to choose any one of fifty meanings for my life, and illustrate it by carefully chosen facts. Any such method would be open to the criticism which is always ready to devastate any form of idealism. I myself feel that it would be unfair and, what is more, untrue. The alternative has been to make the incidents as full as possible, to state them as they occurred, entirely regardless of any possible bearing upon any possible spiritual significance. This method involves a certain faith in life itself, that it will declare its own meaning and apportion the relative importance of every set of incidents automatically. In other words, it is to assert the theory that destiny is a supreme artist, which is notoriously not the case on any accepted definition of art. And yet - a mountain! What a mass of heterogeneous accidents determine its shape! Yet, in the case of a fine mountain, who denies the beauty and even the significance of its form?

In the later years of my life, as I have attained to some understanding of the unity behind the diverse phenomena of experience and as the natural restriction of elasticity which comes with age has gained ground, it has become progressively easier to group events about a central purpose. But this only means that the principle of selection has been changed. In my early years the actual seasons, climates and occupations determined the sections of my life. My spiritual activities fit into those frames, whereas, more recently, the converse is the case. My physical environment fits into my spiritual preoccupation. This change would be sufficient by itself to ensure the theoretical impossibility of editing a life like mine on any consistent principle.

I find myself obliged, for these and many other reasons, to abandon altogether any idea of conceiving an artistic structure or the work or formulating an artistic purpose. All that I can do is describe everything that I remember, as best I can, as if it were, in itself, the centre of interest. I must trust nature so to order matters that, in the multiplicity of the material, the proper proportion will somehow appear automatically, just as in the operations of pure chance or inexorable law a unity ennobled by strength and beautified by harmony arises inscrutably out of the chaotic concatenation of circumstances. At least one claim may be made; nothing has been invented, nothing suppressed, nothing altered and nothing "yellowed up". I believe that truth is not only stranger than fiction, but more interesting. And I have no motive for deception, because I don't give a damn for the whole human race — "you're nothing but a pack of cards."

From The Confessions of Aleister Crowley, Arkana Books 1989

Aleister Crowley is a famous mountain climber. He is also a prolific writer and associated with many old books, including many Eastern books. He is also tangentially related to *The Tibetan Book of the Dead* via Leary's version.

#crowley #yvette



1994-07-16 • Memory • Rose and Thistle • L R

Rose and Thistle was Yvette and my favorite place to eat in Eugene, right up there with High Street Cafe. Rose and Thistle appeared to be run by a family, with the mother as the cook and proprietor. The chunks of fish were large, and the batter was perfect. Probably, these days, they would be a bit too greasy, but at the time I thoroughly enjoyed the fish.





We would enjoy Cock and Bull ginger ale with our fish and chips.

Comments:

2020-09-14:

The memory as I write this is pretty faint. I did a search and found that the restaurant closed in 2015.

2020-09-14:

Funny... as I'm posting this, Moby is singing the lyrics "I loved everything there was here" off of his Jean-Michel Jarre collaboration.



1994-08-01 • Subject • Turing Machine Article • LR

A guy named Paul ran a small computer rag in Eugene. The computer store I managed, advertised in the paper. I also wrote a couple articles and answered a column one time about multi-tasking. We had beers and burgers together a couple times at the High Street Cafe. Here is an article I wrote about Turing machines. The great thing about this article is that I mention CompuServe and gopher at the end:

Minimalist Computing

Thoreau would love the Universal Turing Machine. I can imagine him sitting down in a small corner of cyberspace and twiddle for months (years!) with the code to calculate pi on a Turing Machine. A Turing Machine is the simplest computer possible, yet it can do any algorithm that a modern computer could do. First, though, I'll tell you about Alan Turing, the man behind the name of the machine.

Alan Turing was born on June 23, 1912. He was a British Mathematician who helped break the German secret codes during W.W.II. His research included artificial intelligence and the theory of digital computers. While at Princeton University in 1936, Alan Turing published "On Computable Numbers", a paper that outlined a simple computer that changed states according to simple but rigid rules. In 1952 he was arrested for violating British homosexuality statutes, and after a mandatory "cure" he killed himself. (Sexual orientation is not something that changes states according to simple but rigid rules.)

Turing's minimalist computer model described in 1936 was comprised of an endless tape for data and a set of rules that governed the shuttling of data on the tape. The machine can be thought of as a huge reel-to-reel tape recorder. The rules go something like this: read the symbol under the tape. If the symbol under the tape is a 1, then replace the symbol with a 0, go to state 2, and move the tape to the left. Otherwise, replace the symbol with a 1 and move the tape to the right, and stay at state 1. Each state consists of five parts: the state number, the symbol one is testing the tape for, the symbol to replace the current symbol with if the test is positive, the motion of the tape if the test is positive, and the next state if the test is positive. Any number of symbols are possible, but to make things simpler let's say there are only two symbols: 0 and 1. To demonstrate, lets write a simple program and use a roll of toilet paper with colored beads on each square. (Can you say Charmin? I knew you could!!) Each square has either a white bead or a black bead. Let's start at the left-most point on the toilet paper and change all white beads to black and all black beads to white using Turing-machine-like code. We only need one state: if the bead is black then change it to white and move to the right one square. That's it!

There are some very interesting implications from this simple model. The first is that all algorithms that can be computed by a modern computer can be computed by this simple Turing machine. The second is that it is impossible to determine in a finite amount of time if a Turing machine will halt. Let's just leave the second implication alone in this article. The first implication is cool because you could take any algorithm (calculating pi, for instance) and do the same thing with a Turing machine. As long as Emerson gave Thoreau enough money to live off the grid, he could calculate pi with white stones and black stones, a roll of rules (states), and many, many hatch marks on the shores of Walden Pond.

If you would like to experiment more with Turing Machines, there is a great simulator available on CompuServe: turing.zip, 60,769 bytes. John Kennedy, the author of the program, told me that a newer version can be found via ftp at archives.math.utk.edu, and can be accessed via gopher port 70. I have included a program (illustrated in figures 1 and 2) that divides a number by 2 (with rounding) that was written on Kennedy's simulator.

Nowadays it is here



1994-11-03 • Memory • Internet Hope • L R

Right before I left Eugene in '94, I was introduced to a couple that wanted to talk urgently to somebody technical. The friend that introduced me ran a local computer magazine that I had written a couple of articles for. It was a man and his wife (or lover), but he was much more animated. She was somewhat grim, and mostly silent during his talk with me. We met at one of the new pubs that was going up in downtown, those trendy places that would overrun many downtown cores, which I also enjoy. I don't remember the name.

He had a notebook filled with notes, different Internet addresses (it was capital I back then... I don't want to dead case the internet). He told me that the Internet was so powerful that I needed to get connected and download software before it was made illegal. He showed me where to get Mosaic, which I did for several years afterwards. I left with some of his sense of urgency rubbed off on me, and a sheet of paper with notes and links. I remember using Mosaic to find Netscape for awhile. I'm not sure why I needed the two-step. Perhaps there was no FTP site for Netscape? Maybe I only had my note he gave me on a piece of paper?

I have to say, looking back, that the power of the internet was hijacked, taken away from most people. Most don't use it in the powerful way it could have been used. For awhile it seemed like we would. People had websites, wrote HTML, etc. We faded, though. Our attention drifted to our feeds, both in our personal life but in our agile sprints. Hmmmm... hijacked implies some dark force, but, no, we fell under the crush of attention and complication as we built our way to collapse.

But all of that is one possible universe. It isn't over yet. The thing I am most fascinated about is the persistence of ideas, persistence beyond any individual person. True, that is culture. That is how we built civilization, right? I just think that the internet and compute and storage, the plateau we reached, has opportunity for persistence of ideas and learning that break out of the black iron prison (BIP © Philip K. Dick). That is where my approximation of hope plays.

Comments:

2022-12-12:

I think the last name was Mangan. I don't have the notebook anymore. Funny... I still remember the IP address of the name server 199.181.164.1 from that time. I just checked. It still resolves, and the reverse comes up the same. (This is what I had to type in every time I connected to the internet so I could look up names.) I wish I hadn't left Eugene so completely. My job was very consuming. Can I blame my job? Hmmmm....



1994-11-05 • Memory • First MCJ • LR

The very first program I wrote that functioned as a journal was in 1994. I wrote it in Visual Basic 3.0. There was no tagging, and the list of entries was simply a viewer of documents on the filesystem; however, it did have the capability of distinguishing journal, memory, dialog, dreams, and subject:

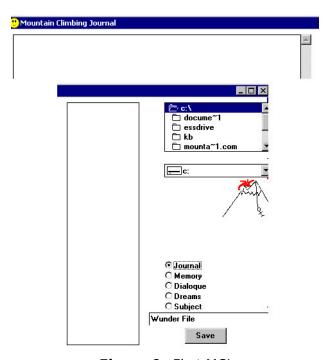


Figure 9: First MCJ

#history #mcj



1994-12-15 • Memory • Laundro Mat on Cherry • LR

I took a job in Seattle while Yvette was still in Eugene in December 1994. I made decent progress reading Crowley's confessions during that time. I remember reading it in a laundro-mat on Cherry Street before Yvette moved up to Seattle in January.

#yvette



1995-01-01 • Subject • The Number 9 Period: 1995-2000 • LR

The Number 9 period starts when Yvette joined me in Seattle and ends when I was told that I would be laid off from the job that I came to Seattle for. Number 9 was the name of a Thai dish at a place in Totem Lake. I think it was a chicken and vegetable stir fry of some kind. I would mostly eat at this place with others from work.

#yvette



1995-06-13 • Memory • Pardon the Spock • L R

What I find kind of fascinating, pardon the spock, is that when I get in a groove of old efforts the muscle/association memory comes back. I'm not sure which way it goes. Is it the act of typing that triggers it, the muscle-memory with the exact sequence of numbers, or is it the type of activity?

Let me explain. Back in the beginning of internet time, at least for me and most people I know/knew, I would struggle to get a dial-up PPP connection working on my GNU/Linux box (Slackware at the time, mostly). I would need to type in the DNS server of my ISP repeatedly. There was a drill I would go through: Get the PPP connection going, type in the DNS address to resolve, and FTP to NCSA to get Mosaic. For non-techies, I was simply entering the minimal amount of technical information to browse the internet. From that point I would grab other useful software and start configuring my system.

Here is the weird thing. I am in the middle of a deep, deep geek cycle working on my model idea. I am down in the weeds and working my way up. I need to define the logging, play-back, backups, filenames, etc., before I build out the rest. It is a first-things-first kind of deal, much like connecting via PPP. One of the systems I connect to has 199 in the IP address. Eventually I'll get DNS working, but for now I manually type it. Even though I haven't had the ISP in two decades, I *still* remember the full address from memory. Now, if you asked me three days ago, I wouldn't remember, but I remember it now. I looked it up, and it is correct. The server is still live at my old ISP.

I am not sure if it is the number 199 that triggered it, or if it is the type of activity, but I have bridged that memory.

#ouroboros

Comments:

2020-04-04:

Written on 2020-02-26



1996-03-04 • Memory • Junk, Boys, All Junk! • L R

At the staffing firm I was asked to evaluate a software package called EZaccess. The first attempt to install the software failed. The IT manager and me both thought this was a very bad sign. It turned out that there was a lot of momentum with getting this software installed. The vendor tried again with a British employee, or perhaps a consultant. He was quite competent. I shadowed him the whole time he was trying to install the software. At one point he threw his hands in the air in frustration and exclaimed, "Junk, boys, all junk!". After a long evening the software did finally run.

The next day I went in to the Director, Peter's office (the President, Michael, had gone on to be the COO, and Peter didn't take the old title of President.) I told Peter how the software really seemed like it wasn't ready for us to rely on. I even told him about the "Junk, boys, all junk!" quote. He explained that basically this was a done deal. Unless I had any huge, huge issues, we needed to buy the software and install it. A lot of people then had a lot of pain over the next few years trying to get that software to run correctly. We had one problem after another. Yes, the vendor actually came out and said the software was junk, and we bought it anyway.

Comments:

2021-10-25:

This shocked me at the time. Eventually I came to expect this kind of thing working in IT.



1996-03-27 • Memory • Jumanji • LR

Bobo and I are going to watch Jumanji and go out to lunch today. He is on Christmas break, and I am between jobs. Demonstrating the principle of diminishing returns and my general skepticism of Disney-owned-everything, I am avoiding the latest Star Wars movie, which is playing at the same time at the same nearby theater. Three is enough; I enjoy six, but I. am. done. Jumanji today - but it brings back memories of the first time and only time I saw it, without sound. [I figure this must have been the 2017 release?]

In 1996 I flew to Boston to replace an office full of computers, upgrading from Windows 3.1 and Novell to Windows 95 and NT. We flew in on Monday to an office full of shipments we had staged the previous week. The Friday prior was often stressful as we packed up that one last box before the shipper deadline.

The week was fairly typical; several of us upgraded all of their workstations and servers during the week, flying out on Friday. I focused on getting their server applications moved from Novell, which is/was essentially just a file server that desktop apps ran from with some administrative features (vs. pure application servers).

On the final full day the head of the office handed me a triple grande latte, hoping I would be able to get their accounting system running. They had called in a skeptical consultant who lurked in the corner earning a multiple of what I made. He was helpful on some of the details, but rightly suspicious of how we just moved large sections of filesystems around and copied DLLs because the original installation media was not available, and, even if it was, it likely wouldn't do much good.

That last triple grande latte got me running, but it pushed my body over the edge. I got a horrible strep infection on that trip, likely on the plane back. I missed several days of work. There was stuff oozing out of my eyes. I often think of the manager of the office with his mustache handing me that last jolt to get me through, sacrificing me to the operations gods, leaving me open for infection.

On the plane trip back I could not sleep. These trips were full of adrenaline and fear. They were satisfying as well, but quite stressful overall. I remember one time I got in an intense argument with one of the people on the deployment while serving up fruit from the hotel buffet at breakfast. We were all generally unprofessional, but we were able to do things that nobody would do because it was insane. Nobody replaces an entire office with completely new software and hardware in one week. I don't know if you could even do that now. The world is different. It did take a toll, though, a pound of flesh each time (adding five actual pounds for me with high-calorie meals and no exercise).

It was a cross-country flight, so there was a movie, Jumanji. I decided I couldn't afford to buy the headphones they sold to watch the movie. (The headphones plugged into a jack that routed vibrating air for the sound. You paid five bucks or so for rent prior to the movie showing.) I watched all of Jumanji with no sound. That was the only time I watched the movie.

#bobo



1996-07-24 • Memory • 16 Tons and the Gracken Owl • LR

In 1995 I was faced with building servers that replaced file and application servers for companies that we acquired. The companies usually had 30 users or so, and it was a fairly tedious job to create all the users, file shares and groups. I automated this by having the office fill out a spreadsheet that had a grid of all their users listed on the left that they filled out. I put standard groups across the top in read or read/write - accounting, sales, administration, etc. I would add information like the server name and other information in the spreadsheet. I created a Perl script that would read a spreadsheet to configure the server for all of the users, global groups, local groups, and file

shares. This contributed to my team's ability to go in with a few people and completely replace an entire office worth of computers and servers in one week. Usually we would show up and they were a running Netware server and Windows 3.1 on the workstations. By the time we left, they were running a pair of NT servers and completely new workstations running Windows 95.

For the Dallas deployment, Bill and I decided we would name the server *grassy knoll*, but we spelled it, somewhat cleverly, gracnowl. We figured we could use it as a fallback and say it was a Northwest bird, the grackin-owl. My boss, the CIO, arrived before us, and got a ride to their office from the office manager. He told my boss that they were pretty laid back in Dallas, but one thing they absolutely couldn't stand was references to the Kennedy assassination. As soon as I got in the next day, I huddled with my script and an updated spreadsheet to discreetly change the gracnowl name to something boring like cotl-dal-01 or some such.

Dallas was a pretty grueling. They had more users than most. Bill and I worked until way after midnight most nights, getting four or so hours of sleep a night, as we had to be back in first thing in the morning. One of the nights the entire floor was empty, so we started signing 16 Tons at the top of our lungs, with that deep Tennessee Ernie Ford voice, filling the deserted floor with our song.

#computer stories



1997-11-05 • Memory • Lone Justice, WINS, and Fiona Apple • LR

I was still living in the Central District in 1997. Our landlady lived next to us. She was a bit nosy. I remember one time she came to our back door and yelled that our cats had shit on the driveway and she had to wash it off. Well, Cats do what they do, outside at least, where they will. I had purchased some cheaper cat food, Atta Cat, or something like that, and it made their shit kind of orange. I told her, "No, Trudy. Our cats didn't do that. That shit is orange. Our cats shit brown like you and I." She left me alone after that.

I used to listen to Lone Justice: Shelter, and Fiona Apple's Tidal, at the time. I remember arching off of 520 West onto 405 North listening to one or the other in the morning on the way to work. I was working in Totem Lake for the staffing firm. It was the first time I've had my own office. It was a small office, but I could play music and have a little privacy if I wanted. Usually I left the door open. As the Network Operations Manager, there was pretty much a continuous stream of crew coming in to ask about various issues. We were still growing very fast at that time. I wasn't very happy, but I don't remember exactly why. Most of our time was spent integrating the companies we were purchasing.

One thing that I do remember is that I was the WINS and name resolution expert. I wrote the LMHosts Generator to try and fix the horrible name resolution issues we were having in a complete trust NT domain model with 25 sites. We were using a hub and spoke model with WINS. That just means that every domain WINS server had a push and pull relationship with the central domain. We were forced to have complete trust because the sites needed to be somewhat independent politically, yet, at the same time we needed to provide resources from any site to users logged on at any other site. The trusts would break all of the time. I remember watching Highlander and deleting and recreating WINS databases. Early versions didn't re-register via the nbtstat command, if I remember right, so I sometimes had to reboot servers to get all of the right WINS entries in. I probably spent a quarter of my time babysitting name resolution issues. When NT 4 first came out, we tried running DNS, and that was a horrible failure. I brought up a couple of GNU/Linux boxes using Slackware and BIND for DNS. This was my first successful production boxes. I've been running various GNU/Linux boxes in production ever since.

#computer_stories



1998-09-28 • Memory • Insurance Boredom • LR

1998 is a bit of a dead year for me as far as my journal goes. I see that I was working on NetAdminTools, but the articles aren't particularly interesting, at least now. I moved to West Seattle from the CD that year. I also started

walking again. I remember that my Doc Martens hurt my feet and my thighs bled on the first big walk down to the waterfront and back up trail that goes up near the tennis court across from Lincoln Park. I was serious about getting back into shape again.

Work-wise I was doing documentation work for an insurance company that provided computers along with software for agents. I would test out new systems, document install procedures, and even work a wee bit with firewalls and routers. There was a huge room with PCs going back a decade stacked on shelves on the walls. It was one of the most boring jobs I have ever had. (Sorting Chinese book cards for the card catalog without knowing Chinese, is probably the most boring job I've ever had.)

Yvette and I went to Taos Christmas of 98, I think, or perhaps it was over Thanksgiving break. We both wanted to lose weight for the trip.

#ams #walk



1999-06-06 • Memory • Automating Unicenter Deployment • LR

In 1999 I created my first hybrid documentation where I put in links to the actual configuration files and scripts.

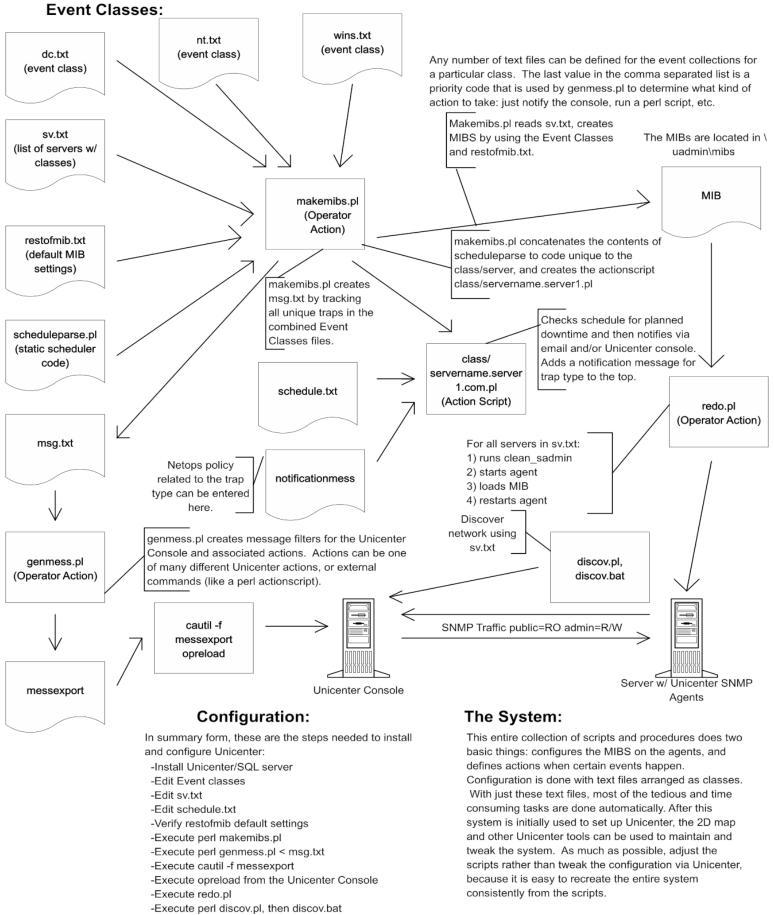


Figure 10: Unicenter TNG Design

creation, but this was much more complicated.

You can see how I'm adding sets of monitor membership by class of machine. This documents a Unicenter TNG monitoring system, which was the mother of all monitoring systems back in the day. The problem was that it required a full-time person (or more) just to deploy and maintain. I took a 5 day class on deployment and administration, and there were several levels above that. Back then all monitoring of interest took place using SNMP, which was pretty much universally available on networking equipment, so it seemed to make sense for servers. Big Brother offered lightweight monitoring that took much less CPU and was easier to use than the heavy SNMP load the agents created, kind of like Nagios. I was so frustrated with the GUI administration of Unicenter TNG, that I automated the deployment to the point that I could deploy consistent monitors across servers in two datacenters and 25 onsite computer closets in the cities in two hours, from push of mouse, to the servers replying with their monitor states. At the time I was running a network across 25 cities, and Y2K was on the horizon soon. Everybody was worried. To tell you the truth, by the time Y2K rolled around, I'm not sure what monitoring system I was looking at, as we eventually rolled out Big Brother, but I was there on the top floor of our office, alone, monitoring our systems across the country at midnight when the CIO called to see how we had survived Y2K. I remember refreshing the dashboard while he was anxiously waiting on the phone at the time switch for the last datacenter (Pacific). I also remember being worried if the elevators would work when I went home: push the button, <got a light!>, , , door opens, yay!, go in nervously, push lobby, door closes, , elevator goes down, door opens. yay!

Quite a bit has changed since 1999, of course, namely companies like Splunk have munged "operational intelligence" and monitoring into the one product. Even bigger changes were laaS and cloud serverless... who would have thought (well, actually the term cloud comes from that time... Amdreessen's Loudcloud... that is the first time I remember hearing "cloud"). Nimsoft has come and gone, also purchased by CA, the company that owned Unicenter. I will always have a fondness for Nimsoft as a monitoring platform.

Until I go to my grave, the feeling of watching those systems cross over to Y2K, not even knowing if the elevator would work afterwards, counts as a peak experience for me. Side note: the only item I remember that failed when rolling over to Y2K, ironically, was one of my perl scripts that reported 100 instead of 2000 in a routine, and it broke the script. Easy fix, but embarrassing.

#computer_stories #diagrams



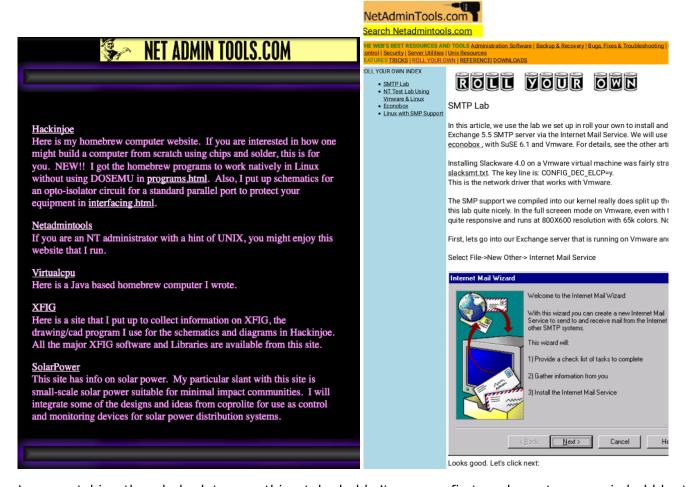
1999-08-15 • Subject • You are not Wrong: It Doesn't Work • LR

I have a huge hole in my journal in the years from 1996 to 2002. A big reason for this is that I was working a lot. I put up this article yesterday, which shows some of what I was doing for work during this time. I also got my MCSE in 1997 and played with the tools of the internet, learning operating systems and networking. It was so wide open. I worked on my homebrew computer and put up articles on coprolite.

Ah... those were the days before spam, when one could just share contact info openly without a mound of sheet pouring down from every opportunist around the world looking to cash in on the fact that you shared contact info. I mostly wrote articles for NetAdminTools during this time period. Yvette helped and designed the site, did the graphics, and contributed with some articles. She paved her way to her tech career after our Reno trip (I'll have to post about that too).

I don't run or own either of these sites anymore. Coprolite appears to be infected now, so don't go there. I sold both sites to pay off Kalis. I didn't sell the content for NetAdminTools as part the sale, but the purchaser scraped my old content; I'm OK with that, because I occasionally look up old articles for instruction on a particular piece of tech I need.

The SMTP Lab article was written in a basement in West Seattle that you could only get to by going outside the house. It had astroturf over a concrete floor. I remember paying high hundreds of dollars for a big SCSI disk drive that this server used. There are a couple of bits in this. First off, I'm running VMware 1.0. It came on a single CD and only ran on GNU/Linux. The second interesting thing, besides the outright glee in my writing, is that I used to use groceryshoppin as a fake domain in my lab.



I was watching the whole dot come thing take hold. It was my first exuberant economic bubble, the first time I had seen an idea turn greed into starry eyed insanity in the markets. The idea of a grocery shopping website was hilarious to me. That could never work, not with all of the shipping costs and the behavior of humans shopping for food. I didn't really examine it too much. WebVan came and went, and it somewhat validated my humor.

It goes deeper. How does it work for somebody to drive to the grocery store to get a gallon of milk which has travelled through the infrastructure and is packaged in plastic? For most of my life, I just figured, well, it *does* work. It is complicated. It is the invisible hand that provides this, from both a pure religious perspective, but, of course, from an Adam Smith perspective. Untethered humans make miracles (with a bit of predestination thrown in).

I recently saw how you could drive to work and Bigsite will deliver groceries to your trunk if you have a new car with a locking system that is compatible with their agents. From one perspective, it is likely that you are centrally located in many cases, so the idea seems sound, but think about all of the other related items, though, and compare it to a situation where you just have a cow and walk to the market to get stuff, or, perhaps, hook up a Little House on the Prairie wagon to a horse. It may seem like I'm foolishly anachronistic, but I submit that negative externalities and the illusion that scale brings about backs me up on this. I also submit that I'm all about tech, as this article shows. [I was raised in a startup by an old mamma lion, can't no high-toned biz-dev make me walk the line]. It was a turning point in how I thought of the world, back in 2012 or so, when I realized that perhaps I wasn't wrong. It really doesn't work. That is the secret.

#big site #computer stories #kalis



2000-05-29 • Subject • Adding Swap Space on the Fly in Linux • LR

Sometimes in the course of a system's existence you find that the swap partition you set up at install-time just isn't enough anymore. Maybe you're upgrading your system to RedHat 7.1 from a version of RedHat that used less swap in relation to physical RAM. Perhaps you're running Oracle. Or maybe you're adding more memory and would like to increase swap space accordingly.

Our machine goblin is swapping like mad and we just can't take it down right now to add more RAM. So to keep the machine from running out of memory entirely and freezing, we'll add 128 MB more swap space by creating a swap file

First we check out the memory usage:

```
[root@goblin /root]# free -m
             total
                         used
                                     free
                                              shared
                                                         buffers
                                                                     cached
Mem:
               251
                          242
                                       8
                                                  22
                                                              11
                                                                         32
-/+ buffers/cache:
                          198
                                       52
               133
                          133
                                        0
Swap:
```

Make sure we have 128 MB laying around somewhere:

```
[root@goblin /root]# df
                                 Used Available Use% Mounted on
Filesystem
                   1k-blocks
                                         91952 27% /
/dev/hda9
                      132207
                                33429
/dev/hda1
                                 2537
                                         12184 17% /boot
                       15522
                               739000 5092176 13% /opt
/dev/hda6
                     6143236
/dev/hda7
                     1035660 836204 146848 85% /usr
/dev/hda5
                               344048
                                       1622112 17% /usr/local
                     2071384
/dev/hda8
                               14439 273244 5% /var
                     303344
```

OK, we're going to make a swap file in /opt by using dd to create a file 128 MB in size.

Hey, I know, let's not make it world-readable...

[root@goblin /opt]# mkswap swapfile
Setting up swapspace version 1, size = 135372800 bytes
[root@goblin /opt]# swapon swapfile

And viola! Twice as much swap as before.

[root@goblin /opt]# free

total used free shared buffers cached

Mem: 257632 254632 3000 2512 36172 15096 -/+ buffers/cache: 203364 54268

-/+ buffers/cache: 203364 54268 Swap: 268708 136512 132196

You can edit /etc/fstab to enable your swap file automatically at boot time. By adding an entry like this:

/opt/swapfile swap swap defaults 0 0

Sure, swapping's ugly, slow and will grind your hard drives to dust. But even modern systems which have been tuned for performance require a generous oodle of swap space.

#computer_stories #yvette

Comments:

2019-09-05:

2019: Yvette wrote the above article. At the time she was the webmaster for NetAdminTools. We both worked on the site together for articles, mainly me. She wrote 15 or so articles. After I got laid off in 2001 I reworked the site and Yvette was understandably angry that I discarded her artwork. I had saved some of it, but it had a different feel. Here is what the site looked like when she designed it:





We picked up a DEC Alpha Multia cheap at auction a couple years ago. We will use this multia to dump the network traffic that NT creates on boot using TCPDump. The first problem we had was that our Multia is not Y2K compatible. Many of our files ended up with dates of 2019, and our package manager, among other things, broke. So, before we start sniffing, we have to hack on our filesystem. We used:

to reset the files to the current date. Seems to work fine now. After we fixed up our poor Y2K challenged alph, we were able to install tcpdump:

Many Linux distributions use rpm for package management. Check your documentation for your particular distribution. We don't know of a Linux distribution that doesn't include tcpdump, so finding it shouldn't be a big problem. For the source, and other info, see TCPDUMP public repository.

Our NT box is actually a VMWare session running under Linux. It is NT 4.0 SP6a w/ IE5. We set the default gateway of the NT box to the address of alph (10.50.100.9). As an aside, it is a good idea at a minimum to monitor the traffic that goes over your ppp connection, or whatever you use to access the internet. All you need to do is run ifconfig to find out the exact name of the interface you are using. In our case, our interface is ppp0:

OK, back to alph. Let's kick off a dump of the interface on 10.50.100.9 (eth0). We will limit the dump to src addresses from our NT box (10.50.100.88):

Now, we'll boot the NT session in VMWare, and log on. Here is the dump:

Didjya know just how much NetBIOS stuff goes on? All the ...255 stuff goes to all hosts on the network 10.50.100. This is why alph picks it up. There is also an icmp query to our configured DNS server (199.181.164.1). Additionally, there is an icmp request to www.msn.com. This is most intriguing of all. We imagine this must be some feature or other to determine internet connectivity, but pinging this merely because you log on seems a little curious. We did verify that our home page for IE was not set to msn.com. Hmmmm...

#computer stories

Comments:

2023-08-23:

Notice groceryshoppin.com? I picked that at the time as a joke. I figured it was completely absurd that anybody would buy groceries from a website.



2000-12-28 • Memory • Tree Damage • L R

The weekend before, as the Christmas party, the entire IT crew went on a train ride that started in Renton and went to the Chateau Ste. Michelle Winery. I even bought a case of wine to bring home. Right after Christmas, though, it was announced that the Seattle datacenter was being closed down, and I had the choice of being laid off or moving to Pittsburgh. I did not want to move, so I was given three months severance if I stayed for three months to shut down the datacenter. At that time I managed both the network and the server team.

The same day I received notice that I was being laid off, a big windstorm blew a tree down across our back fence. I pulled the tree back in the rain and patched the fence so the neighbor dog wouldn't escape. I remember it being a very intense time, full of dread and fear as the wind and rain pounded me in the darkness and I considered my future unemployment.

#computer stories #laid off



2001-01-01 • Subject • The Lunch Kit Period: 2001-2008 • LR

The lunch kit period starts in January of 2001 as I made arrangements to move the data center to the East Coast. After that and the ensuing dot com crash, I never again felt like spending that much money on lunch, and mostly brought my lunch in a lunch kit. The habit has stuck. I still don't think buying lunch is worth it. It is funny considering my aversion to a cold lunch early in life. Now, that is mostly all I eat for lunch. As I write this, it is still the lunch kit period, and it is also still 2008. We will see what 2009 brings. [2019: hoo, boy... 2009 has something in store for you!]

#computer stories



2001-01-15 • Memory • DLT Library • LR

I had left for eight months or so, to work at the insurance company. Right after I returned, two of my crewmates invited me for the free lunch at Daniel's Broiler in celebration of a long negotiation for a 200 cartridge robotic DLT tape library with Veritas software. I was not part of the analysis or purchase at all. Five people at Daniel's broiler is a lot of money. None of us were thrifty, so my guess is it was probably \$600 or so for lunch. During the lunch, I said, "Wait, what? You're going to buy \$100K worth of software to push data through to that tape library and you are just going to hook up a Windows server to feed it? We need some beefy server hardware, a better OS, and connectivity to feed that library. Also, we already have tape library software as part of our bundled license with CA." My company, after the meal, cut the spend in half by lopping of the Veritas part. My-o-my, the looks I got from the salespeople. I figured I would never again work with that company. One of my crewmates told me afterwards that I had made some enemies.

Later, when we shut down the datacenter after the 2001 crash, a transport company showed up with a truck to ship that same DLT library back east, across the country. We had wrapped up the library in shrink wrap and it was on a pallet sitting on the walk outside the datacenter. The driver had a forklift inside the truck, but he was union and could only drive the truck, not operate the forklift. The library was too big to lift. We all stood there on the sidewalk, awkwardly trying not to take on the perceived silliness of the separation of labor with the driver for a few minutes, then Glenn came down, one of our crew mates who was the one that got the CA software to work with the library (Arcserve, I think), and said, "Hey, I can drive a forklift!" The driver said, sure, fine, and Glenn plopped the DLT library into the truck like he had been doing it for 20 years.

#shrink_wrap

Comments:

2021-10-25:

In 2020 I worked with somebody who remembers this. He was with the company that acquired us, and got stuck getting the DLT library operational. He also inherited the complete trust model with WINS nastiness.



2001-08-01 • Subject • Dirty Monk Plum Port • LR

We have a bunch of plum trees in our yard. They are small plums. Some people have said they are Italian prunes, but I'm not so sure. Anyway, they are quite flavorful. Here is a recipe for 5 gallons of Plum Port. The name comes from my brother. Since I boil the plums, it doesn't matter if I use plums from the driveway. I had called this "driveway wine", but my brother suggested a more elusive name. I'll put up some pictures this year when I make the first batch of the season (September).

Dirty Monk 5 gallon canner full of plums

18 pounds of sugar

1 packet of wine yeast (I use Red Star Premier Cuvee)

You can use frozen plums. When I'm working lots, before I go to work, I just pick the plums off of the driveway that fell down during the night. Fill the canner with water so that it covers the plums. You can put more in, but this is how many plums I had when I wanted to start a batch. :) Boil the plums until all of the pits come out (a few hours). Let it cool a bit so it doesn't burn you.



Run through a fine mesh bag into a 7 gallon bucket with a tight fitting lid and an air lock. Make sure you sanitize the bucket, mesh bag, lid, and airlock first with a three capfuls of bleach mixed in with the bucket full of water. Let the bucket dry so you don't have any bleach taste. Your local homebrewing store has good tips and alternative chemicals for sanitizing. Boil 1 gallon of water and add 18 pounds of the cheapest granulated sugar you can buy.



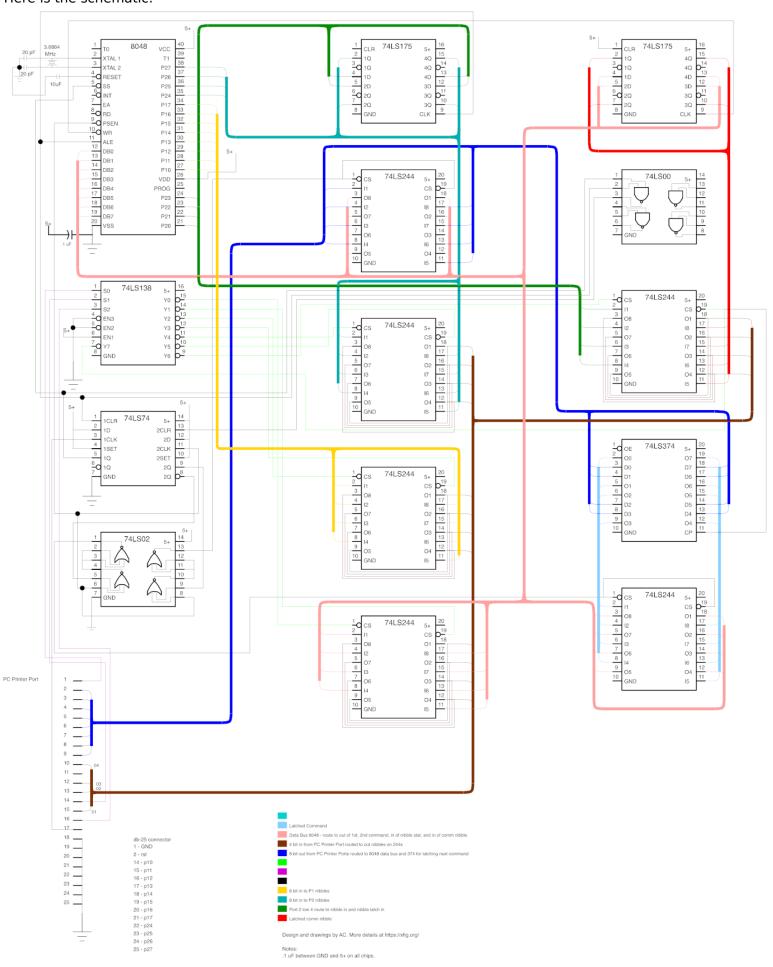
Add this to the bucket when all the sugar has dissolved and you have boiled the mixture for 5 minutes. Leave the bucket over night with the lid and air lock in place.



The next morning, sprinkle the yeast over the top and reseal. There will be lots of action for a week or so. It may overflow, so put the bucket on a tray of some kind. It will work best if the bucket is 65 degrees or more. After a week, transfer the mixture to a 5 gallon carboy by siphing it off. Use a siphon that has the attachment that doesn't suck right off of the bottom. You want to leave the bottom inch and either discard it, or use it as the yeast for your next batch (I did this once, and if you are really short on cash, you too can get away with this). Put an airlock on the carboy and let it set until it stops bubbling (about three months sometimes). When the wine stops bubbling put it in half gallon bottles from a homebrew supply store that has special lids so the bottles won't explode. You can also use grolsch-type beer bottles. Age the wine for a year. We like to open the previous year at Halloween. You can sneak out some bottles before then.:)



Here is the schematic:



Here is the fig file

It is everything that I always wished I had when I was building the Z-80 homebrew. I designed a circuit that lets you control an 8048 microcontroller via a standard PC printer port. Other later chips don't have the single-step pin, and even if they did, they aren't as available. The 8035,8048, 8039, and 8049 can all be used with my circuit. The 8048 is in our garbage. It is in our old PC keyboards and in our junked cars. It is probably the most famous and widespread microcontroller there is. The chips for my circuit are in the garbage dumps around the world. Start scrounging, hackers. Being able to build a controller from the rubble is *still* a skill worth having. My circuit does not require you to burn a ROM. All it requires is a computer capable of running Linux (386DX-40 w/ 8 Megs would probably be OK. I'll build one up). I will put up a FreeDOS port of the software soon. I'm putting up the schematics and programs up early so you have time to scrounge up your own parts. The site will evolve, as will the details. I'd love to hear about where you found your 8048. Take a picture of the host that you remove it from (CD player, truck, refrigerator, whatever) and I'll put your picture on a page that chronicles our adventures sifting through the rubble. We will also create development systems for modern microcontrollers that are kin to the 8048, like the flash version of the 8051 by Atmel (89c51).

The basic idea is to use the single step pin on the 8048 to feed 1 or 2 commands in to the 8048 bus at a time. I use a flip flop and a couple of buffers to store the two commands. I read the next memory location expected off of the bus each time I pause the CPU. I also feed in the status of the ports 1 and 2. Since I'm feeding in instructions and control the memory, it is possible to monitor the accumulator and other registers without having to write special routines, yet I don't have to fork over the bucks for an emulator. OK. Here are the goodies I have for you so far:

Here is a C program that will read a binary file "mem" and start executing the program on the 8048. It will display the condition of Ports 1 and 2 and the Accumulator as it executes. It will also move the asterisk to show what instruction is executing. Here is what it looks like when it is running:

I finally soldered this up into a final project. As usual, I didn't wire wrap. I was insane and did point-to-point soldering. I used a Radio Shack 246-147 prototyping board and about 110 feet of 22 gauge solid wire. I socketed all ICs in low profile sockets. I wired the power first, then the DB-25s, then the buses, and finally the remaining signals.









I like to do point-to-point solder because it is cheaper than wire wrap, and if you do it right, it will be more permanent. Definitely get a prototyping board with a pattern of some kind. I just used a board with donuts. One with power traces would probably be nicer, but I didn't want to use a lot of space. I tested this circuit out for months on a rats nest breadboard without problems, so I wasn't too worried about wiring/noise. Be very careful when you solder this way. If you make a mistake, it will be very difficult to change things. I layered the busses so I could see what I was doing and tied them off in each layer.

#8048 #homebrew #xfig

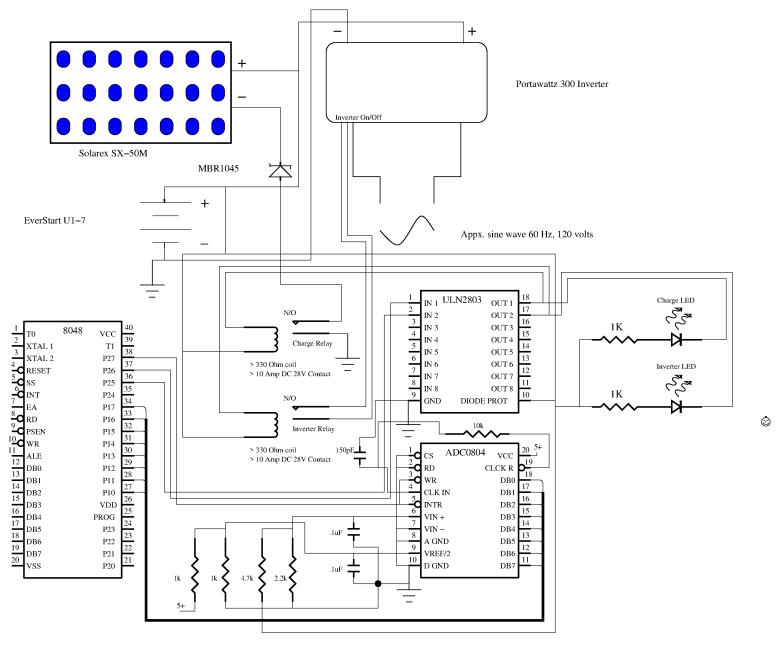


2001-08-09 • Subject • PV System on the Cheap • LR

I built my solar system with a cheap lawnmower battery from Boxbrick, a 50 Watt PV panel from BP Solar (Solarex), a cheap 300 watt inverter, an MBR1045 Schottky Barrier Rectifier, an 8048 microcontroller, a ULN2803 darlington driver, an ADC0804, and a couple of relays. The Solar panel I used had a cool mounting system (multimount) that let me cover the bolts I put into my roof with the solar panel. You just use some bolts with 5/16" heads and slide the panel on. Here is a link to a pdf of the sx50. I bought this for \$269. I can't find a better price for 50 watts anywhere. The whole system, including shipping, cost me less than \$400 US in July 2001.

Make sure you put fuses where appropriate, and consult with a qualified electrician so you don't electrocute yourself or damage devices you hook up to the inverter. While are at it, Please click here to read this web site's terms of use. The 2 1k resistors divide 5 volts, roughly, into 2.5 volts. The 2.2k and 4.7k resistors bring the voltage down so that 15 volts at the battery is just under 5 volts at the ADC0804 pin 6. After I built the circuit, I measured for three voltages and noticed the hex code at the ADC0804 (shown on my 8048 dev system display). F2 is about 14.5 volts, and the program turns off the charge relay at this point. The program leaves the charge relay off until the voltage gets to be about 13.5 volts (E3). If the voltage gets to about 12 volts (CF), the circuit turns off the inverter and waits until the voltage is back up to around 13 volts before it turns the inverter back on. This may seem odd, but without a load from the inverter, the battery voltage will pop right back up, so this keeps the cycling of the inverter to a minimum. I have the A/D converter in a continuous update mode by tying the INTR line to the WR line. The program starts the continuous update by requesting the first update by bringing the two pins low. I considered using power MOSFETs, but I didn't see enough of an advantage for this circuit. The simplicity of using relays, and the lack of risk of any meltdown going through the gate of the power MOSFET made me buck the general trend of the typical designs for solar regulators. Of course, my decision to use a microcontroller is a little unique also. With a microcontroller, though, I have much more flexibility in changing the operation of the circuit. In fact, some of the

stuff I do with the inverter, like turn it off at a low voltage and wait until a higher voltage before I turn it back on, would be hard to do with analog without some digital circuitry (f/f). I chose the 8048 because you can get it in junk appliances and circuits. I believe that many IBM PC keyboards used this chip. It was sold for over 20 years. Certainly the choice of microcontroller is up to you. Any microcontroller with 2 8 bit ports should work with this circuit. Here is the schematic:



Design and Drawing: Agatha Codrust https://xfig.org

I drew this using XFig. Here is the fig file.



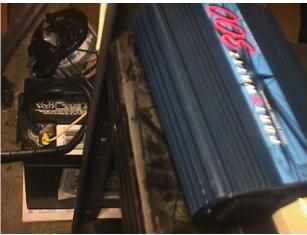
Not recommended for solar systems, but I couldn't afford a proper battery. I wanted to test with this one and see just how bad it is. The wire with the yellow connector goes right to the negative lead on the solar panel. The right lead of the 1045 goes to the charge relay, and then to the battery. The left lead is connected directly to the case, which is connected to the heat sink. The reason why the 1045 is needed is that the voltage drop is only .45 volts. Other diodes have a larger drop. I found one at Mouser Electronics part# 511-STPS1045D for \$1.38. The reason why you need a

diode in there at all is that when it is dark, the solar panel will discharge the battery. I threw the circuit above into a plastic bag and used electrical tape to seal it in a Ponderosa cup (Hoss truly doesn't mind). You can faintly see Adam on the right. Here is the complete PV system on the cheap. The inverter is just an inexpensive 300 watt one that I got at Costco.









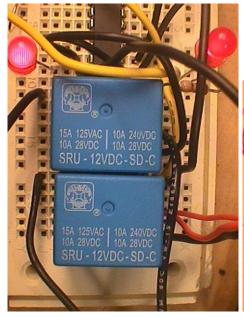
Here is the program running on my 8048 dev system. The voltage on port 1 is d8, which is a little under 13 volts. Here is an assembly listing of the program. See 8048 Development System for more info. Here is a binary file (right-click, save, don't open) of the program that you could load into the dev system. I suppose you could burn the file into an EPROM directly if you wish, but it has my set points, which may be off since the resistors are not precision. So far, I've been able to generate most of the electricity I use for lighting my work area. Since most of the power is used when it is light out, I'm not really cycling the battery too much.

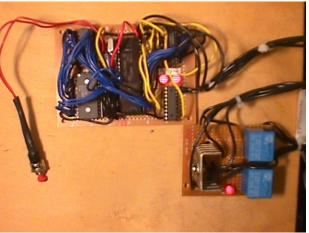


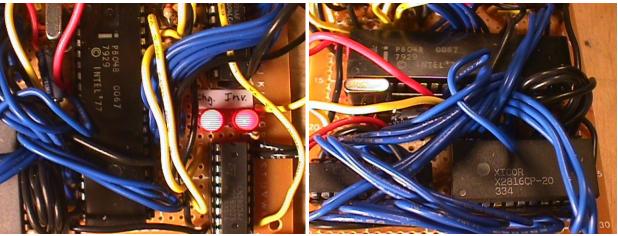




Completed and soldered PV Controller, and the relays, with the ULN2803 and LEDs.







I'll put up some schematics eventually, but the only difference between this and the dev system article is that there is a 2816 EEPROM and a 74Is373 between the bus on the 8048 and the address lines on the 2816, w/ ALE on the 8048 connected to the LE pin on the 74Is373.

"It doesn't matter what you ride, it matters THAT you ride." -unknown biker

#boxbrick #xfig



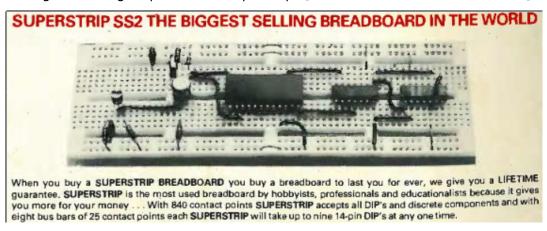
2002-08-09 = Subject = 8048 Puzzle Box = LR

This is an introduction to a puzzle box that I gave to a few people. The details are in this article.

I gave this box to several friends and family. This device is my own design. I laid out and etched the circuit board. I wrote the program in the EPROM. I'm not going to tell you what the device does. There are only four buttons to control it, I'm sure you can figure it out. I will tell you that it is a useful device. Consider it a puzzle box. :) Now, for some ramblings about my connection to this device.

One of the first chips on this board that I have memories about is the Im386. Sunn was quite a fan of the Im380, the two watt version of this chip, but it had twice the number of pins. Both chips had very low parts counts for a complete amplifier. Sunn's lab at the time was a small outbuilding in the woods next to the barn across the street from his house. He was always making some audio or phone stuff. Around that time I watched "The Man Who Would be King", and was so fascinated with the movie that I made a device that I would hum into and it would make an electronic bag pipe sound. I'd hum the song from the movie into the device. It was built out of a Clabber Girl baking powder can.

The 8048 is my all-time favorite chip. I saw the Intel manual in my electronics class in 1979 and read it cover-to-cover. I started reading all microprocessor books I could find. Rodney Zak's Z-80 book, the Intel 8085 book, and I even spent a weekend reading about the 2901 AMD bit-slice chip on my dad's boat. One big favorite, which I read for years, was the bug books. I toted these to an eye surgery and to the Grand Canyon the first Winterim hike. Ahhh... but the 8048 was the coolest. The famous summer when I visited Nana and Grandpa and spent much time in the garage building a power supply, there was an article on the 8048 in a National Geographic they had. There was a picture of the EPROM version, the 8748 on the cover. Grandpa (Mom's side) took me to a surplus electronics store. Tons of big electrolytics, S-100 gear, Morrow, etc. I bought an LM309K, a big electrolytic, a bridge rectifier, and a 50 volt transformer to make a linear power supply. The thing I didn't understand, though, was that 50 volts was way too much voltage for the LM309K. Any load and it would blow up. When I blew one up, I'd walk across the field in the back of Nana and Grandpa's house in Walnut Creek and go to the electronics store down the street. I remember lusting after the gold plated ACE superstrips [a kind of electronics breadboard].



For years I tracked the price of the 8748 in the JDR catalog. It never really got down in price. Mostly the 8748 was 20 bucks. You can get it now for 11 bucks or so. The 8035/8031/8039 was usually between 4 and 5 dollars. The 8035 is actually an 8048 with the ROM disabled. You can simply use an 8048 and bring the EA pin high to use an 8048 as an 8035. You can still purchase 8035s from Jameco, as well as some of the others in the series. The real claim to fame for the 8048 is that it is the chip in the keyboard of the original IBM PC. It was also used in the Odyssey 2 video game, and tons of embedded applications like automobiles and refrigerators. Not sure if it ever literally made it in to a toaster or not. In 2001, Jameco was selling out the last of their 8048s. I bought about 1,000 for 19 cents apiece.

I've spent most of my spare time since 1980 trying to get to the point where I could create my own microcontroller operated device. One of my first attempts was with a Z-80 in 1981. I designed a circuit around a 74c922 keyboard chip that drove 6 latched (non-mux) 7 segment LEDs. When you pushed a key, it would latch the digit and progress to the next one. To program a memory location, you just push the hex address and data and program. I got the keypad from some oven-sized contraptions in Mr. Kochels Electronics class. Unfortunately, I didn't know about decoupling capacitors back then, and all of the TTL logic was buggy without them. It did work well enough to bring it to High School. Sigg remembers seeing it. I built it in a file box that Sunn and I bought at the office supply store in Auburn (next to the store where I bought my first record album... Doobie Brothers Greatest Hits... or maybe Elton John's Greatest Hits). Next to the keypad I put a tin plated ACE superstrip to breadboard CPU projects on. (This is the current vendor/manufacturer as of 2023.)

I remember showing a running Z-80 circuit built on this box to Dad one morning while he was in the bathroom (I was so excited). Because of the bugginess, though, I disassembled it out of frustration. One bug I thought I saw at the time that made me think the whole idea was wrong was actually due to the tri-state bus of the Z-80. When I'd pass my hand over the wires on the breadboard the LED state would change because when the bus was floating the buffer would sense my hand as a 1.

The next working circuit was also a Z-80 based circuit I built in '84-85. I was always scrawling various designs for cheap controllers consisting of memory, latches, CPU, clock, etc. I'd sit in the park across from Olympia Computer Center and write up different plans. The 8048 was always out of reach. It needed an extra latch for the memory, and the Z-80 was a lot cheaper because it was widely used. The 8748 was the best of all, but the programmer to burn the EPROM was too expensive.

Most of '84 and the first part of '85 I lived in the cabin. The cabin (The Hobbitat) was 10X10 or so. No electricity. No running water. I rigged up a motorcycle battery and solar panel to power my Z-80 experiments. I got it to work OK, but my input device was simply changing wires on a breadboard to program the memory. I had an Aladdin Kerosene mantle lamp that I used that winter as I wired the circuit. I decided I needed city power to complete my labs, and made another version, but then I moved in with Shanty and friends, gave all my stuff away, moved in with the Punk Rockers at Phlegm house, drove to Taos, drove to Eugene, worked as a pie delivery driver, met Yvette, worked as a pie baker, and went back to school.

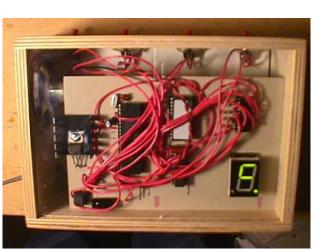
Five years later (1990) I started the project that ended up being the homebrew Z-80 computer. I worked on that computer for over 10 years off and on. One cool feature was that I could load programs onto the homebrew via the parallel printer port. I finished that project up and moved on to the 8048 when I was able to buy a bunch in 2001. Unemployment in 2001 gave me time to create a poor man's in circuit emulator for the 8048. This allowed me to simulate programs running on the 8048, but use an actual 8048 for the control signals, i/o, etc. Finally, I could easily write programs and test them. My first application for the 8048 was a PV controller. After the PV controller I broke down and bought an EPROM burner and figured out how to create circuit boards with "press-n-peel" film and a laser printer. My next project will work with the new i2c (new in my dated way) interface. There is a driver for i2c using Phillips' bit banger parallel port interface. (Isn't this all so fun?).

#8048 #grandpa #hobbitat #olympia computer center #sunn #yvette #dad



2002-08-09 - Subject - Two Tone Timer - LR

This timer uses a minimalistic display. The decimal point blinks for the number of tens of minutes. There are four buttons. Button 1 resets the timer. When the timer is reset it goes into Helter Skelter mode:



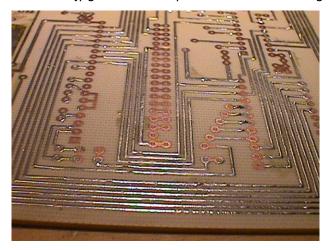


If you push another button, the timer increments to one minute and starts counting down. Helter Skelter time *does* count against the first minute and wraps, so you have to avoid Helter Skelter after you push reset to set the timer to be accurate to one minute. Button three increments the minutes, and button two increments the tens of minutes. So, to set the timer for 31 minutes, push reset, push button four (leave "Helter Skelter") and push button two until there is a 1 with three blinking decimal points. Here is a picture of 21 minutes:

You can't see the blinking dot, but you do see the dot, and you must trust me that this picture is truly 21 minutes. I used a regular PC speaker, since I have a bunch them floating around from clones over the years. The really cool thing about this timer is that it has a very loud, creepy, two tone alert. I used an 8048 for it because I have a bunch, and it is my all time favorite piece of electronic coprolite. The 8048AH version of the 8048 seems to work better initially after applying power. The speaker is driven by an LM386.

Here is an disassembled listing of the binary Here is a binary of what is in the 2716 program Here is a PCB file of a single PC board

Here is a jpg of a tinned pc board after etching:



Here is an encapsulated postscript of the schematic

Here is a fig (xfig) file of the schematic

Here is a pdf of the schematic

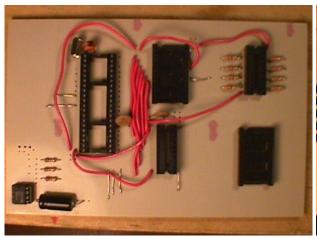
Here is a png of the schematic

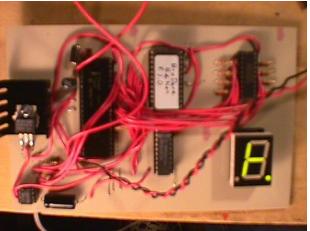
Here is a postscript file of the PC board

Here is a PCB file of two timers (fits on one page of film to make two at once)

Here is a postscript file of a two timers PC board

Timer circuit board partly populated and fully:

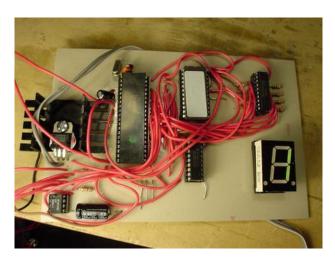




Circuit Board Wiring Notes

Jameco still has 8035s for sale, which you can use for the CPU. They have 2716s for sale also. The 8048 is in old XT keyboards and other devices from the early 80s, so you might be able to scrounge one up.

Here is a better picture of the finished circuit board:



For more of the story around this, see:

8048 Puzzle Box #8048 #xfig



2002-09-01 • Subject • Build Your Own Cat5 Cable Tester • LR

How to wire Cat5 cables, and how they work

There are many different schemes for wiring Category 5 cables, EIA/TIA 568A and 568B are the most common. We wrote up a couple pdf diagrams for these you can refer to: 568A, 568B. 568B is quite widely used, especially in the US; however, new wiring installs should probably follow 568A. So, if you want to make a Cat5 cable and have a couple RJ-45 connectors, some wire, and a crimper, look at the 568A diagram and match the colors on both plugs. Green/White should be on the left, with the tab facing away from you as you look at the plug.

What does this mean, really? Well, the Ethernet devices communicate on two pairs of wires. One pair is on pins 1 and 2. The other pair is on pins 3 and 6. It is important that the pairs are twisted together. You can tell what pairs are twisted together by the fact that they share colors. That is, orange and orange/white are twisted together. Note that orange may be orange with a small white stripe, and orange/white may be white with a small orange stripe. On our cable, orange with a small white stripe is simply orange. All this comes down to the fact that we need to connect pins 1 and 2 on one device to pins 1 and 2 on the other device, and pins 3 and 6 on one device to pins 3 and 6 on the other device. You could use any pair you wanted, really, and this is why it doesn't matter, technically, if you use 568A or 568B style wiring. The problem arises if you work on the wiring later. If you stick to one standard, you don't have to guess what the other end is.

Let's dig a bit deeper. When your NIC (Network Interface Card) sends data to another device on the network, it uses the pair of wires known as the Transmit pair. When your NIC receives data, it uses the Receive pair. The Transmit pair is on pins 1 and 2. The Receive pair is on pins 3 and 6. Hubs and Switches automatically "cross over", so you can wire the Transmit pair to the Transmit pair on the Hub, and the hub will actually connect to the Receive pair (confusing). This is why you can't connect two hubs together without using a special crossover port or cable. The Hub connects the transmit pair to receive. If you hook two hubs together, by connecting pins 1 and 2 of the two hubs together, you are actually connecting the receive pairs of the hubs together. You have to use a crossover cable to cancel two crossovers. (Are you entertained, yet?). For you old-timers, this is similar to RS-232, where there is data communication equipment and data terminal equipment. A terminal would hook up directly to a computer. If you hooked up two computers together, you needed a crossover (null modem connector).

There is a polarity involved with the wires in the pair. That is, one of the wires in each pair is positive, and one is negative. The positive wire on the transmit pair must hook up to the positive wire on the receive pair on the other side. The solid (or dominant) color is negative. That is, orange and green are negative. Orange/White and Green/White are positive. You can't simply connect the pair to any old combination on the other end, you have to match polarity.

These pairs use a kind of transmission that is immune to noise. How this works is that the signal is interpreted as the relative difference between the wires in the pair. If there is an external signal that interferes with the wires, it will affect both wires in the pair, so if the signal is the relative difference between the wires in the pair you still can discern the correct signal.

For a straight-through cable, then, you really only need to connect pin 1 to 1, 2 to 2, 3 to 3, and 6 to 6. If you are connecting two NICS together, you need to connect the transmit pair of one NIC to the receive pair of the other. Hence, you need to connect 1 to 3, 2 to 6, 3 to 1 and 6 to 2. This is called a crossover cable, and is equivalent to using 568A on one end and 568B on the other end.

Notice that the brown and blue pairs are ignored. Well, they don't really do anything besides hold the connector on. For our lab, we find that it is easier to crimp the connectors if we just clip off the brown and blue wires. If everybody follows the standard, the brown and blue pairs could be used for something. 100Base - T4 uses the brown and blue pairs. There will undoubtedly be other specifications that use these pairs, but for 100Base-TX and 10Base-T, which we use, there is no reason to worry about the brown and blue pairs.

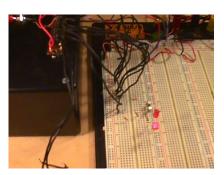
Circuit Design

Now that we know how a Cat5 cable works, we can design a circuit to test the cable. We do know that for straight-through cables we need to ensure 1-1, 2-2, 3-3, and 6-6. For crossover cables we need to ensure 1-3, 2-6, 3-1, and 6-2. We also need to test for shorts. That is, 1 cannot connect to 1 and 2. We want to be notified whether the successful test is for a straight-through or crossover cable by lighting an LED. Further, we want to simply plug in cables one after the other to test them. We don't want to have to manually initialize the test.

One way to do this is to output a low on one of the four wires, one after the other, and leave the rest high. On the other end of the cable, make sure that only the designated pin is low and the others are high. Quite simple. If the test for straight-through fails, test for a crossover cable. When the test for either passes, light the correct LED. Note that to truly test a cat5 cable you need expensive test equipment that will ensure the cable can handle the data. This circuit just tests for correct wiring and identity, but does not determine if the pairs are twisted together correctly, etc.

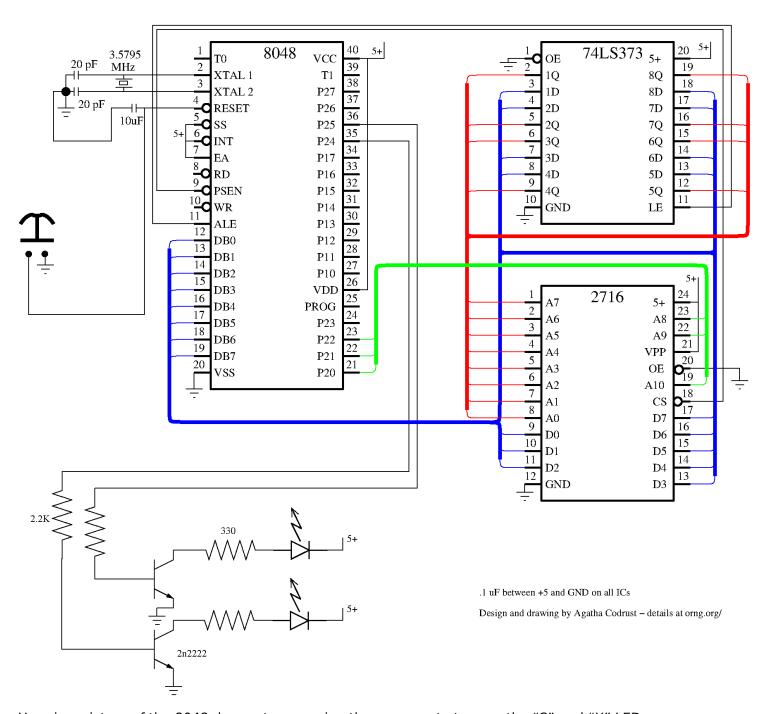
The most flexible circuit is a microcontroller-based circuit. We happen to have an 8048 development system and a lot of 8048s laying around, so that is what we will use for this circuit. Certainly a Basic Stamp or other PIC microcontroller would work as well. The only real need is 10 i/o lines. Here is a PDF of a schematic that will work for this.

Here is the fig file. Bits 0-3 hook up to one cable, and Port 1, bits 4-7 hook up to the other. Two LEDs are driven by 2n2222a transistors, which are driven by bits 4 and 5 of Port 2 of the 8048. The 2716 is an EPROM memory that holds our program, and the 74LS373 is a latch for the lower 8 bits of the address.



The program for this device is written in assembly language. Here is the assembly language listing. At 0, we light both LEDs by writing a hex 30 to port 2. This turns on bits 4 and 5. We then delay for awhile by loading FF in to register an and decrementing until we get to 0. To test pin 1, we write an FE to port 1. This makes pin 1 of the Cat5 cable low, and the others high. When we read back this data on bits 4-7 of port 1, we should see EE. We test the other three pins in the same way. The 8048 has a small instruction set, so there is no compare instruction. To test for EE, you have input the data from port 1 to the accumulator (in a,p1), complement the accumulator (cpl, a turn 1s to 0s, and 0s to 1s), add the number you want to compare to, and then take the complement again. As an example, take binary 6

(0110). If we want to check if it is 6, we complement it (1001), add 6 (1111), and complement it again (0000). The accumulator is now 0, so we can jump based on that flag. In the case of EE, if the result is not 0, we jump to X0080 (jnz X0080). X0080 is where we check for a crossover cable. If any test for straight through fails, the program jumps to the crossover test. If either pass, the program sets the correct LED by outputting a 10 or a 20 to port 2. Finally, if neither matches, both LEDs are turned off, and the tests start again.



Here is a picture of the 8048 dev system running the program to turn on the "S" and "X" LEDs

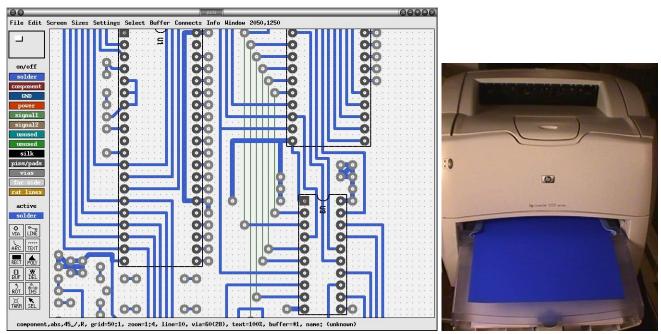
	Mem OC						
	000:23	017:37	02e:23	045:00	05c:00	073:00	08a:23
	001:30	018:96	02f:f7	046:00	05d:00	074:00	08b:fd
	002:3a	019:80	030:39	047:00	05e:00	075:00	08c:39
Accumulator: ff	003:23	01a:23	031:09	048:00	05f:00	076:00	08d:09
	004:ff	01b:fd	032:37	049:00	060:00	077:00	08e:37
Port1: be	005:07	01c:39	033:03	04a:00	061:00	078:00	08f:03
	006:96	01d:09	034:77	04b:00	062:00	079:00	090:7d
Port2: 00	007:05	01e:37	035:37	04c:00	063:00	07a:00	091:37
	008:23	01f:03	036:96	04d:00	064:00	07b:00	092:96
	009:00	020:dd	037:80	04e:00	065:00	07c:00	093:b0
	00a:3a	021:37	038:23	04f:00	066:00	07d:00	094:23
	00b:00	022:96	039:10	050:00	067:00	07e:00	095:fb
	00c:00	023:80	03a:3a	051:00	068:00	07f:00	096:39

```
00d:00
       024:23
              03b:04
                      052:00
                              069:00
                                      080:23
                                             097:09
00e:00
       025:fb 03c:10
                      053:00 06a:00 081:fe
                                             098:37
00f:00
       026:39 03d:00
                      054:00
                              06b:00
                                     082:39
                                             099:03
010:23 027:09 03e:00
                      055:00 06c:00
                                     083:09
                                             09a:eb
011:fe
       028:37 03f:00
                      056:00
                              06d:00
                                      084:37
                                             09b:37
012:39
       029:03 040:00
                      057:00 06e:00
                                     085:03
                                             09c:96
013:09
       02a:bb 041:00
                      058:00
                              06f:00
                                      086:be
                                             09d:b0
014:37
       02b:37 042:00
                      059:00 070:00 *087:37
                                             09e:23
015:03
       02c:96 043:00
                      05a:00
                              071:00
                                      088:96
                                             09f:f7
016:ee
       02d:80 044:00
                      05b:00 072:00 089:b0
                                             0a0:39
```

Notice that we are about to have a match for a crossover cable for pin1. The asterisk is the current command. Port1 is BE. We have added BE, and are about to take the complement. After adding BE, the accumluator is FF, so we do indeed have BE on port1 after writing FE to the port at address 082.

Creating the circuit board

The first step to creating the circuit board is laying it out electronically. We use PCB, a program that runs on *NIX operating systems.



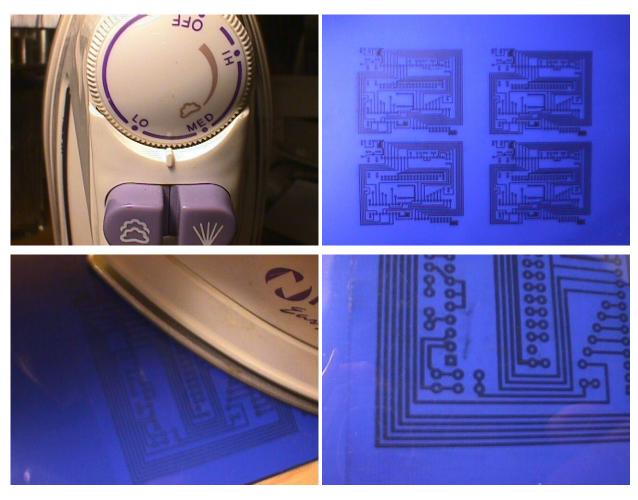
Here is a screenshot of PCB with the Cat5 cable tester circuit.

Here is a pcb file of the single board here is a pcb file of four boards at once If you would rather not fiddle with the design, Here is a postscript file of the single board, and here is a postscript file of the four boards at once

To print these out, just run on a *NIX box: lpr cabletester.four.pcb.ps lpr cabletester.pcb.ps

I'm sure there must be an easy way to print this on Windows. Cygwin has Ghostscript, maybe it can print these files.

The next step in creating the circuit board is to apply resist to the copper board before etching. This resists ething when you put it in a both of etchant that eats copper. There is a cool product called PnP-Blue, available from Techniks that lets you print off your circuit board on a laser printer with a special film. You can then iron the film onto the circuit board with a regular clothes iron, peel off the film, and etch the board. Recently, our laser printer started jamming. We solved this by taping the film to another piece of paper, leaving just a narrow strip of paper at the top. We use dry Ferric Chloride for etchant and mix it ourselves. You can get the stuff pre-mixed from Radio Shack. We also use Tinnit to tin the boards. Tinnit is a brand name of Datak part No. ER18. All Electronics has both items.



Lines dark and ready to peel. Did you know that Emma Peel, from The Avengers, was named this because the show needed M appeal, or Men appeal, so they brought in Diana Rigg.



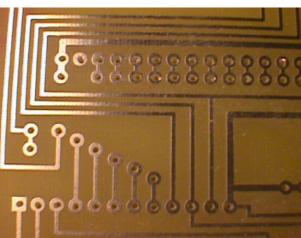
Oh, please read our terms of use Read all the packaging on the chemicals you use. The chemicals are dangerous, and need to be treated with care.



Drilling the PC board and Assembling

Drilling the board is kind of tricky. I bought a really cheap drill press called an Octopus from Jameco. The drill bit size is key to a successful project. I use #69 .0292 bits that I got from Drill Bit City, but I later found that #66 drills worked better.





Another possibility for a circuit board is to use something like Radio Shack #276-158b and do point to point soldering. This worked out for me quite nicely on my PV controller. Much of the circuit is similar, since I use an 8048 as well, and it fit just fine on the Radio Shack board. The circuit has run for over a year without any problems.

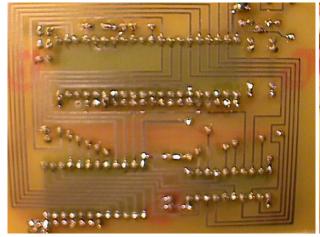
For the case, I used Radio Shack part #270-1806. I power the unit with 4 AA batteries with a 1N4148 diode in series that drops the voltage down close enough to 5 volts to work. This is much more efficient than running the circuit through a regulator like the 7805.

Here is a binary image of the 2716 EPROM

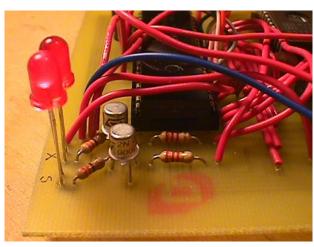
Right-click and save. Here is a hex dump view of the program

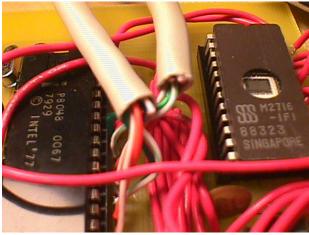
You could also enter this in byte for byte on a 2816 EEPROM using jumper wires and a breadboard, since the program is fairly small. Here are plans for a EEPROM programmer that works via a PC printer port. Oh, one other tangential factoid here. Don't buy bulbs for your EPROM eraser from the eraser manufacturer or distributor. I can buy G4T5 bulbs from topbulb dot com for \$7.50, but they cost over \$34 from Jameco. Look on the part number on the bulb, not the eraser.

Now for some pictures of the remaining assembly:



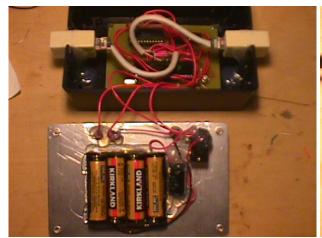






I really like the metal canned 2n2222As, don't you? The straight-through LED is lit. I ended up wiring the LEDs separately, but there is room on the board to hold them if needed.

I didn't end up using these exact chips, although they work fine. For this particular circuit, since it was battery powered, I used an Atmel AT28C16, a 74HC373AP, and an 8048AH. I got the power draw down to 48 milliamps, and that is with the power LED on. The 80c39 would be another fine choice, and would probably reduce power consumption even further, but you might need to adjust the circuit a wee bit to deal with the CMOS characteristics. Jameco has a bunch of 80C39s (thousands). You can also find 8048 chips in old XT keyboards.





Notice how I used Cat5 couplers heat glued in notches I cut out of the side of the case. I also stuck a 1000uF capacitor between ground and the switched side of the power. I've got a classic heat glue gun. You can't get this model any more. For me, heat glueing should involve your thumb.



Notice that we have a straight-through cable plugged in and the "S" LED is lit.

#xfig



2002-11-01 • Memory • The E-system Isn't Yours • LR

The supplement dot com business model was built on the idea that in exchange for a free computer, scanning device, and an information system, the natural foods and supplements store would order everything through us for five years. We would go through lulls of funding and then all of a sudden we would have 100 systems to get installed. During one of these lulls I started digging in to the flow of data that surrounded an E-system:

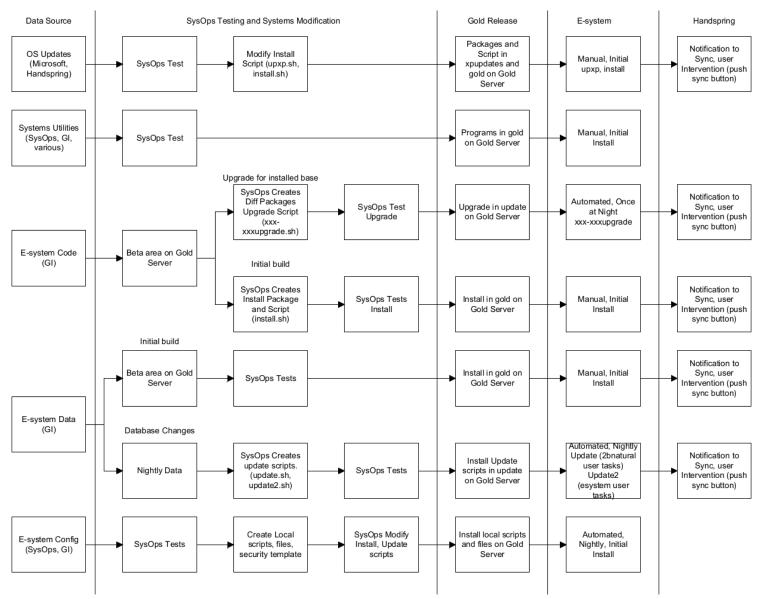


Figure 11: E-system

At a certain point we started leasing systems instead of outright purchasing them. The lease involved authorizing the retail business as well. We would call stores up and get them to agree to our terms, which included a five year commitment to purchase product through our systems. The call list was based on work done earlier by the sales network; however, at this point, I believe that much of the sales network was being fired (or they left). One of the main investors in the company, Bill, came in and would go through the call lists and sign people up. We would then authorize the lease. James would call them up with further questions about their lines. We didn't carry all lines, and there was some work he had to do with the central order routing system. After James was done, my group could provision the system and ship it out to the store. After the system was shipped, we needed to track things like the number of phone lines (shared or not, few had broadband), the shipping address, the installer's name, dates, etc. We had to track the serial number of the PC, the amount of RAM, the model. What I did was put this all into a MySQL database with a PHP front end. I loaded the sales list into a database with various flags. If a sales call got somebody to sign up, it would flag the record for accounting to set up the lease. Accounting had a view with these flagged

records. They would submit the lease paperwork, and when it came back they would set a check box for James. When James was done, he would set another flag, and so on. Everybody would see the records they needed to see at their stage in the process. I took all of the existing Excel spreadsheets that documented the systems sent out previous to my system and integrated them into the database.

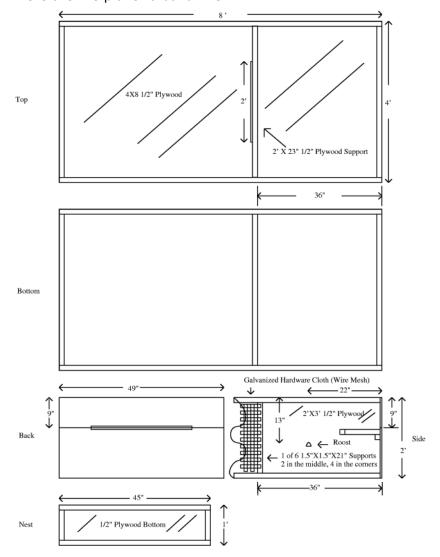
After financing fell through with UPS, the CEO came up with the idea that we would call everybody up and tell them that they had to purchase the systems we had given them. We were able to call all of the users above. We had to make them understand that if they didn't buy the systems that we would go under. Several people called the stores: me, Jen, and Andrea. These were not very happy calls. I had worked with many of these people over the previous year getting their systems installed and running. I have to list this as the most awkward situation I have ever been placed in at work. We got, at most, six people that would purchase the systems.

#computer_stories #walk



2003-04-03 • Subject • Chicken Tractor • LR

Here are the plans to build this:



The sides, top, and back are 1/2" plywood. The frame is made with 2X2s (well 1.5"X1.5"). I used 2 foot wide galvanized hardware cloth for the sides. There is a 30 inch piano hinge on the back. This drawing was done with the free drawing program Xfig. Here is the fig file. I drew this up so that 1" in the xfig diagram is 1" in real life, so this drawing is to scale. The size of the xfig diagram is kind of insane, though, so set the zoom to .1.

This is a view of the chicken coop upside down. You can see the 2'X23" plywood support in the center of the picture. On the back part, there are 2'X3' pieces of plywood on the sides. Use angle brackets at the corners as needed to provide rigidity.









Here is a video of Fisheye following me:

See the cord?

#chickens #xfig



2003-04-26 • Memory • Netcat and Hammurabi • L R

When I was a kid in 1975, my dad brought home a terminal with an acoustical coupler on the top where I could put a standard phone handset in, and communicate with a Microdata minicomputer at his work. [Dick Pick developed the operating system for the Microdata. To make it fast, he programmed it using microcode. This is pretty mind boggling. CPUs are programmed with microcode. This is lower than assembly. Programming in microcode goes something like making the 8th bit high to latch the ALU data, etc.

Here is a picture of Dick Pick from 1973:



Figure 12: Dick Pick, 1973

Dad would try and get me excited about running database queries using a language much like SQL, but my eyes glazed over. I liked the games, though. I used to play Hammurabi endlessly. It was kind of like SimCity of today. I ran across the source code to Hammurabi here, recently, and thought it would be cool to use Netcat to make Hammurabi a network game. An article on Netcat alone... yawn. But, add my favorite childhood game, dear reader, and it might just make it interesting enough for me to spend part of my Saturday writing an article.

Netcat is a cool utility available here. The idea is that you can cat a program's stdin and stdout to a network port. If you run netcat on the server and on the client, stdin and stdout are coupled together across the network, just as though you were at the console. Of course, the security implications are horrible. It is quite easy to use netcat to cat stdin and stdout of, say, cmd.exe to port 300. If port 300 is accessible from the outside, you then have cmd.exe accessible without any authentication. Many email-borne trojans do similar things. Scan your network often to see what is listening. It is probably a good idea to also do this at random times, since it may be that the app is only listening at certain times.

Enough lectures. Time for Hammurabi. Now, Hammurabi works fine as-is from the command prompt, but because of caching, you need to flush stdout with fflush before every gets command to get this to work with Netcat correctly. So a wee bit of tweaking on hammurabi.c is needed. You can do a substitution in vi:

I used cygwin to compile hammurabi.c in this example, but any compiler should work:

Now, let's listen on port 10878 using netcat:

Again, this is from a bash shell in cygwin, but you could just as well use cmd.exe. Let's connect to our Hammurabi service from our XP box using Netcat:

That was pretty fun. Let's play Hammurabi from our GNU/Linux box:

We have to hack up netcat.c to get this to compile:

WOULD YOU LIKE TO PLAY A GAME? yes, we would:

#computer stories #dad #hammurabi



2003-06-23 - Subject - Beercan Chicken - LR

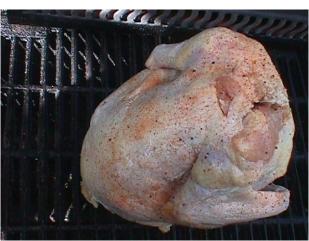
Well, pretty much just buy a six pack of pounders. Might want to take care of one of them yourself while you prepare the chicken. You need Johnny's (or other season salt), and a tall beer. You then need to drink a few swigs and put the can up the chicken's vent. Maybe sprinkle some Johnny's on top if you are fancy like that.







Cook until one of those high-tech meat thermometers says it is done. That is probably the safest, considering. It took about an hour and twenty minutes using high on my rotisserie burner for a four and a half pound chicken. Here is the accidental rooster from our moveable chicken coop. Notice the smaller 12 oz can works fine. This guy just started crowing, but unfortunately, we live in the city.







#recipes



2003-07-05 - Journal - Z-80 Homebrew Computer - Introduction - LR



This is certainly not a technically modern project. It is, however, a project that can literally be hacked together from garbage. Most of the parts were standard components twenty years ago, so not only are they cheap and available now, but you can find most of them on the previous generation of utility microcontrollers. Weird protocol converters, automation controllers, epoxy flow rate computers, and the like often used the Z-80.

My Z-80 homebrew computer consists of (6) Z-80 pios, (1) Z-80 cpu, (6) 74ls244s for fully buffered data, control and address bus, (8) latched and buffered 7 segment leds, (3) 2816/2716 2K byte EPROM/EPROM memories, (1) 6116 2kbyte ram memory, (2) 74ls154s for memory and io decoding, (1) 74c923 for decoding a 20 key keypad, and (36) incandescent 330 type midget flanged aircraft bulbs

are mounted on a front panel display. I used point-to-point soldering and plain perfboard for the construction, because wire wrap was too expensive.

If I did it over again, I'd probably use printed circuit boards, even if I had to wait a few years. Certainly, I would have paid more attention to my solder joints. I spent 10 years fixing bad solder joints on the homebrew. One thing I learned with later projects is that if you must use point-to-point soldering, at the very least get yourself a board with a donuts so that the joints don't move around as much. In the end, though, I was able to do it with perf board, but it was insane.

One thing that is unique about this particular version of homebrew computer vs. many of the ones that I saw in the late seventies and early eighties (they don't even try any more!) is that the bus is buffered and there are lots of i/o lines and expansion possibilities. This makes the project perfect for controlling tons of devices like displays and other stuff for your lab. This also gives me lots and lots of lights. More on that later.

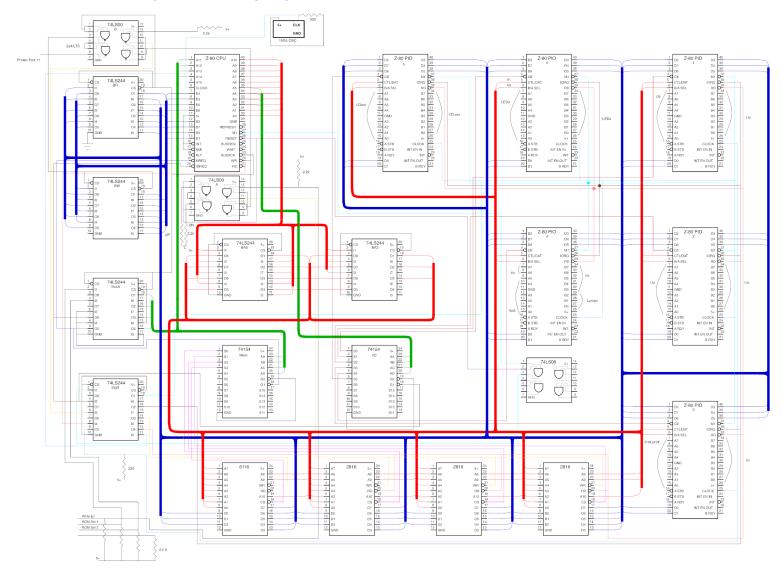
I made a video of the homebrew computer running. The video starts after the power goes on. I then toggle reset, which runs the dump routine, and then it goes into a lamp/port test cycle. The dump routine is clocked by the 4th lamp from the left on the 3rd row down.

The data going out to the PC is on the 4 lamps to the right on the 3rd row down.

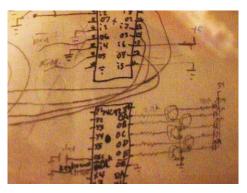


2003-07-06 Subject Z-80 Homebrew Computer - Mainboard Schematic LR

The entire reason why I started using Xfig was because of this schematic:



full size image Here is the fig file



I like using XFig, because I can capture pinouts at the same time as I represent the circuit. Tracing wires on the homebrew is quite similar to tracing wires on the schematic. Perhaps the world is different now, but when I first started XFig was the only program capable of handling the complexity of the schematic. Not even Autocad for DOS (12 or so?) could make the fonts and lines correctly, or at least, not easily. Visio actually complained that the circuit was "too complicated", and that I should simplify the drawing.

The insanely large version can be printed landscape and fit to one page. It took a horribly long time to do it in The GIMP, but it did print OK. This was on a 1.7 GHz box with a gig of RAM. I'm not sure what graphics programs can handle this on Windows. The easiest is probably to use XFig with Cygwin. More on that

here. For kicks, I did open it on XP with Paint, set the page setup to print to 1 sheet in landscape, and it did a pretty good job.

I buffer the data lines coming off of the Z-80 by putting an inverter between the (2) 74LS244s (BR and BW).

The clock has a 330 ohm pull-up resistor. The clock goes directly into the Z-80 clock, but I buffer it with the 5th buffer using the SigB 244 to go out to the PIOs. Many parts of this circuit evolved after the initial breadboard design. I suspect that there was some kind of settling/noise issue that required this. It works now, but I don't know exactly why I didn't run the clock signal from the buffer into the Z-80 clock signal.

The Write Enable switch disables/enables writes to the EEPROM. Nowadays, I'm using EPROMs, but if you are debugging a program and the Z-80 can write to the EEPROM, it is a real drag to re-enter the bootstrap bit-by-bit. The WR output of the Z-80 is inverted, and then run into another NAND gate before it goes on to the three 2816 memories.

There is a S/R flip-flop used to debounce the reset switch on the left side of the 74LS00 (A).

The CS on the BusA 74LS244 is connected to the BUSACK line on the Z-80. I use a front panel and the BUSREQ line on the Z-80 to load the bootstrap program. Since the Z-80 bus is high impedance when BUSACK is low, I set various signals manually this way. Some lines are forced to ground or 5+. I1 and I2 are hooked up to the control panel/display for memory bank select when programming the bootstrap via the front panel.

The PC parallel port interface inverts the signal from the printer on pin 11 (db-25 connector). I put an inverter (74LS00 B) on the output to the PC, which is connected to PIO 2, output A4.

#diagrams #homebrew #xfig #z_80



2003-07-07 - Journal - Z-80 Homebrew Computer - Pictures! - LR

Let's look at some pictures.

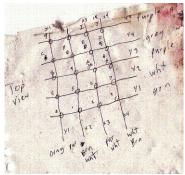
I built this in '91 from odd parts, some LEDS and 7406s, lots of heat glue and a cardboard box. This is the front panel. It can hook right up to the Z-80 bus. The thing in the lower left is eight S/R flip flops using 7400s wrapped in electrical tape and using paperclips as contacts. See the plastic sleeve for the red wire that taps out bits? I built this particular piece for no money in '89. Can you tell that I like heat glue??





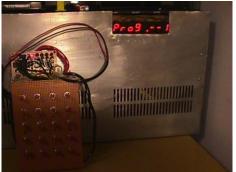
The lamps are T 1 3/4 mini-flanged 330 aircraft lamps. They are very cool for binary display panels, don't you think? The bulbs come out through the front.

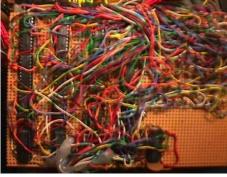
Here is a scan of the keypad schematic I wrote up in '92, and the homebrew computer running the input.txt program. I finished this in '93:





Here is the homebrew running the prog.txt GWBASIC program. It really does write prog.—1 to the leds. I never did like the way that multiplexing looked. That is why I drove the 7-segment displays with (8) 74ls374 latches connected to (8) 74ls244 buffers w/ (2) 330 ohm resisters in parallel for each segment.







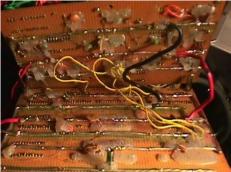
#homebrew

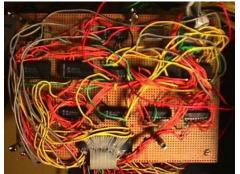


2003-07-08 Journal Z-80 Homebrew Computer - More Pictures LR

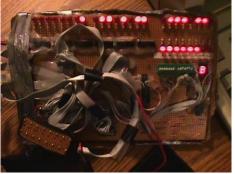
Here is a look at the back of the case. The three on the left are 309k 5v linear regulators. The three on the right are 7812 12v. Also, a look at the back of the I/O boarding CPU. The two 74154s are on the left. The Z-80 is on the right, and a 1 Mhz crystal oscillator is in the top right corner. This picture was taken before many of the solder joints failed. I had to rip off most of the heat glue over time to repair the bad joints.







Front panel lit up, another closeup of the lamps, and the ritual of fixing cold solder joints.







Did I mention that I really like these 330 incandescent lamps?

#homebrew



2003-07-09 Journal Z-80 Homebrew Computer - Yet More Pictures L R

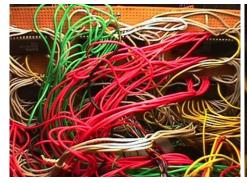
Closeup of lamps with irises for aircraft use, back of LED Board, and "on the outside looking in":







Memory/IO Board, Z-80 CPU, and transistor drivers::







#homebrew



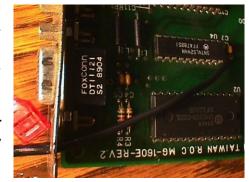
2003-07-10 - Subject - Z-80 Homebrew Computer - Parallel Port Opto-isolator - LR

My Z-80 homebrew computer communicates via the PCs parallel printer port. I designed a circuit that uses optoisolators to protect the PC from rogue voltages. Also, if the wiring in your house is funky, opto-isolators can help quite a bit with line noise. Even if you have no interest in building a Z-80 homebrew computer, this circuit could be used if you want to, say, hook your lab experiments up to the parallel port on your PC. Warning: you could very well electrocute yourself or destroy your PC. Don't tinker with this unless you are absolutely sure about what you are doing.

Let's build an opto-isolator interface for the parallel port! I have these most fabulous NEC PS9601 opto-isolators with gates for the output. Since we aren't going bidirectional on the printer port, our design challenge is pretty easy.

The first problem in interfacing this, is that we should really buffer the parallel port outputs before we do anything else with the lines. We are only guaranteed the specs of a 74ls374 on the output, so driving the LED on the opto-isolator is a little sketchy. Also, we want to fully isolate in the other direction too, so we need to power the optoisolators coming in. Here is how I got the 5v power out by hooking up a wire to my graphics/parallel card.

Most circuit boards will have decoupling capacitors between +5 and ground. They are used to reduce glitches in the power supply when the circuits switch, particularly with TTL. I just found the decoupling capacitor for the 74ls244 and soldered onto that. I drilled a hole through the mounting plate of my parallel port board, put heat shrink tubing around the wire for flex and wear protection,

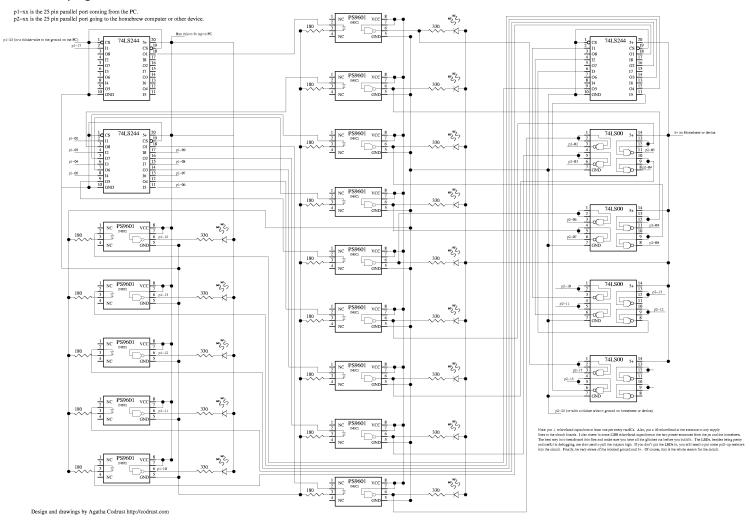


and put an insulated connector on the end of the wire. If you prefer, you could just use a power-y to get the power out of the pc. Yet another option is to use a separate power supply with a common ground via pin 25 on the parallel port. I think this kind of defeats the purpose, since the main thing is to avoid touching the ground of the pc with any other source.

OK the first step after coming up with the rough design is to breadboard the circuit. I have a lot of .1 and .01 microfarad caps spread around for decoupling. I also have some electrolytics to temper the power I'm getting from

long supply lines. Now to write up the schematic in Xfig and build the puppy.

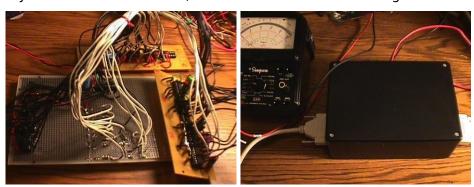
Here is a png of the schematic:



There is a lot of room in the circuit for additional control, since there are a lot of chip select signals that are wired selected. This could easily be modified for bi-directional data. You might also be able to design in some safeguards, like requiring the homebrew and the PC to enable the buffers before transfer takes place. This isn't as critical for only one direction, but might be useful if you wanted to share the same i/o port on the device (Homebrew computer). You would then want to disable the output from the isolator circuit until you are reading from the PC. This would keep you from blowing up your PIO if you wrote to the same port that was hooked up to the PC/Isolator circuit.

I've really over-designed this. The outputs of the 9601 can sink an absolute maximum of 50 milliamps, and the printer port is fully buffered with '244s. Some parallel ports could probably drive the 9601 directly. I probably could also have used optoisolators that had multiple detector/LEDs on in one package. It seemed though, that the 9601 was optimized for digital data, so I figured this would be the safest route.

If you can view this in XFIG, it is much nicer. Here is the fig file. The interface, soldered up and in the box:



Comments:

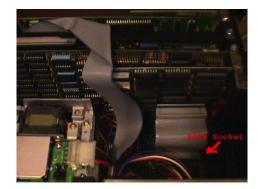
2018-08-11:

This held up my homebrew completion for quite awhile. I think I built most of this in 1998.



2003-07-11 - Journal - Z-80 Homebrew Computer - Interfacing with an IBM XT - LR

In this article I'll show you how to hook up an XT to the homebrew to transfer data in both directions through the PC parallel port. The programs for transferring to and from the Homebrew could be modified for just about any communication with the parallel port. Warning: you could very well electrocute yourself or destroy your PC. Don't tinker with this unless you are absolutely sure about what you are doing.



The first PC that I interfaced the homebrew computer to was a Toshiba 8086 laptop. This was back when it was just on a breadboard during the summer of '91. This was also when I built the front panel. These days, I use a uClibc GIAGD system, but there are a lot of old XTs and even newer systems that can be put to good use to control random projects like this.

Since we are hooking up stuff we solder together, it is better to test the rig out on something like an old XT anyway. I got this at Goodwill for \$1. It has a 10 meg hardcard, 640k of memory, a ttl monochrome video card with one printer port on the same card, and two 360k floppy drives. Ahhh, but check it out. I have a strange 286 daughterboard that plugs into the 8088 slot to make it into a somewhat slower AT. It benchmarks at 3 times the speed of an XT:

The older printer ports can have different addresses. To check and see what LPT1 is, you could enter:

debug

-D 40:08 L8

On my 360CSE, the output is:

0040:0000 BC 03 00 00 00 00 87 01

This means LPT1 is at 3bc.

I use a book called 80x86 IBM PC and Compatible Computers: Assembly Language, Design, and Interfacing Volume I and II by Muhammad Ali Mazidi and Janice Gillispie Mazidi for the nitty gritty stuff on the printer ports, which is where I found the above very cool debug test. It has many details on the design and Interfacing of PCs. Another good book is Parallel Port Complete by Jan Axelson. There is a lot of included Visual Basic code, which you may find useful. Personally, I wish the code was more low level. It seems absurd to load windows and VB just to tweak a printer port. Then again, I tap out my bootstrap bit-by-bit with paperclips. :) If you are primarily interested in Parallel Port interfacing, Axelson's book is probably best. If you are at all interested in the other components of the PC, and the assembly language and BIOS stuff behind the components, then get Mazidi's book.

OK. On to the interfacing. First let's convert the addresses. There are three addresses. The standard (today) is 378,379, and 37a hexadecimal. Using bc:

bc ibase=16 378 888

OK. We can convert from hexadecimal to decimal. This old XT of mine has an older style printer port with an address of 3bc hexadecimal. So, we need to convert 888->956, 889->957, and 890->958. I happen to have an old copy of Power C, so I'm going to use that and gwbasic. I'm also running DOS 6.22 on the XT. After changing references to 889->957 in getdump, all compiled fine with powerc, and input.exe ran just swell. Getdumpxt.exe dumps the contents of the EPROM and does some crude disassembly. It lists the hex, binary, and assembly code for the instructions in the bootstrap EPROM/EEPROM. I used to have to enter this by hand by tapping out bits on the front panel and writing the code down on graph paper:

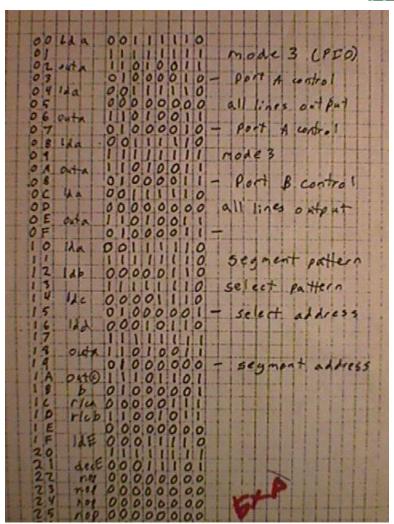


Figure 13: hand written machine code

The bootstrap program dumps its memory to the PC parallel port, and then does a fancy lamp test while waiting for a keypress on the keypad (full version here):

```
lin# addr hexd. bin. dat. source
  0 | 0 | 3e | 00111110| LD A,n
 1 | 1 | ff | 111111111 -----
 2 | 2 | d3 | 11010011| OUT (n),A
 3 | 3 | 02 | 00000010| port 0a control
 4 | 4 | 3e | 00111110| LD A,n
  5 | 5 | 00 | 00000000 | -----
 6 | 6 | d3 | 11010011| OUT (n),A
 7 | 7 | 02 | 00000010| port 0a control
 8 | 8 | 3e | 00111110| LD A,n
 9 | 9 | ff | 11111111 -----
10 | a | d3 | 11010011| OUT (n),A
11 | b | 03 | 00000011| port 0b control
12 | c | 3e | 00111110| LD A,n
13 | d | 00 | 00000000 | -----
14 | e | d3 | 11010011| OUT (n),A
15 | f | 03 | 00000011| port 0b control
16 | 10 | 3e | 00111110| LD A,n
17 | 11 | ff | 111111111 -----
289 | 121 | 1a | 00011010| -----
290 | 122 | 01 | 00000001| -----
291 | 123 | 0f | 00001111| RRCA
292 | 124 | 0f | 00001111| RRCA
293 | 125 | 0f | 00001111| RRCA
294 | 126 | 0f | 00001111| RRCA
295 | 127 | f6 | 11110110| OR n
296 | 128 | 10 | 00010000 | ------
297 | 129 | d3 | 11010011| OUT (n),A
298 | 12a | 08 | 00001000| port 2a
299 | 12b | 06 | 00000110 | LD B,n
300 | 12c | 08 | 00001000| ------
301 | 12d | 1e | 00011110| LD E,n
302 | 12e | 02 | 00000010| -----
303 | 12f | 1d | 00011101| DEC E
304 | 130 | c2 | 11000010| JP NZ nn
305 | 131 | 30 | 00110000| ------
306 | 132 | 01 | 00000001| -----
307 | 133 | 05 | 00000101| DEC B
```

I wrote a crude program to generate the above dump (full version here):

```
#include <stdio.h>
#include <conio.h>
#include <ctype.h>
#include <stdlib.h>
#include <direct.h>
#include <errno.h>
```

```
#include <dos.h>
void main(void)
 unsigned number_of_drives;
  char *bin(int line);
  int out[1530], skip, found, line, i, l;
  puts("Push any key immediately after reset");
 while (getch()==E0F){}
  line=0;
  i=0;
 while(inp(889)>127){}
  for(i=1;i<2;i++){}
 while(inp(889)<128){}
  for(i=1;i<2;i++){}
 while (line<=1030) {
   while(inp(889)>127){}
   for(i=1;i<2;i++){}
   l=inp(889);
   out[line]=(((l & 0xf8) / 0x8) & 0xf);
   while(inp(889)<128){}
   for(i=1;i<2;i++){}</pre>
   line=line+1;
  }
 line=0;
  skip=1;
 //_dos_setdrive(4,&number_of_drives);
  system("c:");
  system("cd \language\cfiles\borlandc\input");
  freopen("dump.txt","w",stdout);
  puts("lin# addr hexd. bin. dat. source");
  puts("----");
 while(line<=910){</pre>
    printf("%3d | %2x | %1x%1x | %s%s| ",line/2,line/2,out[line+1],out[line],
bin(out[line+1]),bin(out[line]));
   skip=skip-1;
   if(skip!=0){
      if(out[line-2]==3 & out[line-1]==13){
        found=0;
        if(out[line]==7 & out[line+1]==0){
          found=1;
          printf("port 1b control \n");}
        if(out[line]==5 & out[line+1]==0){
          found=1;
          printf("port 1b \n");}
        if(out[line]==10 & out[line+1]==0){
          found=1;
      if(out[line]==6 & out[line+1]==13){
        printf("SUB n \n");
        found=1;
        skip=2;
      }
```

```
if(found==0){
    printf("-----\n");
}
line=line+2;
}
fclose(stdout);
}

char *bin(int dec)
{
    switch(dec){
        case 0: return "0000";
    .
    .
    .
    case 14: return "1110";
    case 15: return "1111";
}
```

Here is the gwbasic program (Gee Wiz BASIC, no?) used to dump a program embedded in data statements to the homebrew computer:

```
5 SPD=5
10 OUT 958,8
20 INPUT "waiting"; J
30 OUT 958,8
40 READ OBJECT
45 PRINT HEX$(OBJECT); " - ";
50 IF OBJECT=256 THEN GOTO 200
60 OUT 956, OBJECT
65 FOR J=1 TO SPD: NEXT J
70 OUT 958,0
75 FOR J=1 TO SPD: NEXT J
80 GOTO 30
90 DATA 62,254,8,33,48,24,126,211,1,8,211,0,7
95 DATA 8,62,255,211
100 DATA 0,44,125,254,56,202,32,24,195,6,24,0,0,0,0,118,0,24
120 DATA 0,0,0,0,0,0,0,0,0,0,0,0,140,175,163,144,127,191,191,249
125 DATA 256
200 FOR FILL=1 TO 255
210 OUT 956,0
215 FOR J=1 TO SPD: NEXT J
220 OUT 958,0
225 FOR J=1 TO SPD: NEXT J
230 OUT 958,8
235 FOR J=1 TO SPD: NEXT J
240 NEXT FILL
250 RESTORE
260 GOTO 20
```

Let's run the program:

```
GW-BASIC 3.23
(C) Copyright Microsoft 1983,1984,1985,1986,1987,1988
60300 Bytes free
Ok
files
C:\GWBASIC
. <DIR> .. <DIR> GETDU~B1.EXE GETDU~CU.TXT
PUTPR~QI.BAS GWBASIC .EXE

LOAD"putpr~qi.bas
Ok
run
waiting?
```

This program puts prog-1 on the 7 segment leds on the front panel. When was the last time you stared at a "64k free" GWBASIC prompt?



Figure 14: On the PC monitor

#homebrew



2003-07-13 • Journal • Z-80 Homebrew Computer - Dirt Cheap Bootstrap Loader • LR

The inspiration for this was an article in the March, 1980 Byte magazine article called The Dirt-Cheap Bootstrap. I was struggling to get a complete homebrew computer running and documented since about that time. The original Byte magazine article used a printed circuit board that had been scored. The squares were used with a S/R latch to tap out instructions one at a time and load them into an 8085 system using a single-step signal. Load up an instruction to write the next fetch to memory, single-step, load up the bus with the data, single-step again, and the 8085 would load your byte into memory. All you needed was eight bits in, and the single-step function.

Now, the beautiful thing about the Z-80 is that you can bring the BUSREQ line (pin 25) low, and the Z-80 will essentially disconnect itself from the bus and put a low out on the BUSACK line (pin 23). All you have to do, then, is program the RAM/EEPROM directly. At one point (1984), my only electricity was via a motorcycle battery and a solar panel. I'd recharge the battery during the day while I worked selling CP/M and PC clones. I would use just a single ACE Superstrip, a Z-80, an 8 bit latch (probably a 74Is374), some LEDs/330 Ohm resistors, and a 6116 to bring up a functioning microcomputer. I could bring BUSREQ low, and simply wire the address/data, and program the memory by bringing RD low. You tap out the data bits using set/reset touch posts on the device



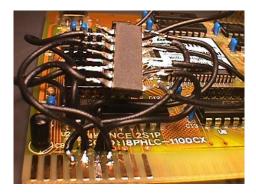
in the lower part of the picture, and latch the byte. You can see the red wire sticking out that is used to tap out the data. I do have an increment address using cascaded TTL counters.

#homebrew



2003-07-14 • Journal • Z-80 Homebrew Computer - Interfacing With Windows 2000 • LR

This is just for fun on a machine I don't care about. Don't be doing this unless you are very careful, and insulate those open wires, OK?



Let me tell you about this funky interface. Windows 2000, and NT for that matter, locks down the ports in an extreme fashion. Also, PNP completely screws up well meaning hardware hackers. I had this io card that I figured I could set to a port that was different from my real printer port and get Windows 2000 to use a weird driver from the Windows 2000 DDK. I could not, for the life of me, get Windows to not detect 0x378 as LPT1. I tried to disable PNP, but then I couldn't log on. I got to give credit to MS, though, cuz last known good saved my sorry arse. Anyway, if you look at the card in the picture, the gold fingers are actually the address lines from 0-9, right off of the ISA bus. Now, if you translate from right to left in hex digits, the 78 part of 378 (LPT1 for many of you) consists of pins 3,4,5,6 being high. Well, if you just put an

inverter (74LS06) between the PAL and each of the fingers, ha, ha, ha, you convert the parallel port to base 300. Which, happens to work well with the DDK. So any old parallel port card can be converted in this fashion. I also turned the card over and disabled the IRQs. On the same end of the card as the above fingers, if you skip the first six fingers and scratch off the next five traces, you will have disabled the IRQ lines. This is all detailed in 80x86 IBM PC and Compatible Computers: Assembly Language, Design, and Interfacing Volume I and II by Muhammad Ali Mazidi and Janice Gillispie Mazidi. The book simply rocks. :) Anyway, if you hack a parallel port in this fashion, you can then use my homebrew computer programs within Windows 2000. Use an optoisolator circuit to keep from blowing up your PC, OK? And, even then, you probably shouldn't be doing such insane things to your PC, cuz you could very well break something.

#homebrew



2003-07-24 • Subject • LanLink Reference • LR

[alicebot-archcomm] Welcome new Arch Comm Member
Dr. R alicebot-archcomm@list.alicebot.org
Thu, 24 Jul 2003 07:48:25 -0700 (PDT)

Let's have a warm Arch Comm welcome to our newest member Gary ******.

Gary is the owner and President of Solid Software Construction Corporation, a software consultancy based in Lilburn Georgia. Gary is interested in working with us to extend AIML into voice recognition and web-enabled information extraction technology areas.

Gary is a member in good standing of the ALICE A. I. Foundation.

W..., Owner and President

Lilburn, GA 30047

.

Email:

Yahoo IM: CaptNola

1999 - Present

Owner/President of Solid Software Construction Corporation, a web software development firm specializing in searchable Virtual Tours for the Real Estate Industry using Macromedia's Cold Fusion on Windows 2000 Servers. Primary Client: http://www.HomeScenes.com

1997 - 1998

Co-Founder of America Net, Inc - (now Zcorum, Inc.) an Atlanta-based firm specializing in providing Internet back room services and end-user technical support for rural telephone companies and rural towns and rural utilities.

1994 - 1996

Founder of At Once Communications Corporation - a consulting firm specializing in assisting clients understand the potential of new technologies. Primary Client: Southern Company (remote access of meter data) and Iterated Systems (medical applications for compression technologies)

1987 - 1994

Co-Founder of The Software Link, Inc (now defunct) an international software development and distribution firm creating MultiLink - a multitasking environment for DOS, PC-MOS - a compatible replacement for PC-DOS with support for multi-tasking and multi-terminals connected through serial ports, and LANLINK - a NETBIOS ready local area network that leveraged serial and parallel port connected platforms. Major Clients: IBM-UK and Motorola with world-wide distribution.

1983 - 1986

Management Science America, Atlanta (acquired by Dun and BradStreet) Assisted CEO in roll-out of Peachtree Software International based in Madenhead, UK

1981 - 1982

Peachtree Software, Atlanta

Director of Dealer Sign-ups for national distribution of world famous accounting software. Was later acquired by MSA.

1977 - 1980

The Computer SystemCenter, Atlanta
1st Employee - Jack of all trades. This was considered the 3rd computer
store ever to open its doors in the nation. Resellers of the ALTAIR line
of computers. Developers of Accounting Software ... later became Peachtree
Software

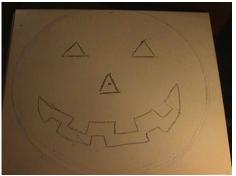
#computer_stories



2003-09-21 • Journal • Make Scary Pumpkin Faces Out of Old Computer Cases • LR

I've collected quite a few computer cases over the years. True, I could recycle the computer cases, but often they are the reward I got for spending hours helping somebody put together a new computer for them. I'd get an old 386, with a flaky hard drive. :) I hold on to the cases, figuring I'll find some use for them. If not rebuilding them with better guts, then maybe something else worthy. Well, I figured that *one* thing I could do is make a scary pumpkin face on a metal pole. How can you do this? First, you have to draw a circle with a string and a pencil, then draw a face:





Cut the face out with your favorite cutting tool. I used an oxyacetylene torch. If you are not very familiar with the operation of an oxyacetylene torch, do not do this, it is dangerous. Ummm... don't do this at home, kids. Ask your parents for advice on how to carve a pumpkin face out of the side of a computer case. If you do know how to use an oxyacetylene torch, do make sure that you have plenty of ventilation, and avoid breathing the fumes of the painted case. Do this outside!







I brazed a 46" tension bar I got for \$1.35 from Home Depot on to the head. You can find the tension bar with the chain link fence supplies. I used a flux coated 1/8th inch brazing rod made by Lincoln that comes in tubes of three. Much cheaper than the rods in the plastic pouches. If you use soapstone to mark the metal, in addition to a dark marking pen, the lines will show up if you pass the torch over the line, even when wearing welding goggles.

On a related note to all of you pumpkin face searchers out there, if you have ever wondered at the amazing coincidence that a corn maze is a maze of maize, well, this is pretty much a registered trademark by this guy. For

more details of his first maze, see this article. My faith in human insanity, I mean, humanity, is restored. Hats off to this guy and his endeavors, even if he does protect the registered trademark of "amazing maize maze" with lawyers guns and money Cough...

I decided to weld the ATX power supply mount, an AT power supply mount, and a drive cage onto the top of another case, using some of the parts from the case I made the decorations out of. I have a bunch of Seagate Barracuda ST15150 drives. They take space and power. I used an ultrabright white LED for the HDD indicator. I also used regular SPST pushbutton switches for power on and reset.





Don't do this at home kids. This is crazy. If you do do it, have this checked out by a qualified electrician before you apply any power. Don't use any computer parts that you can't afford to blow up. I only did this because it is a test machine for my lab.

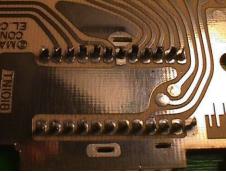
#crafts



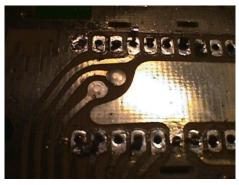
2004-02-29 • Subject • Replacing the ROM in the Odyssey 2 • LR

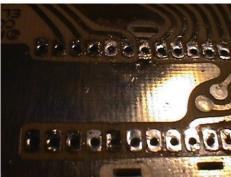
The Odyssey 2, a video game from Magnavox circa 1978, is based on the 8048. The Odyssey 2 has everything you need for a general purpose computer. It has a full keyboard, removable program storage, and a display. I decided to replace the ROM with a programmable EPROM so I could start hacking around with the video and keyboard routines. The ROM in the cartridge is a 9316. This is virtually identical to the 2716. If you notice on the circuit board of the Odyssey 2 ROM cartridge, 21 is tied to 5+, and 18 is tied to ground. Pin 21 is VPP on the 2716, which you tie to 5+ anyway when you aren't programming it. Pin 18 on the 2716 is CS (active low), so this just means that the ROM is always selected. So, really, you can use a 2716 in place of the 9316. Now, I'm using a 2K EPROM. Since there are larger ROMs that the Odyssey 2 can use, you could certainly use larger EPROMS. 2K is a lot of assembly for me, and I don't expect to go much over that. When I use 2K well, I'll be happy. I also have many 2716 EPROMs around. OK. So, how do you go about replacing the ROM? Well, the first thing is to remove the circuit board from the ROM cartridge. There are two screws on the front of the cartridge towards the bottom as you look at the label. Unscrew these, and the cartridge will open. Of course, only do this with a cartridge that you are willing to destroy. This process is destructive. The same goes for your Odyessey 2: you may destroy your Odyssey 2 if you mess with it using these instructions. I'm interested in this as a tool to understand and hack around with the 8048. Sure, I like the old video games as well. I spent quite a bit of time on Speedway today... quite enjoyable. Hey, my favorite all-time game is still Space Invaders (the arcade version). So many quarters lost to that game!! :) OK, after you remove the circuit board from the cartridge, you will see a circuit board like this. It looks like the ROM has an 8131 date code? 31st week of 1981? Anyway, what you want to do is clip off the ROM.





Now, use a solder sucking tool/iron and suck out as much solder as you can from around the pins. Pull out the pins one by one, and then suck out any remaining solder.







Check out the wide, curvy lines, the thick pads, and the nice mask. This game is made by a company used to producing radios and TVs. I suspect, as well, that these Odyssey 2 games will be around a *long* time. When you put the board back in to the Odyssey 2, the EPROM side of the board should face you. That is, the bottom of the board, solder side, faces away from you.

#homebrew



2004-04-13 • Subject • Creating a Hello World ROM for the Odyssey 2 • LR

In this article, I showed how to use your own ROM in an Odyssey 2. You can use AS (asl) to create a binary file to burn onto an EPROM. With this knowledge, you can put a colorful "HELLO-WORLD" on your TV screen. I put a dash in there, because I'm rotating through the colors. Here is the commented code:

```
8048
                         ; asl needs this to know how to assemble
cpu
        0410h
                         ; start of ROM, but bypass interrupts, etc.
org
call
        00f1h
                         ; BIOS reset
call
        011ch
                         ; BIOS display off
                         ; pointer to string "hello world"
        r1,#0f5h
mov
        r0,#10h
                         ; starting character pointer for VDC
mov
        r2,#0bh
                         ; 11 characters
mov
mov
        r3,#28h
                         ; x position
        r4,#70h
                         ; y position
mov
        r6,#00h
                         ; color start with grey
mov
        mov
                a,r1
                                  ; grab current pointer to string
putc
                         ; move mem at r1 to accumulator
movp
        a,@a
                         ; set r5 to character
mov
        r5,a
                         ; increment pointer to character
inc
        r1
call
                         ; print character BIOS routine
        03eah
                         ; go to next color need to add 2
inc
        r6
```

```
inc
        r6
                        ; go to next color
                        ; let's prove the location bits
mov
        a,r6
        a,#0eh
                        ; and make sure we use only valid colors
anl
                        ; 0eh grabs bits 1-3 (bit 0 far right)
mov
        r6,a
dinz
                        ; continue for 11 characters
        r2, putc
call
        0127h
                        ; start display
sixnen jmp
                sixnen
                                 ; while 6 ne 9 (loop forever, i don't mind)
org
        04f5h
                        ; force the location of hello world
db
        1Dh,12h,0eh,0eh; text to be at the end of the page
db
        17h, 28h, 11h, 17h
db
        13h,0eh,1ah
```

I use org statements in a couple of places. The first time, I use it to set the start of the machine code at 0x410h. I do this because there are a variety of interrupts and other BIOS routines that use these locations. I just want to print "HELLO-WORLD", not service a Vblank or timer call. For more info on this, see Daniel Boris' Odyssey 2 Tech Manual. The second org statement sets the text at the end of the page. The AND stuff (anl) is to prove that the location of the valid 8 colors are in bits 1-3. Let's assemble this:

```
usr-1@wrk-1 o2 $ <b>asl first.asm</b>
macro assembler 1.41r8
(i386-unknown-linux)
(C) 1992,1998 Alfred Arnold
Mitsubishi M16C-Generator also (C) 1999 RMS
TMS320C2x-Generator (C) 1994/96 Thomas Sailer
TMS320C5x-Generator (C) 1995/96 Thomas Sailer
assembling first.asm
PASS 1
first.asm(31)
0.00 seconds assembly time
31 lines source file
1 pass
0 errors
0 warnings
usr-1@wrk-1 o2 $
```

That is all good.

Let's create a binary ROM using p2bin, which comes with AS. I need to specify that I want exactly 2K, since the default size is 32K. Further, I want the ROM to start at 0x0400, which is the first byte of the ROM pack on the Odyssey 2. Note that the ROM itself starts at 0x000. This is just from the perspective of the whole system. I have to escape the \$ because I'm using BASH. Let's do it:

```
usr-l@wrk-1 o2 $ <b>p2bin first.p first.bin -r \$0400-\$0bff -l 0</b>
P2BIN/C V1.41r8
(C) 1992,1998 Alfred Arnold
first.p==>>first.bin (45 Byte)
usr-l@wrk-1 o2 $

usr-l@wrk-1 o2 $

Before we burn this to an EPROM, let's check it out on <a href=http://o2em.sourceforge.net/>o2em</a>, an emula
```

```
<br />root@wrk-1 O2EM101-src # <b>./o2em /home/usr-1/o2/first.bin</b>
O2EM v1.01 (October/2002) - Linux binary
Freeware Odyssey2 / Videopac+ Emulator - http://o2em.sourceforge.net
Developed by Andre de la Rocha
Created by Daniel Boris (c)1996/1998
Starting emulation ...
Initializing sound system...
Sound system initialized ok
Sound driver [Open Sound System] detected
Using Allegro Allegro 4.0.3, Unix
Odyssey2 bios ROM loaded
Loading: "/home/usr-1/o2/first.bin" Size: 2K CRC: CDD12B19
Loading voice samples... 0 samples loaded
root@wrk-1 O2EM101-src #
```

The screen shot of the emulator and live on a TV:





2004-04-18 • Subject • Transform dot com Schwag Into Something Useful • L R

I have a cap from hardware.com. [I actually turned down a job offer from these folks in the fall of '99. They only lasted a year or so after that. They intended to be a place where people could order tools, wheelbarrows, etc. on the Internet.] I also like to read at night. I happen to have some ultra-bright LEDs, and when combined with the cap, they make a great light for reading without disturbing others in a dark room. I'm sure it would also be useful when working inside of computer cases and I dare you to do this at work. I'm using a 12 volt wall wort to provide the power. It turns out that the output is 17 volts under a 20 mA load. Now, the current needs to be limited to less than 20mA per LED.

The formulas were drawn using Xfig. The first formula is for resistors in parallel. The second formula is Ohm's law. Both are formulas I remember from my high school electronics class from many years ago, but Horowitz and Hill are

$$R_{T} = \frac{1}{\frac{1}{R_{1}} + \frac{1}{R_{2}}}$$

$$I = \frac{E}{R}$$

certainly more illustrious. From the spec sheet, we see that the typical voltage drop is 3.6 volts at 20 mA. We need to determine the effective resistance of the LEDs for typical usage. From the specs, and Ohm's law, we can estimate that each LED at typical specs is 180 ohms. So, we have 3 180 ohm resistors in series, which is 540 ohms. If we hook up 17 volts, using Ohm's law again, we will get 31 mA going through them. That is too much. If we put a 1K and a 680 ohm resistor in parallel, using the above formula, we get 405 ohms. If we put this in series with the LEDs,

at typical specs, we will get 945 ohms. Divide 17 Volts by 945 ohms, and we get 18 mA. Considering that these are typical specs, this should protect us from going over 20 mA.

Here is a picture of the LEDs and resistors soldered to the power supply before mounting on the hat, and mounted:





#xfig



2004-04-20 = Subject = Solar Powered Odyssey 2 = LR

I changed my PV charge controller so that my Odyssey 2 is run by solar power. Here is a picture of the system:



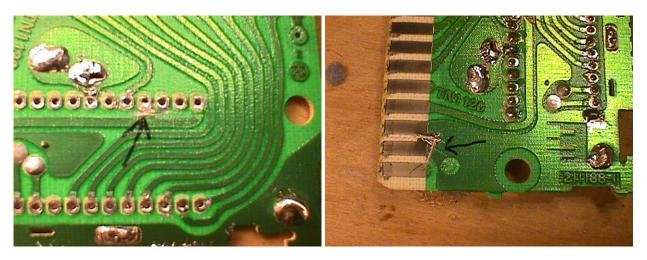
Figure 15: Odyssey 2 Solar Powered

I have a 12 Volt 5" B/W TV for a display, that also runs off of my solar power system.

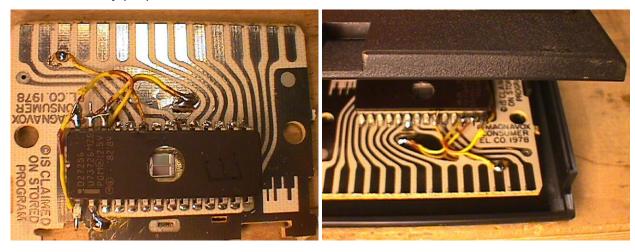


2004-05-15 • Subject • Installing 4K EPROMs in 2K Odyssey 2 Cartridges • LR

I've been creating ROMs for my various electronics and solar projects. I have a lot of 27256 EPROMs that I desoldered off of an old phone system board. I had the board hanging up on the wall for awhile, but I finally used a small torch and removed all of the EPROMs. I wanted to have 4K available for my program, but I also wanted to put it in a cartridge that had a 2K circuit board. Additionally, I wanted to use "The Voice", which turns out needs further modifications to the 2K circuit board than you would think. The 2K circuit boards are numbered TN1018. The first modification is to cut a trace to VPP, or pin 21 of the ROM, and one of the fingers that normally goes to ground:



Pins 1 and 29 of the 27256 EPROM needs to be at 5+. 5+ is under pin 26. Pins 2, 26 and 27 need to go to ground. Finally, the address line A11 on pin 23 needs to be connected. The yellow wires are ones from the large 50 pair phone cables. The insulation melts easily. I've melted two wires together before so they shorted. You have to be careful. Note that if you want to use all 8K, just connect pin 2 to the third finger from the left in the above picture. 4K is fine for my purposes for now.



#homebrew

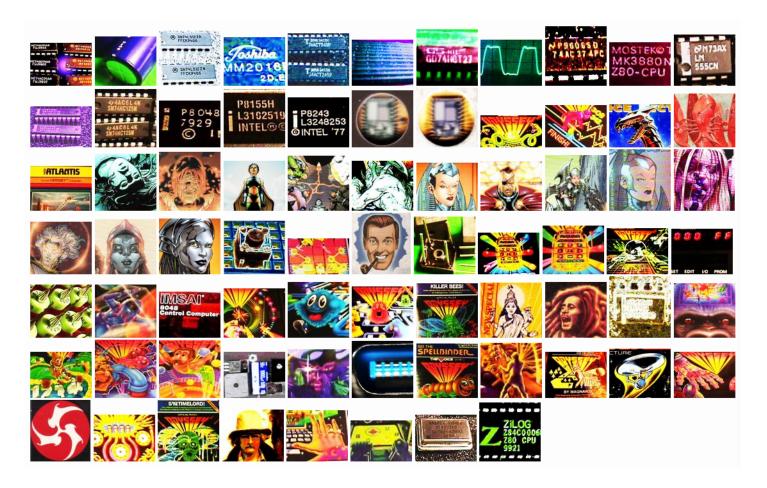


2004-05-30 • Subject • Information Axis • LR

In 2004 I opened a store on Ebay and started selling comics, vintage video games, and electronics.

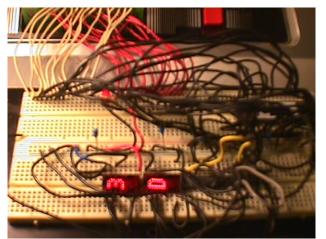








2004-06-06 • Subject • Paging 2K ROMS With the Odyssey 2 • LR



One limitation of the Odyssey 2, and the 8048 in general, is that there are only 8 lines of address latched on the bus and another 4 lines on the lower half of P2 for addressing. Normally, that means 4K would be available; however, on the Odyssey 2 one of those lines is taken up, so only 11 of these lines are used. With the Odyssey 2, memory above 2K is bank selected using P10, P11, and P14. My idea regarding this is to bank switch using a counter and use P10 to increment the counter. At startup, the counter is cleared. This means that the normal 2K bank would be selected. Within the 2K bank, just toggle the clock on the binary counter, and the next instruction will be pulled from the next 2K bank. Now, you could store the desired counter state somewhere, and on every bank you would check if you were there yet, and increment appropriately. I'm

using a 27C010 128K X 8-bit EPROM for this. It has 17 lines, so I need to use 6 lines for counting the banks. 2^6=64 banks of 2K each. Really, I've got 2 bits left, so I could use a 27C040, and get 512K bytes of program running on an Odyssey 2, or the equivalent of 256 times the usual program cartridge. I'm not going to get too hung up on the specifics of this. There are many EPROM sizes out there, and many ways to do binary counters. I happen to be using 2 74ls93s, because I have a bunch, but any counter would work.

The card in the back is an extender card from a "The Voice" module. The devices in the front are TIL-311s. The current 2K page is 0x03D. To test this, I need to create a few banks and see if I can switch between them manually. I can then do this with software. Here is slightly improved, "Hello World" program from this article. Well, "Hello-World1":

```
cpu
        8048
        0400h
org
        02C3h
                         ;system start or reset - select game
jmp
jmp
        0009h
                         ;external IRQ - vblank routine
jmp
        timer
                         ;timer IRQ
jmp
        001Ah
                         ;vblank service - vblank (collision and clock)
jmp
        start
                         ;continuation of vblank service - vblank (tune)
jmp
        0044h
timer
        retr
                                  ; we don't do anything with timer IRQs
start
        011ch
                     ; stop display
call
        r1,#0f4h
                         ; pointer to string "hello world"
mov
                         ; starting character pointer for VDC
        r0,#10h
mov
        r2,#0ch
mov
                         ; 12 characters
        r3,#28h
mov
                         ; x position
mov
        r4,#70h
                         ; y position
        r6,#08h
                         ; color blue
mov
putc
        mov
                 a,r1
                                  ; grab current pointer to string
movp
        a,@a
                         ; move mem at r1 to accumulator
                         ; set r5 to character
mov
        r5,a
                         ; increment pointer to character
inc
        r1
        03eah
                         ; print character BIOS routine
call
djnz
        r2, putc
                         ; continue for 12 characters
call
        0127h
                         ; start display
                                  ; while 6 ne 9 (loop forever, i don't mind)
sixnen
        jmp
                 sixnen
                         ; force the location of hello world
org
        04f4h
db
        1Dh, 12h, 0eh, 0eh
dh
        17h, 28h, 11h, 17h
db
        13h,0eh,1ah,01h
```

A hex view of this binary:

```
00000000 44 C3 04 09 84 0C 04 1A 84 0D 04 44 93 34 1C B9 D...........D.4..
00000010 F4 B8 10 BA 0C BB 28 BC 70 BE 08 F9 A3 AD 19 74 .....(.p.....t
00000020 EA EA 1B 34 27 84 25 FF FF FF FF FF FF FF FF FF ...4'.%......
  00000030
  00000040
  00000050
00000060
  00000070
  0800000
  00000090
  000000A0
  000000B0
  000000C0
  00000D0
00000E0
  00000F0
```

All I have to do to create banks that are identifiable is to change the 01 at the end, there, to different numbers and cat a bunch of them together. Here is how I edit the t2.bin file:

Now, just cat the files together for my test EPROM, and copy the binary to a floppy:

```
usr-1@wrk-1 o2 $ <b>cat /dev/null > tall.bin</b>
usr-1@wrk-1 o2 $ <b>cat t1.bin >> tall.bin</b>
usr-1@wrk-1 o2 $ <b>cat t2.bin >> tall.bin</b>
usr-1@wrk-1 o2 $ <b>cat t3.bin >> tall.bin</b>
usr-1@wrk-1 o2 $ <b>cat t4.bin >> tall.bin</b>
usr-1@wrk-1 o2 $ <b>mcopy tall.bin a:</b>
```



Figure 16: third bank selected

The display on the breadboard says 02, which is the third bank. You can see that hello-world3 shows up on the screen. One tricky part is how to trigger P10. It turns out that internal routines step on this line, so what you have to do is change the state of a flip-flop at the rising edge of PSEN. I ran P10 into pin 2 (data) of a 74ls74, PSEN into pin 3 (clock), and ran pin 6 (not q) into the clock input of the 74ls93 (pin 14). The 74ls74 sets Q to D on the rising edge. Here is a program that will iterate through the banks in software:

```
cpu
        8048
org
        0400h
        02C3h
                         ;system start or reset - select game
jmp
jmp
        0009h
                         ;external IRQ - vblank routine
jmp
        timer
                         ;timer IRQ
jmp
        001Ah
                         ;vblank service - vblank (collision and clock)
jmp
        start
                         ;continuation of vblank service - vblank (tune)
jmp
        0044h
timer
        retr
                                  ; we don't do anything with timer IRQs
start
call
        011ch
        r1,#0f4h
                         ; pointer to string "hello world"
mov
        r0,#10h
                         ; starting character pointer for VDC
mov
        r2,#0ch
mov
                         ; 12 characters
                         ; x position
        r3,#28h
mov
mov
        r4,#70h
                         ; y position
        r6,#08h
                         ; color start with grey
mov
putc
        mov
                a,r1
                                  ; grab current pointer to string
                         ; move mem at r1 to accumulator
movp
        a,@a
                         ; set r5 to character
mov
        r5,a
                         ; increment pointer to character
inc
        r1
call
        03eah
                         ; print character BIOS routine
        r2, putc
djnz
                         ; continue for 11 characters
call
        0127h
                         ; start display
        r1,#0ffh
mov
lpo
                r7,#0ffh
        mov
lpi
        djnz
                r7,lpi
djnz
        r1,lpo
anl
        P1,#0feh
        r1,#0ffh
mov
                r7,#0ffh
lpoo
        mov
lpii
        djnz
                r7,lpii
djnz
        r1,lpoo
orl
        P1,#001h
        0408h
jmp
                         ; force the location of hello world
org
        04f4h
db
        1Dh,12h,0eh,0eh
db
        17h, 28h, 11h, 17h
db
        13h,0eh,1ah,01h
```

If you create a binary like I did above, and concatenate a bunch of them together, changing the number at the end, this program will display the current bank.

#homebrew



2004-07-31 • Journal • Purchasing Our Rambler • LR

On a trip to Auburn to buy chicken feed today, we saw a Rambler parked on Main Street with a For Sale sign on it. The paint was funky, but the body looked pretty straight and it even had the Rambler wheel covers (on the street side at least). So we pulled over and had a look at it. Only \$500! The body was good, the chrome all there, and the interior trashed. We wondered if it even ran. It's a 1963 American, two door.

Back when we were barely old enough to drink, we got a white Classic wagon, a 64 as best as we can remember. We may have been drinking at the time. Our friend bought it from the wrecking yard where he worked and he put an engine in it and got it running. Then we ended up buying it from him for \$100 or something crazy like that. The wagon had a humming sound like a flying saucer and the dash gave off an eerie green glow. It had a three-on-the-tree and was lots of fun to drive. It smoked like people did back in 64, constantly and unapologetically. Alas, we had to give the Rambler up because we couldn't afford to keep it running, much less fix it up. And the apartment building where we lived did not provide parking spots for long-term storage of dead cars. One day, we called the wrecking yard and sold them the Rambler for \$50. They towed it back. The back of the car was full of empty beer bottles that we'd tried to take back for deposit at the grocery store but were rejected.

We've dreamed of getting another Rambler ever since.

Today was the day. We called the number, left a message, and got one back that said we could come by that evening if we wanted to hear it run. HEAR IT RUN. Woohoo! We went back, listened to it run and even took a spin in it, with the guy who was selling it driving.

A deal was struck.

Everyone seemed pretty attached to "The Ram" as they called it, and seemed a little sorry to see it go. The kids had driven it when they were teenagers, and nobody had done a bit of work on it since they bought it 12 years ago.

It wasn't easy getting it up the hill on the way home... the car was going about 5 miles an hour by the time it got to the top of the hill. Oh, and reverse doesn't work. And the brakes are really soft. We found an Alf air freshener in it. I can tell it has good karma.

[2019: Yvette wrote this article]

#rambler #yvette



2004-08-07 • Subject • The Rambler's Maiden Voyage • LR

Today we all got to go for a ride in the Rambler. Agatha used her truck to pull it out from under the trees and get it facing forward in the driveway. Then she installed the car seat while I finished giving the baby his lunch. The baby seemed excited – sometimes we just sit in the Rambler with him and talk about how cool it will be to drive it to the zoo or some other fun place when it's fixed up.

And off we went, cruising around the neighborhood. It was still pretty noisy, but a lot quieter than when we bought it a week ago. I couldn't help but notice the floorboards got pretty hot. We took it through the fast food drive-through and the guy at the window gave us a funny look and just said, "Oh," in a disturbed voice like he'd seen something he wasn't supposed to see.

Our quest for fast food forced us to brave a pretty steep hill, steeper than the one the Rambler barely climbed when we took it home. Agatha got a little run at it, but really didn't even need to. The Rambler chugged all the way up at 35 MPH like a champ.







[2019: Yvette wrote this entry.]

#rambler #romeo

2004-09-06 • Subject • Fixing the Rambler Radio • LR

As we fix up the Rambler, we need to listen to some tunes. Now, the best tunes to listen to when fixing up a 1963 Rambler American are heard through the stock AM transistor radio that comes with the Rambler. It turns out that the only thing that was wrong with the radio was that the speaker was burned out and the insides were rusted up. I just sprayed some WD-40 on the mechanism to free it up.



To remove the speaker, you need to remove 5 screws:





Figure 17: old worn speaker

I just replaced the speaker with one an "OEM replacement" speaker I found at an auto parts store. Note that you want a full range speaker. This radio does not really put out the bass or treble, so don't spend the money on a quality speaker. I was able to find one with a synthetic (not paper) cone, so it should last longer.



2004-09-06 • Subject • A Cheap Logic Analyzer for Your Lab • LR

I picked up a Hewlett Packard 1615A logic analyzer cheap at auction. One interesting thing about logic analyzers is that PCs are fast enough to do most of the functions of a logic analyzer with many more features. The catch, though, is that a dedicated device with the correct probes can be had much cheaper than any PC-based device. Mine cost less than a multi-meter, and it had probes with wire leads and sockets that would take other wires I could plug directly in to my breadboarded circuit. I built up a circuit with a 3.6864 MHz clock and a 7490 counter to test the logic analyzer. Here is the output after a trace. Each division is set to 200 nS. I marked the decimal number of the count at the top of the trace, and the pins on the counter on the left:

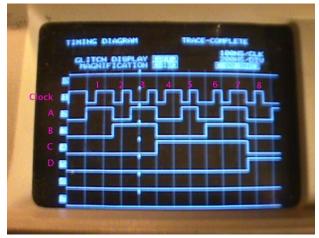


Figure 18: cheap logic analyzer

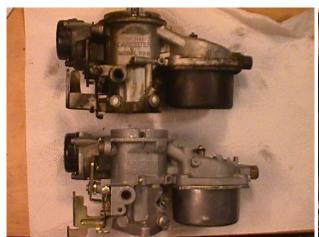
Keep your eyes open, and you may be able to find a very useful piece of equipment for your lab. My logic analyzer just does 20 MHz, but I pretty much only go up to 6 MHz or so with my circuits, since I use very old microcontrollers.

#electronics



2004-10-17 • Subject • Carter Carburetor Repair • LR

The carburetor on our Rambler leaked gas out of the top of the pump plunger. It appears that this was the cause of the smoke coming from the engine when it warmed up. Very scary. I looked up Model RBS Carter on an auction site, and found a new carburetor at a good price. The listed model number didn't show up, and I figured it was worth the chance because the carburetors looked identical.





The new carb appeared to be a version 1746:





Both have a similar choke valve. At the top of the picture you can see the accelerator cable. To the left of that is the heat tube for the choke. Just below the intake, notice the bolt next to the spark plug?





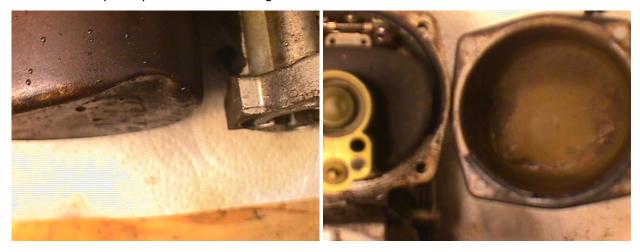
It turns out that the bolt pokes in to the bottom of the carburetor the way somebody previous had installed it. Here is a picture of a very pretty Rambler flathead similar to ours. It looks to me like maybe the float bowl is different, but that doesn't make sense, since the model number is identical:



Here is where the bolt pokes in to the carburetor:



I banged the bottom of the float bowl in further so the bolt wouldn't rest on the bottom. I'll get a spacer, or a different float bowl, or perhaps the bolt is wrong, but for now this works.



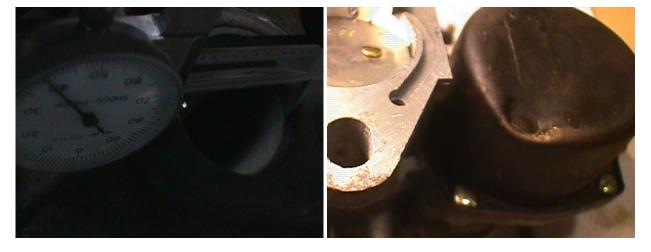
The float is held in by two screws:



The new one has a remainder measurement of 60. So, the new one is .03 inches bigger:



Now, I figured I'd try the new carburetor on the engine to see how it would run. I already know that more fuel and air must be going in to the engine, but I had to see. Here is the float bowl from the old carb attached to the new carburetor body:



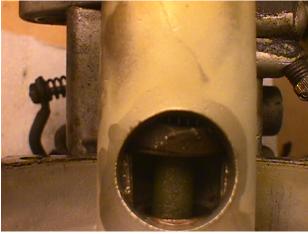
I used the old choke valve. You can see how the bolt goes up against the bottom of the carburetor.



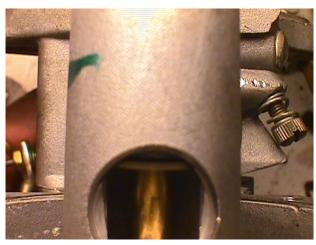


Well, the engine runs very fast with the new carburetor. It works fine, but there is no vacuum advance, and the increase in fuel/air makes the engine idle as though it is going down the freeway. I had to try. I decided to use the parts from the new carb to rebuild the old carb. Here is how the old carb's pump arm is connected. This is where the gas was coming through. You can see that gas in the float bowl would go right through the top of the plunger seal.





Here is how the plunger looks on the new carb. To remove the plunger, you just push it all the way down and tap it out through the bottom. To put the plunger back in, use a twelve point socket that just fits around the outside of the plug, and tap the bottom back in with a hammer.





There was an extra piece on the new carburetor that appears to protect the spring from shifting to the side when compressed. I liked that feature, so I put this on the old carburetor. It turns out that the correct Carter carburetor for a 1963 L head engine is a Carter number 3487S. I have no idea why the bolt is sticking up. Probably when the head was rebuilt or replaced, the wrong bolt was used. This is at the base of the carburetor.



The number on the side is misleading. I have no idea what it signifies. The new carburetor I got looks like it is number 4207S, but I can find no reference to this anywhere. The only thing I know is that the carburetors are quite similar in many ways.



Figure 19: base of the new carburetor:

#rambler #romeo #wrenching



2004-10-31 - Journal - Building a Carport With Concrete Pad - LR

It isn't particularly happy jacking up the Rambler under a tree in the dirt. Really, it is fairly dangerous. I need a concrete pad. It would also be nice to protect Ruby from rain. There are some problems. First, I'm doing this by myself. Second, there is no easy way to get a cement truck back to the corner where I'm putting the pad. Third, I can only work on this in small chunks of time.

The first challenge was building a pad. This way I can jack the car up without fear. Now, there is already a curb from the previous garage that extends 20 feet, so I can use that as the border on two sides. Luckily, I've rotated my moveable chicken coop around this area, so the chickens have already loosened up the soil. Here is the corner where I'm starting. You can see the curb on the right, just to the left of the bush.





Here I've put in the form. This is 3 feet by 3 feet. I drilled holes in the boards for the 3/8 inch rebar. This is 4 foot rebar, so 1 foot sticks out of each end for the next square. The boards are 1 by 6, which is really 5.5 inches or something like that, but this worked out fine. It took seven 80 pound bags of premixed concrete to fill this square.





A 3 foot square pour is a nice pour if you are using sacks of concrete mix. It is starting to get in the upper 40's and lower 50's, though, and it is possible to pour in 30 square foot strips (15 cubic feet at my depth). I pour the first layer just above the rebar, and then pour the second layer. It takes about 24 bags of concrete to do this, so you have to be prepared to pour over 2300 pounds of concrete. Add the labor of stirring the concrete in a wheelbarrow, and this is quite a task. It is faster pouring this way, though, than pouring the smaller sections. You can see the ten foot lengths of rebar in the picture:







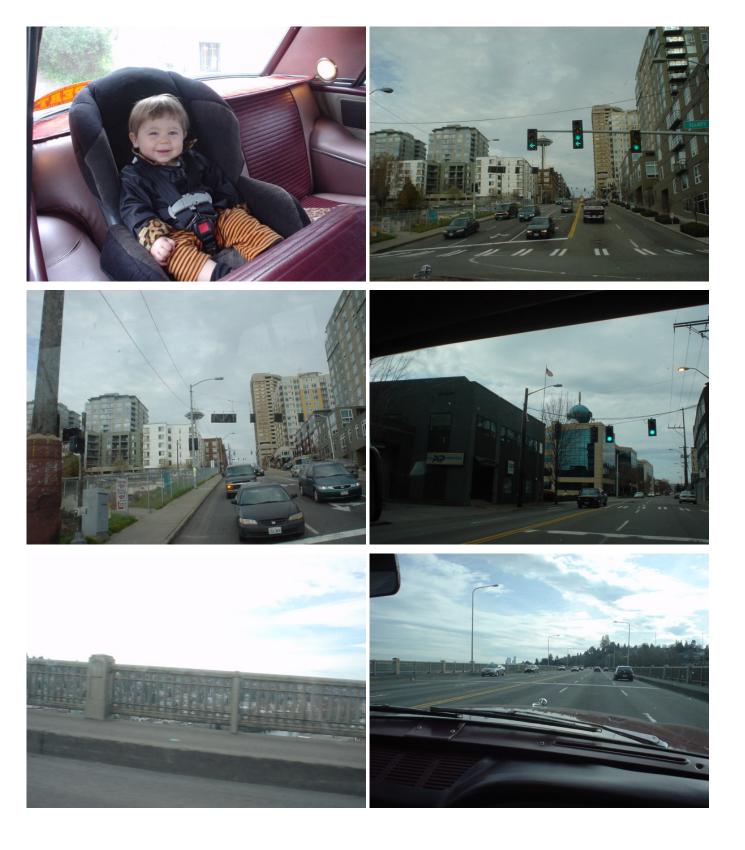
For the carport, I used 4X6 treated posts for the supports, 2X4s for the crossmembers, and 2X6s for the rails. I used polycarbonate roofing sheets for the roof.

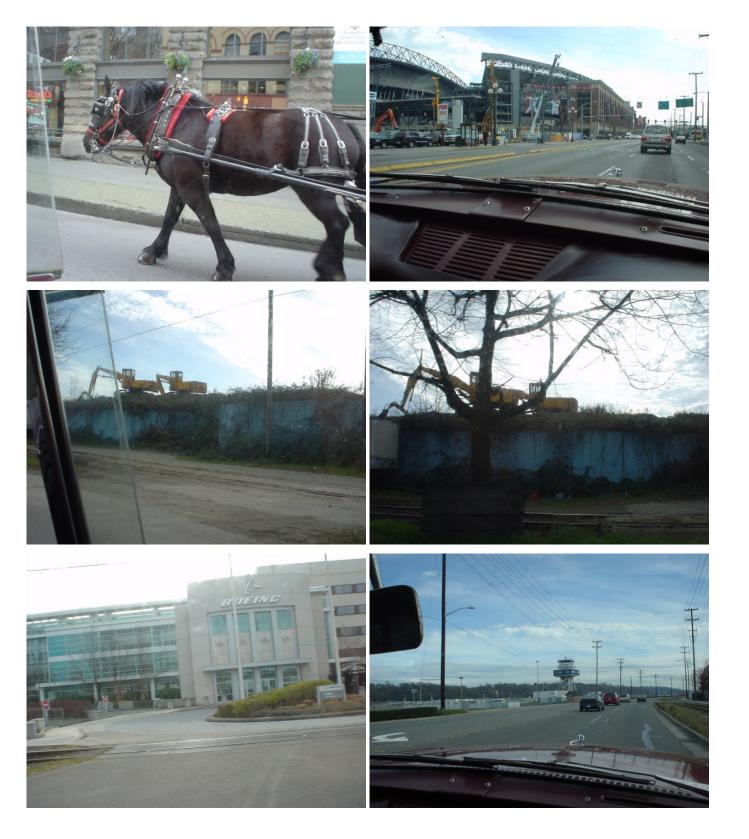
#rambler



2005-03-06 • Subject • Ruby's Maiden Voyage • LR

After I fixed the wheel studs, we went out for a maiden voyage.











#rambler #ruby



2005-03-20 • Subject • Ruby Thursday, a Rambler American 440H • LR

Here are a couple pictures of our new 440H. Romeo, the 330 American with the bad frame has already donated a new starter, and there are more donor parts to come. Ruby has the "POWER PAK", which means the engine is an OHV with the 2 barrel Carter carburetor. Ruby's engine is running well, but it is certainly showing some age. We'll take it easy on her.





"You find one in every car. You'll see."

-Miller, in the movie Repo Man

#rambler #ruby



2005-03-27 • Subject • Ramblers, Harbor Freight, Biodiesel and Willie Nelson • LR

Working on the Rambler these last six months has left me with many conflicting thoughts. First off, the Rambler was part of an idea that did not turn out to be successful in the US long term. The Rambler was marketed on a combination of economy and style. **Style**. One great quote, sometimes attributed to Diana Vreeland, sometimes attributed to Coco Chanel is "elegance is refusal". This philosophy drives the Rambler vision.

Refuse to waste fuel. With a 42 year old car, with virtually no work done to the engine, it still got over 25 MPG on the first journey I made with Ruby after the purchase, from Northwest Oregon to Seattle. That is amazing performance for such an old vehicle. American Motors competed, and won, in fuel economy events. There are many ads that reflect this. "Why be a gas hog?" was one caption I remember from glancing over old Rambler ads.

Refuse to drive a huge car. I often pull into the Harbor Freight parking lot and am able to easily squeeze between the F-250 and RAM 2500 trucks (and 350s and 3500s!). A 100 inch wheelbase of the American is quite easy to maneuver. There is a distasteful excess to these huge rigs in my mind. The large cars from the big three automakers, I imagine, solicited a similar response from Rambler drivers at the time.

Refuse to sacrifice reliability for performance that you do not need. I don't believe much really broke over the years since Ruby was made. True, she grew up in a small town in southern Washington; however, nothing more than new tires, a water pump, and a vacuum wiper motor has been replaced on this car.

Somebody asked the previous owner, who put over 50,000 miles on it over the last 10 years, how she was able to find parts? She replied that she didn't need to find parts, because nothing broke. Note that this was 50,000 miles starting when the car was 32 years old.

There is a conflict here, though, in that at this time, owning and maintaining a 1963 Rambler American is not practical at all. I feel a lot safer in my 2001 Frontier with disk brakes and airbags going down the freeway than I do in the Rambler. I also know that there are many other components of pollution control than just gas mileage. I will end up paying a lot more for parts, in many cases, for this vehicle. Rebuilding a 195.6 OHV engine will most likely cost a lot of money. The Flash-O-Matic transmission, as well, will be expensive to rebuild when it fails. True, you can find some good deals at auction. I found a couple rebuild kits for the transmission, and believe the parts are fairly complete; however, I won't know until I try, and finding a shop with the parts and knowledge to fix this and other areas of the car will be spendy if needed. I do like to work on the car. I am fascinated by the style of the Rambler. I refuse to let Chrysler's contemptuous, callous destruction of Rambler and other AMC parts stock and molds in 1987 keep me from enjoying this vehicle. This is where style can overcome economy or function. For me, admiring the economy and elegance of the Rambler at its peak is sufficient to be obsessed with it in the present.

Another interesting thing I've noticed while working on the Rambler, is that the aftermarket parts for the Rambler themselves had style. There were many, many manufacturers. All of the manufacturers were in the US. There is a certain amount of nostalgia that goes along with this. A time when the parts for a car made in the United States were also made in the United States. I also used to drive a 55 GMC pickup. It had this feeling of nostalgia. When I replaced the head gasket in '87, resurrecting it from many years as a lawn mower and who knows how many more at some very bad kids who left the head off, rusting the cylinders, the only radio station it could bring in was an oldies station. I admit, I didn't even exist in this world at the time the GMC and Rambler were made; however, I am still nostalgic about this time I know little about. There is a feeling of national self-reliance, a feeling of wide open spaces, freedom, and, of course, being able to pick up a couple of really cheap, American made tie-rod ends and install them yourself.

I realize that this nostalgic aspect of the Rambler and the "made in the USA" parts is an illusion. There are many unseen background pieces of this illusion, that if I fully understood would wreck it for me. Pollution, I imagine, repetitive stress that was diagnosed as arthritis, stuff like that. I did a stint as a pie deliveryman and baker. All of the fruit filling was cooked with a steam pipe over a sink. I would mix sugar, cornstarch, fruit, color, and water in a 5 gallon plastic bucket and put it underneath the steam pipe. After it was cooked with the steam, I'd remove the coupling on the pipe and lift the bucket back out with four fingers on the edge, carefully, so I wouldn't get burned. Over the course of a couple years, I developed something like tennis elbow. It hurt to carry bags of groceries, and it was getting worse. I did not have any health insurance. I was making roughly minimum wage, although I was on salary to even out the Thanksgiving seasonal rush. When I went to my boss, he said he thought that maybe I had hurt it off work. He was normally a generous, good man, and he treated me very well; however, in this case he disappointed. It didn't take me long to decide I needed to go back to school. It is funny, when I took the job, I wrote on my resume, which listed quite a few programming and computer jobs, that I did not wish to work with computers anymore. Well, it is precisely my job working with computers now that allows me to purchase NOS American made parts at auction. My point is that the manufacturing jobs that created these parts inexpensively, and the variety of companies manufactured these parts, would probably not survive with current labor laws, health insurance premiums, and environmental laws. It is fine to be nostalgic; however, I do like to keep my eyes open as well.

That brings me to another interesting conflict. I would be unable to afford the tools to work on this car in a previous time. I do not have access to a garage, and I don't have tools from my father that were passed down, nor do I use

tools for my livelihood. I am able to afford the tools because I can buy cheap tools at Harbor Freight. Now, in '87, I had hand-me-down, cheap, foreign-made tools that would break. I recently removed the bolts on some upper trunnions. These were grade 5 bolts that I snapped off with a 1/2 inch socket set and a breaker bar, using the handle for a floor jack. These tools are surprisingly good. True, I snapped a puller on my steering wheel, but to be fair, it was replaced with no questions asked. Anyway, the implications for people who want to fix their cars is tremendous. I'm truly surprised at the amount of steel in a heavy duty bearing puller that can be had for \$10. Again, these parts are certainly causing environmental problems and health problems in workers. I will not be presumptuous enough to decide how these countries or workers decide to live their lives. The tools are good, cheap, and let me fix my car. I cannot afford to purchase American tools to fix my Rambler American.

What is more American, really, than Willie Nelson? I saw Willie Nelson in concert, once, in 1984. A girlfriend of mine had relatives in Denmark. One of them worked quite a bit on their vacation home in Canada, and spent some time in Washington state. I forget his name, but he was quite a fan of Willie Nelson, and it was because of him that I went to the concert. Although I wasn't incredibly conscious of Ramblers at the time, I'm pretty sure, after the fact, that he found a very cheap Rambler and was fixing it up in my girlfriend's garage. It was a small car, and had a roundness to it that reminds me now of a '59 Rambler American. He talked about how the car was old, but it was so easy to work on and easy to get parts for it. I remember thinking at the time that this was a bit odd, since the car was so old and I didn't even recognize the name. That didn't quite make sense to me. Another conflict that is brewing in me is the issue of the consumption of gas. My nostalgia for old cars. My nostalgia for fixing cars. My nostalgia for an America with the freedom of cars. "Think I'll pack it in, and buy a pickup. Take it down to L.A" -Neil Young. I saw Neil Young in 1984 as well, Neil and the Shocking Pinks. But, I'm rambling. Willie Nelson? Come on!! On the road again? What better describes the nostalgia of hitting the road than that, well, besides maybe Truckin'? I'm rambling. But, it is a fact that burning gasoline has huge, unsustainable implications for the United States economy and the environment. Did you know that Willie Nelson is a partner in a Biodiesel company? Well, it is true. I'm thinking that a Nissan LD20 Diesel engine will burn biodiesel and it would fit in my truck when the current engine gets tired. Perhaps, if biodiesel catches on, there will be options by the major car manufacturers to buy modern crate engines and transmissions to retrofit the many cars already existing on this planet. Another option is using propane. Here are some resources put up by someone who converted his 63 Rambler Classic 550 station wagon to propane. One surprising piece to the pollution puzzle is the amount of pollution created in the manufacturing process itself. True, much of the steel can be reused; however, I'd imagine that resurrecting cars with a new engine capable of running with biodiesel could very well be a better route than buying brand new cars. I would love to see a world where there are inexpensive options to retrofit old cars to make them safer and clean burning. I would even be willing to have my car inspected as it was retrofitted to make sure that these retrofits were safe. Ruby may get a modern engine and transmission yet. One that is elegant. One that refuses to burn gasoline.

Do remember that elegance is refusal. Your style means more than just your ability to consume whatever tripe is put in front of you between sitcoms. Nostalgia is OK, but keep your eyes open. I'll try to do the same myself.

#rambler #wrenching #neil_young #willie nelson



2005-04-10 • Subject • Moving A Car With No Wheels • LR

Our donor car has a bad frame. Well, it is unibody, but the engine support on both sides and the right-front suspension support are damaged. Considering the parts situation and rarity of the car, though, we decided to get a car with a better body and save the parts off of the 330 for future repairs. I already had removed the left-front suspension for a rebuild, and decided to remove the rest of the parts on the concrete pad, rather than putting the wheel back on and driving the 330 to its final resting place. This would be safer and protect the parts from dirt. I was able to drop the engine out of the bottom fairly easily by removing the suspension, radiator, and pretty much everything that looked like it might be in the way. I removed the springs, drums, axle, and differential as one assembly. All of this was surprisingly easy and straightforward. The problem, though, is how do you move a car with no wheels? I towed the car off of the concrete pad and got it positioned as close as I could. I used chain because that is safer than cable, which can stretch and snap, taking pieces of you with it. The problem, though, was there was no way to get Romeo (AKA Skid) properly positioned in the middle of the garden, since I couldn't drive my truck into the garden area. Yes,

Romeo (AKA Skid) is going to be a garden fixture and greenhouse, immortalizing the noble lines of this fine car with a Rambling Rose growing from the hood. Over the years, I imagine that many of Romeo's parts will end up keeping Ruby running.

OK. How did I move a car with no wheels? Well, I put a 4X4 post into the ground as deep as I could get it. I was able to bury about 4 feet of the post.







I braced the front of the post with two end-to-end pavers. I put rebar and the digging tool on the back side of the post for support as well. Notice the post is tilted away from the chain, and the chain is as close to the ground as possible. I used a hand-operated winch rated at 4 tons to drag Romeo one inch at a time. The winch was between a chain to the car, and another chain to the post. This is quite dangerous. If you do attempt this, do make sure you have a winch with enough capacity so that you don't snap the winch cable. Whatever you think you probably need, quadruple that number. Wear protective goggles and padded leather gloves. Keep your body out of the way of where a snapping cable will lash out. Do read this sites Website Terms and Privacy page.







Skid makes a good garden folly, don't you think? We'll put up more pictures of Skid in the future, as the garden grows up around him. We have plans to make a greenhouse out of him as well.

#rambler #romeo



2005-04-17 • Subject • Connecting Rod and Main Bearings • LR

The connecting rod bearings are metal inserts that go between the crank and the connecting rod. The main bearings go between the crank and the engine block. These are made of a softer metal so that you don't wear out your crank or engine block. Additionally, a thin layer of oil lubricates the connection between the bearings and the crank. The crank, essentially, floats on a thin layer of oil between the crank and the bearings. This thin layer is gap of approximately .001 to .0015 on our engine, when it is set correctly (measurements in inches in this article). You can measure this by using plastigage, which is a small thread of plastic that flattens out when compressed. By measuring the flattened plastic, you can tell how much clearance you have for your cushion of oil to live. Supposedly, the softer metal bearings are then just replaced when they wear out. Now, if you wear your crank out instead, since it is spinning inside the set of bearings, you may need to get a machinist to regrind and polish your crank and get slightly thicker bearings. I'd expect that the technology of bearings has matured a lot over the last 40 years. The link at the bottom does discuss some different schemes for the layering of metals in the bearings. The bearings are

sold in .010 increments. So, say you have a STD engine. That is, it takes regular size bearings. If your bearings wear, and your crank doesn't wear, you could just get the bearings replaced. If the crank wears, then you make the metal on the crank where the bearing connects, the crank journals, smaller to the closest .010 increment and polish it. Now, the engine itself can be manufactured with differing sizes. It appears that our L Head 195.6, from the stamps, was standard, but the crank was ground. We had some STD bearings, that we got at auction, frankly, before we knew what we were doing. True, they were cheap, but if we don't need them they are only useful for learning. Now, it could very well be that our 440H could use them. We'll see. Anyway, I took some measurements on the bearings. Here is a measurement of the new STD rod bearing and the old.





It appears that these are .01 over, and that, at least with this crude measurement, that the bearings are not worn too much. Note that this measurement shows that the bearings are .005 over in thickness; however, the diameter of the crank has two of these bearings, one on each side. The rod bearings, at least, are marked .01 over.





#rambler #wrenching



2005-04-24 • Subject • Adjusting The Intake and Exhaust Valves • LR

The valves were making quite a bit of noise, and were in need of adjustment. One thing that is quite misleading is that the 1963 technical service manual for the Rambler American is actually wrong in one of the diagrams (figure 8, page 3) on which valves are the intake and exhaust valves. Now, they just missed one, is all, but if you read the way we do, starting at number one and following towards six, by the time you get to the end you miss a valve and have to start over. Here is a diagram of the exhaust and intake valves:

Valves AMC 196 OHV ① B D ① B B ① ① B B ① I=Intake E=Exhaust

This was drawn with Xfig. Here is the fig file. The settings for the valves are written right on the intake manifold. I find it easier to mark the type of valve on the seat of the valve cover



As long as I have a part off, I like to clean it up and paint it. Next to my cleaned and painted valve cover, you can see the freshly rebuilt and painted Carter 2 barrel WCD-3535S.



The valve cover grommets are out of a Fel-Pro FS 7723 B-3 gasket set. The individual part number is R 11577. You can also see the old valve cover gasket in the picture, behind the valve cover. It had become hard and brittle over the years, and certainly wasn't keeping oil in. The individual Fel-Pro part number for the valve cover gasket is R 5268. Pick Pro Parts has the full gasket set for sale as part number FS7723B3. Here are the pictures:



#rambler #wrenching #xfig



2005-06-13 - Subject - Another Trip to Auburn - LR

We found the Rambler that started it all back in July of 2004. We wrote about that journey in this article. Well, Agatha went down to Auburn today to get some more chicks. You can see pictures of the new chicks at RoboCoop.



Figure 20: feed and white shavings

Agatha went up the same hill that Romeo had so much trouble on. Ruby went up the hill fabulously. Instead of crawling at a five MPH with the engine making rather odd clanky noises, I buzzed right up the hill. Ruby is running well, and we have new chicks. What could be better?

#rambler #romeo #ruby



2005-09-15 • Journal • Cowboy Coffee • L R

Yvette's Mom used to make a concoction called Cowboy Coffee for her kids. It was just a tiny bit of coffee mixed in with the milk. Bobo wants pretty much everything we have, which includes coffee. Don't get me wrong, I certainly don't intend to give Bobo everything I have; however, if I can share and it won't hurt anything, I think sharing is good. One problem, lately, is that Yvette is still asleep while we have coffee. Pouring a little milk into the grounds on the bottom of the French press after we are done is a great way to make Cowboy Coffee, even after all of the coffee is gone. I can even press down the plunger and pour out the coffee just as I normally would. Bobo likes it because he can tell it is real.



2005-09-29 • Journal • Sippee Cup Flan • L R



I noticed that Bobo often had a third of his milk left over in his sippee cup that often got thrown out. I saved all of the milk for a day and made flan out of it.

Sippee Cup Flan

Ingredients:

Milk from the day, or perhaps couple of days.

Three eggs, depending on how much milk there is.

I use four eggs for three cups of milk, three eggs for two.

A teaspoon of vanilla

1/3 cup sugar,

(depending on how much milk, but this works fine with three or four cups of milk) Ground nutmeg

Use a whisk to make the egg and milk mixture consistent. No gobs of egg whites or gobs of yolk. Sprinkle nutmeg on top. Put the bowl or pan inside another with an inch or so of water in the bottom of it so that the flan stays nice and soft. Bake at 350 degrees for an hour or so, until a knife comes out clean when stuck in the flan.







#recipes



2005-10-17 • Subject • Virtualization Between the Platform and the Application With Java • LR

What if Java is it. Java has virtualized the world between the platform and the application to the point, really, that all of the knowledge you are building to run the OS of your server is becoming somewhat trivial. True, you can install a new version of glibc, and know how to solve dependencies with RPM. You know how to monitor the lists so you know that there is yet another PHP hole for the CMS you use for your self-help system, or another hole in zlib that requires you to recompile a network app yourself because the vendor doesn't have a binary package yet. Conversely, you can run Windows update, or automatically patch a whole network full of Windows boxes, as well as set up ODBC connection strings. When you think about it, though, is this activity truly interesting or useful? Not really. There is no actual creation of knowledge here. There is no creation of systems.

Much of what we do as "systems administrators" truly is just janitorial in nature. The upside is we get the mother of all keyrings, and have to get a special key holder that fits our belt. The downside is if somebody spills something on the floor we clean it up. Sure, we put in systems to notify us when somebody puked in the hall so we don't have to wander around aimlessly. Yes. Somebody needs to clean up the puke; however, if you have the ability and desire to create systems and make them better, getting hung up in the halls is a drag. Systems administration should require growth, change, and new plants, rather than simply putting out fires and pushing a mop bucket. Perhaps that is what you like. I've often been stuck in a position where that is all my boss really wanted. I've often been forced to work below my potential doing this type of work for economic reasons. I've also often enjoyed falling into routine systems administration work. I truly liked moving the mop bucket through the halls. I really liked the retractable keyring.

The truth is, though, that not that many people can do the kind of work we do. To clean up the spill requires a detailed understanding of what the systems are running, how they are secured, and how they work. It isn't really as simple as my analogy. Taking the mop out of the bucket works a lot better if you know how to use RPM. So, we are stuck with a whole array of platforms that require dedicated, competent people that understand the arcane nuances of the OS running them. I believe this is changing. This isn't a bad bet, really. Of course, the machinery that we work for, the people up top in the gardens while we are fighting the hands of the clock don't want to have to pay a lot of money to run systems. What we do, again, is janitorial in nature, and we should be payed as though it is, and we will be. To a certain extent, this is what Windows Server is all about, but this solution is flawed.

What is needed to truly make us dispensable is to virtualize everything between the OS and the application, so that whatever system of the day works best, runs your applications. Whatever distribution of GNU/Linux runs the database of the day and the application server of the day best wins. Perhaps a proprietary platform will win out over GNU/Linux, but whatever it is, it has to be cheap, and it has to be very easy to administer. The application needs to be written, but all else is taken care of. Grids of servers that are platform independent due to virtualization will make lock-in to a particular platform a thing of the past because migration to the next cheap, easy to administer platform is trivial (just turn off the old boxes). OK. OK. I know you think I'm exaggerating here. I used to manage a clone shop. The owner had connections in Taiwan, and we would build up white boxes and sell them in the days of Windows 3.1. A lot of my skills at the time were setting interrupts on cards and getting drivers installed correctly. I remember scoffing at the idea that Plug and Play would replace these skills. Well, twelve years later, Plug and Play mostly works. It is a similar topic.

There is a point, like with Plug and Play, that enough of the pieces are in place to pull off the displacement of skilled workers at a certain tier. The Geronimo project seems like the tipping point to me. No, I don't mean the point where coastal cities will flood regardless of whether we all drive a Prius, I mean that there is enough at stake, there is enough bread out there, that *the* needed virtualization between our platforms and our applications is here. Where do we go now?

Guns N' Roses - Sweet Child O' Mine

#computer stories #work

Comments:

2023-08-24:

My ideas today about using Deno as ubiquitous compute, inverting the cloud pattern, are related.



2005-10-19 Journal Bobo and Pictures LR

Bobo had some fun pretend cooking today with oatmeal. I decided to make some pumpkin cookies. Bobo isn't feeling so hot today, and so we are indoors. It is pretty cold and windy outside. I went downstairs to get butter. On the way up Bobo found a rusty nail, and had a horrible fit when I took it away from him (it was his favorite... his precious). We looked through the cookbook for a little bit, and that went OK. Then he grabbed a stick of butter and tried to run away with it. He had another huge fit, so I called nap time on that, and took him upstairs and read to him. After four books or so, it was time to put him down for his nap. He signaled me one more, with his waving index finger. He chose his book of pictures of the family. To finally get him to go to bed, I gave him a picture of Nana (Mom) from his book. I put him in his crib. I started to leave. He said he wanted Grandpa's picture (Dad), so I gave that to him. I started to leave again. He said he wanted Lisa's picture. I left, and he seems to be going to sleep fine now.

#bobo #dad #lisa #mom



2005-10-29 • Subject • Passing Variables Between PHP and JavaScript - Full App • LR

Here is a single PHP/HTML script that will read a journal entry from a MySQL database, show the entry on the current web page, and add selected text from the displayed web page into the appropriate category choosen with buttons that have cool mouseover effects. The plum of this code is the use of the getSelection JavaScript function to grab text from the web page. Much of this app is documented in our web and database areas. Here is the code:

```
<html>
<head>
<title>Journal Entry Keyword Selection</title>
</head>
<script language="JavaScript">
person_h =new Image(); person_h.src = "images/personh.gif";
person_nh = new Image(); person_nh.src = "images/person.gif";
place_h =new Image(); place_h.src = "images/placeh.gif";
place_nh = new Image(); place_nh.src = "images/place.gif";
thing_h =new Image(); thing_h.src = "images/thingh.gif";
thing_nh = new Image(); thing_nh.src = "images/thing.gif";
function personover() {
  document.person.src=person_h.src;
}
function personout() {
  document.person.src=person_nh.src;
function placeover() {
  document.place.src=place_h.src;
function placeout() {
  document.place.src=place_nh.src;
function thingover() {
  document.thing.src=thing h.src;
function thingout() {
  document.thing.src=thing_nh.src;
}
function addperson(){
  var sl=window.getSelection();
 window.location.href=window.location.href+'&person='+sl;
}
function addplace(){
  var sl=window.getSelection();
 window.location.href=window.location.href+'&place='+sl;
}
function addthing(){
  var sl=window.getSelection();
 window.location.href=window.location.href+'&thing='+sl;
}
</script>
<?php
require once("config.php");
$db1=mysql_connect($dbhost, $dbuname, $dbpass);
```

```
mysql_select_db($dbname);
if ($place != ""){
  $query="INSERT INTO places SET date=\"".$date."\", place=\"".$place."\"";
  $result=mysql_query($query);
  $ref="please";
}
elseif ($person != ""){
  $query="INSERT INTO people SET date=\"".$date."\", person=\"".$person."\"";
  $result=mysql_query($query);
  $ref="please";
}
elseif ($thing != ""){
  $query="INSERT INTO things SET date=\"".$date."\", thing=\"".$thing."\"";
  $result=mysql_query($query);
  $ref="please";
}
if ($ref == "please"){
  echo "<meta http-equiv='Refresh' content='0; URL=j.php?date=".$date."'>";
}
$query="SELECT * FROM entry WHERE date = \"".$date."\"";
$result=mysql_query($query);
$row=mysql_fetch_array($result);
$type=$row["type"];
$title=stripslashes($row["title"]);
$entry=stripslashes($row["entry"]);
?>
<body bgcolor="white">
<? echo "<b><font color=blue>".$date." - "; ?>
<? echo $type." - "; ?>
<? echo $title."<br /></b></font>"; ?>
<hr>
<img onmouseover="personover();return true;"</pre>
onmouseout="personout();return true;"
onclick="addperson();"
name="person"src="images/person.gif">
<?php
$query="SELECT * FROM people WHERE date = \"".$date."\"";
$result=mysql_query($query);
while ($row = mysql_fetch_row($result))
{
  echo $row[1]." -- ";
}
?>
<br />
<img onmouseover="placeover();return true;"</pre>
onmouseout="placeout();return true;"
onclick="addplace();"
name="place" src="images/place.gif">
$query="SELECT * FROM places WHERE date = \"".$date."\"";
$result=mysql_query($query);
while ($row = mysql_fetch_row($result))
{
  echo $row[1]." -- ";
}
```

```
?>
<br />
<img onmouseover="thingover();return true;"</pre>
onmouseout="thingout();return true;"
onclick="addthing();"
name="thing" src="images/thing.gif">
<?php
$query="SELECT * FROM things WHERE date = \"".$date."\"";
$result=mysql_query($query);
while ($row = mysql_fetch_row($result))
  echo $row[1]." -- ";
}
mysql_close($db1);
?>
<hr>
<br />
<? echo $entry; ?><br />
</body>
</html>
```

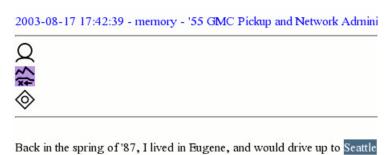


Figure 21: keyword selected

Adding metadata



Back in the spring of '87, I lived in Eugene, and would drive up to Seattle Back in the spring of '87, I lived in Eugene, and would drive up to Seattle

This is all done on a single page using meta refreshes and parameter passing on a URL. This is how I'm able to pass data between JavaScript and PHP. As I've noted in some of the other related articles, this works on Firefox 1.0.7 and on Mozilla 1.7.5. That pretty much covers the browsers I use, and so I'm done. IE6 does not support DOM to the extent of Mozilla, but I hope that over time this changes. The DOM specifies exactly the kind of functions that I need to make this application. It crosses my mind that if all browsers supported the full DOM spec, then the importance of dedicated desktop applications diminishes. Hmmmm... I sense a conflict of interest here w/ IE. I'm sure there are better ways to do this, probably AJAX, but this does work and is pretty compact and easy to understand. I actually did look a bit at using some AJAX libraries to do this, but, really, the above code is much simpler. Plus, I'm pushing the browser compatibility issue to the limit. The getSelection function, in particular is relatively new, and not well supported. The meta refresh and URL passing is definitely a hack, and it is certainly a place where the code could

be improved. The rest of the journal app is pretty boring. The keyword categorization was the hard part. Keep an eye on Signal Q for the full application. It could be awhile. I'm basing the entire back-end on stock XAMPP, since this is not intended to be public. The entire system can be backed up to a CD. See this article for details on how to bring up an entire O/S with MySQL, PHP, and Apache on around 500 megs total for the system. It is kind of interesting when you think about information that way. The system to represent the information is key. I can store my entire journal, including all of the apps needed to run and view the journal on one CD. Ten, twenty years from now, I will still be able to view the information. This is a key idea to a lot of the battles currently taking place with free software. As time goes on, having control of the software that runs the application ensures you still have access to the information/documents you create.

Comments:

2021-10-26:

And here we are today, with a single page JavaScript app that is 7.4 MB and has 1100 articles, with tags, navigation, etc. Just tags, though, not people, places, things, and times.

2023-08-22:

And here I am in 2023 with 1300 articles in less than the capacity of a 1.44MB floppy disk.



2005-11-16 • Journal • Tofu and Hamburger Meatloaf • LR

I'm a pretty lazy cook. Recipes are the best if you don't have to measure or look up anything in a cookbook. Here is a great one to make with your child. Don't let your child touch the hamburger, of course, but the ketchup decoration is fair game. Take a 1 pound cube of tofu, two eggs and put them in a bowl with enough room to mix a bit with your hands. Cover the tofu with a mound of quick oatmeal. This will absorb the extra liquid, which is particularly important with the addition of tofu. I use about two pounds of hamburger to one pound of tofu. Add a dash of liquid smoke. Watch out, though, not too much.







Bobo helped me make a smiley face with the ketchup, which he is pointing out for you. Put a few yams or potatoes in the oven with the meatloaf. If you really have your act together (which I don't), you could roast some veggies in there as well. Bake at 375 until the center of the meatloaf is 170 degrees in the center.





I often have **mostly** thawed hamburger, and this makes it especially crucial that I'm careful about the temperature, since the center can be quite a bit colder than the surrounding area. Do get yourself a thermometer. You don't want yourself, or especially your child, to get food poisoning.



2005-11-24 • Subject • Navarro Rambler 6 and Ford Flatheads • LR

This article covers a thread of research I did on the net that follows the Navarro built Rambler Indy engine, and some other interesting implications of using a Ford flathead V8 in a 100 inch wheelbase Rambler American (58-63). First off, here is an article on getting 600 horsepower on a 199: American Motors and the Indy 500 Here is an AMC ad featuring the 199 that Navarro built: American Motors Indy ad Who is Navarro? Here is the history of Barney Navarro according to Barney Navarro: Barney Navarro Here is an article written by Navarro when the '54 Ford OHV V8 engine came out: '54 Ford OHV V8 Engine Review by Barney Navarro Navarro's '27 T roadster with a 176 ci flathead Ford: '27 T Roadster There was an auction of Navarro Engineering's stuff. This guy got some: Navarro Auction Goodies This guy got some other parts, and has pictures of the Indy engine: Navarro Auction Rambler Parts Here are the specs on the Indy engine cam: Navarro Camshaft Specs A good story about Doane Spencer, his 1932 Ford Roadster hot rod, and hot rodding in general: Doane Spencer and his 1932 Ford Roadster Here is a new flathead V8 block design: New flathead V8 design Here is a page with some information on the French flatheads, as well as some great pictures of the blocks: French Flatheads Some more information and pictures on the French Flatheads: Yet More French Flatheads Here is some information on the French flatheads that Halibrand is reselling: Halibrand Flatheads These are pretty much new blocks that will take bolt on parts that are designed for the old Ford flathead circa '53. The transmissions that bolt on are from the earlier, '39-'48 series.

There are Edelbrock heads available for these engines: Edelbrock Heads for Flatheads Here is a picture of a motorcycle with a Ford flathead in it: Motorcycle with V8 Flathead Here is another good site to learn about Ford flathead V8s: Ford Flathead V8s So... What do we have here? The heart of hot rodding in many respects, is the Ford flathead V8. Many of the old timers grew up on these (necessarily!). There is a renewed interest as well. There are many after market performance parts for these. A Ford flathead underneath the hood of a 100 inch wheelbase Rambler would look much nicer and at home than a small block Chevy engine. To make things even more happy, you can get a brand new block for \$1,500, so you don't have to worry about building on a 60 year piece of cast iron. From what I can tell, if you start with the French block, the bolts are all standard, so everything should bolt right on. Of course, Navarro showed how much you could do with a 199. The problem is, though, that the larger engines, the 199s and up, are too long to fit in the 100 inch wheelbase Americans. Now, I'm taking it on faith that Frank knows what he is talking about when he says that a Ford flathead would fit in the smaller Ramblers without cutting; however, I bet he is correct. As for Ruby, I'll probably just stick with the 196. Maybe Bobo will put a Ford flathead in Ruby someday. Perhaps by then the Motor City Speed Equipment block will be in full production and he will have even more choices.:)



2005-12-03 • Subject • Replacing the 196 OHV Head gasket • LR

I saw a wee bit too much white smoke in the exhaust. It has been taking longer and longer for the smoke to clear up after starting, to the point where there is still white smoke when the engine is at regular running temperature. The white smoke would go away after driving around. I decided to replace the head gasket, and this seems to have solved the problem. Before you remove the rocker arm cover, drain the radiator and remove the hoses from the water pump and thermostat housing. Remove the carburetor and the rocker arm assembly:



The bolts/studs on the ends of the head were the hardest to remove. Be careful when you remove these not to snap them off. One mistake I've made in the past is using extensions. There is a tendency to twist with a force partially off center, so the bolt/stud snaps off where it meets the head or block. Use the shortest socket you can without extensions, if possible, when you remove these. They aren't exactly studs, because there is an integral nut in the center, kind of like a bolt with a stud on top.



Everything is removed from the passenger side of the head, now. One thing I was really worried about was the oil tubes on the front of the block, and the T connector. It turned out not to be a big deal. I've had those connectors melt in my hands before when I tried to disconnect the fittings. Eventually I'll replace all of this tubing.





At least with my torque wrench, I couldn't get to the end bolts with the rocker arm assembly installed. I torqued everything down to 40 pounds, warmed up the engine, and torqued everything down again to spec. I guessed on the end bolts by comparing with bolts on the side and using compound open-end wrenches; however, I'll retorque the whole thing again in 500 miles or so. I was pretty lucky on this whole project because nothing had frozen up on this very old engine. I did make one mistake. I should have opened up the tappet covers to make sure that all of the pushrods were seated properly. One of the wasn't, and I bent it. Be careful here. You will need to readjust all of the valves, of course. I imagine that the proper way is to keep the pushrods in the same locations before and after, but I didn't and mixed mine up, which probably caused more needed adjustment of the valves than otherwise.

#rambler #wrenching

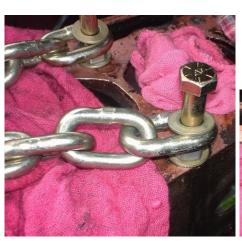


2005-12-25 • Journal • Removing the Engine - Part 1 • LR

Although it is possible to pull the engine out the bottom, I decided to pull the engine out of the top. The carport has 4X6 treated posts embedded in concrete. I also braced two 2X4 cross beams together that keep the top ends of the posts apart. By stringing a heavy chain between the tops of the posts, and attaching a 3 ton hoist to the chain in the center, I have a fairly compact and economical hoist. It is very easy to cause serious injury to yourself and others as you hoist 500 pound hunks of steel, so consult with an expert. If you aren't absolutely sure of yourself, have a real mechanic work on your car. I sweated over the details of hoisting the engine for a long time, and figured it would be useful to share my procedure.

I used 4 grade 8 bolts that fit into the head, straddling cylinders 3 and 4. The threads on the bolts run a bit beyond the full length of thread, and I anchor the bolts against the head with an extra nut and washer. I protect the head with the head gasket.

Keep rags over the pistons and cylinders to protect from scratches, make sure that the bolt heads don't go through the chain links, and use washers. I used the same chain to drag an entire Rambler American in Moving A Car With No Wheels. The chain is rated much, much higher than what is needed. I cut 11 links for each segment. I used a 3 ton hoist.







I straighten the chain out later. With this kind of hoist, the chain needs to be in the same direction all the way around from the lifting end, through the gears. Before you hook the hoist up, run it through the entire lift without a load, and make sure the chain is straight. There is a half a twist of the chain in the picture... not sure if you can see, but that needs to be fixed, and I do later on. Make sure there is no twist in the chain.





#rambler #ruby #wrenching



2005-12-26 • Journal • Removing the Engine - Part 2 • LR

Support the engine by raising it a tiny bit with the hoist. The six bolts attaching the engine to the flywheel need to be removed. Just put a wrench on the front of the harmonic balancer. There are 12 points on this wrench. This means, if you move the wrench two points at a time, you can remove six bolts around the flywheel. I used an extra long 9/16" wrench and my foot to get the bolts off. I did not use a jack and stands, just the tires, since I hate the idea of torquing on a bolt when I'm under the car. Don't be stripping those heads off. The five bolts between the engine and the bell housing need to be removed, as do the nuts on the top of the two front engine mounts. The passenger side engine mount has a special bracket





The engine is now free from the bell housing:







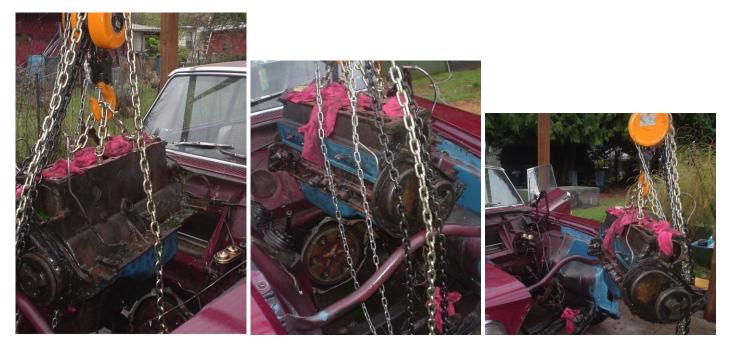
#rambler #ruby #wrenching



2005-12-27 • Journal • Removing the Engine - Part 3 • LR

The throttle bracket, heater box, and brake tubing need to be removed to get enough clearance. Keep that chain straight. Did I mention that? The bolts on either side of the oil pump, and through the lip on the drivers side of the engine could also be used. I might try those some time. It is a bit of a pain to remove the head, etc., but the engine is quite a bit lighter. Just pull the car back a bit and ease the engine over the front rail. I kept a spare length of chain in place to hold the engine if something went wrong. It turned out quite handy when I fixed the twisted chain on the hoist.





#rambler #ruby #wrenching



2006-01-16 - Journal - Whole Wheat Kids Cookies - LR

Bobo loves to make cookies. Well, the problem with cookies is they have too much sugar and fat. The butter costs too much, and the flour is usually white. What I needed was a way to make cookies that was easy, cheap, and healthy. There is no reason to make a whole bunch of cookies either. Take a cup of whole wheat flour, add a tablespoon of sugar and a teaspoon of baking powder, and stir up the dry ingredients and add three eggs.



Mix up the dough really good with a spoon. Spray the bottom of an air-bake cookie sheet with Pam. Drop the dough onto the sheet. Put sprinkles on if you want. They will rise kind of like biscuits. Because of the eggs, they are quite fluffy.







#bobo



2006-01-19 • Journal • Goldfish Diversion • LR

One of Bobo's favorite books is A Fish out of Water by P.D. Eastman. In the book a boy gets a goldfish, and despite the warnings of the pet shop owner, he feeds the goldfish too much. Bobo loves this book and knows that you only feed a goldfish a tiny bit. This week we went to Wal-Mart and got Bobo a goldfish. It was \$2.50 for the bowl, \$1.50 for some colored gravel, \$2.00 for some food, and \$0.14 for a goldfish that Bobo got to pick out. That is right. A goldfish costs fourteen cents. When Bobo gets spun into a rut, it is very useful to have an activity like feeding the goldfish to take him out of his self-replicating swirl. Twice a day I can use this wild card to feed the goldfish a "tiny bit" with Bobo. Besides being a diversion, it teaches Bobo about caring for something else.

#bobo



2006-01-27 • Journal • Some DOSBox Fun • LR

DOSBox is an x86 emulator that includes compatibility with MS-DOS programs. The installation is quick and painless, and the ability to easily mount your host directories as drives makes it one of the easiest ways we know of to run some of the lingering DOS programs we have around. Two of my favorite DOS apps are a version of life and a matrix calculator I wrote in '93. Just put the apps you want to run on the hosts filesystem:

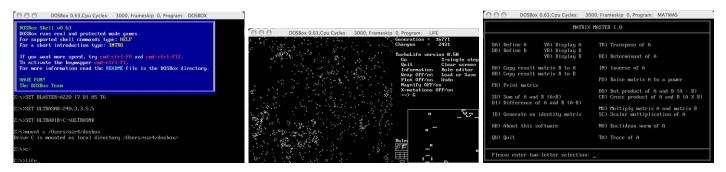
```
srv-5:~/dosbox usr4$ ls -l
total 304
-rw-r--r--   1 usr4   usr4   17874 Dec   2   2003   486life.lif
-rw-r--r--   1 usr4   usr4   52016 Dec   2   2003 life.com
-rw-r--r--   1 usr4   usr4   80447 Dec   2   2003 matmas.exe
srv-5:~/dosbox usr4$
```

The above files are available for download:

Life Simulation

matmas.exe

Mount the directory the files are in with the mount command.



Saturday, 2018-08-11 08:39:12: I brought up the latest version of DosBox and ran life for fun. I increased the CPU cycles and made a vid:

[2019: Just an observation that the interesting stuff disappears. Sustainability is kind of boring.]

#computer stories



2006-02-08 • Journal • Cabbage and Pork • LR

One challenge is that Bobo likes to help with the cooking, but it is difficult because it is dangerous, and, sometimes, complicated. The best meal to cook with Bobo is one that he gets to do something with, isn't too dangerous, and doesn't require a lot of measuring. This recipe is very simple, and the pan covers the burner completely. Yes, you need to watch your child at every moment when they are helping cook. Cooking is inherently dangerous, but keeping Bobo in his crib when cooking isn't really a very good option either. I found some pork "spare ribs" on sale, and put them in the bottom of the pan. Try and do this by yourself, since uncooked meat is not something you want anywhere near your child.







Prepare for "helping cook" by chopping up a head of cabbage during your child's nap. Chopping is also quite dangerous. Bobo helps by dropping the cabbage pieces onto the top of the pork. Again, be careful about touching the uncooked meat. Cook this at medium high for fifteen minutes or so. The cabbage will start to lose volume as it cooks, and the lid fits better. Turn the heat down to medium for the remainder of the cooking. A couple nice things about this dish, is that there isn't a whole lot of steam or spatter that comes off and the pork doesn't need to be turned. The juices from the pork fat and cabbage juice cook the meal. There is no added liquid. This makes it easier to do with Bobo.







2006-02-16 • Subject • Installing the Engine • LR

I removed the engine, and it was not a pretty engine. I was able to find the oil leak, which was not the rear seal, but rather the external tubing. More on that later. I've painted the engine, and am putting it back in.



So much prettier with the new paint job, and it is nice to be able to tell where oil leaks are coming from and not get covered with 40 year old grease every time you work on the engine. The engine load leveler tool I purchased helps a lot in getting the engine in at the right angle. You can see Romeo, the 1963 Rambler American 330 with the bad frame in the background. One thing that was puzzling was the engine mounts. It doesn't look like the engine mounts are in the right position.



I did install new front engine mounts, and they looked the same as the old. It turns out it was simply the way the engine sits when fully lowered on the mounts. To install, it is easiest to remove the driver's side mount and put the passenger side mount in the slot as you lower the engine. Here are a few more shots of the engine after I installed the head, valve cover, and carburetor:

#rambler #wrenching



2006-02-17 • Journal • Ugliest Dinner Ever! • LR

You know how everything Richard Scarry is the best book ever? Well, here is a picture of the worst looking dinner ever:



Figure 22: Ugliest Dinner Ever

I tried making up pigs in a blanket by using flour, salt, baking powder and eggs, and it absolutely did not work at all. I suppose it tasted OK, and Bobo did eat his dinner, but I have to say that it was the ugliest dinner ever!! That reminds me. Bobo loves the Richard Scarry video series. ABC, Busy People, and Counting are beautiful videos that have helped teach Bobo about letters, numbers, and what people do. He loves these videos, and the educational vs. fluff quotient is quite high. When we pass by the elementary school he talks about Miss Honey, the school teacher. Also, anything prefaced by Miss Honey is something he will eat. For instance, Miss Honeydew (Melon), he will eat. I can't always get honeydew, though, so I add honey to some fruit to make it Miss Honeyable. For instance, he is eating Miss Honey Kiwi right now.

#bobo



2006-02-24 - Subject - Setting Ignition Timing - Distributor Rotation - LR

One part of setting the ignition timing is to rotate the distributor correctly. On a 6 cylinder engine, there are 6 sparks per revolution of the distributor, which need to correspond to the correct cylinder spark plug at the right point. This is done by rotating the distributor. To help with this, there are marks on the harmonic balancer that show how far the number one cylinder is from top dead center (TDC), which is when the piston is at the top of the cylinder on the compression stroke. That is, the gas and air mixture is ready to get some fire from the spark plug and do some work. With an automatic transmission, the setting for the 196 OHV timing is 10 degrees before top dead center (BTDC). This means that 10 degrees before the piston gets to the top of the compression stroke, the spark is started at the plug. It takes a bit for the explosion to start



and hit the piston on the downward stroke, wich is why you start before the piston is even in place. This is fire, not electricity... electricity travels at the speed of light. If you start the spark too far before TDC, then the engine will backfire, because the piston is on its way up as the explosion hits the face of the piston. If you start the spark too close, or after TDC, then you lose power, and perhaps the fuel/air mixture isn't even compressed enough to ignite

at all. The first step to adjusting this, assuming the engine runs, is to loosen the distributor. There is a bolt that holds the base of the distributor to the block. After the distributor is loose, hook up a timing light to the number one cylinder as shown in the picture (the farthest forward plug wire), and point it at the pointer next to the harmonic balancer with the strobe on. Look for the mark that indicates 10 degrees BTDC.



Rotate the distributor until the pointer aligns up with the mark on the harmonic balancer. Once the pointer aligns up with the correct mark, tighten down the distributor hold-down bolt. Note that the timing can sometimes change as you clamp down the distributor, so double check.

#rambler #wrenching



2006-03-05 • Subject • Engine All Installed • LR

The engine is all back in, the brakes are all working, and Ruby went on her first voyage in several months this weekend. She doesn't leak much oil any more, and the engine sounds great. My son was quite excited about the engine, and wanted to point out the oil and air filters.



The air filter needs to point forward, towards the top hose connection on the radiator, so it can suck in air from the front, but I had it rotated so I could tighten the external oil tubing a bit.

#bobo #rambler #wrenching



2006-03-12 • Subject • Replacing a 99-02 Power Pontiac Grand Am Mirror • LR

My sister knocked her mirror off on my gate. She has a Pontiac Grand AM GT, and it is surprising how easily it snapped off. She had to go, and I didn't have time to figure out how to detach it, so I wrapped it in a diaper to protect the paint. It seemed like a good idea at the time.





It turns out that the mirror is pretty easy to find. It sticks out quite a ways, and I imagine this happens a lot. If this does happen to you, the diaper idea is probably more difficult then just popping off the corner panel and unplugging the mirror.





To replace the mirrir, pop off the inside corner cover. Down in the door panel, there is a connector for the power plug.





It turns out that the nuts are 10mm. I assumed US cars were standard still. I suppose I'm too used to working on a 40 year old US car, and it took me quite awhile to find the socket. Having to use a metric socket on a US car gave me the same feeling I get when I accidentally put my wife's smaller socks on my feet. Don't get me wrong, I've fixed my share of Toyotas, Volkswagens, and Datsuns, it just seemed weird on a Pontiac. Notice how the paint is kind of scratched up? Well, I kind of thought my brother-in-law might remove the mirror. The hanging mirror-in-diaper did some damage. :(



2006-03-18 • Subject • Old Iomega Parallel Port Disk Drive Assembly and Linux Driver • LR

I have an old lomega parallel port disk drive that I wanted to hook up to my GNU/Linux box. It has been a long times since I used it, and I needed to open it up to adapt a new power supply directly from the computer. The drive runs on 5 volts. There doesn't appear to be a regulator in the disk drive, but there is certainly abundant 5 volt power available on most PCs. There are no screws, just pop off the cover by prying at four points in the seam of the case. Watch out for the two springs on the drive tray.





The rails fit so that the clip on the side fits against the rail. The other side is rotated around with a sensor switch.







Figure 23: spread out parts

```
CONFIG_SCSI_PPA=y
CONFIG_SCSI_IZIP_EPP16=y
```

This is the old style PPA driver. Here is what the output of dmesg looks like:

Mount the partition:

```
[root@sv-53 root]# <b>mount -t vfat /dev/sdd4 /mnt</b>
[root@sv-53 root]# <b>ls -l /mnt</b>
total 83920
-rwxr-xr-x  1 root root 85934080 Aug 10 2002 zs.tar
```

Pretty sure this is an old ZipSlack tarball. Check it out. It is a way to get GNU/Linux to run entirely off of a Zip disk. The advantage is that a Zip disk is R/W, unlike the CDROM distributions:

```
[root@sv-53 root]# <b>tar -tf /mnt/zs.tar | head -n 5</b>
linux/
linux/faq.txt
linux/linux.bat
linux/loadlin.exe
linux/README.1st
[root@sv-53 root]#
```

#computer stories



2006-03-25 • Journal • Big Boy Bed Lessons • LR

We were thinking about putting Bobo in his own big boy bed. Three weeks later, this has been better than we thought. As usual with change, the first few days are the worst. The most difficult part was getting him down for his naps. The first four days I couldn't get him to stay down for a nap at all. On the fifth day I tried for several hours of back and forth. Putting him back in his bed, reading another story, and leaving. Eventually he did go to sleep, and he has slept better and better every day since. It is possible that he was too old for naps and the new bed would mark the transition, but that turned out not to be the case, thankfully. The best way so far, to get him to go to sleep is to lay down next to him in his bed after reading a book, then tell him a story from memory, and then sing a song. He usually goes to sleep after a few minutes now. If I just put him down and leave after the song, he'll get right back up.

#bobo



2006-03-28 • Dream • Car Pit Dream • LR

I was walking down a city main street with Bobo. He was walking beside me, rather than on my shoulders. We were in this recessed 5 foot pit, with car parts from several different in-progress auto repair projects going on. I was trying to get by, looking for a way to safely get past the cars with Bobo. I tried to keep Bobo away from the toxic dust from the brakes. An Asian man about thirty five years old, that looked like Chow Yun Fat, helped me get past the parts that were leaning against the side of the pit. I wondered why he was helping me at first, but then I realized how dangerous the parts were, and how they could crush Bobo (or me) if they fell over. After the Asian man helped me out of the pit, I was in his store. I browsed through the shelves and found a set of tin strainers. They were flimsy and a bit rusty. Underneath the set of strainers, kind of stuck to the bottom, were two booklets. One was about how to use the strainer, but another was a wholesale price book. There was a small black and white picture of a stud removing tool, removing a stud from a V-8 engine. It was a big tool, the size of a Saws-All, with the end of the tool stuck over the stud. The Asian man came over and told me that I wasn't supposed to be looking at the price book, and the prices weren't what I'd be paying. I told him that I understood exactly what the situation was. I felt obligated to buy something, and I needed strainers anyway, so I bought the set of strainers. The lady at the counter asked if I wanted the seiner too (like the fishing boat... purse seiner?), and I didn't remember seeing it. We went back over, and there was a large strainer that was like a scoop with handles and holes as big around as my pinky finger. The Asian man wasn't sure if he wanted to get rid of the seiner, or if it should go with the set. She convinced him that for the price (24 dollars), it should. The Asian man said something about keeping the last piece of the set in honor of his friend (brother?) Freddy. I don't know if Freddy was dead or alive.

[May 2010: Something is changing starting now. I can tell by the dream. This was the first dream that had the flavor. I didn't write them down, but dreams before this had been about these trashed bathrooms in the city. The toilets were filthy, and few of them worked. Before that I often dreamed I lived underground in the lower part of a house that was semi-livable. But this dream starts something new, something that lasted for another four years, and I'm still not sure it is over. I believe that my hiding was over and I was starting to face my new reality head on. We thought that Yvette's cancer was completely gone. I was staying home with Bobo. Yvette and I switched places again later in the fall of 2006, when I took a job at a law firm as a systems architect. I think I knew inside, in my unconscious mind, that things were not right. We didn't know until January of 2009 that Yvette's cancer came back, but just watch the dreams unfold.]

#asian #bathroom #bobo #cancer #pit #rust #wrenching #yvette



2006-04-06 • Journal • Bobo's First day of School • LR

Yesterday Bobo and I decided to go to the park. Right after we left the gate, while we were walking down 166th, without any prior reference by me to school, Bobo said "I want to go to school. I want to see Miss Honey". Miss Honey is the school teacher on his Richard Scarry video series. He was so insistent about it that we stopped by the preschool near our house and checked it out. He liked it and said that "I want to go to school all day." I did have a conversation with the director of the school about part time. It is entirely likely that he heard something about going all day during the conversation, but I don't know how he picked up on that. I told him we would talk with daddy that night.

Yvette and I discussed how long to send Bobo to school, and decided that we would try Tuesdays and Thursdays from 9-4:30.

Today I asked Bobo, "Do you want to go to school today?" Bobo said, "I want to play with other boys. I want to play with other kids. Daddy put his coat on." He really does speak in complete sentences, even at just a hair over two years old. I was able to get Bobo to get dressed and brush his teeth with no struggle simply by telling him that he had to do that before we could go to school. On the way out the door Bobo said he didn't want any help, he wanted to walk on his own down the stairs and didn't want me to hold his hand. He used the railing. I explained that he needed to hold an adult's hand when going out the gate and when near a road. He walked all the way down 166th and halfway down Military road before asking to be carried. He was very good about holding my hand and walking beside me. He told me "I want daddy to go to school." I explained that I would not go there with him, and that it was just like when Huckle cat went to school and after school his mamma got him. He seemed to understand that OK. We talked a bit more about who adults were and that mommy and daddy were adults. I asked him if Bobo was an adult and he said yes, so we have some more work to do there.

I went in to the toddler area with Bobo to see how he took to the scene there. He was smiley, but for 45 seconds or so he would run back to me and put his face in my legs because he was scared and uncertain. The kids were all really nice. There were five others about the same age as Bobo, and they were happy to see him. One kid, Joey?, looked like he had much the same personality as Bobo, only a little more butch, and I can see them buddying up. After a couple minutes, Bobo started cruising around the room playing with the toys. He got to the toy kitchen range, played with the nobs, looked up at me, smiled, and waved goodbye. I said goodbye to him, waved, and left. I dropped off a blanket and a sheet a couple hours later, and the director said she had just checked and he was happy and smiley. He hadn't been fussy so far.

At 4:30 I walked over to pick him up. He was playing outside. He smiled, ran to me, and hugged my knees. The teacher said he was not fussy, and he didn't cry. She said he layed down for thirty minutes at nap time, but didn't go to sleep. He showed me a toy xylophone that he liked at the school. He said that he played with toys, and that his favorite toy was a dump truck that he pushed around outside. He also said that he played with a girl named Alfie or Sophie, depending on which time I asked, but he repeatedly said that he played with a girl. When I ask if he liked school he nods yes and says uh huh. I asked him if he wanted to go to school again and he shook his head no, but when I asked if he wanted to go to school next week he nodded yes.

#bobo



2006-04-13 • Journal • The Cost of Eating Pandas • LR

Bobo and I went to Trader Joe's today. There is a Panda Express Chinese food place there. Bobo said he wanted to eat there. It has a drive through... seems wrong to me somehow, but it is handy with a two year old. When we were ordering, I asked Bobo if he wanted different things on the menu like chicken with mushrooms, or sweet and sour pork. "Do you want pork?" "Do you want chicken?" Every time, he kept on saying he wanted Panda. Yup, you got it. He wanted to eat Panda, not Chicken.

Now, I think of the next cute story as a continuation of the above.

We were driving home (after convincing Bobo that he couldn't "hold the panda"), and, annoyed with short-sighted drivers darting around me in their SUVs, I turned up the long version of George Thorogood's version of "One Bourbon,

One Scotch, One Beer". I don't know if there is a shorter version by Thorogood that he did, but if you remember, the long version starts out with a guy who complains to his landlady that he can't pay the rent, because he can't find a job, so he doesn't have money, so he can't pay the rent. It goes on for awhile, and is quite enjoyable to me. Bobo is listening, and starts screaming at the top of his lungs, "Got Money!!"

As I write this, Bobo is sorting and playing with a bucket of coins. Last week he asked for a measuring cup, and said he was going to take it upstairs to his playroom to measure his money. It is his favorite thing right now. Yesterday he moved all of his money downstairs by throwing it down one stair at a time. Of course there was some overage, and the coins ended up all over the dining room. He tells Yvette and I to clean it up when his money is spread around, but we exclaim that we are not Snow White, and that he can be Snow White. A couple days ago he referred to himself as "money man". I think he first started tuning in to the idea of money when I tried to explain why we couldn't go to the Rainforest Cafe every day. His response was "mommy make more money" and "daddy make more money", which I suppose is what I get for not holding the line and explaining the truth of the matter, that I wanted him to enjoy sitting at his house eating a peanut butter and jelly sandwich rather than being entertained by animated creatures every day while he eats chicken nuggets. Sigh.

#bobo



2006-04-20 • Journal • No more school for Bobo • LR

Bobo really, really didn't want to go to school today. He had tears going down his face. Two weeks should be enough to tell. There is no good reason for him to go if he doesn't want to. I'll have to find another way to get him used to other kids, though.

#bobo

Comments:

2021-10-26:

This is/was a win. I can't imagine a kid growing up more comfortable and social with others than Bobo.



2006-04-30 • Subject • MCJ Push • L R

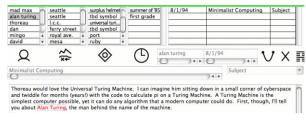
The first versions of the people, place, thing, time icons and the first push of MCJ was documented in this article. Here is what the journal looked like:



Back in the spring of '87, I lived in Eugene, and would drive up to Seattle

I wasn't happy with this and built a fat client app which I documented here

This is the form of MCJ that lasted until 2014:



#mci



2006-08-03 • Subject • Information Markup • LR

My son is two and a half years old. Already he is asking a sequence of questions:

Bobo: "What is that?" Me: "A power meter."

Bobo: "What is it made of?"

Me: "Plastic, metal."

Bobo: He raps the outside of the power meter. "It is made out of glass."

Me: "Yes, the cover is made out of glass."

Bobo: "I think that there are stinky chemicals in it."

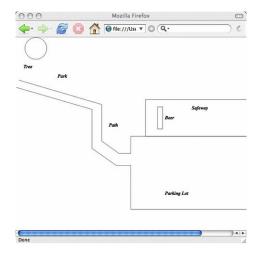
He knows that everything is made of something else. He is also aware from recent conversations that chemicals are the basis for everything, and that sometimes chemicals are stinky. He understands that words, really, don't mean anything. It is their relation to other words, and the underlying structure of words within words that explains an object. There are stories that weave these objects together, both pretend stories and real stories.

We went to the park yesterday and ate some Chinese food and chocolate milk that we bought at Safeway. For those of you that aren't familiar with Safeway, this is a grocery store chain in the western United States. Safeway was one of the first stores to introduce a club card that is required if you want a sale item. Under the tree in the park was a receipt for a single can of Hurricane malt liquor, on sale for 30 cents off, a total of 99 cents. The woman's name, presumably, was on the receipt, as was the time of purchase and the fact that she had received 5 free sandwiches. This means that she has purchased 35 deli sandwiches. Judging by the fact that the receipt was in the park, she also drank the beer in the park, under the tree. By using the club card, this woman has created a lot of information surrounding the purchase of a single item. What, do you think, is more valuable, the beer, or the information? It is a can of beer, made up of a can made of metal, some water, some flavor, some alcohol. It isn't even real beer. There isn't much craft here, it is the percentage of alcohol that distinguishes the beer. Now, the beer is cold, yes, and the beer is relatively available and near a park, which is why it was purchased. This brings us back to the information. Safeway discounts 30 cents if you use your club card. Right off the bat I'd say that the information, then, is worth 30 cents relative to the cost of the beer. The purchase data helps decide what beer to put out in the cooler, and, in this case, what beer to put on the end cap near the sandwiches. The data can also be sold to advertisers. None of this is exactly news, but we have shown that the beer purchase has a lot of information associated with it, and is arguably much more interesting than the beer itself. In fact, being able to sit under the tree in the park next to Safeway and enjoy a beer at a cost of 99 cents is probably much more interesting than the beer as well. It isn't the kind of beer you drink for flavor. She can tolerate the stinky chemicals. Here is a review of the beer she purchased.

The story is interesting as well. Who is this woman? Why is she drinking malt liquor in the park? The tangent I'm on in the back of this discussion is that the purchase is marked up. Bobo understands that nested markups describe an object and can tell a story. For those of you not familiar with this idea, HTML stands for HyperText Markup Language. Many of you know how to markup text as HTML and do things like make a word bold. The markup uses the b tag to make the text between the tags bold. The text has an attribute. Well, HTML is a subset of SGML. XML is a simplification of SGML and is fairly widespread. For an interesting glimpse at these issues in relation to the above, see Markup Languages and (Non-) Hierarchies.

When I say the purchase of the beer was marked up, I mean that the entire nested structure of related information is facilitated by the Safeway club card. I have no idea how well this data is used, but I suspect that it is put to increasingly productive use. I am also interested in the fact that Bobo is exploring this kind of hierarchy as one of his first intellectual conversations. How is this classified? What does it contain? What is it made of? These are the questions he wants answered. Further, he doesn't particularly want the complicated explanation or story. I told him a made up story about how a farmer had a bunch of corn that Thomas the train had to haul, but when he found out the train cars where too heavy he needed Percy's help. Bobo had me tell that story repeatedly with minor variations until I got too sick of it to tell it again.

As an interesting tangent, markup language can be used to show a picture for the story of the woman buying the beer.



OK. I'm pushing it here. I wanted to show the full array of markup, though, and what that might mean, and getting kind of general.

I've been looking at DocBook as a way to document systems and network administration tasks. Even key combinations can be marked up. You can get all kinds of benefits from this. Once the information is completely marked up, down to the key combinations, the information can be re-presented in a meaningful way.

On my network administration website that I run, the single most popular query is resetting the root password on MySQL. I wrote a somewhat stupid article on how to set this in January 2002, and it is still, by far, the most popular. The reason is that it takes a general search via a search engine to find out how to do this quickly. The existing documentation isn't good enough.

Perhaps I can learn from Bobo:

"What is the problem?"

- "I forgot the root password for MySQL?"
- "What is a root password?"
- "It is a sequence of characters that need to be provided for complete access to the MySQL database."
- "How do you set the sequence of characters?"

Anyway, there are a lot of tools out there now that are meant to do this exact thing: markup the text so it is inherently meaningful and present the text so that it is informative. In fact, there is no reason why the needed action couldn't be performed by the documentation browser. Say, for instance, that the version of MySQL was marked up. The browser could then find the exact procedure to do and prompt you to see if you would like to do it. Likewise, the fact that you did it could be re-embedded into your local documentation.

#computer_stories #ouroboros



2006-08-16 • Memory • Tuna Fish Sandwich with Nana • LR

I was working on MCJ. I wasn't working at the law firm yet. I'm not sure if Yvette and I had talked yet about me going back to work or not. I brought my mountain climbing journal project to our annual family reunion and got most of the menu items on the utility screen finished. I stayed home from most of the daily outings to work on programming. My room was right above the kitchen, so at least a couple times I was woken up really early or really late by the noise from the food preparation. I'd go downstairs and work a bit on my programming some more when I woke.

One time while everybody else was out horseback riding or shopping, or something else, I stayed home with Nana. I worked on my software while Nana dozed. She would doze, then talk a bit, then read, then doze. We talked about what I was doing with the software and my web sites. She listened as I told her about how I linked up various keywords for the journal and used the journal software as a content management system. She told me about her days as a nurse during WWII, how she met Grandpa, and how she gave up her career as a nurse to raise a family.

We talked between naps for most of the morning. She would be reading and then she would just close her eyes and sleep briefly. When she woke up we would talk some more. She asked if she could make me a tuna fish sandwich. I said that sounded good, and we went in the kitchen. She made a simple sandwich with tuna fish, mayo, and lettuce, along with some potato chips on the side. I brought some water out for us to drink, and we sat and ate our sandwiches looking out over the bay.

This was the last time I really talked to Nana. She got sicker and sicker and died the next spring. I had such a great talk with her.

May, 2010, I still have a very clear image of eating a sandwich with Nana and our conversations, looking out over the water in the sun room.



2006-09-25 • Subject • Interview with Medicine Bear • LR

Medicine Bear is the founder and steward of a community in Nevada that plans to be one of the first true, intentional, off-the-grid solar powered communities. The community is called the Sage Valley Community, and currently includes 14 - 40 acre lots. There are adjacent lots that can be included in the future, for a possible community of 50 or more homes. Central to the community is the covenants, conditions, and restrictions (CCR's). The CCR's cover more than the typical limitations of what kind of roofing material you can put on your house. Medicine Bear has included a philosophy for a relation to the earth and other people in the CCR's. The Peace Principles from Traditional Societies are the foundation of the community:

- 1) Always Work for Peace.
- 2) Always Work for Unity.
- 3) Always Carry a Good Message.

In addition to these principles, the CCR's include discussion of the"Heart Connection" between members of the community, the earth, and spirit. The general idea is that openness to the web of movement, thoughts, and actions between the members of the community and their relation to the earth is critical to a well functioning and beneficial community. Medicine Bear is trying to redefine the way society thinks of its relation to the earth, and Sage Valley Community is the result of his experience and thought towards that goal. Central to this thought is embodied in the writings of Daniel Quinn, Paul Shepard, Sobonfu Some, Martin Prechtel and others. We asked Medicine Bear some questions about Sage Valley, and have posted the questions and answers below. [Note that neither A. Codrust nor Mud Hut Club have any connection to Sage Valley. We do not endorse Sage Valley. Do your own research and consult with a lawyer before giving anybody money, especially if the exposure was via the Internet.]

Thanks for the juicy questions. I should start with a bit of my background philosophy so readers will have a sense of where I am coming from.

What are the two biggest drugs in America? Electricity and gasoline. We are all totally addicted to these substances and we will sell the future of all the coming generations down the drain to maintain our fix. Our culture has evolved to a place where everyone in this country has a very comfortable lifestyle based on cheap petroleum. Due to the lack of maturity, from a lack of connection to the Life Force of the Earth in our youth, most adults have an adolescent or even pre adolescent mind set. These adults have slowly over the last 5,000 years formed cultures whose values are those of pre adolescents. Every successive wave of young brains is brought up in a system that is more disconnected from Reality. This trend is accelerating as urbanization grows.

I also just saw the movie "An Inconvenient Truth" by Al Gore. This is essential viewing for anyone interested in the slightest connection with what is happening on Earth.

If everybody lived as you feel is best for the world, would the advanced technology needed for living in a small community off the grid in central Nevada even exist?

There is no one way for everyone to live that is best for the world. The more diverse cultures and ways of living there are, the more complete the human experience is.

The advanced technology for living in a small community off the grid anywhere in America was in place and functioning quite well until the year 1492. The concept that electricity, gasoline and the technology of the last 100 years is necessary to live a happy fulfilled life is a total misconception that leads us to think that this technology will save us when it is clear that our addiction to this stuff is only getting us deeper into trouble.

I have no idea what mix of technology and earth based living would be the answer for humanity. A culture-technology that can live on Earth and have every stream drinkable, with healthy oceans might be viable. The impending disaster

from Global Warming may be a blessing in disguise as the effects of genetic altering, continued overpopulation, unabated pollution, over fishing etc. may be even more disastrous to the Living Earth. Do you really think that the corporate world can control genetic engineering?

How crucial do you think the army and police are to securing the land, property, and personal safety for your community? Do you see this changing over time as Sage Valley has more and more invested in independent power, agriculture, and water systems?

This is a difficult question. At the present time, the army and police systems are giving a certain amount of safety and security to the country. I think there is a quote from Gandhi to the effect: "A society who would give up their freedom for security deserves neither". When we entered this earth plane in physical bodies, God did not give us any kind of insurance policy. There are many kinds of risks inherent in the process of incarnating on Earth. Our culture is obsessed with the idea that we can have cradle to grave comfort and security. There is no real learning in this attitude. The Mayan People and others have a philosophy that we give back to the Spirits our Death as a Thanksgiving for the privilege of having the Sacred opportunity to live on Earth. So the whole concept of safety and security needs to be thought about and put in the proper perspective.

Having just seen "An Inconvenient Truth"; my basic belief that humanity is headed for an absolute catastrophe has been reinforced. If the entire country seriously evaluates its cultural needs and engages in real long term planning we can take care of the Global Warming Issue. Reference the book "Collapse" by J. Diamond. I don't have a lot of faith in the pre adolescent mind set that is running in most people's brains, including my own, so I don't know if we can accomplish a major cultural shift without enormous amounts of pain.

If we don't get this global warming thing under control, one of the results will be major desertification and the survivors will benefit from knowing how to live by the Peace Principles in a high desert environment without any technology at all. If there is a major cultural catastrophe in the future then all thoughts of the government providing safety and security will be out the window. They will be foraging for food with everyone else. It depends on how quickly the catastrophe unfolds and how it effects the food supply.

Let's say that there was an opportunity early in your career to work with a group of engineers that focused on creating alternatives to petroleum-based power generation that created low emissions and waste, like fusion reactors. If you could go back in time and choose, now, between being part of that group and the path that you took, would you make a different choice?

The entire human race was that group of engineers for the last 50,000 or so years. They developed a myriad of cultures that were closely connected with the Earth and gave the peoples of those times rich, meaningful and successful lives.

I DO NOT BELIEVE THAT THERE IS A TECHNOLOGICAL FIX TO OUR ADDICTIONS TO WESTERN LIFESTYLES. DOES ANYONE OUT THERE HEAR ME?? THERE IS NO MAGIC BULLET.

Everyone I talk to wants to put on enough solar panels to keep their present pretty and petty life styles afloat. NOBODY wants to think of ways to use less electricity.

Everyone thinks that they are going to solve global warming without us empowering them to do so at the expense of some of our core values.

Intelligent use of our resources and population control is more important than finding another source. Real conservation of energy would go a long way. We want endless free energy. With a group of pre adolescent voters and pre adolescent candidates in a pre adolescent culture the only result is a childish wasting of all of our toys expecting every day to be Christmas morning. This is not how the Universe operates and is not why the human experience was created on Earth.

If I could go back in time I would hang the first King and every one who tried to replace him until there was no desire for humans to align themselves in tyrannical pyramid power structures. I might also throw in the guy who invented the wheel and the one who thought up writing which has seriously depleted the ability of our minds to connect with Reality. I would also include the first conscious human who killed another conscious human. There are a few folks back there in time who seriously messed up the teachings Jesus and others like him. I think that around 400 AD the Christian Religion was brutalized by Rome, Rome was not saved by Christianity, i.e. Christianity became Roman,

Rome did not become Christian. But of course the 'kill them all' mentality is part of the problem and the paradox, and is a pre adolescent thought pattern. And yes I have some pain and issues about the way the human experience has unfolded here on Earth.

What vision do you have for Sage Valley 100 years from now? How do you see Sage Valley interacting with other cities and communities? Do you see, for example, Sage Valley directly assisting sister communities in the same model? Do you expect to become more closely integrated with larger cities surrounding issues like sewage, water, law enforcement, and representation of the needs of small intentional communities?

In the first place if we don't address global warming this question will probably be irrelevant. The potential chaos is too great to try to plan for the outcome. Can you believe that we are rebuilding New Orleans? There are going to be more hurricanes and they are going to be more violent and we are putting more people at risk so we can spend more money saving them? Pre adolescent thought patterns at work.

ALSO IN THE FIRST PLACE IS: If the ideals of the Sage Valley Community or similar ideals are not proposed and adopted by the culture at large then the mentality that leads to global warming will only continue. So I would like very much to integrate these ideals with any sized community that is interested. Sage Valley has an open door policy and is willing to share any and all of our physical, mental and spiritual ideas.

The whole idea of Law Enforcement would be irrelevant in a truly connected group of people. This was dealt with very differently in traditional cultures. We are committed to the process of healing and remedy as a community. In a functioning Heart Centered culture the shadow side of being human is processed totally differently than in Western Non Civilization.

I am coming from the belief that only a group of people committed to the Peace Principles can live successfully on earth. Many forms of culture can emerge with these three principles as the basis. They can be interwoven with many religious backgrounds but they are fundamental.

Hopefully 100 years from now the ideals of the Sage Valley Community will have reached out and been incorporated in many ways, in many communities and cultures. It is an organic process. If I have been able to produce something that speaks to people and works because it is an attempt at formulating Truth, then it will self replicate.

Do you think that as water becomes a more contentious issue, that there is a threat to a community that is as small as Sage Valley? The political clout of LA or Las Vegas, even, will most likely trump the political clout of 50 houses in central Nevada. If LA wants all of your water in the future, they just might get it, even if laws need to be rewritten.

As the population of the Earth becomes more urban, the city political power will grow. The resulting laws will be less connected with the Reality of living on and connected to Earth. Eventually it will all implode as you can only live outside of Reality for so long.

Man has been repeating this pattern ever since the early city states in the Middle East. Cities grew until they exceeded the carrying capacity of the land and then collapsed. Mankind living in pre adolescent thought patterns has continued this idiocy for the last 5,000 years. From the collapse of cities to the collapse of empires and now with global warming and the possible collapse of the Global Economy which could take us back into a planetary ice age or something similar.

We can restart the process of evolution from single celled organisms. Cool. It is a great journey. It would be neat if we could leave a couple of sign posts for the next humanoids a millions years from now — Don't Trust Technology.

Here are a few quotes from Paul Shepard's book Nature and Madness.

"I shall suggest that the only society more frightful than one run by children, as in Golding's"Lord of the Flies", might be one run by childish adults."

"Culture, in racing ahead of our biological evolution, does not replace it but is injured by its own folly".

"I felt that I had glimpsed a central figure of consciousness, whose expressions in intelligence and speech appeared to be bound in each individual human emergence, as well as in that of the whole species, to plants and animals."

"Child-rearing practices are not just one item in a list of cultural traits. They are the very condition for the transmission and development of all other cultural elements, and place definite limits on what can be achieved in all other spheres of history."

Maybe our 5,000 year detour into the abyss of pyramidal political models and uncontrolled technology and consumerism are a part of the lesson humanity has to learn about the Realities of Living in a dualistic physical world. We are on the edge of an unprecedented environmental event to the planet, caused by human folly, and our response will determine the course of history for thousands of years. Advanced technologies can only be handled by cultures with advanced thinking, real Truth and the ability to live in a Moral Balance with Nature. Our culture is nowhere near this place and we are going to get the resulting lessons.

The primary audience for Sage Valley, according to your website is retired people. Are you worried about hospital and medical access for your community members?

I'll have to massage the website a bit. I am attracting a broad spectrum of people. It is not only for the older generation. Being 1.5 hours from a hospital and modern medical attention is a miracle. Being in a healing supportive community is even more of a miracle.

What advice do you have for others that might want to create communities like Sage Valley? What problems have you run into with regulations and paperwork? Would you do things differently now?

Absolutely base your community on the Peace Principles. Be creative and open and get in touch with the Earth wherever you are located.

Regulations are a part of this culture at this time and we have to work within the system to get anywhere. Part of the challenge is to integrate passive solar principles with the building codes. It takes some time but we have to demonstrate the viability of passive solar techniques. As these ideas take root the codes will change if necessary.

The average American home is nothing but a massive heat sink. Burn a gallon of fuel for heat and within 12 hours it is gone forever and we have more CO2 in the atmosphere and the need for another gallon of fuel. Almost every home makes you a slave to the oil industry and the political process of protecting and extracting oil reserves from all over the world for our use. The house I am designing for myself at Sage Valley will not have any heating except from the sun and no air conditioning.

Did you know that the Chinese have two major oil fields that are going to be the last oil on earth?? Those guys know how to reason and they have the political clout to not let a bunch of consumers get to those oil fields. I think there is a line in a Dillon Song "What ya going to do when your army is out of gas?"

We need to have thermal R-20 shutters on every window in America. Close them at night in the winter. This will save amazing amounts of oil. Have you ever seriously thought about those huge glass covered sky scrappers??? (Don't hurt yourself).

I may sound anti tech and I am guilty of over indulgence in the experience of living in a metals based society. We are trying to get happiness and fulfillment from consumerism and television. These are false Gods. The human experience is one of connecting with and learning from the Mysteries of Earth. Without having a cultural context to lead us into this Mystery, via Rites of Passage or similar Ceremony in our late teens, we spend the rest of our lives like ships without a rudder. We get blown around by the experiences of life but don't have a way to control the direction our DNA is programmed to search. That direction is a True Unification with the Divine Aspects of Nature that surround us.

There has to be a balance between technology and nature. We must have the moral fiber to manage technology intelligently. The entire corporate structure is immoral. Things have evolved so it is almost impossible to live outside the "Global Economy". People in Asia are basically slaves, keeping our unbalanced life style afloat, same as ancient Rome.

Civilizations must be able to control their population without waiting for catastrophes to intervene. Comfortable lifestyles for limited numbers of people (1 billion total world population?) can be achieved and maintained. This requires different core cultural values than the ones we now have worldwide.

Have you heard of the monkey traps where bait is placed in a jar with a small opening? The monkey reaches in and grabs the bait. Because of greed and an inability to undo certain fixed brain patterns; he will not let go of the bait and can not get his hand out of the jar. The next step is a dead monkey. That is exactly where we are at. If we don't let go of some of our core cultural and mental concepts we will be just like the dead monkey.

Do we have the emotional, mental and political will to start asking more questions and digging for the real answers??

Peace and Blessings on your Journey,

Medicine Bear

#supply_chain #uteotw

Comments:

2021-10-20:

I had no idea what Medicine Bear was talking about when I interviewed him, at least with many of his points. I know now, but if I remember back to my reactions and re-read this, it gives me some insight into how most people think about my current ideas. I read a few years ago that they had filled up all of the lots in Nevada, and the community was doing well.



2006-10-01 • Dream • Sand Beach Work Dream • LR

It was night. It was foggy, but I could see really well because the moon was out. It was a cold night, but not freezing. I looked down a ridge and could see layers of fog, the moon over the ocean, and rolling hills of sand. Mostly it was sand, now, but with some beach plants growing. My house was new, and was on a hill a little further down. All of us had houses on hills. The hills were all pretty much made of the freshly turned sand. There was no garbage, no trash. No evidence of human activity at all, except for my house on the hill. I knew there were others that I worked with in other houses on different hills, but I couldn't see them. I walked down the ridge, past my house on the hill, and down to the ocean. Krista was walking in the surf. I noticed that the ocean was starting to pack the sand that had been loosened. I realized that although our houses were precariously perched on freshly turned sand mounded in hills, that the ocean would eventually solidify the earth around the area. The surf, and the wind, and the rain would slowly turn the landscape into something more permanent. I noticed there were shells in the surf, rolling up and down with the waves. I told Krista, "Now I see what you mean about not leaving any footprints in the sand.", and we walked further down the beach in the surf.

May 2010: Krista was my boss at the law firm. I sent this to her in an email only a few weeks after I started my job. She was a great, understanding boss.

#hill #house #krista #ocean



2006-10-02 • Memory • Pinning the Stream • LR

My job at LawOne changed what I thought of as knowledge of systems. When I started, I was used to throwing down a short email for project initiation. I had never created more formal solutions descriptions or technical specifications. On my first week on the job the CIO called me in to talk about an important project. My assigned project manager came in with me, and I guessed I could implement the project in a couple of weeks. My project manager was furious I shared this with the CIO, and demanded I lay out the plan I had in mind when I came up with that number. I did, but it was very weak, just a list of ten items in a short email.

I went to my boss for help, and she tutored me on how to create formal systems documentation that listed requirements, design, and operational issues. I saw that the more formal treatment had a better chance at

implementing systems that people actually wanted, instead of just putting in something to satisfy the urgent need of the week. This was before agile was a thing, and analysis was conflated with waterfall methodologies. Asking questions about scalability, reliability, manageability, etc., shouldn't push an effort off into waterfall land. These are solid bits of knowledge that should be established for any system.

#work



2006-11-15 • Memory • The Tofu Report • LR

When I first started at the law firm I was asked to interview some potential candidates for our infrastructure architecture group. I interviewed one guy that I had some issues with. I just couldn't figure out where he was. Normally when you interview, or even just talk to someone, you can feel the form of the person at some point when you pass through them. I imagine it as moving my hand through the person. Some people have a very defined form underneath and with others you simply can't connect.

In some ways it is very specific, like not getting full engagement in a response about a technical question; however, it is often less tangible. I didn't hit anything with this guy. I told my boss, and she asked me what I meant. I thought about it and tried to describe it. I told her that he was like floating colored balls on the ceiling. I could see they were there, but I couldn't touch them. She asked what she was like. I told her that she was like tofu. There was a slight, consistent resistance throughout her as I talked to her. After that, I would provide what we called the tofu report after we interviewed a candidate. I would pick an object that represented the resistance during the interview and share it with her. I remember one guy was like a low concrete wall. He knew a limited set of things really well. Another guy was like a patch of young bamboo. He was flexible, both as far as the main stalks, but he also had leaves that would brush my hands as I asked questions.

#computer_stories #krista



2006-12-12 • Subject • Ford Flathead Donkey • LR

Here are some pictures of a logging donkey we ran across that was powered by a Ford flathead V8 engine.



This looks like it is a 1938-1941 from the 81A on the head:



#ford



2006-12-31 • Journal • Shed Cleanup • L R

I finished moving all of the websites to the GoDaddy virtual private host today. \$24/mo. prepaid for two years. The domain registration costs more than the hosting! Probably more interesting is that this is a real, live journal entry. The mountain climbing journal is fairly stable, now. Last week I added a feature for undo after losing an entire morning's work. Yvette went down to Olympia today to pick up Bobo, who had spent the night at Lisa's. I decided to work on the shed. The shed is filled to the gills with wood from the old ramp, the 196 OHV engine, tons of car parts from Romeo (the 63 Rambler I parted out that is now Bobo's play car). Rats got in to the grass seed on the shelf, and there was rat shit and seed all over the corner of the shed. I listened to Combat Rock and cleaned it up a bit. Yvette came home about 5. Bobo was asleep in the back of the car. I tried to put him upstairs to sleep some more, but he wouldn't.

#bobo #history #rambler #yvette



2007-03-06 • Subject • Bobo Dream Safeway and Robots • L R

This morning Bobo asked me, "Is Safeway still over there?"

We were just there yesterday. "Are you asking me if it's still right around the corner?" He nodded.

"Did you dream about it or something?" I asked.

Bobo said, "I dreamed I built a robot to move it back."

#bobo



2007-04-01 • Subject • Starting the Engine for Storage • LR

It was important to me to get the engine started. I got the engine last August; however, I got a call about a possible new job, literally as I was rolling the engine up the driveway on the cart. I put it in the shed, but wasn't happy about her home or the shape she was in. I haven't had lots of time, but I pushed to make time to get the engine in good enough shape and in a location she could rest for awhile. I did get her running today. I ran the oil tubing, hooked up a fabulous old fuel pump with a glass bowl, used the starter that came loose with the engine when I got it, and hooked up the battery from my PV system. The idea was to get oil running through her, get her warmed up, and then be assured that she was OK to set for awhile. It is good that I removed the head, as there was some rust in one of the cylinders. Not much, but it would have



spread. I honed it out and it looked fine. You can see a picture of Romeo, the 330 American with the bad frame through the workshop window. These old engines are so simple. To start her up, I just had to run a wire to the positive side of the coil and hook it up to positive on the battery, the negative side of the coil to the distributor wire, the positive battery terminal to the big connection on the starter, and the negative side of the battery to the engine, and there we go. I have to quit arcing those screwdrivers of mine on starters.





I knew I had to rotate the distributor back from TDC, but I ended up turning it further than I thought. I got a Holley carburetor as a core, but it seemed to work fine. One winter evening, perhaps I'll rebuild the Holley. It doesn't give the HP that the WCD does on Ruby, but it looks nice on the engine. The Carter is quite a bit more complicated than the Holley. I believe that the rear seal may be gone. There is a lot of oil coming out the back and flung up by the torque converter's ring gear.

#rambler #romeo #wrenching



2007-05-16 • Memory • Nana's Funeral • LR

Yvette's cancer, we believed, was completely gone. I was working at the law firm, and in the middle of two large projects and some smaller ones. This was a good time for me Bobo and Yvette. We were happy. Nana had been having trouble with her intestines, and it killed her. I was lucky, in that I got to spend some good time with her in the summer of 2006.

We had figured that we would be driving Bobo to school quite a ways, and so we needed a car that was safer than the Scion (Kelly). I decided that a safe car would be a Sienna mini-van. I remember looking at cars on my walk when I worked at the law firm. Yvette had survived cancer, and I sure wasn't going to risk losing her over a car wreck, nor did I want Bobo to get hurt. I looked at all of the ratings and finally decided on the Sienna. I traded Kelly in on her. I remember telling the salesperson that I was planning a trip to California that weekend.

We drove the Sienna (Big Ethel) down to California for Nana's funeral. Work gave me five days off, but I only took four. We stayed at a hotel next to the golf course in Grass Valley. It had a cabin feel to it. The walls were dark wood and it had high ceilings. We went to Grandpa's house for dinner that evening. We were a bit late, if I remember. We were driving across the valley when family called, wondering where we were.

The next morning Bobo, Yvette and I went to Nevada City for breakfast. We found a hip place that had a healthy menu with a large, shaded courtyard. We ate inside. It took a long time to get breakfast. I had the best cup of coffee I remember in a long time. It was really, really good, and I think it motivated us to find a better bean when we got back home. I started to get pretty grumpy about the wait, though, and I was getting depressed and weird about Nana's funeral.

We drove back to Grass Valley for the funeral. We were a tiny bit early and we waited outside. I saw Uncle Fred get out of a limo, very sad, and go into the church without talking to anybody. He, Nana, and Grandpa spent much of their lives together. He wasn't related by blood. I think he and Grandpa served together in WWII.

Bobo made a bit too much noise at the service and I had to take him out into the courtyard. The service was over not too long after that. We went over to the club house and crowded into a room and talked with a lot of relatives

and friends that I haven't seen in many years. Uncle Warren was completely blind, now. I hadn't seen him since he had become completely blind. I saw Sandy (or Debbie, I still get them mixed up), and we talked about old times. People gave Grandpa a lot to drink.

We drove back the next day. We felt bad because we had a leisurely drive back. We stopped so that Bobo could sit on the John Deere tractors in a dealership in the valley. We also climbed up the side of a cinder cone near Mt. Shasta.

#cancer #grandpa #nana #yvette



2007-06-30 • Subject • Removing the Rear Hub • LR

This particular rear hub is from a 1963 Rambler American. First, take off the axle nut using a 1 5/16" wrench. We used a socket. We tried to use a gear puller we had. This didn't work. We then tried a bearing separator between the brake plate and the back of the hub.







That didn't work either. The correct tool for the job is a hub puller. We used a Snap-on # cj129a hub puller. It has three legs that bolt on to the wheel studs. Although there is a bow tie that fits over the end of the puller that you can hammer on, we used a 3/4 inch drive ratchet and a 1 1/8 socket to crank down the puller. Do be careful. The hub can come off with some force.







Here is the hub removed. You can see the slightly tapered splines where the hub attaches, as well as the key that keeps the hub in place.



The LM67010 race and LM67048 bearing:



#rambler #wrenching



2007-09-13 • Journal • Goodbye Romeo • L R

I sold Ruby Thursday on Saturday. We are planning on moving into a smaller place. Like a Buddhist challenge, I need to let go: touch and go. Her new home has many admirers. Chris, the new owner, was very happy about getting Ruby. His mom loaned him \$100, and she spent the afternoon vacuuming Ruby out after Chris brought her home. The dad is quite into Ruby as well, and Ruby will likely spend some time in Burien car shows. Chris's grandfather I remember from walks with Yvette. He would listen to classical music in the garden smoking a cigar and weeding. We watched him rebuild an old Ranchero (El Camino?) in his garage over the years. Here is a picture of the parts that Chris drove away with today. This includes the all of the parts I pulled off of Romeo as well as the 196 OHV engine and other auction parts I've gathered over the last few years. Romeo's body is staying in the garden. Romeo is the 1963 Rambler American with the bad frame that donated many parts to Ruby.













#rambler #romeo #ruby #yvette



2007-10-01 • Subject • Change Management • LR

The idea of the IT root ball has several aspects. Mainly it comes from a conversation I had with my boss about change management. I thought that it was possible to implement change management from the perspective of nodules, points of light within the root ball. These nodules are the technical resources that keep IT running at a mature IT shop. IT is the root ball that provides sustenance to the business, the firm, the tree above ground. I believe that a hierarchical change management process hinders communication and action. I diagrammed an application that management could use to view changes planned, in progress, and completed. Management would only need to intervene if assigned delegates in various domains identified areas that needed guidance. There had been several attempts at change management in the past, but my boss was leading another effort. I showed her my diagram, and she never outright rejected it, but it was a bit wacky. Literally, nodules of light would blink with different colors representing the class of change. The main reason that a hierarchy is chosen in the first place is to ensure that decisions made in separate domains don't step on each other. My idea attempted to address this.

#computer_stories #krista #work



2008-01-27 • Journal • An Engine Cleaning Adventure • LR

I ventured out to clean the engine today. I couldn't find any markings on the engine, and I was trying to identify which kind of small block V8 engine Isaballe had. The fact that there was still straw stuck in the intake manifold along with dirt bothered me, and certainly made it difficult to see what kind of engine it was. The rumor is that it is a 327, and that does fit with the year. It has been rebuilt, though, and I don't know if the engine is original. Isabelle ran well on the way to the car wash. The one a couple miles from our house has a spray-and-wash with an engine cleaner solution, so I drove her down there to get the engine cleaned up a bit. I remembered my last trip to a car wash in a GMC, which I later speculated ended in the sale of the GMC outside a minute



market because I got water in the carburetor; however, this time I covered the carburetor with my hand as I sprayed the intake manifold. I simply have to get some kind of air cleaner for her. Why is it that many old cars I've had don't have an air cleaner on them?



Isabelle started up fine after washing and rinsing her engine. I considered a nice vacuuming, but decided against it and left the lot. As soon as I drove out onto the street she stopped. The generator light was on. Turning the key wouldn't start her. More on this later, but when I got her, the positive post was hooked up to a black cable and the negative post was hooked up to a red cable. As an added bonus, the clamps are on the post upside down, so they jar loose easily. There was a bus at a stop down the street, and I was in the way. I tried to get out the driver's door using a tricky move I had practiced reaching up through the inside of the door. No luck. I had to get out the passenger door, open the hood, jiggle the battery cables (I still haven't fixed them) and go in and start Isabelle. She started up right away. I let her go a little bit, and decided after a

minute to try and cross the four lane street, turning left on my way home. She stopped as I turned left, halfway through the intersection. I coasted so I was blocking the two southbound lanes. This time I didn't even try the trick on the door and left through the passenger door, the folks stuck at the intersection watching as I opened the hood, swiveled the clamp on the post a couple times, and got back in the cab. As I was getting in I noticed an older guy, fifty five or so, with a large beard halfway down his chest walking towards me. When he saw me get in the cab he turned back. The engine didn't start.

I got out and pushed her down the road. A guy with a Chevy truck pulled up in back of me. The truck was an early nineties truck, I think. Not in the best shape. The paint was peeling off. The guy yelled that he could push me, and how far did I need to go? I told him if he could just push me into the parking lot outside a Mexican restaurant on the right, that would be great. He did. As he was pushing, the tailgate fell down. We both looked at his truck... there didn't appear to be any damage. He pushed me the rest of the way into the parking lot towards the back. As we were entering the parking lot, the man with the beard drove his car away. The restaurant was closed, so he must have pulled over to help me. The guy who pushed me with his truck asked if I needed a ride anywhere, but I told him, no, it was just some wiring. I banged the clamp onto the post and Isabelle started fine. I revved her up a bit and drove her home without further problems.

The engine is definitely cleaner. As you can see, the block, head, intake manifold, and valve covers are all painted the same color of orange. The fact that the head is still orange and has, writing of some kind on the front makes me think that the engine wasn't rebuilt that long ago. Notice how the water pump looks a lot older? Plus, the hoses going to the engine are new... about the same age. One thing that is interesting is that the oil filler tube has notches in the top, just like the notches in the top of a valve cover for an oil cap. When I got Isabelle, there was no cap at all. I bought one that sealed, rather than one that breathes. There is a tube coming out of one of the valve covers that is how the engine ventilates. I'll read more about the engine, but for now, I'll leave it like this. It is better than the open tube.



#wrenching



2008-02-12 • Dream • Dead Rabbit Vision • LR

I was fading in and out of sleep this morning and had a vision. I was on a rolling hill with grass. I looked in my left hand and I was holding an 18 inch piece of vinyl from my truck seat. It had bits of foam and adhesive on it. I looked down and saw the belly of a dead rabbit laying on the ground, stretched out and flat. I noticed that the vinyl looked kind of like the dead rabbit. I looked off about 150 feet and saw my old '68 GMC pickup, Isabelle, sitting in the grass. I could see how the sides were rusty where they met the bed.

I then looked up and saw Yvette's face smiling, surrounded by white light. I could see the rings on her fingers and her earrings sparkle in the light.

#isabelle #light #rust #yvette

Comments:

2018-08-16:

In the days following Yvette's death, before I felt her leave for good, this was exactly how she felt and appeared to me.



2008-04-04 | Journal | Bobo's TV Device | LR

We were watching The Last Star Fighter this evening. It was a Netflix video that was scratched, so halfway through it started halting and pixeling. Bobo started talking about how his dark crystal would fix the TV. He would pass a colored rock near the TV and the video would move forward a frame. He then decided to build a more complicated device on the coffee table. He spent a half hour building this while the movie skipped slowly through twenty or so frames. He told me not to worry, that it would take awhile, but his device would work. The skipping frames got a bit faster and Bobo got excited about how his device was starting to make the TV work. Attached is a picture of the crystal powered TV fixing device.



Figure 24: Bobo TV Device

#bobo



2008-04-22 • Dream • Hot Rods, Earth Day, Nash Ramblers, and Timothy Leary • LR

I was watching an environmental public service announcement. A middle-aged man was driving a T bucket hot rod down the highway. He had crooked, yellow teeth and short mop-style grey hair like Timothy Leary had. The man was laughing as he accelerated and grey exhaust rose above the front-end of the car. The smoke cleared when he wasn't accelerating.

I ended up in the living room of this man. He came home from work dressed in slacks and a blue dress shirt - no tie. His hair was combed and he looked respectable. He said he had to do something outside and grabbed a black marker. I joined him outside. He took the black marker and started drawing on all of the tiny two-inch square panes of glass. I helped him. He said he wanted the neighbors to think he was asleep while he was gone. There was a two-foot swath of two-inch squares around the outside of his bedroom in the lower part of the house about eye-level.

Below, there were eight or so five-inch panes of slightly different colors, asymmetrically placed in the wall. After we had finished drawing on all of the panes we went back to the living room.

There were several amateur reporters waiting for us. One of them protested that he had waited long enough and he was going to go. Our host said, "I'll show you something that rocks. Do you want to see it?". Everybody said yes and followed him out to the back yard. The back yard was a huge open pit the size of a football stadium. We walked down a trail towards a car at the bottom. As we got closer I shouted, "Hey, a hundred inch wheelbase American!" I noticed that it was actually marked as a Nash Rambler, but it had side fins like a 61-63. The car was buried up to the sills. I looked in the engine compartment and exclaimed that it had an overhead valve engine. The paint on the engine was good, but the engine was half buried.

We followed our host to the edge of the bottom of the pit, where there was a tunnel. We went in the tunnel and it opened up into a cave that had other old, large car parts, mostly whole cars. We climbed up through another passage that went through a large tree. There were knotty stairs carved into the inside of the tree, combined with roots. There was enough room in the tree to provide space for other car parts. We emerged into another huge cavern. There was an old red Rambler wagon. The body was in fairly good shape. There was some rust, but no perforation. One of the reporters laid down in the back of the wagon and said, "Hey, this isn't in too bad of shape." The reporter was Bobo.

#bobo #cave #cavern #forest #panes #pit #rambler #rust #sills #tree #tunnel



2008-05-28 • Subject • Mountain Climbing Metaphor - May Revisit • LR

Nestled within the metaphor of the IT Rootball is mountain climbing. The mountain climbing metaphor has been part of my self expression for almost 22 years. The mountain climbing metaphor is very messy and complicated for me. I have tried, several times, to be more concise and less personal, but it is very hard to tell the whole story without focusing on one piece or another and fouling the nest with tainted observation. I believe that mountain climbing is a state of mind free from judgement, neither divine nor subjective. An example of a good journal entry is this entry from James Cook's journal of his first voyage.



Tuesday, 30th. Winds at North-West, Gentle breezes, and fair weather. Early in the A.M. a boat was sent to one of the Islands to get Sellery to boil for the People's breakfasts. While our people were gathering it near some empty huts about 20 of the Natives landed there—Men, Women, and Children. They had no sooner got out of their Canoe than 5 or 6 Women set down together, and cut and sacrificed themselves—viz., their Legs, Shins, Arms, and Faces, some with Shells, and others with pieces of Jaspar. So far as our people could understand them, this was done on account of their husbands being lately killed and devoured by their Enemies. While the women was performing this Ceremony, the Men went about repairing the Huts without showing the least Concern. The Carpenter went with part of his people into the Woods to cut and Square some Timber to saw into boards for the use of the Ship, and to prepare two Posts to be set up with inscriptions on them. Imagine how Captain Cook might have reacted at that time to this entry about a horrifying story. His entry is not derailed by any criticism.

I assembled the core content of these ten articles about the mountain climbing metaphor after a conversation I had with my boss, Krista, in May, 2008. I wrote:

Last week I was in a funk because I work on crap at work. It seems I always work on crap. The only truly great things that I've designed and implemented (for pay) are gone now because the businesses are bankrupt. My current project is being done for misguided reasons that neither I nor those I work with have a lot of control over. My wife told me that I wasn't being a mountain climber and it instantly made me realize I was being foolish and not living in tune with my own metaphor. I happened to have a bi-weekly meeting with Krista that morning as well. Krista asked my how I was doing, and I told her that things were better the last couple hours,

but I had been quite concerned that it seemed all I ever worked on was crap. Krista asked if I had been at a job interview. I said no, that my wife had said something that made me feel better. Krista said that she couldn't think of one project we worked on that wasn't crap. Her point was that there was always something messed up. She asked me what my wife said that made me feel better about things, and I told her that she said I wasn't being a mountain climber, but that this was a long story... being a mountain climber. Krista said I didn't have to tell her the back story, but it did get me thinking about what, exactly, my mountain climbing metaphor was.

I posted much of this story for Krista to read. She did, and we talked about it some more. Krista was a surprisingly understanding and supportive boss in many ways. This particular version of the metaphor is interesting considering that I wrote this in May of 2008. One thing that sticks out is the bit about the Art of Inner Listening. This is incredibly coincidental.

The conversation with Krista reinvigorated my interest in the Mountain Climbing Journal Operating System (MCJ OS).

Of the three books that Geoff gave me, I never did read *The Art of Inner Listening*. I searched for this and found a sole quote from the book in *My Healing From Breast Cancer* by Barbara Joseph. Deciding what advice to heed, for instance: should you get radiation if you have a lumpectomy and clear margins? These decisions can be cyclical and exhausting. Joseph quotes Crum as a helpful technique for coming to a decision:

- -Think the problem through from every angle, writing down every option and questions that still remain.
- -After this ask your intuitive self for help.
- -Close your eyes, quiet your restless outer mind and let the answer come. Write any thoughts down that come.
- -If the answer is not forthcoming, ask your inner guidance to give you insight during the night.
- -Before going to sleep write down any remaining questions, being specific about the choices and potential actions.
- -Have a pad and pencil by your bed so you will be able to write any answer down immediately if it comes during the night. Never wait until morning to write any dreams or insights down.
- -In the morning, if you have not had an answer during the night, sit down and relax; ask the question again and once again ask your intuitive self for the answer. Listen expectantly and write down whatever comes to you.

That is the only thing I've ever read in the book, and I only just read it today. It didn't appeal to me in 1986, and I lost it somewhere between Olympia, Taos and Eugene.

As for *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*, I have read it many times over the years. The symbol on the front cover is even embedded in the bed of the '68 GMC I had before I gave it to Sigg. I put the symbol on my eraser at L.C.C. and stare at it to focus before math tests. Alas... no pics of the eraser. Krista mentioned she saw the symbol on a building downtown.

#history #krista #mountain #mountain climbing #yvette



2008-05-29 • Subject • NoNIC • LR

The premise of NoNIC, the main home page for the MCJ OS, is that the system should mostly be for your own use. No network interface card is needed. Without a NIC, an operating system doesn't need security patches, or, at least,

they aren't as critical. The MCJ operating system is frozen in time, and can support the Mountain Climbing Journal. The original OS started out because a particular version of GCC was needed for the version of compiler I was using for the software. The version of GCC was not supported on most modern GNU/Linux distros without a compatibility library installed. Eventually the compiler upgraded to newer library support, but not before I created MCJ, an OS that could run it. If I rely on mainstream GNU/Linux distributions like Red Hat, over time this means that I continuously need to upgrade the compiler if I want to ensure that the MCJ works with the latest libraries, and that costs \$200 per year for support. I do not have the technical aptitude to create a journal from source with, say, GCC and GTK. I need a commercial compiler that will compile for different platforms. I have one, RealBASIC, but I don't want to pay for support. The MCJ, though, works perfectly fine. There is no reason, really, to upgrade just to use the journal. In fact, there are millions of PCs that are considered garbage that could run the MCJ just fine. Besides all that, I don't really have the time to keep up with changing a distro simply because somebody figured out a different buffer overflow for some library or program. I am interested in how this particular slice of operating system history works, much in the same way as I'm fascinated by old cars and trucks and how they work, so I don't really want to move beyond GTK 2.6. I can explore the existing set of related software, the tool chain.

When I was picking a symbol for saving the current entry on the MCJ software I turned to the Ken hexagram. The hexagram means keeping still, mountain. When I wrote this exploration of the mountain climbing metaphor I tried to locate a translation. Usually I use Wilhelm/Baynes. Crowley has a translation of the I Ching. Here is number 52:

```
THE I CHING
A new translation of the
Book of Changes
by The Master Therion
52 THE KAN HEXAGRAM
Earth of Earth
--------
---- ----
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
---- ----
KAN: Earth; keep silence like thy spine! See none
about thee! Thus the silk of wisdom's spun.
Plant firm thy feet; repose be now thy law.
Thy legs - 'twere ill to advance them or withdraw.
If loins move, the heart's liable to riot.
Keep still thy body's fidgets, Johnny raw,
and, for the love of heaven hold thy jaw!
Fortune attends who persevere in quiet.
```

Besides the OS staying still, the icon for capturing an article is also keeping still. As an added interesting piece, the IT Rootball has roots with earth clinging to it. I also interpret this as related to staying at my current job and controlling my frustration and outbursts.

#crowley #history

Comments:

2019-08-24:

The current iteration of journal runs on a generic install of Ubuntu 18.04. There are companies that sell the entire repository as well. It takes up about 130 GB, but my-o-my, what a fabulous collection of software. You can set up the repo so that it pulls from a local store. In fact, I installed the repo onto an 18.04 install and used dd to split up the disk into 1GB chunks, which I then reconstitute onto my other systems quite easily. It is possible, then, to install and configure any software you wish without an Internet connection. One problem, though, is that the repository is usually in flux when it gets a snapshot. So far I haven't seen any inconsistencies, but I have seen them in the past. They get fixed up, over time, when you do apt-get update, but without an Internet connection you can't do that. I am working through a fuller test, but, at least for now, my snapshot runs O.R.N.G. Journal just fine.

2021-01-27:

NoNIC lives again!

2021-10-26 :

It seems to me that my writing got better after I got deeper into my dream journal. It reminds me of this.



2008-05-31 • Memory • MCJ Road Trip • L R

May of 2008 was a big year for the NoNIC OS and the Mountain Climbing Journal. I restarted efforts on the fat client and updated NoNIC to Linux kernel 2.6. This was a major effort assisted by a faster Intel Macbook I got in the Spring, which let me run Fusion (a version of VMware for the Mac). There was a lot going on with me, though, underneath.

I was not really that happy at work. The struggle at work was relatively small, looking back, but at the time it was troubling me a lot. My main issue was that I was forced to design a system that I felt was fundamentally flawed in concept. It was a big project and close to a million dollars would ultimately be spent on software, equipment and staff over the next few years. I wrote a bit about this here.

There was a lot of buzzing synchronicity at the time with cancer. I rediscovered, as well, the very strange, smeared feeling of uncertainty when I accepted the fact that maybe Geoff was tuned in to something outside of me that connected us.

Geoff didn't know me, and yet he gave me these three books, one of them had the tub vision symbol on it (the logo for IT Root Ball). That is the odd thing about climbing for me. It is wrapped up in so many levels. A root ball, really, much like the aging IT infrastructure and interpersonal drama I've experienced in my jobs. I traced quite a few of the strange threads through history on this. I wrote a huge sequence of the history of the MCJ, including all of the weird things that had happened and sent it to Krista. She recognized the roots from the Phlegm House tub when I talked to her about a way to facilitate change management by delegation with the correct tools.

The MCJ (fat client) was really starting to work as I had hoped, but I got too bogged down in the program and my upgrades. 2008 was also the start of some completely new going on. The dream sequences were areas I hadn't even been aware of.

These two entries:

Dead Rabbit Vision

Hot Rods, Earth Day, Nash Ramblers, and Timothy Leary

show that stuff was starting to poke up in 2008, and it would continue through until I left my job at the supplements chain. This is a change in how I find MCJ useful, in that it showed more clearly threads in dreams that revealed an internal landscape I didn't think I had good access to. But this is a story about the MCJ Road Trip.

Yvette, Bobo, and I left to go on a two week road trip, my first during my working career. I never had the ability (or money) to take two weeks off for a road trip before. I thought it would be great to see all of my relatives. I also wanted Bobo to be able to fish with his Great Grandfather. I thought about the MCJ the entire time, though. I remember the sky at Lake Almanor and this dead resonance. I was in a bit of a blur. Some of it was likely due to the Diphenhydramine (Benadryl) I had been taking to sleep, but I felt I was getting some resolution on a huge

question I had regarding MCJ. What next? Was MCJ just a symptom of instability? Was it useful? There has always been a conflict about the journal itself. In the attic with Sammy I was clear that the journal was a luxury. Climbing was essentially unattached, even from a journal. I could feel the problem in my mind. I knew that I was connected with the process of coming to a resolution; however, it took a long time, and it didn't happen at Lake Almanor. I did get to show Bobo where I used to make forts in the rocks by draping wood over the top of the rocks and crouching between.

The next stop in the trip was San Jose to see my Brother and his family. I was still taking Benadryl. Actually, a funny thing about the Benadryl is that it was this Sandoz Diphenhydramine that I got in Myrtle Point. I walked around San Jose quite a bit. Oh my, the sky in San Jose was simply fabulous. I could feel it buzzing as soon as I walked outside. I went on five or so long walks, often stopping by the Egyptian Museum. I'd sit in the sun facing some Egyptian God of some kind and meditate on what to do with MCJ. I did remember something about time in San Jose. There is part of climbing that is related to time, kind of like Driving With Eyes in Skull. It is really pretty amazing. It was really, really easy to get in this state in San Jose. There was a richness, once you got out of the new development, that connected to people and the sky on many levels. I remember being very intent on rereading Blackberrying by Slyvia Plath. I was starting to consider the traditional geography of my MCJ landscape. Blackberrying is related to the river and the ocean, and how one gets carried along. I never did find Blackberrying, though, even though I went to the San Jose Library in my search. On one day, I think it might have been the Blackberrying day, I wandered around all day long while everybody else went to the children's museum and had lunch. I did pick up one piece of the puzzle. I remembered, appreciated, and held on to a climbing state of mind: eyes in skull.

After San Jose we saw Grandpa in Grass Valley. I continued to mull over the how, what, and why about climbing in the year 2008. I wrote down the different MCJ geographical areas one day on a piece of paper while Grandpa, Yvette, and I were sitting out on the deck watching the birds eat seed from his feeders. I sketched out the Mountain itself (peaks), river, clearing, ocean, mesa, etc. I ended up tossing the whole thing. It still wasn't right. I realized that I was too wrapped up in it, but I knew I could get some kind of resolution. I went on a really long walk and took a wrong turn. I ended up walking all the way down to some highway. I found all kinds of cool junk on the side of the road: a broken pair of glasses and some other items I brought back. I had to pee and walked down the bank behind a tree in a field. The field had some old structures that looked like they might be fifty years old or so, a broken down shack, a foundation. I hung out on a rock for a little while, letting the sun warm me and continuing to contemplate climbing and my MCJ project.

We then went up to Eugene. Ahhh... Eugene Eugene has the best sky. Eugene is the home to the Mountain Climbing Journal. Eugene is where I walked next to Kesey. Eugene is home to Lincoln Street Market and the park. I've had more solace from the sky in Eugene than anyplace else in the world. Like in San Jose, while the rest of the family was having fun together, I took the entire day to think about MCJ. I parked over near the Lincoln Street Market. It isn't called that anymore. I went over to the park and sat on the ridge facing that house across the far street where the insane woman yelled at me that I was a rapist in June of '86. I felt the sky for a bit and made some progress on my MCJ meditations, but there was an event of some kind, perhaps a wedding reception, and the people were a bit distracting. I wandered around the neighborhoods. The Eugene neighborhoods have pretty dense trees over between Lincoln park and that park off of West 11th (the big one near where we used to live). It is often cool and slightly damp. The yards have layers of overgrown plants and attempted raised beds (and successful ones). There are a lot of plants around these houses. It is beautiful, secret. I wandered over to the 11th street park. I finally did get resolution. I could continue to work on the tools (Mountain Climbing Journal Software), but my journal should not be public. That wouldn't interfere with the quality of the state of mind I was holding on to since meditating outside the Egyptian museum.

Funny. After all of that time I spent turning MCJ over in my mind and meditating on what I should do, not tons came of it. In fact, as I write this, I'm only aware of a slight change in how I use MCJ today. But, this stuff isn't very tangible. This isn't a subject entry either, this is my memory of the MCJ Road Trip of 2008. The last time I went fishing with my Grandpa among other things. For good or bad, though, it is this strange MCJ metaphor and landscape that overpowered everything at the time. That is my memory.

#blackberrying #bobo #cancer #eugene #grandpa #history #kesey #lincoln_street #mountain_climbing #sammy #san jose #sky #slyvia plath #smeared #west 11th #yvette



2008-08-09 • Dream • Old House and Fire Pit Dream • LR

I was working in the side yard of a large, old house, our house. The garden hose was laying in random, somewhat tangled loops on the grass. There was an entrance off of the side, kind of like the entrance at the ranch that went down to the basement near my electronics area. Bobo came around the corner with a plastic bucket and said that he had found some fire in a hole. I nodded and said OK, and he went back to what he was doing, out of sight. A day went by and Dad came over. He asked where Bobo was and I said that he had been on the deck, but a fire had burned a hole in the deck and he fell into a hole, but he was checking it out. A few days later Yvette came home. He had been gone for a week or so. I told him that Bobo had died. He suffocated in the hole. I realized that I could have saved him if I had gone over to the hole earlier. I cried because he was so young, and because it was my fault that he died. He burned up in the hole. That wasn't why he died, but the fire turned his body to ash after he died. I used his ashes as mortar to fix one of the crumbling walls of our house. Yvette and I looked out the back of the house from a large solarium with a 12 foot tall by 20 foot wide wall of 6"X8" panes of glass. There were old dusty furniture, antique love seats, chairs, and long curtains to the sides of the wall/window. Outside there was another large building that needed a lot of repair. It was a combination studio, workshop, and guest house. Yvette pointed out that termites had eaten holes in the wood strips between the panes of glass, and there was wood dust sprinkling down. I said that maybe we could go to home depot to get some new windows. They wouldn't be the same, they would be larger, vinyl windows.

#bobo #dad #fire #house #panes #pit #yvette

Comments:

2009-10-18:

The house next to our house was referenced in Top of the Church



2008-08-16 • Memory • The Great Eugene Escape • LR

A 67-72 GMC 1/2 ton pickup is the perfect vehicle to escape to Eugene, Oregon, at least in my mind. I used to work as a pie baker in Eugene. I found an old keyring from Dave's Pie Shop and decided that is the keyring I would use for Isabelle's keys. Terry, the owner of the pie shop, had a 72 Chevy pickup with, as he proudly stated, a compression ratio of 10:1. I trained another driver that drove a 200 Honda scooter. He took over the pie route from me when I became a baker. He said it was a "typical American truck," but Terry would bristle a tiny bit at that.







2008-08-18 • Journal • Yet Another Engine Cleaning Adventure • LR

I told of an engine cleaning adventure in Isabelle in January.

An Engine Cleaning Adventure

I also mentioned an earlier, similar trip in my 55 GMC.

55 GMC: Shaky Steering

Well, I had some engine cleaner that I got on sale at one point, and decided that I would clean the engine with it. I was intending to do some rewiring, and it would be better to do the cleaning now, with the old wiring harness. After I sprayed it on the engine and surrounding greasy parts in the engine compartment I decided that I didn't want to rinse it off in the driveway, but rather, I would drive down to the spray and wash.

This particular spray and wash is one of the few I know of these days that has the engine cleaner selection, so I figure it is fine to clean your engine there. Plus, the water doesn't go into the storm drain. Isabelle ran great on the way over. I had sealed the gas tank, and she had fresh gas. All seemed good. I cleaned up the engine. I also sprayed out some of the gunk that accumulated above the firewall. I didn't know it, but this splattered my face with bits of mud. I did try and protect the carburetor from the water spray.

I got in and tried to start Isabelle. She coughed, wouldn't start, backfired, and cranked and cranked. I took the damp air filter off by unscrewing the top nut and removing the nut, washer, and top assembly. I tried starting the engine some more without any luck. A big guy with a gold front tooth came over from the next stall and asked what was wrong. I told him I had washed the engine. He asked if I left it running. I said no, and he exclaimed that you should always leave it running. He said I had probably got water into the distributor, but if I let it sit it would dry out. I popped open the distributor. It seemed dry. I continued cranking and got the engine to run after ten minutes or so. After stalling several times I limped her to the vacuum station, and figured if I paid another buck fifty for a vacuum the proprietor might let me hang out a bit more with my sick truck as she dried out a bit. I left a big black stain on the side of the bay where I'd back-fired onto the wall. Remember, too, that I'm wandering around with bits of mud all over my face.

After the vacuum I was able to start her up again and leave the car wash. About a block down the road she died, and I pulled over to the right near a bus stop. There were a couple guys hanging out in the bus stop, and it didn't appear they had any intention of catching a bus. I waited a bit, then crank, crank, cough, bam, cough, crank, frup, frup, grrrrr... running again. She died, but the men in the bus stop were starting to take an interest. They didn't look very friendly and I got the impression that they were looking for a way to afford their next six hours of chemical brain hack. I really didn't want to hear what they planned to proposition me with. I decided to stagger Isabelle to the parking lot of a bowling alley across the street and continue my mission of clearing out any water in the carburetor.

I found a place out of the way under a tree. I figured it was far enough from anybody that might care about my cranking and coughing. After awhile I noticed a man about sixty, with four days of beard, a white t-shirt, blue boxer shorts, and flip flops wander toward me looking a bit grumpy. There was a chain link fence between me and a single story apartment complex. He came over to the fence and complained that the exhaust was coming in through his window. I told him that I would get the truck moved and he wandered back to his apartment. I cranked some more and got her started; however, every time I accelerated she died again. I was able to slowly get her halfway across the parking lot. I ended up pushing her a bit. She is quite heavy, and I couldn't push her far. I continued with my mission of cleaning out the carburetor with lots of coughing, cranking, starting, idling. She did seem to be getting a bit better, but she simply couldn't stay running when in gear.

I noticed the man came out again to see what was going on with me and my truck. I wandered over to the other side of the chain link fence and stood next to him, staring off 100 feet to where Isabelle sat diagonally across four parking spaces in the center of the mostly unused back lot of the bowling alley. He apologized for being so grumpy and I said I understood, and was sorry I was creating such an annoyance. He told me it sounded like my timing was off. He said, "look at you, it looks like it exploded on you". I said that I washed the engine, and that was how I got the dirt on me. That seemed to reassure him. I told him it ran well before I washed the engine, so I didn't think it was timing. He said, "You probably plasticized the distributor." He said it with closure, and I thought he meant I had hurt it with heat. I said, "No, I don't think so, I looked inside it and it seemed OK." He asked if I had covered it with a plastic bag, and I said no, and he said that I had probably messed it all up. He said that even humidity in the distributor can mess things up, and that I should have covered the coil, distributor, and carburator with plastic. He was obviously getting a bit disgusted with me and my idiotic ways, so I decided it was time to wander back to Isabelle for some more cranking and coughing.

She did a little better when I got back. I was able to drive around the lot a couple of times. She still died, though, and I didn't want to stall going across the intersection of the big street between the car wash and my house. I found another spot further away, next to a dumpster that was in back of a gas station. I decided that I would take the carburetor off, drain the gas and water from it and see if that helped. I pulled the carburetor off, no problem, drained it, washing my hands a bit with the gas that drained out and wiping them on some towels. I had a horrible time getting the accelerator back on so that when I pushed the pedal it opened the throttle and when you let up on the accelerator it returned. First I forgot the spring, then I kept on hooking it up to the wrong hole, or I figured that the

spring went in one hole but the accelerator rod went in the other. The spring goes in the same basic place as the accelerator rod does.

A few more cranks and I heard this horrible grinding sound. I decided it was time for another approach to the problem of being two miles from home with a '68 GMC that didn't run. The Shell station was open, and I asked the man on duty if they repaired cars. They had bays and lifts, but they didn't do any work on the weekend. I needed some help.

I called my wife from the pay phone, as I had forgotten to bring my cell, and asked her to bring the tow strap from the workshop. She had to pack my son into the Sienna, (Big Ethel) so it would take a bit of time. In the mean time I got some water from the grocery store and stood on the corner of the intersection and waited. We decided that out of the box a Toyota Sienna doesn't have any really good places to hook a tow strap to. The bumper is all wrapped in plastic, and I couldn't find any hooks. Really, it is just a stretched Camry underneath. I have done some pretty creative towing and got away with some miracles, and really shouldn't push my luck any more than I have to. Early one morning in the winter of '86, a friend of mine showed up after hitchhiking back from Kelso, where he broke down in his split window VW van. It even had a crank hole in the rear lid for starting the engine. He and Paula, the girl I drove down to Arizona later that year in June, had taken a failed late night drive. They spent a long time trying to get a ride, got cold, and lit a campfire to keep warm. I drove back down to Kelso with Sigg and Rhett in my '84 Mazda long bed pickup. We hooked up a tow strap to my rear bumper and their front bumper and started back with Rhett and Sigg riding in the bus. Going freeway speeds the trip from Kelso to Olympia is about an hour. We didn't travel quite that fast. The bus would wander into the other lane, blown by wind and the draft of other vehicles, and an '84 Mazda pickup is not very heavy, so you can imagine how dangerous that was. A Washington State Trooper passed us, though, and left us alone. We got home safely, but I remember as I drove alone in the truck, being buffeted back and forth by my tow, that I made a pact with myself and whoever would listen that I wouldn't attempt a towing like that again.

My wife drove me home and we had lunch. I briefly struggled with the notion that rather than pay for a tow, I should do like I did in '87 and find somebody to buy Isabelle for \$50 and a ride home. My wife dissuaded me, luckily. I called a local tow company and met them there five minutes later. It turned out that the driver was a brother of my neighbor. It was a flat bed tow truck that hoisted Isabelle onto the bed. Isabelle is safely home, now, and ready for some fixing.

I suspect that I messed up the starter; however, there is also the mystery of the air cleaner. Remember how I removed the filter? Well, there is a missing piece. I believe there is a piece of threaded rod that is missing. I don't know for sure if it fell into the top of the engine or not. I don't remember removing it, now it is gone, and the engine makes a horrible noise. To be safe, I'm pulling the heads and intake manifold. Even if the noise is just the starter, I feel compelled to violate the rule of "don't pull the heads just to peek" rule to make sure that everything is happy.

#isabelle #wrenching

Comments:

2021-10-26:

Sigg said the fuel pump was bad. I gave Isabelle to him.



2008-09-08 • Subject • Replacing the Flex Plate • LR

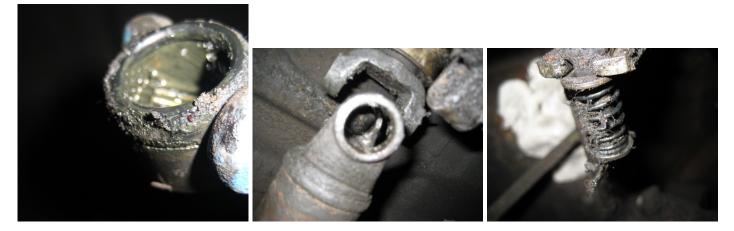
In Yet Another Engine Cleaning Adventure I broke some teeth off of my starter and ground up my flex plate. Now, I don't really want to take the transmission out, nor do I want to take the engine out. There are rumors that you can replace a flex plate with a thin wrench that you slip up next to the torque converter after pushing it back. I don't believe this. Even if you could manage to get a wrench up in there, getting the lip of the flex plate out and the screws back in after replacing the flex plate seems pretty much impossible to me; however, it is possible to shove the transmission back a bit. You don't even have to remove the cooling lines. Take off the shroud over the torque converter.



The next step is to remove the u-jount just in back of the transmission. Remove this clip with a pair of needle nose pliers. The caps slide out the ends when you wiggle the u-joint back and forth.



Don't let the cups fall on the ground. They have needle bearings in them. It is time to work some more on loosening the transmission.









The vacuum line to the modulator needs to be removed to push the tranny back.

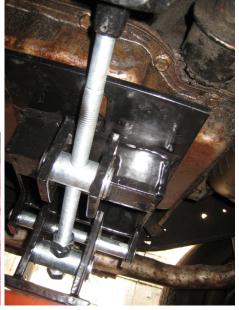






It truly is amazing how many parts are included in a u-joint, with all of the needle bearings, clips, cups with rubber lips.







We are living on the excess of one hundred years of growth in manufacturing efficiency and globalization to get to a point where a pile of parts like this can be purchased for 9 US dollars at the corner auto parts store. Speaking of globalization, Harbor Freight Tools has a 50 US dollar transmission adapter that fits on the end of a floor jack. This made pulling the transmission back very easy. Of course the real benefit was when the transmission could be tilted at exactly the right angle and raised to the exact height when lining up the pins to bolt the transmission on later. Plus, the large area of the plate made it quite safe to use. Back to the task at hand. After the u-joint behind the transmission is removed and the two bolts holding the tail of the transmission are removed from the crossmember, the transmission can be pulled back a couple inches. There isn't enough room for the torque converter to fall out, but there is enough room to reach the bolt that connects to the crankshaft. I probably could have preserved the clips if I had used the correct kind of needle nose pliers. A new u-joint usually comes with clips.







Some flex plates have extra metal on them for balance. This flex plate and the one I removed do have some holes and drill marks that were used to balance the wheel; however, this is not an externally balanced engine. That is, if you take the flex plate off, the engine is still balanced. It appears to me that the flex plate is merely balanced with itself. This is good, because it would be difficult to swap plates otherwise. I purchased the new, used flex plate for ten bucks. It is made by GM. There was 40 years of spare change spread around the inside of Isabelle.







This is the amount that I had to move the tranny back to get the old flex plate out. The idea that you could remove the flex plate without moving the transmission back really seems far fetched.

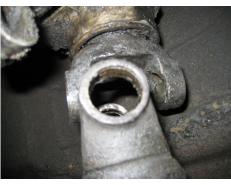






When putting in the new u-joint, put a bunch of grease in the cups to make sure that the needle bearings don't fall out. Carefully push the cups in after cleaning the yoke.







Make sure the new retaining ring is seated well by carefully rotating with a screwdriver. When I walked into the auto parts store the guy behind the counter started asking me all of these questions to figure out what u-joint he needed. An old guy sitting on a chair said "369". When the younger guy finally found the part in the computer he said, "I hate it when they do that". Yes, a 68 GMC u-joint is so popular and in wide use that the old guy sitting in the chair could just call out the part number.





The Federal Mogul Precision number is 369. I would stick with that number, it seems to be the most common. Some other numbers that seem to be similar are Spicer number 5-153x, Neapco number 1-0153, and TRW number 20049. Notice the 153 designation on the generic Chinese made part in the picture above. Really, the measurement is what counts. I'll measure some of these and put that up here.





#isabelle #wrenching #global_supply_chain



2008-11-23 • Dream • Rustc Credentials Dream • LR

I dreamed I got a job on the production of a play directed by Dean from my job at the supplements dot com in 2002. Terri (from supplements dot com and later the Vitamin store) was the producer of the play. She came by on my first day and said she had found an official description of the job she wanted to hire me for. She had found a description at the national association that the theater was part of. It was on a goldenrod piece of paper, and it listed the job as "Internet specialist. Someone who can handle the communications and the Internet presence of the production." She said that she wanted to get my rustc credentials (she was referring to my rustc logon account at my current job). I ended up getting a job a few months later in real life working for Terri. One of the bigger mistakes I've made in my life.

The first day I left early, at 5, after tidying up my area. The room was just like the lecture room I had during beginning of a writing class I had at community college. The tables were attached to tiers and ran half the length of the room. We sat in front of them. They were only couple feet deep. In real life, the teacher had a heart attack, or some other medical problem, and another teacher had taken his place at the beginning of the class. I remember he didn't approve of the real teacher's methods and mentioned it to the class. At the time I remember thinking it was inappropriate. It turned out a week or two later the real teacher came back. I wrote "55 GMC with butterfly wings" during that class. The teacher rode a motorcycle to work. He looked kind of like George Carlin, and he would quote George Carlin jokes at times. One time the following year, the teacher and his girlfriend sat down at my table. I was high on caffeine and impressed with a small pun I had created with words at the time and shared it with him. His girlfriend gave off the impression that she thought I was full of shit. The teacher asked me what I was studying, and I told him math and physics. He told me to make sure that I didn't neglect my writing, and I knew it meant he thought that I should write after I graduated from school.

Back to the dream. I left as usual at 5. The next day I came in to do my job, which was studying lines for the play. I went out and got some McDonald's for dinner. I had decided to work late. I ate part of my dinner, but had to pee. I went up the side staircase. It was blocked off, but I could squeeze around the side. I called Yvette. It was 9pm, and I let her know I would be late. I remembered how she had recently asked me if I was OK when I went to sleep at 7:30 I remember when I would sleep for so long in the cabin that I couldn't set the alarm clock because it was over 11 hours. It turned out I had hepatitis. Anyway, I was surprised that it was 9pm and I was doing fine. The building was like a cross between Deady hall and the Smith tower. The small stairwells were like Deady. It was an old building. I entered the top part of the building. It was like a small version of the Chinese room in the Smith tower. Also the math library at Deady was kind of similar, in that the top of the building was a bit smaller. I used to go up to that library when I was working on my math software. I remember talking to the professor that I had been kind of mean to. He was retiring or retired at the time he taught the class. He asked me what I was doing and I told him that I was working on a matrix software package I was going to sell.

As I entered the pyramid-shaped room (the cabin, the Hobbitat, was a pyramid in the top, as is the office building where I currently work), I noticed a middle-aged white woman with wavy brownish-black hair that barely went over her shoulders. There were several other people up there. She was up there as a security guard to keep people from jumping. She said that there used to be a really strong man there that would help her. When people jumped off the other man would catch them. He would stand on the asphalt and catch them. He left, though. She had caught a jumper herself, though, and she showed where had been hurt. She pulled up her skirt to show me and the others in the room where she had been hurt. She had huge black legs, which surprised me as I thought she was white. She traced out her wound with her finger and I could see a faint white line. I didn't really want to look at her big, black bare legs any more, so I fled out onto the roof where I had previously peed. I couldn't find a place, though, because the students had come back from summer school and were studying and talking all over the roof.

I went downstairs and walked around the back of the building to find the entrance to the basement, where I remembered there was a bathroom. I could smell the ocean as I walked around the building. I saw a car that was kind of like an El Camino that the security guard owned. It was bright yellow. The back part was rusted off. Where a tailgate would have been was nothing but yellow shiny metal ending in a rusty edge. There was really no way to tell if it was an El Camino kind of vehicle. It could easily have been a sedan that had the top and trunk rusted off. Also,

it was a Chrysler (the company that bought AMC). I noticed that the dash panel had shiny gauges. It had been a really nice car, very expensive when new, 20-25 years before, and she had tried to take good care of it, but the salty ocean air had eaten it up slowly. The yellow paint was clean and shiny where it existed. There was only one seat left in the car, the drivers seat. I noticed she had a "The Club" locked on the steering wheel to keep somebody from stealing the car.

I went through the door to the basement. I found a bathroom and peed. I tried to find the stairway back up to the theater. I went into a science lab where Ernie, my brother-in-law, was a scientist. He was talking to a representative from the government or a shipping company about deliveries to the lab. They were assuring him that deliveries would be properly accounted for, and Ernie was happy with that. Ernie had a reddish goatee, *like Ryan, the guy that used to work for my current boss, Frank, that would put in 100 hours a week if needed to make sure that things worked well and he made his dates. Frank has worked with Ryan for a long time. Last week I was talking to him about the difficulties navigating the issues with the old litigation software we were running. I basically had to tell everybody that the way we had been running the system for two years was broken because we were running it wrong. The binary for the fat client was run over the WAN. Frank told me how Ryan had been key in deploying new ATM software to 1800 locations without any downtime.*

I noted that Ernie, too, was working late, and made my way upstairs to the room where we were studying our lines. The building also had the feel of the old library at the university, where I used to work. I would do a four hour stint sorting Chinese cards for the card catalog. After two hours I would get a fifteen minute break and would buy a 50 cent coffee from the machine. The cups had playing cards on them so you could play games with them. I'd also buy a twin pack of Mother's cookies, usually soft peanut butter cookies, and have them with the coffee. It would give me a boost as I did the rest of my card sorting and filing shift.

I made it to the floor where I worked. As I was walking down the hall, there were others going back too. I mentioned to one woman that we should make small talk before we got back to the room. She gave me a faint smile. She didn't trust me, nor did the man she was with. I knew it was because I had left at 5 the day before. I went back to my spot on the table. My McDonald's lunch papers were spread out all over my work area and stuck out. I realized that people there thought I had gone home for the day and were going to leave my mess for the morning, and it was embarrassing. I finished the salad, fries, and cherry pie and cleaned up the mess. I noticed that the piece of paper with the job description as well as the sheet that tracked my hours was gone. I got back to work learning my lines. Then I woke up.

#basement #bathroom #rust #stairway #yvette



2008-12-04 - Journal - Word Fields - LR

I am working on a document assembly project at work. I had never heard of the phrase document assembly before. It turns out that document assembly is kind of like some of the original mail merge work I did early in my career, only much more complicated. Mail merge includes incorporating a database of people and addresses into a form letter and printing envelopes. In a law firm, though, document assembly is much more sophisticated and includes things like wills where a list of questions are answered and a document is created based on that information.

We had a kick-off meeting for the project today. We met in my project manager's (PMs) office. He has an office on the 47th floor in downtown Seattle. It is a fairly nice office, big enough for a small table that me and the woman who was the expert on document assembly, Chris, could sit at. I normally spend my time sitting in a half-height cube staring right at the face of somebody one cube over and sharing half of my cube with somebody else. There are people walking by all the time that stop to chat. I have never worked a job where I had less privacy and been interrupted so much, even at NextMED where my desk was out in the open right next to the entrance where everybody walked by. Anyway, my PM has a nice office. I am a little jealous.

We talked a bit about the project. Basically we don't have staffing, so the project hasn't gotten much traction yet. Besides the project, we talked about the history of document processing at the firm. Chris explained how she had been there 29 years and how they had been doing automated document assembly since the time of Wang minicomputers with 8 inch diskettes. We decided to get Chris a laptop with the software installed so she could get

started on the creation of some of the forms. When the meeting was over she invited me to her office to show me what she was currently doing.

I went down to her office, which she shared with one other person. On the wall she had one of those plastic white clocks with blue hands that said "Gone until" and it was set to the time the meeting was supposed to be over. She had a lot of tiny rock art, small stone trinkets that encircled her monitor stand. She showed me a stack of papers which were finished wills, as well as a form that showed the options that needed to be chosen. She then showed me in Word how these were generated using Fields. The field code looks like this:

```
{IF {MERGEFIELD State} = "WA" "For Washington residents, we offer special
rates to motorcycle events."
"{IF {MERGEFIELD State} = "OR" "For Oregon residents, we offer special rates
to moped events." " "} "}
```

There are a bunch of blocks of this code throughout the document. What happens is that users are asked questions and then the logic in the fields fills out the form. Her code, though, was nested at least 12 deep and took up several screens for one block. Lots and lots of logic. I was really impressed. If you code professionally you code in a formatted way. This was a single string, as long as the article you are reading is so far, at least. She talked about how when Word '97 came out it broke a lot of her code because they no longer supported infinite nesting.

I asked her if she could send me a copy of her really long piece of code, and she did. I shared it with my team, praising her, and copied her and the PM. She said she thought what I did was nice, and that she had been struggling unknown upstairs for 29 years.

#work



2008-12-13 • Journal • Do Easy • L R



I recently ran across Burrough's Do Easy, and its relation to the work of Georg Groddeck, who wrote The Book of the IT. This is yet another way to interpret the IT root ball. I talked to Krista once about being able to stop reacting to things and responding in a typical way in meetings. I wanted to start listening better; however, this is very hard for me. The idea of moving through the IT root ball in a Do Easy fashion is appealing.

Disciples like their master to stay put, whereas I should think anyone a fool who wanted me to say the same thing tomorrow as I said yesterday. If you really want to be my follower, look at life for yourself and tell the world honestly what you see.

-Georg Groddeck

#groddeck #burroughs #krista



2009-01-02 • Journal • Shepherd's Pie • L R

I woke up at 4AM and worked on IT Root Ball. I fixed the RSS feeds for the bio realm style. With the Mountain Climbing Journal there are realm styles that define the way the web pages are displayed. Codrust.com uses the bio style of realm. Bobo woke up at 4:30AM and Yvette thought it was time to wake up as well, so she let Bobo crawl into bed. I tried to get Bobo to go back to his own bed, but since Yvette had already told him he could snuggle up in bed, it was too late. Bobo can't handle injustice. Eventually Yvette and Bobo went back to sleep and I continued on my wee hour endeavors.



At 6:30AM I tried to figure out what I could make for breakfast. We had two kinds of leftover potatoes: mashed, from last week, and some quartered potatoes from a pot roast. I found a pound of hamburger in the fridge and figured that I had what I needed for Shepherd's Pie. I cooked up the hamburger, broke it apart into chunks, and then mashed the potatoes down on top of that. I got the bottom a little crisp, then put some cheese on top and broiled it. Just as I got to work, Yvette emailed me and said that Bobo gave me three thumbs up for the Shepherd's Pie and 20 thumbs up for my hash browns.

#bobo #history #yvette



2009-01-11 - Subject - Replacing the Oil Filter Element on a 2007 Sienna - LR

The 2007 Toyota Sienna uses a canister style oil filter. It is possible to get at the canister without lifting the front, although for extra room and maneuverability I jack up the front with a floor jack so the wheels are just barely off of the ground and I put two jack stands under the front for support. Remove the drain plug with a 14mm wrench. The plug washer is number 90430-12028.





There is a smaller insert that you can remove. In my case, since I tighten the whole assembly from the insert, the whole filter comes off when I remove the insert. The best way is probably to just use a 65 mm cap wrench to remove the canister. There is a plastic fitting you can use to drain the oil from the canister via the whole beneath the insert. I find it works just as well to put a drain pan beneath the canister, take it off, and dump out the oil.



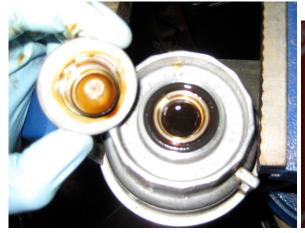


An oil change shop munged up the canister. Plus, they didn't replace the o-rings and oil leaked, which is why I'm back to changing my own oil again. My technique of tightening the filter made the insert difficult to get out. I had to put the canister in a vice. I didn't tighten the vice down, I just set it so it would catch the fins and used a 1/2 inch ratchet and 3/8 inch adapter to remove the insert.





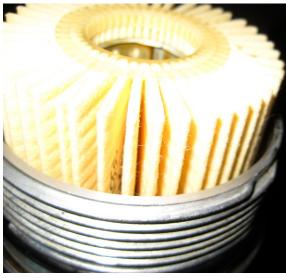
Here you can see the insert removed, as well as the small o-ring. The hole in the center is where you stick the plastic drain spout. The filter I'm using is a 04152-YZZA1; however, this filter has been superseded by part number 04152-YZZA5. Both the filters and the plug washer are available from your Toyota dealer.





Here is the new o-ring installed on the outside of the inner canister. It is kind of nice to only have to discard the paper element and install a fresh new one that is visible.





#rambler #wrenching



2009-03-16 • Journal • Creature Create • LR

We purchased a Leapster (1) and Creature Create for Bobo. We set some ground rules that we would keep it for him and give it to him when he asked for a limited amount of time, and there would be no whining when we asked for it back. Several times, though, he has given it back when he is done on his own. The activity is not as addictive as some games. There is something about TV shows like Transformers and video games that tweak his head in a bad way. He loves Creature Create. Yesterday, the best thing was that he was in the middle of creating his creature and he jumped up from his chair and ran over to his desk, grabbing paper and crayons and throwing them on the floor. He plopped down on the floor and started making story boards for his monster movie.

#bobo



2009-04-15 • Subject • IT Root Ball • L R

The rootball is a safe place underground. The original metaphor of the root ball was the IT rootball. This came from the idea that an old IT shop is functionally nourished by nodules, much like the nodules in a plant's root ball. These nodules are people that are key to decision making and/or repositories of information. The context that the idea of the IT rootball came up in was in a discussion I had with my boss, Krista, about change management.

Delegation is a good way to scale in general. Delegation can allow for parallel execution without the bottleneck that controlling every decision via a rigid hierarchy entails. It is very difficult to gain visibility across the nodules, though. The roots run through dirt in darkness with one area of the rootball unaware of other key nodules. It is possible to delegate in a way that provides visibility. Generally this is done with documentation and process. Most technical staff are quite comfortable being delegated a task that requires troubleshooting, resolution, documentation, ad process. Done! Let's move on.

Another way to scale is a pure dictatorship with a rigid hierarchy and a wicked-smart leader that can visualize the entire root ball and plant. This scales to the ability of the leader, and is not sustainable. One way that a pure dictatorship shines is in change management.

Change management is an attempt to handle short, medium and long-range changes to a system. This includes everything from changing an IP address on a server to converting from IPv4 to IPv6. Perhaps an application needs to be added to the Start Menu, or perhaps the operating system needs to migrate from OS/2 Warp to Vista. Maybe the amount a swap file on a server is allowed to grow needs to change, or perhaps the operating system and files need to move to a Grid File System. Certainly some of these changes can be delegated. Some changes should be

shepherded by the CIO. Some changes need to be done in one minute. Some changes can take five years. Change management may or may not need a rigid hierarchy, depending on the kind of change.

Now, imagine that your task is to implement a set of processes, documentation and hierarchy to manage change. Yowser! Delegation is not the answer, but a dictatorship doesn't scale. It is daunting, if not impossible to classify enough changes to navigate efficiently. A reasonable answer to this problem is to create a Change Advisory Board along with other related organizational structures, documentation, and process. This seems intuitively wrong to me.

In typical geek fashion, I envisioned a technical solution to this problem. Proclaiming, yet again, that implementing change management in ITIL style was intuitively wrong to my boss seemed kind of lame, and I wanted to offer up an alternative. In doubly geek fashion, I registered a domain the very same day. My idea was to create a console that showed the nodules as colored points of light where delegates of varying levels identified both change and the need for gates. A red light, say, would require their manager's decision to allow or escalate. Planned changes could be seen a day, week, month, or a year at a time. Tactical events like a hard drive failure and the immediate responses would be displayed in a scrolling console. People could essentially view change as slices through the IT root ball. Visibility and delegation could be handled effectively without a dictator.

I've moved on from the job that brought the metaphor or the IT rootball into light for me. I have also realized how my own life and experience has been reflected in this metaphor, besides the obvious progression into the strange world of IT management.

#computer_stories #work

Comments:

2021-10-26:

This could be a graph with nodes.



2009-04-19 • Dream • Completing the Call Dream • LR

I had a dream last night, and I had the feeling in the dream that I'd had the dream before. I knew how the dream went. Yvette and I were driving around and saw a pile of junk and old metal. It was mounded up in a hill. There was some dirt, and a lot of smaller bits, and the rubble was starting to become a hill in some parts instead of just a big pile of junk. There was a recent wreck with a cell phone flipped open next to the wreck. I knew that people had died in the wreck and they were calling somebody on the phone, but they hadn't actually pushed talk yet.

Yvette and I continued on to this house. The house had several floors. I'd guess it was 3,000 square feet. We got separated, and I was alone in a hallway at the entrance to the living room. There were balloons on the floor. They would roll into the hallway and living room from some unknown place one at a time. I knew that I had to toss the balloons as far from each other as I could while they were balloons. The balloons would eventually find each other and become dangerous. There were quite a few other people in the house. Once I had tossed the original balloons it was important to stay out of the path of the balloons as they found each other. They were not friendly, and would kill you if you were in the way. They had an acid slime trail that left burns on the carpet as they rolled along.

I started trying to hide from the balloons as they tried to find each other, and I cautioned others to do the same. The balloons gained metal ribs as they consolidated and became increasingly vicious and dangerous. Most of the people in the house had died. I knew it was against the rules to go outside the house, but I did, and I went around the side and down a floor. I could hear Yvette's voice in that part of the house. I went inside. The main orb was mostly consolidated. It had large, curved, blue and red shiny ribs. There were only a couple of other orbs left. At this point, I would throw the smaller orbs at the main orb to keep the main one from killing me. I yelled out to Yvette that I needed help, and she joined me in the room. Right at the time, when all of the orbs consolidated and there was a ten foot orb coming at me, Yvette and I escaped the room and flew away together in a jet. Yvette was very happy, but I told her that the orb was still hunting for us, and that this flight would not last.

The plane lunged downward. Yvette and I held on to each other. The plane leveled out, and Yvette nervously smiled, thinking that it was over and we had escaped. I told her again that, no, this would not last. Just then the pilot

announced that all engines had stopped and the plane started going down. The plane crashed into the same hill that Yvette and I had seen earlier. I told Yvette we needed to find the earlier crash site before the orb found us. The orb transformed into two people, a man and a woman, and they were about to kill us both when I found the cell phone. I pushed talk. I was able to complete the call that the previous victims of the wreck could not. A man answered and said hello, and as soon as he did the orb people looked scared. I laughed, and could hear a feedback echo in the phone as I laughed. The orb people were destroyed, and Yvette and I were OK.

Note that I had this dream before the miraculous scan on 4/27 that showed that almost all of the active cancer Yvette had was gone.

May 2010: and, just like in the dream, no, the escape didn't last, as Yvette's cancer has come back again.

#balloon #cancer #cell phone #hill #orb #rubble #talk #yvette



2009-06-21 • Subject • Additional Reflections on the Root Ball • LR

My memories over time are also like a root ball. I can remember a few points, a few nodules attached to the root structure that I can use to explore layers of memories that are often not very visible.

The fact that I'm writing this sentence on a journal application I wrote, on an operating system of my own creation that is generated by the journal application, running all of this on its own partition on a drive on a perfectly good 2008 MacBook is a bit of a root ball. I am naturally a bit of a crank. It is very easy for me to get caught up and not be able to move forward. There is a kind of iterative attentiveness that creates a root ball of cool stuff but rarely moves beyond this to the work effort that the tools presumably facilitate. I'm stuck inside my own container. Right about the time I'm ready to write I'll decide I need something more. It likely will be complicated, like replacing the version of the Linux kernel, or running on a Mac native vs. in a virtual machine. I've seen similar behavior in IT. There is often some broader effort that is used as an excuse to not move forward. These efforts can be endless. A new, fresh version of the next big management platform replaces the old piece of shelf ware that never got implemented.



2009-06-26 • Journal • An Innocent Computer Move - Friday • LR

My Dad called Yvette up and asked if she would help her move some computers for him. She agreed. The location was about an hour away. The machines included an HP workstation used as a server and an E-machine. The last time they have been touched was two years ago when Yvette moved them before. The job transformed into swapping some RAM around. The job turned bad when the HP wouldn't boot up again. These boxes have been running for seven years straight, pretty much, and the shock of powering down and having a pound of dust bunnies removed was too much for the HP to wake from its slumber.

There were three computers in our living room when I came home: the two workstations and a new Dell Inspiron that Dad bought at Costco. Yvette had a bit of a sheepish look on her face. She had told Dad that he would transfer the data from the drives on the HP to the new Dell and get the software running for him. Yvette is struggling to avoid becoming Dad's computer life-partner. She simply doesn't have the time. I have warned him that it is way too easy to get in way too deep. She really just needs to say no. I'm more the Windows person in the household, while she wears the GNU/Linux pants. She has had a pretty illustrious career building out GNU/Linux datacenters.

The Dell had SATA drives on it, so it appeared to be a case of Yvette going to Fry's to get a hard drive controller. I felt sorry for Yvette, though, and decided to help her get out of the fine mess he was in. She was pre-cooking some ribs for my birthday dinner, so I thought I'd quickly transfer the data to our file server until it was time for me to finish the ribs off on the grill. I poured myself a nice glass of burgundy and got to work.

Our current music and file server is a five-year-old box that was my neighbor Bea's machine before it lost its hard drive. It is a 2.53 GHz Pentium 4 box:

When I was a stay-at-home dad for a year I would go over and help Bea with her computer. It was her husband Paul's computer, but he died. Paul was a tall man, over ninety. He walked all over the neighborhood with Bea. One day he

felt a little off during his walk. They came home and Paul slept. He got up at night and fell down in the bathroom, hitting his head. The paramedics showed up and asked Bea if she wanted them to try and resuscitate Paul, but Bea said no. That is how I want to go. I want to be able to walk all over the neighborhood, garden, sweep the walk, decorate my yard with random junk, and then feel a little off one day and fall over in the bathroom and hit my head. I don't want to die in my sleep.

Bea was British. She met Paul on an online dating service before I knew her. She was about seventy five. She claimed that she recovered from mad cow disease. One time I was helping Bea get connected again to the Internet and set up her email. I got her signed up for Norton Anti-Virus and it asked for a password for her download service. I asked her what she wanted the password to be. She looked at me and said, "loverboy". "OK, I said, I'll make the password loverboy." It made me feel a little odd.

One time she called me over to look at her computer and the hard drive had died. I couldn't resurrect it. We talked a bit about what kind of computer she should get, and I convinced her to get a Mac Mini. It was an early Intel model. I gave her a Mac keyboard, wireless mouse, and fifty dollars for her old machine. I put a couple new drives in it and used it for our file server. It has been running ever since as Trasho. I figured I could use Trasho to read Dad's drives from the dead HP box.

I put Dad's drives in Trasho on the secondary IDE controller, unplugging the CD-ROM drives. I powered on the box and all I heard was a fast beeping sound. Huh. Bummer. I tried removing the other drives and putting them on the primary controller. Same thing. I plugged them in one at a time. Nothing worked. Now what? I figured a good candidate was an old machine I bought in November, 2001. I purchased it right after I started my job at the supplements dot com. It was a tower with a 1.7 GHz Pentium 4 proc. At the time we had a file server named Mondo. I named the tower Trasho after Mondo Trasho. It was my main GNU/Linux workstation for many years, up until I got Bea's box, which became the new Trasho. I put old Trasho in the cottage for Yvette to use, but he mostly just uses his laptop. The wireless on old Trasho isn't the best, and the boot drive was flakey and wasn't even booting anyway.

It turned out that old Trasho had the right age of controller/BIOS to see Dad's drives. I was able to boot up his XP installation. I made an XP backup (NT Backup) of the system and data drives to the 30 GB disk drive that had served as the boot drive for old Trasho. While the backup was running I tried for a long time to get the networking set up between the temporary XP system and the new Vista box so I could transfer the backup. I disabled the firewall, I did all kinds of things, but I couldn't get the networking going enough to transfer the file to the Vista box. I could ping in one direction, but I couldn't transfer the file. I was hammering on this at 10:30PM. Yvette joined me, providing moral support, kind of like if I was driving all night and he felt like he should stay awake with me. I tried to disable various security software, deleted and re-added the network interface, but something just wasn't right about the box. There was an IIS server on the XP box we were migrating. I could browse it from the Vista box, and it would transfer text files and HTML that I edited, but I couldn't get it to transfer the backup file. Yvette was tired and had been working on this all day. This was turning in to a wee bit of a nightmare.

We went to bed and Yvette went to sleep. I continued researching how to restore the backup after I got it on the Vista box. It turns out that the backups can be restored with an NT restore utility available as a download from Microsoft. I tried to download it on my Mac, but Microsoft requires a Windows validation tool to be installed. I have a Vista installation I can run on my Mac via VMware Fusion. I started up Vista, which sucks up most of my memory and processing power, and went to the site. Every single time I tried to download the restore tool, Vista would crash with a blue screen of death. After several tries using Vista in the VM on my Mac I gave up. I booted up my work laptop and was able to download the utility. It was midnight, so I went to sleep.

#bea #computer stories #dad #yvette



2009-06-27 • Journal • An Innocent Computer Move - Saturday • L R

When I woke the backup had finished. The backup was 14 GB. Since I couldn't get the network to work I had to transfer the file via the disk drive. I moved the drive over to Trasho, hooking it up to the secondary IDE controller instead of the DVD drive. I tried to mount it, but it was NTFS and this wasn't available to my CentOS install. I rebooted using a SystemRescueCD, my favorite recovery distribution. It could read the drive fine. I mounted it and

copied the backup over to Trasho's main drives. I rebooted. OK, now I had the backup file on a GNU/Linux box. I formatted a USB drive VFAT and found out that VFAT has a limit on a single file size of 4GB. I started to format the removable drive with NTFS, but it was really, really slow. I finally got the 14GB file on the Vista box using PSCP (Putty) and tried to restore. It immediately said the file was corrupted.

I kicked off another backup. Yvette was back from her walk with Lisa, and Lisa had taken Bobo back down to Olympia for the weekend. I tried to connect the machines by mapping a drive and it worked! I was able to transfer the 14GB backup over to the Vista box. Note that the networking failed again, for NetBIOS traffic at least, right after I got the file transferred. I never did get it working again. Very strange. I started the restore again on the Vista box. While it restored, Yvette and I went to old town for lunch. I had the best hamburger and beer combination I've ever had in my entire life. It was just a plain burger and two pints of beer, but it was sooo good. I have sold plasma and bought a burger with the money when I was quite starving, and this burger was even better, so it was an awful good burger.

Yvette and I went for a long walk along California and back up some side streets in the sun. When I got home I blew the dust out of old and new Trasho, and installed MCJ OS on old Trasho. I figured out why I had a 30 GB drive and a 300 GB drive in old Trasho. When I installed MCJ the system wouldn't boot from the 300 GB drive. I had to create a small boot partition 1. The thing was that old Trasho had stopped booting reliably. I don't know what the history of the 30 GB drive was. It is quite likely it was a reject from a dot com that Yvette worked at. She brought those home for me sometimes when the system had errors in the logs.

I made a round of backups. I had erased the 1 TB backup USB drive as part of the struggle with transferring the backup, so I had to rerun that. I backed up a bunch of our system files to old Trasho and put her back out in the cottage. I got Trasho back together with the DVD hooked up. All was in order.

We wandered over to the mall to get a movie and some dinner. We ended up renting King of California from Hollywood video. I was surprised to learn that the movie was free on my birthday. We ate Thai Red Curry that Hernan's wife made us and watched the movie. I loved the movie. I couldn't help but see Michael Douglas channeling Tommy Chong in Far Out Man at times.

#computer_stories #dad #hernan #yvette

Comments:

2021-06-27:

I first watched Far Out Man in the summer of 1994. I saw it on a late night network. Yvette was away. I thought the movie was incredibly funny at the time. I watched it decades later, and it didn't seem as funny.



2009-06-28 • Journal • An Innocent Computer Move - Sunday • LR

When we woke up on Sunday Yvette decided she wanted to go to Costco to get a copy of Quickbooks for Dad's computer. The one that was on there wouldn't run on 64 bit Vista. I went down there with her and we brought back a couple of hot dogs as well. Yvette installed it, but every time she tried to open the old Quickbooks file to convert it the conversion failed. I tried it quite a few times while Yvette went to pick up Bobo. Here is a video of what happens leading up to the fateful -14108 error.

I finally figured out that Quickbooks only will convert 3 versions back. The version of Quickbooks my dad was using was from 1995. I decided to load up Windows 98 on QEMU to get the old version to work. I knew Yvette wouldn't be happy with things if she couldn't at least provide my dad with the accounting information. Here you can see a video of my Windows 98 install finishing up with the QEMU configuration batch file in the background.

Sadly, Windows 98 didn't run well on QEMU.

I then installed Windows 95. Windows 95 did run fine. You can hear birds chirping through the open French doors as I run the Windows 95 setup.

QEMU had no networking or the ability to read physical CD drives, at least not that I could figure out. Everything had to be an ISO image (a snapshot file image of a CD-ROM). Trasho was running GNU/Linux, and I would use that to create ISO images. For full CDs there were no errors; however, when I tried to create ISO images from CDs I created on the XP box that were partially full I got errors.

```
# dd if=/dev/hdc of=./qb.iso
dd: reading `/dev/hdc': Input/output error
74720+0 records in
74720+0 records out
38256640 bytes (38 MB) copied, 16.6009 seconds, 2.3 MB/s
# mount -t iso9660 /dev/hdc /mnt
mount: block device /dev/hdc is write-protected, mounting read-only
# ls /mnt
CA31509.QBB CA.IIF CAMSYS.QBW CO.IIF COR31509.QBB CORONWA.QBW
QBOOKSW
#
```

The dd command appeared to fail, but the image mounted fine. I believe it was just that there were unused tracks or something like that:

```
ISO 9660 Extensions: Microsoft Joliet Level 3
ISOFS: changing to secondary root
hdc: command error: status=0x51 { DriveReady SeekComplete Error }
hdc: command error: error=0x54 { AbortedCommand LastFailedSense=0x05 }
ide: failed opcode was: unknown
ATAPI device hdc:
 Error: Illegal request -- (Sense key=0x05)
  Illegal mode for this track or incompatible medium --
(asc=0x64, ascq=0x00)
 The failed "Read 10" packet command was:
  "28 00 00 00 48 f8 00 00 35 00 00 00 00 00 00 00 "
end_request: I/O error, dev hdc, sector 74720
printk: 43 messages suppressed.
Buffer I/O error on device hdc, logical block 18680
Buffer I/O error on device hdc, logical block 18681
Buffer I/O error on device hdc, logical block 18682
Buffer I/O error on device hdc, logical block 18683
Buffer I/O error on device hdc, logical block 18684
Buffer I/O error on device hdc, logical block 18685
Buffer I/O error on device hdc, logical block 18686
Buffer I/O error on device hdc, logical block 18687
```

Old Trasho is in the foreground with 10.10.10.9 on the front. Trasho is in the background. I burned CDs to get data from the old XP system (running on old Trasho) to the new system.





I transfered the ISO images from Trasho by downloading them in Internet Explorer on the Vista box from Apache running on Trasho. You can see dad's XP system booted on the screen in the cabinet. This was probably the last time this system will be booted after seven years of continuous use. I finally got Quickbooks 4 running under QEMU with both of dad's data files. Yvette was happy with what was done. I put the boxes away and tidied up a bit. All was good in the world.

#computer stories #dad #gemu #yvette



2009-07-10 • Journal • Metaphors in the Open • LR

I was on my Georgetown lunch walk and I stopped off at an espresso stand next to Squid and Ink. A woman works there that seems very, well Georgetown. She had cat eye glasses and was wearing pink puffy slippers with bare feet. She had bare arms and you could see her back through wraps of various clothing. I couldn't tell where her slightly torn leotard stopped and where the wraps started. Almost Stevie Nicks, god forbid that label in Georgetown. Tattooed, punk, arty, tough.

Georgetown isn't like Eugene. It isn't like Olympia. It isn't like Belltown. Vegan artists whose wheels might be powered by a Ford flathead V8. Let's just avoid labels altogether. Anyway, she had tattoos all over, but overall her face had an almost open Midwest look, or a librarian, or something like that. Slightly messy blond hair pulled up. She really didn't give off an extreme appearance. Her feet had what appeared to be a monster chicken foot from a Sinbad movie. I'm sure there were a lot of other tattoos.

What was interesting to me, though, was that she had a tattoo of a woman in an old fashioned dress, kind of like a longer ruffled flamenco dress. The woman had a flower in one hand reached out in front of her and her foot was pointed out in back of her like a ballerina. She was on a line that had knives hanging off of it. I asked the woman what it meant. She said it was a woman on a tightrope. I joked, "oh, one of those tightropes with knives hanging off of it, huh?". She explained that it was an important image that her and another woman came up with a long time ago. They were working on something like a tarot deck with images that meant more to them personally. I asked her if the image still meant a lot to her. She said yes, she often struggled with balance. She got really silent. I paid for my coffee and left. (I get a 12 oz americano w/ a little half and half on ice. \$1.91 after tax... crazy good price for two large shots of espresso)



flesh or butter, leaving bloody gashes.

#mcj

I went back two weeks later ordered my iced Americano and saw her again. There were three men from Waste Management there in front of me. They were telling stories about places where crazy people chased their trucks. One of them talked about a guy in a pickup that was blocking them in an alley. The driver told the guy to get out of the way, but the man in the pickup kept telling him, "This is King County!", and wouldn't get out of the way. They bought three different kinds of drinks that took a long time to make. One of the guys charged his \$3 drink to a credit card which took quite awhile. While he was waiting one of the other drivers talked about a woman with yellow eyes that would come out and talk to him every time he picked up cans in her neighborhood: "I think maybe she had hepatitis or something, her eyes were all yellow.".

The Waste Management crew finally got all of their drinks and paid. The woman asked if I wanted my Americano. I said yes. I told her that I had written a story about her tattoo and asked if I could take a picture of it. She said as long as that was all, sure. I told her how I was interested in metaphors and I wrote a free journal software application that traced metaphors and images through dreams and experience. I asked her about the knives and what they meant. She said that she really didn't know. I asked her if she dreamed about it at all. She said, no, she really didn't know what the image or metaphor meant. If anything she said it meant cutting through



2009-07-25 • Journal • Flies and Lights • LR

I've spent a lot of time watching flies. I first enjoyed flies while I was unemployed and staying with Sammy at Lincoln Street Market. There is this particular kind of smaller fly that flies in a square pattern in the center of the room. I would watch them for hours. It is very relaxing and restorative. I have some kind of a cold or something that I'm fighting today. I'm a bit off emotionally as well. I'm withdrawn and a bit depressed. I'm cutting way back on coffee, drinking extra Emer-gen-C, taking a nap, etc. But, I found myself watching flies. There is a large fly and a smaller fly crawling around on the front window. There is a nice combination with this view as I can see jets taking off from the airport. If I unfocus my eyes and stare out at the blue sky I can also see the floating particles. They are tiny black and white dots that float around in random patterns. I believe they have something to do with the way light reacts to the back of your eyeball. I'm not really sure. I could see the large flies legs move as he walked up the window. Beautiful.

#flies #lincoln street #sammy



2009-07-31 • Journal • Hands and Lemon Sun • LR

I couldn't sleep after Bobo woke me up. I decided to try a guided meditation. I really could use some guidance right now. Work is quite a struggle for me. I looked for the small guiding light like a firefly, but it wasn't there. There was no traveling vision. All I saw was a bunch of hands. They were brown hands with lighter colored palms. Above the hands was a sun that looked just like a third of a lemon in a wedge above them. There was no scenery or context. Everything was dark except the hands reaching up to the lemon wedge sun.



2009-07-31 - Journal - Bobo Nightmares and Peaceful Visions - LR

Bobo often wakes up around 2:30 with nightmares. He calls them nightmares. I think it is more anxiety than anything else, and likely he is awakened by cars leaving bars or making a last beer run. He will come into our bedroom and ask for help. Usually I put him back to bed. We used to "tell him about nice things". We would list people coming over that he liked, his cousins and friends, upcoming holidays, gifts, and good food. Yvette would tell him about nice things before he went to sleep sometimes. There was a time when he would put him to bed, then I'd tell him his Moss Man story, and then Yvette would go back and tell him about nice things. When he woke up he would ask that somebody tell him about nice things. A couple months ago I started him on relaxing his body and imagining a peaceful scenery. I was trying to make it easier for him to calm himself without needing to hear a list of nice things. He closes his eyes and I tell him to make his toes relax and then slowly relax his whole body. The second time I walked him through it I added his knee and he corrected me because he didn't relax his knee the last time I walked him through all of the parts of his body. He closes his eyes tight and really tries to follow along. What works especially well, though, is getting him to imagine a peaceful scenery. We call it imagining. Last night he woke up at 2:30, pretty much on the dot. He said he had nightmares. He asked for my help. What he meant was he wanted me to help him recreate a peaceful vision. He laid down and I told him to imagine the same scenery as always:

There is a field of grass. In that field of grass there is a stream. In the bottom of that stream there are silver fishes. On the other side of the stream there is a forest. There is a big oak tree in the forest. It has birds in it. On the bank on that side of the stream there are huckleberry bushes. You can reach out and pick the red huckleberries and eat them. It is warm, but not too warm. But, if it gets too warm you can hang out beneath the oak tree and get cool again. There is a warm breeze. There are butterflies in the air. There are flowers in the grass, and a flower bush.

He almost instantly goes to sleep as he imagines this. He made me add the flower bush to the story and he often reminds me that it was he that added this. "Remember, Daddy, the flower bush was my idea."

#bobo #imagining #yvette



2009-08-04 • Dream • Eye to Eye • LR

Yvette and I used to have this joke where we would press our right eyes together and say, "now we see I to I". I dreamed last night about Yvette. I could see her with mussed up, long hair. She was smiling with a very slight mischievous look. We got closer and closer. Our eyes didn't touch. I could see her entire eye and eyebrow. It was in black and white. We both said in the same time, with the same thought, "now we see I to I".

#yvette



2009-08-09 • Dream • English Church Class • LR

I was in a small waiting room. There was a TV on the wall. A bunch of us were sitting on rows of chairs and padded bench seats. I was complaining to my boss that the cutover couldn't work well. There was no monitoring, no administration tools, no data validation. We had barely got orders to come through. I had seen an email from the head of the law firm who was talking about the format of the main report; however, I didn't think we were anywhere near that point. Just then Frank walked into the room. I didn't know he was around that early. He was tall and had on an African band hat. He seemed kind of religious, like an elder. He asked me what my issues were, and I told him, but he was skeptical.

I went to get some coffee at the cafeteria. I poured a cup into a brown mug like we had at Dave's Pie Shop. The small, brown, 8 oz. semi-hourglass mugs with a handle and a wider bottom. After I poured the coffee I realized that I had my own mug in my other hand, so I put my mug down to pour coffee into it. Somebody stole it, though, before I could finish pouring. I yelled into the kitchen through the big swinging double doors that were propped open that

somebody stole my cup and they better give it back. I could see somebody running towards the back. I picked up a triangular-shaped spatula and entered the kitchen and threatened that I would slice the person that stole my coffee mug if they didn't give it back.

I went around the side of the kitchen and opened a big external cooler door. I almost ran in to somebody trying to leave with my coffee cup. I chased the person halfway up a ladder to a loft and tried to slash them with my spatula. They left the coffee cup on the edge of the loft and escaped. I got my cup and realized it was a Bob Marley mug. The only MP3s I have on my Mac right now, my main computer that I'm writing this on, are Real Situation by Bob Marley and a recent David Byrne/ Eno collaboration.

I was late for English class again. I went upstairs to the classroom, the same classroom I remember from other dreams, but all I had was my mug. I needed a pen and a notepad. There was an apartment next to the classroom. I found a pen, but all of the notebooks of the woman who lived in the apartment were filled with notes. Even the notebooks in the garbage were filled with notes. I found a computer printout and folded it in half to use that. I noticed there was a scrap of paper written out by Steve Buscemi to me. It was from when Steve was running the suicide hotline in the classroom. I don't know if it was for counseling or drugs.

I went into the classroom, but it was a modern church. There was a lot of light coming in from the windows on the sides, and you could see people working (or on their lunch break) through the glass in a park arranged on a small, grassy hill with concrete walkways and benches. I could hear Terri's voice, but I couldn't see her face. I saw somebody taking up a large portion of one of the pews. I figured it must be Terri, my boss at the supplements retailer. She was big and draped in black clothes that spread to two smaller people at each side of her.

I did some hunting around about Steve Buscemi. The last thing I saw related to Steve Buscemi was Igor. It turns out that he did the voice for Scamper. Dreams can be pretty damn funny that way. The IMDB entry for Scamper is:

The Roadkill sidekick, brought back to life. He's suicidal, immortal, and sarcastic. Even though he thinks life is pointless, in the end he realizes it's worth living.

#class #concrete #grass #hill #kitchen #pie_shop #terri #eno



2009-08-12 • Dream • Taos Houses • L R

I dreamed that Rhett and Yvette both bought plots of land on the mesa in Taos to build houses. Neither of their houses were finished. The water pipe was in the ground, but the walls were not up yet. I could see how tall they would be, and Yvette's house blocked the neighbor's view.

#rhett #taos #the mesa #yvette



2009-08-24 • Dream • Dock Boats and Go-Live • LR

I only remember the last part of the first dream I had when I woke up at 2AM. I was driving a boat on the dock. Yvette was with me. The boat slid around a bit, but it would go down the dock pretty well. Bobo and Lily M. were crawling along the dock and we left them behind. Yvette said something so I slowed down a bit so they could catch up, occasionally crawling beside the boat. Earlier in the dream the boat was in the water and I was looking for where the gas main that went from the industrial area to Seattle under the water.

In the second dream I had it before I woke up at 4:45AM. It was 7:10AM in the dream. Yvette and I woke up in my bedroom at the ranch [my parent's house]. I had a full time job, but I had helped Yvette do production cutovers for her web-related job before. I had recently received a check for several days worth of work. We were supposed to call in at 7:00AM. The clock had stopped at 7:10AM because the power was out or the cord to the clock had gotten unplugged. I asked Yvette who was supposed to call and she wanted me to. I really didn't want to call. I asked her to call. She insisted that she wouldn't. I told her I would never work at her company again. I had been doing it part time in addition to my full time job for awhile. I was really, really grumpy about it. When she wasn't looking at me I

shook my fist at her and pretended I was going to hit her with my cell phone. I asked her what phone I should use and she gave me her phone. She had a book with a list of numbers and codes related to the cutover, but I couldn't understand them. It appeared to be some other book, like a small phone directory with the numbers written in the margins. I tried to call the number she pointed out on his phone, but I couldn't get her phone to dial out. Talk didn't work. Finally I told her I wasn't going to do it. I wasn't going to help her with the cutover. Yvette said she wasn't going to do it either. I noticed in the light she had a smooth back. Fine hair you could see barely in the light. She smiled. I left the room.

I went to a table in a large connecting hall. I was still shaken from the confrontation with Yvette. She came to my table with a BBQ chicken sandwich and coleslaw. She was smiling. I was surprised that she had decided to just not do the cutover. She sat down with me at the table. She didn't seem concerned. She was kind of happy. She didn't seem to be angry that I hadn't helped her out. She just simply didn't do the cutover.

[I looked in the mirror this morning and noticed that my back looks exactly like how Yvette's back did. Yvette was me in the dream. This dream has something to do with me changing jobs.] [May 2010: Changing jobs, ha! Quitting my job is more like it.]

#boat #cell phone #dock #seattle #talk #water #yvette



2009-08-24 • Journal • Blackberrying • LR

We went blackberrying yesterday in Redmond along the river. I went to a place I discovered about seven years ago while working at the supplements dot com, the last time I worked with Terri. I have this feeling that I could draw a line and there is a pouch of time the shape of a berry that I simply pluck off and remove.

#blackberrying



2009-08-30 • Journal • Death Machine • LR

Things have really seemed to be going fairly well. I was considering this, but something seemed wrong. I thought about what it was. I had a vision of a machine that was ten feet wide and five feet tall. It had cords, hoses, boxes, and other machinery. It was quite massive. Around the machine was a bright light coming from in back of it and visible on the edges. It was a very sharp, quick feeling when I realized that the machine was what was wrong. I had missed Yvette's death. It isn't like the dream meant she would die. Yvette's death was the machine. It was something that I generally didn't see or consider completely; however, in the vision it was incredibly clear. I realized that this has been the case for a long, long time, perhaps seven years. It has never truly sunk in to my conscious mind completely that Yvette might die, and what that meant.

#yvette



2009-09-02 • Dream • Green Carpet with No Molding • LR

Yvette was sitting on a couch in the living room of a small house. I was sitting in a chair off of the the end of the couch and to the side. We were in a room with dark green shag carpet. The room was very plain. It had the feel of an early seventies house. It was a small, single story house. I noticed that there was no molding between the carpet and the wall. The only furniture was the couch, the chair, and a small table with a lamp on top. One wall was a brick wall and I could hear a loud car idling outside the brick wall. There was the faintest bit of smoke coming in through the bricks, but it wasn't really smelly. I could see through the wall a tiny bit through a crack. Mostly the room was peaceful and quiet. I liked the house, but was worried that somebody would take it from us. Then I remembered that we owned the house and didn't have a landlord. Yvette was happy and smiling. We sat together and talked. We also

sat together quietly. We were very happy, but Yvette was sick. I could see where a patch of Yvette's hair had fallen out because of chemo. Yvette said she was tired and laid down on the couch with her back toward me to go to sleep.

#carpet #green #yvette



2009-09-10 • Journal • Griffin Head • LR

I was halfway asleep and I saw to the back and off to the side a Griffin stone head. It was alive. I could see a greenish yellow glow in the eyes. There was a very stern look on the Griffin's face. The beak wasn't very pointy. The face was wide. I understood that he was a parent. I needed to take the same stance as him, watching out. I needed to stand up, be stern, and watch over things, looking through my eyes and not frolicking too much. I went to work that day and changed my IM picture to the head of a Griffin, changed my status to, "Guards don't frolic." and focused quite well on my work that day.



#guard



2009-09-11 - Journal - A New Dryer Timer - Part 1 - LR

Thursday night, right before Yvette and Carolyn walked the cancer cure walk, we found out that the dryer was broken while Carolyn was trying to dry some clothes in preparation. I looked into how to get the dryer serviced. The only place that serviced our dryer was a place in Auburn called Colortronics. I'm fairly sure that Mr. Kochel, my electronics teacher at Auburn high, said he could get me an intern job there. The idea of having a serviceman from Auburn drive up, charge \$100, only to order a \$100 part to charge us again to install it, perhaps even requiring another \$100 module, and at that probably only lasting a couple years until it blew up again was not appealing.





We were up relatively late because of the preparations for the cancer cure walk. I did manage to go back to sleep again after Yvette and Carolyn left at 4:45AM to go on the walk. That evening Bobo and I watched a movie and had fish sticks and tater tots. I gave him a bath and put him to bed. I got an email from Terri that was upsetting. Paul had finished a report for Bryan on time that did what he needed; however, Michael rewrote the entire script under Terri's direction. In my mind Terri wanted to prove that Paul was not worth hiring. So even though he was able to create a report that normally Michael would do, she investigated and heard what she wanted to hear about the script, namely that it would create locks and was way too complicated. The truth is that Paul staged the code and used temp tables. It was a report, so there really wasn't any locking, just select statements. The code seemed clean to me. It was readable, unlike Michael's incredibly complex SQL. Perhaps he could have added nolock to the script, but that is something that I suggested

to Michael right after I started. Michael finally changed his scripts to use nolock just a couple months ago. Anyway, I was not happy that Terri had to prove this so completely.

One thing that makes me feel better is doing extreme things like fixing dryers. I immediately started disassembling the dryer to see what was broken. I tried to use the existing control board to turn on the blower. I could get the chime to work but that was about it. I worked until midnight without any luck. I slept until 3:30AM and woke up. I decided to move the entire dryer piece-by-piece out to the workshop. It wouldn't fit through the doorway and was too heavy otherwise.



I considered doing something like I did in 1989. I even tried to find TTL chips at Radio Shack online, but it appears they don't sell them anymore. I considered using my Basic Stamp microcontroller and relay board from my power management console that was nailed to a board on the ceiling of my workshop.

I started searching around for timers that might work while I waited for Lisa to come and pick up Bobo. They were going to cheer Yvette on during her walk. I found a light timer that was meant to turn a light or hot tub after a certain amount of time. I gave up on my more homebrew approaches and decided to drive to Lowes in Tukwila. I called Home Depot, but they didn't have it. As I passed through White Center I decided to try McClendon's. They had a very nice timer with a 20 Amp rating for \$25. I was able to use this for the blower and add a DPDT relay rated at 10A 240V for the two heater coils.

#dryer timer #kochel #yvette



2009-09-12 • Journal • A New Dryer Timer - Part 2 • LR

I removed the dryer worked originally by sliding it on to the counter top and easing it down to the floor. I put it back once and it was extremely difficult. I'm still not sure if I hurt myself doing it. My foot was numb, but a week later I think I'm fine. Below is a much better technique of using Bobo's garden water table to build up, place, and remove. I ended up using only one relay.



#dryer_timer

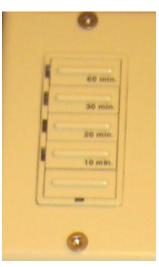


2009-09-13 • Journal • A New Dryer Timer - Part 3 • LR

There is something glorious about getting beat up by hundreds of pounds of metal. I really am too old to be hefting stuff like this around. I'm worried I will hurt my back. But some of the most satisfying times I've had have been wresting with cars or dryers that scratch me, gouge me, make me tired, make me sweat. I wish I had a picture of the old dryer timer on Royal, but alas.







#dryer_timer



2009-09-16 • Journal • Tiny Click of Life • LR

I woke up angry today at 2AM. I tried to go to sleep but couldn't. I felt trapped. I felt sorry for myself. I remembered the bit about how the mountain climbing journal is a small thing that I can enjoy. I can have my click of life. It is enough. I can write in my journal, I can document how to use the journal, I can move through the world, the web, and fix chinks (but I won't know). It really is important that I remember this. Now, it doesn't exactly play out as quietly as I might think. I went off a bit at work today. Not too bad. I'm getting better, and people are getting used to me. I can actively make things better at my job. There isn't anything that hurts me as far as that goes. It is more the yearning and belly aching that is the problem. I should be happy that I have my click of life. I can make things better for others by navigating the mountain and the web carefully. I remember reading a related passage about dreadful bardos that eat your liver. The way out of that is to stop the cycles.

#bardo



2009-09-18 • Dream • Steep Mountain • L R

I was at the base of an incredibly steep mountain. There were small trees and grass on the side of the mountain. There was a v-shaped trough going up the side with branches and rocks washed down from previous rains. It was so steep that no water stayed. The land was related to Bobo somehow. I looked out over a field and there was barbed wire and some gently rising fields. Not large fields, more like undeveloped lots. It was foggy. I wandered out to the road. A pickup truck went by, turned up a street, but started to get stuck in the snow. It fishtailed back and forth a bit but eventually got traction and continued down the street.

#bobo #pickup



2009-09-21 - Journal - Three Minds and IT Rootball - LR

Bobo asked me what I was doing. I told him I was writing in my journal, IT Root Ball. He asked why it was called IT root ball. I told him about Groddeck and the Book of the IT, and the fact that I worked in IT, and I talked about my dreams and how these things were related to my unconscious mind. Bobo replied:

"It's weird how you can get, like you have like two minds, three minds actually: your unconscious mind, made up mind, and the logical mind. Those are all the minds, you can have three minds. Right daddy?"

I didn't mention the words made up or logical. He split that apart himself. Later while we were driving to Sean's burial Bobo said that Nana [my mom] invented the logical mind, he invented the made up mind, and I invented the unconscious mind.

#bobo #groddeck #mom



2009-09-22 • Journal • Google That for Me • LR

Bobo is pretty good about remembering his imagining. We always do imagining after I tell him a Moss Man story. Usually I tell him most of it, but lately I've been making him remember his imaging. Tonight he remembered the stream, the woods, the huckleberries, and the butterflies. I said goodnight after I added the part about the fishes in the stream and the grass that waved back and forth gently in the warm wind. As I was leaving he told me that dragonflies were related to butterflies, but then he asked me if it was true. I told him perhaps they were, but I didn't know. He said, "can you google that?" I asked, "What?" He said, "can you google if butterflies and dragonflies are related?". I told him I'd try (and I did), but I couldn't find anything proving or disproving the relation. He said that now he had forgotten his imagining, so I had to tell him again.

#bobo



2009-09-23 • Journal • Fighting • L R

I get beaten up all of the time at work. Usually I share information with others that my boss is defensive about. I've received a bad review (first time in my life), veiled threats of being fired, and "we'll talk about it in the morning" emails at night. All in all, I get fairly abused at work. My boss will often ensure that an idea I have that she doesn't completely agree with or one that she didn't come up with is completely destroyed. Now, the thing is I can take it. I know that I can help out. I know my boss is just defensively putting me in my place. I know how to swallow all my pride and simply agree with something that I think is wrong. I can do it with a fabulous poker face as well. This isn't about being right or creating a good thing. This is fighting. It is my job to fight, at least for now. I know the history of my boss. She does not have the experience I have in building systems to run well. She certainly pours her soul into her job, and I believe she has a good heart, but I really feel that she is a tyrant. She is an amateur. (I am a professional!) It is satisfying though. If I go a day without reacting in the wrong way and take the B.S. from Terri and Bryan (the CFO)... if I can go the whole day and not go off too much or get myself in worse trouble, if I can do this I feel good at the end of the day. It feels very satisfying. It is actually similar to getting beat up by a dryer or a 196 OHV engine.

A couple of weeks ago we drove through Seatac on our way to Ikea. I felt the same way about being able to go back to Seatac. I've faced most of the pain and feelings head on and they no longer have an effect on me. Really, my work is just a continuation of the beating I've been getting every year starting with when I got layed off in 2000. It was one thing after another. Oh, I've had glorious times too, but mainly I have been beaten up over and over again. Certainly I have transformed. I have grown a lot. Certainly getting beat up was part of this.

#beat up #bullies #computer stories

Comments:

2019-08-24:

Over time I've realized that I was more damaged/changed by bullying in 2nd-9th grade than any other factor. I suspect that this plays into some of my struggles at work and the keywords I'm using here.



2009-09-27 • Dream • Tarp Walls • LR

I cut through these rooms that were tarps at work. I wanted to go outside, and there was a shortcut through six or so rooms connected with tarp walls. I squeezed under the edge of the walls. I saw a woman in one of the rooms and expected to get in trouble, but she said that many people did that. I picked some stuff off of the ground and realized I had picked up dog shit. When I got outside the building I washed my hands off in a puddle. I crossed the light rail tracks and noticed that freight trains also used it. I entered old downtown. Yvette pointed out to me that Paul had written a funny comparison between me and his boss at the dot com he worked at on LinkedIn. I was worried, but Yvette assured me that it showed that people thought I was a valuable employee. While I was walking around downtown I realized that I could help people out a lot, and they would come to me for help, and I didn't need to work sixty hours a week.

#wall #yvette



2009-09-28 • Dream • Top of the Church • LR

I looked out next to our house. I was standing on the roof. I could see clearly that the top of the building I'd been working in was a church. I could see where the peak of the roof on the front had a vertical mounting platform for a cross. The top panes of glass were all colored stained glass. They were solid colors in 6" by 10" squares. They were not broken. I had never seen them before, as I was usually on the inside of the church cleaning out old rooms and fixing things. I told Yvette, "Look! It is a church! The previous owner built a church!" I then fell off the roof of our house and landed on the corner of a table next to the building that was a church. I didn't hurt myself.

In another dream from last night, I had been sick. My birthday party had been delayed. Marc had come to town to celebrate my birthday and was there when I showed up the day after. The party was at work, at VitaMin. I recognized Brandon. I couldn't drink because I had been so sick, so it was a bit of a dreary party, but I was happy to see my friends.

#church #cross #marc #panes #yvette

Comments:

2022-01-26:

Brandon worked at VitaMin in real life, but I forget what he did.



2009-10-07 • Dream • Small Rental With Heat Lamp • LR

Yvette and I moved into this room in a house. All of our stuff was in the room. We each had a bunk that was surrounded with our belongings. There was a frame around the bed with stuff hanging from the frame and resting on top. The bunks and storage were on adjacent walls. There was a fairly large space in the center of the room with not much on the other opposing adjacent walls. There was a heat lamp in the ceiling. I could feel the heat from the ceiling when the lamp was on. It also provided light. The room got cold at night even though it was in California [I have been thinking about Nana and Grandpa's house in Walnut Creek. I recently took a walk through their house in my mind and remembered where I burned the back of the door in the bathroom because I left the wall heater on. The wooden door opened up so it was right against the heater. I'd fiddled with the heater while I was on the toilet and left it on. When I left the bathroom I opened the door, and the burn marks stayed there for many years. Nana always reminded me about it when I visited.] Back to the small rental in my dream. I believe that some others in our family rented other rooms in the building. It was a large house. I felt really happy. I was looking forward to going to sleep, and I was even more excited about waking up. I thought that this must be what Yvette felt like, and it seemed really nice.

#yvette



2009-10-10 • Memory • Yellow Truck • LR

The idea of the yellow truck started around the time of Yvette and my anniversary celebration. For 2009 we decided to go to Snoqualmie Falls. We had a great Saturday. We drove the back way down through SeaTac and south via Military Road, hunting for something to have with coffee that would tide us over until we got to Black Diamond for breakfast. We ended up getting donuts at Safeway. Yvette enjoyed our relaxed pace and direction.



We ate breakfast at the Black Diamond Bakery. There were a lot of bicyclists, and they locked up their bikes in a long row on the boardwalk outside the restaurant. We waited in the adjoining coffee and tourist gift shop, as the cyclists brought their sack lunches inside and ate, taking a break from their cycling event. After a long wait, we were seated in a large, open room with lots of light and a view of the valley and Mount Rainier. Breakfast was good. We purchased bread at the bakery and some smoked pepperoni and cheese at the smokehouse on the boardwalk.

There was a fabulous museum that we decided to check out at the end of the boardwalk. We walked in and nobody was there. There was a glass case full of all kinds of items from the mining days of Black Diamond, including a display

of flashlights. We went downstairs, where there were old washing machines, displays about the history of car manufacturers, and engines.

An old man slowly made his way across the floor upstairs and down the stairs to the basement while we were browsing the basement portion of the museum. He gave us a tour and told us about his family and the history of the town. He was a retired school teacher. His father was a miner.

We left the museum and drove on to Snoqualmie Falls. We picked up some fruit and wine at a grocery store in town. Well, the "town" was a fake town-center complex in the middle of fields of huge new houses. It reminded me of Dupont. I mentioned to Yvette that although it seemed really fake, if we lived there for awhile we would quickly become used to it. I meant it in a sincere, good way: we would start to see the cracks, nooks, freaks, fun, and interesting pieces of the town if we lived there, but it was starkly bland at the present time.

We checked in to the Salish Lodge. The room wasn't ready yet. We had expected to go for a long hike down to the river below the falls, but the trails were closed. The lady at the reception desk told us that there was a park across the highway we could walk around in. We gave her our phone number so she could call us when the room was ready, and we walked across the highway to find the park.

The park was all woods. We had a good hike of a couple miles. You could see where stretches were lined with barbed wire fence. It seemed to me that at one time it might have been a field, but it had since been forested.



I had been discussing a possible role at the law firm I used to work at as an Operations Lead with Frank and the Ops manager. Yvette and I talked about it quite a bit on our walk. We had a good time talking, drinking wine, eating our smoked cheese and pepperoni, and enjoying the hot tub in the room. We watched Goldmember on the TV. We often watch movies on the TV on our anniversary. We don't watch TV at home except for movies, either with all three of us on family movie nights, or with just Yvette and I when Bobo is staying with relatives. It is fun to watch something silly and just surf a little.

The next morning things started to get odd. If I had to guess, I'd say I likely had taken some Benadryl to go to sleep. Certainly having such a good time with Yvette affected me, since I was convinced I would lose her to cancer. There was some door slamming from a neighboring room in the night, nothing really loud, but enough to disturb my sleep, so I was a bit off. We got some Latte's on the way out of town and started driving south. I wasn't talking much to

Yvette. I wasn't angry, but I wasn't discussing what my plans were, which isn't good in this situation. I remember an angry u-turn at one point, but I wasn't angry, exactly, more desperate. I was descending; I knew it, and I didn't know how to stop.

We drove back towards Issaquah, looking for someplace to eat our bread, cheese, smoked meat and apples for breakfast. It doesn't take long to get into the continuous fields of big houses that run from just West of Snoqualmie all the way to Redmond. Really, this goes all the way up through Snohomish. It is ugly. I remembered going blackberrying with my Mom and her friends as a kid and inner-tubing down the Tolt. It seemed like all of it was gone now. My mood was increasingly dour.

Yvette was not happy that we were running out of happy places so early on Sunday. I took an offramp that reminded me of the highlands where my scout troop was (Mrs. Paxman). It could very well have been the same area. I drove down some back roads and found the way to a road that went East along the river. I still wasn't talking a lot. I drove through some awkward areas, narrow roads, and sprawling, trashy yards, between expensive, beige housing developments, trying to stick to the river, looking for some kind of park. I pulled in to a gravel area. Yvette, at this point, was very unhappy. I was frustrated because I knew I was wrecking our anniversary celebration, and I wanted to have a picnic in the sun next to the river to make things better. Again, I made a violent u-turn and started to leave the gravel parking lot, but Yvette made me stop. I parked and explained what I was looking for, and it made Yvette feel better. I also explained about blackberrying and the Tolt river, and how it all seemed so ugly now.

We went down to the river and sat on a log overlooking an eddy. There were fisherman on the river and on the sides of the river, but not over by us. We had our breakfast and watched a fish that was splashing around in the shallows of the eddy.

Eventually two fisherman stood three feet in front of us and started casting their lines, so we left. We were done anyway, but it would have been nice to hang out longer. I did get the feeling that if anything, we were in their story, not the other way around. We drove back through Redmond.

I had been thinking for a long time about painting Isabelle, the '68 GMC pickup I'd been working on. I figured it would be Chevy Orange. I also had been thinking a lot about different kinds of stealth parking. I walked by a lot of different kinds of cars, campers, trucks, and busses in Georgetown on my lunch break at work. I knew, if not fully consciously, that things were going very badly for me at work, and the idea of having a backup plan of living in the back of a vehicle was something I was increasingly obsessed with. At one point I actually looked at Isuzu trucks with the full box. The week before our anniversary I kept seeing yellow vans and cars. More and more. I decided that Isabelle needed to be bright yellow. While Yvette and I were driving through Redmond I started pointing out all of the yellow cars and trucks. I saw some 67-72 Chevy pickups even.

The day got rougher. As I got closer and closer to going back to work on Monday, I took more comfort in the idea of a yellow truck with a camper on the back. Even now I can feel how it was. It isn't completely crazy or anything. It is subtle. It is a feeling of safety and direction. My biggest regret is that it made Yvette feel bad. As always, though, when I get onto these kinds of things, I really wonder if it was worth all of the thought and energy. Regardless, though, I got through.

I went back to work on Monday and continued to think about the yellow truck and campers, and Isuzu box trucks. On the thirteenth I had the Back Church Lot dream, and the following Monday I quit.

The Back Church Lot dream was something I thought a lot about. Houses and buildings had disintegrated throughout my dreams during the previous year. Terri was in the Church in English Church Class, but there was a lot more going on. The grass in back of the church and the pastel serving trays were so vivid and appropriate. I'm still struggling with this.

Yvette invited me to go to lunch with her and my mom on the Wednesday after I quit my job. I had already started on my mission to paint Isabelle yellow. Mom asked me why, and I explained about all of my websites and how I had built up this huge house, and how all of that was gone, and I just wanted a yellow truck. Mom listened to all of my strange dreams and stories, and my conclusion about painting the truck yellow, and she didn't really say anything that made me think she didn't understand. It was a great lunch.

I went to Harbor Freight and got a sprayer that was on sale. I also found some Hammerite bright yellow paint at McLendon's. The paint wouldn't work going through the nozzle, so I decided to brush it on. I had an idea that Isabelle

was hard to see because she was primer grey, this was the original reason to paint her. The shift to yellow became a sign of brightness, though. She had to be yellow. Right away. Before I could find a job, she had to be yellow! I remember running out of paint and taking Bobo to McLendon's in Renton to get more.

I got her painted yellow. Completely. She has yellow drips all over her. The hood has a quarter inch of paint layered up in some places. I also built a camper, and painted the inside of the camper yellow (except for the ceiling, because I ran out of paint.) My clothes, my tools, the concrete, everything has drips of yellow. My computer that I'm writing this on right now, the case that I got in 2001 right after I started at 2b, it even has yellow paint on it now.

I just had this image of a hysterical person that tries to become happy by putting on a nice, happy clown face. This will always turn out badly. I tried, though, to keep at it, to transform the yellow truck into something that was good. I rewired her. I even came up with the idea that I needed a quiet place to work so I could put my presentation together for my job search. This might have been true, but like the clown face, all of these ideas just turned into a mess. A big, yellow mess. Cool. Freaky. Perhaps necessary for me to work through. I don't know. But, regardless, I created a big yellow mess with \$200 worth of yellow paint.

It is no accident that my descent happened on our anniversary. Sad. I wish it was different. I was struggling so much, trying to keep my job, trying to make things better, trying to believe that all would be OK. That Yvette would be OK. That I would be OK. Like the yellow paint, the more I tried, the messier it got. I had to go all of the way and crash.

#blackberrying #rewire #river #yellow #yvette



2009-10-13 • Dream • Back Church Lot • LR

I arrived at a church for a ceremony. I figure it was a funeral, but I'm not sure. The church had filled up and everybody was leaving out of the back of the church so they could exit to the back yard, outside, where there was more room. Outside there was green grass with patches of rubble sticking up. There were several long concrete walls poking up. They appeared to be what was left of a foundation. I went over towards the wall to my right. Some of the wall came up to waist level. There were some pink and green pastel plastic lunch trays with old food caked on them. I grabbed a pale pink one and washed it for myself. I noticed a couple arriving. The man was old. I asked him if he would mind if I washed a tray for him and he made a comment like I was asking a stupid question. I washed his tray, a light pale green one and noticed the water was really gross, full of food, much like the first sink that I used to wash pots and pans in while working in the kitchen in Junior High. We had one sink to do a pre-wash, one to do a wash, and one to do a rinse, although I didn't remember this until this morning. I also rinsed off an electrical instrument that was tarnished like silver. It was a kitchen instrument that looked like a cross between a drill and an old style electric hand mixer. I don't remember seeing any beaters.

Related:

English Church Class

#beat #church #kitchen #lunch trays #rubble



2009-10-19 • Memory • Yay Pick Sweep! • L R

As I was showering and Sean was getting ready, we were discussing Exxon and their attempt to limit their liability by lobbying for a carbon tax as well as the fact that Janis Joplin did not live a life like a regular 9-5er, so her statement about "It's all the same fucking day, man!" really didn't apply to most people. I exclaimed "Yay pick sweep!" at one point, in addition to statements of derision for Janis and Exxon. After Sean left I remembered the date. Today is October 19.

Back on October 19, 2009, I was in a bad situation at work. I had been working for roughly a month trying to design a system to make up for an operational problem in the warehouse. It had to do with the way orders were picked and packed by the warehouse crew. The previous weekend I had seen Where the Wild Things Are, and I was such

an emotional wreck that I closed my eyes and held back sobs at the end. I felt nauseous, partly because of the large screen (IMAX), but also because the movie released emotions I had been feeling but hadn't let out. The movie tapped in. I related to Carol, I think. I haven't watched it since. I remember just sitting there pretending to be watching the credits, but I couldn't leave before I got myself composed.

All of the senior managers were invited to a meeting on Monday, the morning of October 19, where I was supposed to share my design. One woman, kind of punk in attitude, and another guy that was a home-spun database developer, were sitting together talking about Where the Wild Things Are, and how they liked the movie. I volunteered that I found it to be an emotional minefield, and that I had cried. I got some puzzled looks. When everybody finally showed up, I interrupted the chatter and said we were here to talk about "pick sweep". The punk girl said "Yay pick sweep!" kind of sarcastically, but I could relate. I had an intensity that was a bit off, and you could tell, but it was just a system for the warehouse, so why the hubbub and all of the managers.

In the middle of the presentation my manager changed the scope pretty drastically, invalidating much of what I had done. The warehouse manager was also frustrated with her. I made a comment about simply wanting to create something good, but the way the scope changed around it all turned to garbage, or something along those lines. I went to talk to her after the meeting and I quit my job. She and I had had run-ins in the past. Looking back, I am sure I share blame, but she definitely made a few mistakes as well. I was also struggling in my personal life, so I suppose I'll give everybody a pass on this one. I did think it was interesting that I exclaimed "Yay Pick Sweep!" out of the blue today without being fully aware of the date. Never underestimate the power of your unconscious mind in the flow of conscious decisions. I have been attempting to be aware of this as I make it through October, trying to own the month again, to make it new and rekindle the way fall used to make me feel with the electric air and solemn promise that all will grow again.

#sean #supplements_retailer #janis_joplin



2009-10-19 • Journal • Quit my job • LR

I quit my job today at SS. I felt incredibly ineffective, stifled, beat up, and that I was not adding much value. It wasn't planned. I simply followed through with the urge I had almost every day since the Ecomm launch. I don't feel like I had much of a choice. I simply pushed it too far an d just snapped. I quit. For the record, it was simply a bad fit. I was discouraged from using my professional skills, and I'll leave it at that. Certainly the dream sequence foreshadows this.

#beat #supplements_retailer



2009-11-08 - Journal - Alternator Black Sabbath - LR

While I was working on my wiring job I was listening to Black Sabbath's Master of Reality. I realized how much I loved working on Isabelle, and how great it was that I could experience it and listen to Black Sabbath. All of the times I listened to Black Sabbath came back to me, not exactly as memories, but they are there and swirl with the wrenching to make a perfect moment, like when I saw my son when he was born, or when I tended servers at midnight to see if they still worked when the year hit 2000. The memories include the time in Eugene when Sigg explained about how cool it was that the Blues band at Poppi's was covering Black Sabbath (I think it was Iron Man, but at the time I wasn't familiar with the song). I remembered the debut Black Sabbath album I got at the Treasure Chest when it was on the West side of Olympia, and when I played it for Dave: What is this that stands before me.... Weird!!! What was this album anyway! I remembered driving through the arboretum when I lived in the CD in Seattle and worked in Bellevue listening to Master of Reality and Paranoid. Hernan was grooving on Black Sabbath at the time as well and we would share moments of, "Man, Black Sabbath is sooo good!" How can it be so good?. There is something really innocent and promising about Black Sabbath and Ozzy's lyrics.

The wrenching brought back memories as well. The early, early morning that I worked on Ruby Thursday, trying to replace a head gasket and get her back together in time to bring Bobo down to my parents for the day. I had started

at 3AM or some horribly early time, and worked all the way through as the garbage truck came and the neighbor with the huge truck with the loud backup warning beeper made noise as he backed his truck into the driveway after his night-time job. I remember as I finished putting on the head, I remember feeling connected to people struggling with engines. I realized how serious it was, how glorious. Stern in a way, but crackling with coffee and people starting their day and the sun almost starting to rise, like when I watched the sun rise in Taos one morning, just a blue edge at first. Connected, but crackling. Blue, but promising.... quivering.

Understand! Ninety million small block Chevy engines were created... perhaps a million people have wrenched on these engines. Chrome valve covers, replaced water pumps, struggles with timing and carburetors. Chevy Nova's, painted flat black with Alpine stereos and 6X9 speakers. Over the mountain... take me across the sky... I remembered driving the pie route into Lebannon on the way to Albany. I felt connected to the other early morning drivers. It was stern as well, but I swear that we all knew the same thing. Stern but giddy... just don't let on. We are all connected. We are comrades delivering pies, delivering meat, whatever... but just don't let on that it is just so damn sparkly. So amazing that it is secret. We said hi to each other, but it was silent. Just a nod, maybe a smile. Maybe "Hi", but that was it. Get back on the road, driving along through fields and hills as the sun rises. Phhhtsshhhh... silence. You can't say it. Just chew on the moment. Enjoy it, as the blue edge of morning is displaced by gold.

But this isn't what I thought, really, this is just why I enjoy the simple act of installing an alternator and listening to Master of Reality.

#hernan #ruby #wrenching



2009-11-14 - Journal - Wiring and Other Music - LR

I worked on Isabelle's wiring as I listened to "Aggie Summer 2001", the mix CD that I made celebrating the great summer I had and the music I listened to. I gave a copy to people for Christmas that year, the year I started working at 2b(and the year I first met Terri). It was just as enjoyable listing to Mojo Nixon's Jesus at McDonald's and Flipper as it was listening to Black Sabbath. When it gets right down to it I simply have enjoyed my life, what has happened, and all of the experiences I've had. Somehow I'm able to get closer to the core of that by working on Isabelle. I know I pulled myself out of a pretty major depression by working on Ruby as well. It is only a first step though. It is a way to get me out of my pit, but after that it is a bit more tricky.

#mojo nixon #pit #wrenching



2009-11-21 • Subject • Nerd Fantastic Sacred • LR

I got my thong in a bunch over David W's nerd note, as though he shouldn't be talking about the sacred nerd space. It hit me today that I actually believe that technology can solve the world's problems. As though all of the crazy people in this world can be slowly changed through an incessant barrage of excellent technology and clear thinking. I do actually think this. My latest example is the bit about Ruby and Chef, and other technical fun that I wrote up in this article

I think that this is when I started to realize why David's nerd note bothered me so much.

Let's roll this back a bit. At one point I got a whole box of computer manuals for a minicomputer operating system (Pick, named after the inventor/writer, Dick Pick... kid you not). I remember explaining to James how if we took all of these manuals we could create our own operating system. We could write it ourselves and would be free of the man (IBM, AT&T, the Master Control Program). This was in 1985 at Phlegm House. I had no idea that Richard Stallman was, at that very time, re-writing all of the UNIX operating system as GNU (GNU is Not UNIX). [For you non-nerds out there, all Linus(x) Torvalds did was add a kernel... just the drivers and heartbeat of the OS, the meat of "Linux" was, and is still GNU.] So, I intended to change the world with tech. Now, I was going to do it with a dying operating system for a mid-seventies mini-computer vs. UNIX. Stallman was more successful. I didn't write any

code... Actually, I take that back. I started coding the toolkit in 1987 with the Color Computer that Yvette put on her Radio Shack card and that went to Keith.

Anyway. Now, I believe that the key to changing the world for the better is via tools described in the NAT article. Oh, code is involved, and my-o-my Richard Stallman has provided much of what is needed to do this.

Yvette and I will SERIOUSLY ask each other how a particular philosophical or political issue was dealt with in the world of Star Trek. We had this conversation last week about property rights. There must be some in the Star Trek universe because Picard had a vineyard.

My point is that nerdy fantastic thinking has a sacred element to it, at least in the mind of the nerd. I'm not saying it is true or virtuous, just that, well... don't bag on Spock.

So, I'm going back to studying Ruby and Chef and how the whole thing can be self documenting and how the typical burning-hot-pokers-in-the-brain sequence of requirements and project meetings can be facilitated by "system expression". As though a new language and a new framework and a new platform can conquer dictatorial newbies that are in power and are f@#%ing up every level of system.

I'm not claiming I'm right here. I'm just pointing out a tendency I have, and an insight into what I found distasteful about David's nerd note.

#phlegm house #yvette



2009-11-21 • Subject • Imagine, Express, Observe, Improve, Converge • LR

I was inspired by this presentation by Adam Jacob of Opscode (Chef) and Ezra Zygmuntowicz of Engine Yard:

Velocity 09: Adam Jacob and Ezra Zygmuntowicz

I encourage every systems administrator, engineer, or architect to watch this. The birth of new systems is presented in three stages: bootstrapping, configuration, and command and control. These stages are analyzed with traditional procedures vs. the vision of Adam and Ezra of a better way. Bootstrapping is facilitated by cloud computing; configuration focuses on expressions that converge a system to a known, useful state; command and control uses messaging to redistribute, heal, and monitor the configured systems. Most importantly, an API needs to be used for every layer to keep the system configuration sustainable. Use a framework instead of the typical one-off administration scripts to ensure that others that are helping and come after you can grow and maintain the system. This also helps in constraining the expression to what is needed instead of being clouded by extra stuff that serves as glue and gears.

After letting this presentation laze around on my tongue, in between my teeth, and generally permeating my sinuses, I realized that I embraced their vision for more than just implementing computer systems:

Imagine something useful and sustainable. Express it. Through your own effort converge on this expression. Observe. What worked? What didn't? How can the expression and effort be improved? What further changes are needed? Iterate through the entire process again. This is how we make things better, how we converge on a sustainable future.

Comments:

2018-08-15: Ezra died on November 26, 2014. The exact cause is protected by his family, but I did see this tweet:





2009-12-06 - Journal - Forest Fires - LR

I had dinner and beers last night with friends I mainly knew during my youth in the eighties. It strikes me that in many cases youth volunteer or are forced to go to war, large wars that take much sacrifice. There was no war, really, in the eighties, at least for us. We walked in to this beautiful forest as we left our childhood homes. I know it didn't look beautiful at the time, but from my perspective, twenty years later, it was a beautiful forest. We were strong; we had good shoes. We could have done so many things. We looked at the outdated map our parents provided us, looked at the compass, and promptly smashed the compass and used the map to start random fires that burned us, killed us, and provided us purpose as we fought the fires. I am not saying that my experience even approximates the horror of war, but in a lame way, we created our own war, our own battles where we were literally wounded, found out about ourselves, found spirituality, died, and formed friendships that will last a life time. I met my wife during this time of my life. I discovered and cultivated many passions and insights that are still with me to this day and nourish me. I am grateful for my experience, my life, the people I've known, lived with, been through fire with. I have to wonder, though, what it would have been like if we didn't light so many fires in the forest. If we hadn't burned the maps we were given. If we hadn't smashed the compass. We had such an amazing gift, really, showing up in the forest without a war to fight.

#yvette



2009-12-19 • Subject • Living at the Margin • LR

I thrive on the margin. I'd even go so far as to say that everything thrives on the margin. I finally understand. Certainly there is an economic correlation to the idea of a margin. A profit margin is the difference between what you receive for a service or product and the cost of that service or product. In this sense thriving is defined by margin, but that isn't exactly what I mean. I watched Yoram Bauman perform his "standup economist" routine last week, and I imagine this is where I got the idea of thriving on the margin. One of the economic principals that Yorum makes fun of is that rational people think at the margin. This is from Mankiw's 10 principles. "A rational decision-maker takes action if and only if the marginal benefit of the action exceeds the marginal cost."

But I don't really dream, create, participate, live in a world where I analyze my actions in this way. Imagine Don LaFontaine's booming: "In a world where action is taken only if the marginal benefit of the action exceeds the marginal cost," voicing the trailer for a movie where I rest in my nest, content at the existing edge, the as-is edge, and fed marginal tidbits of food, tactically gathered and perfectly, incrementally appropriate: regurgitated with intense embedded instinct to give me what I need to fly. That is not my movie. I have soared. I soar. I will soar. I love the feel of cold cloud droplets on my tongue. I love the feeling of a quick vertical descent along the face of a cliff and blood rush of Gs as I pull up just short of the rocks. I will certainly eat the food that is offered. I'm lucky to be alive. I truly, deeply appreciate my tiny click of life that the food brings. But I will insist that I participate in the discussion of flying and what I have seen during my journeys through the clouds and over mountains, rather than obediently opening my mouth for food and shutting the f@#k up when I'm not eating or reminding my mother I'm hungry. On the other hand, I wouldn't thrive in a movie where I only soared above mountain tops and in the clouds. I need operational engagement as well. I need to straddle the margin. I am in the nest. I am in the sky. I thrive on the margin between.

I remember during the first day in my Economics 201 class when the professor asked if we thought growth was a requirement for a healthy economy. What if the GDP stayed exactly the same? What if a company made exactly the same amount of money that it cost to create an item? What if there was no margin? To tell you the truth, even after seeing the numbers, running the simulations, and acing the class, I don't entirely understand why a healthy economy needs to grow, but in my tangential way, I am beginning to. The difference between thriving at the margin and thriving on the margin is the key to understanding Mankiw's phrasing. The marginal benefit assumes that you are standing in the as-is edge and contemplating the marginal action, vs. straddling the as-is and to-be and finding energy in the difference. I don't thrive at the edge. I don't thrive considering marginal actions. I thrive, I get energy,

by straddling the edge of as-is and to-be. The wider that gap, the more energy, excitement, and value I add. Value comes from the margin itself, not the edges, and I thrive on this margin.

I put in new systems and improve existing ones in my role as a systems engineer. In this sense, the margin is the space between how I imagine things can be and how things are. I have had bosses that are tolerant of my vision while others... not so much. I have had bosses that embraced my vision and reaped great rewards from my scrappy efficiency. It is extremely difficult to straddle the as-is reality and the to-be vision. This is a large part of what systems engineers do. They establish: where are we now, where can we be, and, in a much, much more complicated statement than it appears on the surface, where an organization wants to go, and when the dust settles a bit, how we get there. My biggest challenge is in exploring and expressing the to-be vision without completely alienating my boss or getting lost in the clouds. Again, the value I provide is in my ability to translate this vision to the current operational environment. Specifically, if we have a messy swarm of interpersonal madness, unpatched servers, nonexistent recovery procedures, and Frankenstein integrations, I can envision and implement a better way. I can envision and implement a better way. One problem is that the further my vision is from the as-is, the more difficult it is for me to communicate the path to a better situation effectively. I am improving my communication skills as I mature. Management is often worried that my head is in the clouds and I am unable to successfully bridge the gap. I believe that there is another more sinister aspect to this as well. Management understands that the value to an organization is in navigating from the current state to the vision, and sometimes wants to control what the vision is, how that gap is straddled, and who does what in what way to bridge the gap in order to preserve their own value. This can manifest itself as defensive and tyrannical behavior, demanding that technical staff adhere to specific tasks under their direction and sabotaging and openly attacking those that resist. I don't function well at all in that situation. Generally, though, I believe that the friction is simply a necessary pragmatic concern in the interest of the organization. It is the job of management to gauge and guide among conflicting visions and align these often conflicting visions with the underlying needs of the business. This has usually been my experience, with only one glaring exception. If I can overcome the communication problems, and I am not under a boss with a defensive posture, I am in a position to thrive on the margin and act in the interest of the organization I serve.

I am currently unemployed. This has exposed me to the current challenges of organizations that need help with technical issues as I interview for jobs and trace desired skills. One thing that has imprinted itself very deeply on my immediate vision is the change that is happening with technical expression and the translation into infrastructure. One firm I interviewed with was implementing Chef. I investigated and found a great presentation given at the O'Reilly Velocity conference this last June. I wrote about this in Imagine, Express, Observe, Improve, Converge. I was inspired by the vision of frameworks and APIs and what happens when these are applied to the challenge of bootstrapping, configuration, and command and control, the three levels of systems deployment described in the presentation. I saw this as a broader opportunity to solve some of the problems I have faced in my career. If the process and configuration information is in a format that can be consumed at every stage of a project, from imagining to decommissioning, then much of the waste and pain associated with creating new systems can be avoided. This can be seen in the efficiency of Rails efforts, and it is no accident that EngineYard is in the center of this storm between the present and a better way. They bridge WWW, vSphere, Rails, Chef: operations via expression. I am currently learning Ruby, Rails, and Chef so that I understand the technical aspect of this, yet at the same time I am following the advances of EMC/VMware/vSphere. I browsed some of the published API for vSphere/vCloud. I appreciate that the management of vShpere is via an open, RESTful API. This is amazing stuff. This is the future. I am simply giddy with excitement over the promise of Chef, vSphere, EC2, Rails, and similar technologies and agile methods. The promise of cloud computing is so much more than remote utility computing. It is the efficiency and portability of systems expression that is exciting.

I am very familiar and competent in the as-is, messy, inefficient world of IT. I have lived through many wars. I have had many successes. I have had many failures. There is a very large gap between as-is, the IT shops that I'm familiar with, and am interviewing with, and to-be, the vision I have of how IT can be. I thrive on margin, and this is a big one. Let's thrive together.

#computer stories #frameworks #work



2009-12-24 • Subject • Rails application controller • LR

This is the main Rails application controller that I wrote in late 2009 that does quite a bit of what the current PHP front-end does. (Full version here)

```
module Commcont
  $artpre=""
 def bpage
  $l="\"http://example.com/"
  $rname=params[:controller]
  if $rname == 'l1g'
 @realmrow = Realm.find(:first, :conditions=> ["name='"+$rname+"'"])
   @artrow = Art.find(:all,
      :conditions => {
        :realm => $rname,
        :classification => 'blog',
        :date => (Date.today - Integer(22000) .. Date.today)},
      :order=>"date DESC")
   @catrowcol=[]
   @comrowcol=[]
   @artrowentries = Art.find(:all, :limit=>5,
      :conditions => {
        :realm => $rname,
        :classification => 'blog'},
      :order=>"date DESC")
   @artrowentries.each { |@artrowtemp|
     @catrow = Cat.find :first,
        :conditions=> {
         :artnum=>@artrowtemp.artnum,
         :u1=>$rname }
      if @catrow != NIL
        c = @catrow.cat[0,1]
      else c="s"
      $cattype = case c
       when "j" then "Journal"
        when "d" then "Dream"
       when "s" then "Subject"
        when "m" then "Memory"
        when "c" then "Conversation"
        else ""
      end
      if @catrow.u3=~/\w/
        $comments = "<hr><b>Updates and Comments:</b><br />"+@catrow.u3+"<hr>"
      else
        $comments = ""
      @catrowcol[@artrowtemp.artnum.to int] = $cattype
      @comrowcol[@artrowtemp.artnum.to_int] = $comments
      }
# People ******
  @people distinct = People.find(:all,
    :conditions=> ["(
    realm='llg' OR realm='mcjbuildtab1')"],
```

```
:select=> "DISTINCT person")
  @people_with_person = []
  for x in @people distinct
    @people_with_arts = People.find :all,
      :conditions=> ["(
      person= '"+x.person+"' AND (
      realm='mcjbuildtab1' OR realm='l1g'))"]
    for y in @people_with_arts
        @arts_matching_people = Art.find :all,
        :conditions=> ["(
        artnum= "+y.artnum.to s+" AND realm='"+y.realm+"')"]
      for z in @arts_matching_people
        z.classification=x.person
        @people_with_person << z</pre>
      end
    end
  end
  @people_with_person= @people_with_person.sort_by { |a| [ a.classification, a.date] }
  $lastperson="wukkawukka"
  @people with person m=[]
  for zz in @people_with_person
    if zz.classification == $lastperson
      zz.classification = ""
    else
    $lastperson=zz.classification
    @people_with_person_m << zz</pre>
  end
# Places **********
  @places_distinct = Place.find(:all,
    :conditions=> ["(
    realm='l1g' OR realm='mcjbuildtab1')"],
    :select=> "DISTINCT place")
  @places_with_place = []
  for x in @places_distinct
    @places_with_arts = Place.find :all,
      :conditions=> ["(
      place= '"+x.place+"' AND (
      realm='mcjbuildtab1' OR realm='l1g'))"]
    for y in @places_with_arts
        @arts matching places = Art.find :all,
        :conditions=> ["(
        artnum= "+y.artnum.to_s+" AND realm='"+y.realm+"')"]
      for z in @arts_matching_places
        z.classification=x.place
        @places with place << z</pre>
      end
    end
  @places_with_place= @places_with_place.sort_by { |a| [ a.classification, a.date] }
  def dpage
    $rname=params[:controller]
```

```
@realmrow = Realm.find(:first, :conditions=> ["name='"+$rname+"'"])
if params[:id] == 'allarts' then
    artNum='22000' # It's not a lot. It's all you got.
    @dayslabel=@realmrow.shortitle+' - All Articles'
else
    artNum = params[:id]
    @dayslabel=@realmrow.shortitle+' - Last '+artNum+' Days'
end
@artrow = Art.find(:all,
    :conditions => {
    :realm => $rname,
    :date => (Date.today - Integer(artNum) .. Date.today)},
    :order=>"date DESC")
@settingrow = Setting.find(:first, :conditions=> ["parameter='mcjfoot'"])
end
end
```

#tech



2010-01-01 • Subject • Beans • LR

2009 was my most difficult year I've had so far. I'm glad it is over. Beans gets its name because Yvette is cutting way back on meat for health reasons. We will be eating a lot less red meat and fats. It is also a year we intend to live simply. Focus, live simply, love, and do what we love. I'm not sure exactly how I ended up with the job situation I did in 2009. Certainly I chose it, and am responsible. Partly I was mislead. Partly I fell in between two people that deserve each other.

#yvette

Comments:

2023-08-24:

I assume this is between Terri and the guy who lived on the sailboat. Michael, was that his name?



2010-01-25 • Dream • The Terminator Kitty is Not your Friend • LR

Note that I'm calling this dream "The Terminator Kitty is Not your Friend", but remembering Memento as I do it. I wrote this dream up at 1AM, right after I had the dream.

Yvette and I were staying at this rental. It was more like a temporary one, maybe a vacation rental. Yvette left me alone at night. I wasn't supposed to look in on what was going on. A gnome or a small fairytale man came in at night with her and they would do different adventures or tasks. Bobo had been helping me, or at least watching me work on a mechanical project of some kind that Yvette disapproved of earlier in the day, but he wasn't with me at that very moment. He wasn't with Yvette either. Maybe he was sleeping in another room. It wasn't that he was missing in the dream, but he wasn't in it, besides that he had been involved with my mechanical project earlier in the day.

There was a back part to the house that went outside. It was a huge room surrounded with a screen on all sides and overhead. Animals would try and get in and get something to eat. A large black cat slinked up to a crack and put his paw through. I said go away, and the cat replied, "Oh, so you can speak? Let me in and feed me." in this evil, hissy speech. I could see the inside of the cats mouth and his teeth. I didn't think it was a good idea to feed the cat. The cat seemed very dangerous. I tossed old foil candy wrappers like the kind from Easter eggs through the crack in the screen. The cat tried to eat the foil at first, but realized what I had done and hissed at me again.

There was a tilting window in the side of the screen room where the cat had put his paw through. It was plastic and tilted towards me, leaving an opening at the top. It was longer horizontally. The top was held from going any further by a chain that was hooked into a retainer to the side of the window. It was a small chain, just strong enough to hold a window from opening all of the way. I grabbed the chain and pulled it through the retainer so that it caught lower down on the chain and held the window tight. The cat then started crawling all over the top of the screen trying to find a way in. There were patches where the older plastic screen had given way, but there was an older screen under that, and the holes had been reinforced with other wire and screen.

The cat couldn't find a way in so I went back inside. There were still beers left over in the fridge from the other people, including Yvette. I decided to drink a beer that was cold, rather than chill one that I like better that was sitting on the fridge. There was St Pauli, Rolling Rock, and Henry Weinhard original beers, but there were no darker beers like ESB or IPA that I usually preferred. There was this other beer I didn't recognize. It had a plastic sheath that covered the entire bottle. It was white with a light colored pattern on it, light green or blue.

I had a glass of water which was a quarter full. I drank down the water and poured the the plastic sheathed beer into the glass and drank it. I went to sleep and woke up in the sunny house. During that night Yvette and the gnome had converted the door so the top part could be opened separately from the bottom part. This conversion made it so that another gnome could visit the house on his moped and fit through the door. They had cut through the door during the night and added brass hardware. I slid the latch back and forth in admiration. It looked really nice. The wood was finished in a light natural wood color. I figured the owner wouldn't mind or even notice that they had cut up the door, since they had done such a good job. Yvette and the gnome man were back and I told them they did a good job as I slid the latch back and forth.

May 2010: I have often used dreams to guide me. Lately, though, I've been able to keep this in the context that I have internal and external landscapes, unconscious and conscious thoughts.

Saturday, 2018-08-04 12:53:48: I wrote this before I thought much of Jung's Anima and Animus.

Sunday, 2018-10-21 12:00:51: Memento trick is how he would put lies on his notepad or tattoos. He would forget and then his future would become based on the lies. I imagine that the terminator kitty must actually be my friend, and is advising me about something. Further, it is probably my anima talking to me.

#bobo #cat #easter #moped #yvette



2010-02-27 • Journal • New Internal Landscapes • LR

I woke up this morning and realized that I was with Yvette in the same way as Green Carpet with No Molding. We were just happy to be together. Yvette is not sick, though, and there is no immediate threat. Pain and fear can create new internal landscapes. One of the most amazing things I've seen is how dreams provide a view of the new landscapes as they emerge. I wouldn't wish new internal landscapes on anybody, and they can be just as scary, if not more scary, than reality. So, green shag carpet, Yvette smiling. Just together, in our house.

#yvette



2010-03-02 • Journal • Time and Climbing • LR

We have been having trouble with the servers at work, and this is the third week of people grappling with the problem. After several weeks, I was finally pulled into this. One of the manager's wanted me to track differences between time on two database servers and the Active Directory domain controllers. I put in a pretty cool monitoring system quickly yesterday to do this. Today, one of the operational analysts started asking about how to put this in production. The thing that really bothers me about this is that the differences shouldn't be there at all. Tracking this difference is like putting sensors on your lug nuts to make sure they were always tight. Then, today, they wanted yet another monitor put in.

It wasn't a big deal. I often have done this. It is my job, yes, but it was difficult.

Unlike at the supplements retailer, my boss was supportive. It led to some bardos, though, and I realized that to a large extent my trouble at the supplements retailer was my fault. I'm not sure if that makes it any better, really, or what I do about that information. By the end of the day, mostly, my struggles turned out to lead to good things. I am going to attend a meeting in a couple days to help resolve the problem that was bothering me, and those attending the meeting are all people I respect. I feel lucky to be invited. Many people protest a bit too much and get too emotional to a certain extent. I can be a bit over the top, though, and it pulls me in and I can't control it after that.

I switched to The Grateful Dead for my music after work. Charlie Parker was out. Billie Holiday was out. I actually got kind of desperate trying to get the stereo to work out of my jazz folder. I haven't figured out how to navigate with it and I have a 16 GB memory card full of music. I was deep into the jazz folder, and the only way out was to go forward one song at a time. I pushed it faster and faster. Finally I got out of jazz and into my huge collection of Grateful Dead. There was a lot of comfort in the fact that I had fifty hours of Grateful Dead music... I could stay there for a long time. While listening to the Dead I remembered about how a mountain climber doesn't gauge things in the same way. It is great just to have a click of life. There was also this line from the Tibetan Book of the Dead about not heeding the advice and having your liver eaten out. Really, it is quite easy for me to consume myself. Mountain climbing is a way out of that loop.

I can pull this together. There is good stuff here. I am starting to weave together my journal and life and move forward. I can't really describe it better than that. It will be difficult. I can do it. And, although there are some things that are out of my control, much of it is very much in my control and when things go wrong, it is likely my own damn fault. I also thought about Bobo and his struggles. I could see how my difficulties with some of these things is quite similar to what he is going through. He has a very keen sense of what is just or right, and it is almost impossible to get him to do something that goes against that. Yes, this is good in a way; however, he is six years old, so he doesn't know all of the implications and the story behind why he was asked to do something. Again, this seems like pretty normal stuff. I feel embarrassed that I have to learn these kinds of lessons over and over again. One aspect of mountain climbing is that it puts things in a better perspective. Why not enjoy the bright red LED lights of that Lexus SUV instead of getting pissed off? It really doesn't matter. The only thing that matters is living through this fabulous web. Simple. There is no reason to get bogged down in the justice of that cliff. Just climb. Enjoy. Be kind.

#bardo #bobo #supplements retailer



2010-03-05 • Subject • Big Bang to Big Crunch • LR

"Consciousness requires kind of a reflection or a mirroring. You can't have consciousness without something reflecting. So, there's a looping going on, a reflection which goes from the big bang to the big crunch, we'll call it. This is outside space and time, but it's bouncing around in that universe which, in a sense, the beginning and the end are already out there. And that reflection process is soul. Self is a reflection of that process, but it's a reflection in matter, and matter is something which is also a reflection process, but not of the soul, but of the spirit, and has to do with the fact that once you put in boundary conditions, like a beginning and an end, that sets up certain wave patterns, standing wave patterns, which are string patterns, and that's where we think particles come from. In the beginning of the universe when the strings first started going, these strings got caught into material substance, and that's where particles began to emerge, and the process keeps going. Particles are constantly emerging and disappearing and the universe is a constant bubbling dance of these things going on. But some of these things remained, and that's what has made up the material world. Now, that is matter, kind of a reflection of spirit. Self is a reflection of soul within the matter itself. Once the material field is formed, then it begins to reflect the soul pattern. So we have reflection upon reflection upon reflection. So self is a reflection of a reflection, so it's more of an illusion than anything else. That's why Buddhists talk about the illusion of "I" or the self."

-Physicist Dr Fred Allan Wolfe

#identity



2010-03-05 • Journal • Wouldn't Trade It • LR

I was attending a meeting about some nasty problems we were having with our servers. It has always been difficult for me to write on a whiteboard. I can usually get the point across; however, my diagrams are getting worse and worse, as is the legibility of my writing. I think it mostly turned out fine. I was really just trying to get to the meat of the questions about the problem. I don't particularly want to work these kinds of problems, and it isn't my job responsibility. I can, and I have a very difficult time not jumping in when issues come up; however, it is quite stressful for me to participate at the level I did in the meeting.

The best way to describe the feeling from the meeting is that I feel strung out and thin, like I'm not connected, like I'm going to the planet of purple daisies or something. I get desperate and want to flee. I connect less and less with people as the conversation continues, and don't understand what is happening. I do believe that much of this has to do with the flow of the conversation and related ideas, how other people proceed with care. For instance, in a framework like the formal design framework that I learned at the law firm, I can do fairly well if somebody is following the rules correctly. What are the requirements? What is currently in place? What do we want? How do we get there? What happens, though, is that people want to short circuit this, or shut me down. In the case of the this meeting, the lead for the server group had some ideas and really wanted to get out of the meeting guickly. I don't think his ideas were wrong, actually. They may not work out completely. But he wanted to break out of my leadership. I was trying really hard to help out, but he probably would have done just fine without me. So, I'm not talking about what is right or best. What really seems to get me is when I get knocked off of the flow that I envision for the meeting. It helps orient me. When I get into a situation where I'm free-forming the conversation and being attacked, I really get lost and frustrated. These kinds of meetings are almost set up for attack. That is, everybody has an interest. It isn't a geek form of conversation where you just say all kinds of wacky stuff in a brainstorming kind of way. I don't really play fair consistently myself. I will attack others, occasionally jump to solutions, grand stand, etc. My natural behavior often derails the meeting and it turns back on myself and derails me.

I have an incredibly lucky situation in that I can go for a walk every day. This is one of the advantages to living in an area with lots of wide-open land and being able to work remotely. I can get a decent sustained clip in. On my walk I was thinking about my troubles at the supplements retailer and comparing it to the meeting in Bellevue. There are some pretty good similarities. My mind causes me a lot of trouble. I then thought that I wouldn't trade this for anything, and if I go down in flames, so be it. This is a fine thought, but it isn't just me that is relying on my ability to keep it together.

The rest of the day went well, though. I had a review with my boss. He is happy with my work. If the server team doesn't want to involve me with issues like this, well, I really don't care much. It seems to me that I do really, really well in the role I have at the staffing firm. The comparison with the supplements retailer is helpful as well. There are two lessons here to remember. First, that I'm not particularly good at these tasks or settings. So, the fact that I'm not an Operations or Systems manager is probably a good thing. I am probably more like Annette in reality. I need to have the nature of Frank, and that will never be, never, well, without a lot of modern mood control drugs. Again, though, I need to be kind. That is one thing about Frank. He is genuinely kind, in the way that counts. He values people. He will say this, but in his case he really means it. Annette is more like me. She has a good heart. She wants things to be good. She gets incredibly frustrated and lashes out, though. Bird on a Wire. My song and hers. "...what I want to know, is are you kind," to respond with the Grateful Dead. And if I can't be kind, then:

Like a baby, stillborn, like a beast with his horn I have torn everyone who reached out for me.

#computer_stories #purple_daisies #supplements_retailer

Comments:

2018-08-15:

Later I became convinced that the performance trouble was due to storage. Specifically, I think it was the switch fabric. I saw identical problems with the SAN I built with the commodity (cheap) gigabyte switch. It was due to interrupts and other items that didn't count as actual CPU use.



2010-03-07 • Dream • First Tattoo • LR

Dad had arranged for all of the kids to get Tattoos. We were all sitting on a bus, the adults and the kids. The kids were older, it wasn't like we were tattooing children. I asked Dad, if he could get a single word tattooed on him, what would it be? Would he do it? I suggested sold, or closed. He didn't answer. I thought of the butterfly woman from the Zap comic, and at the last minute I decided I wanted a tattoo as well. I decided I wanted a Monarch butterfly.

#tattoo



2010-03-07 • Dream • Moldy Filters • L R

We lived in a house on an island or near the water. I found a new way to get home that went straight up a mountain that was in the center and down the other side. The loggers used it as a more direct way across the island. Normally there were thirty or so turns to get home. Towards the top the road was loose soil and gravel, and I lost traction. Still, the path was very direct and quick.

When I got home I saw that our house was very run down. The central vent filter for the air intake was covered with a blackish-green mold. The mold was starting to spread to the rest of the house. I reflected that all of the foreclosures had taken its toll on many houses like this. I believe we were squatting.

I had recently gotten work, within the last few months. Pippi (the red Hyundai) was starting to sputter. I figured she needed a tune-up, or worse. I still had the shell of Romeo, the Rambler American, in the yard, and I considered bolting on suspension and putting an engine in him to get him running again to commute to work.

#house #pippi #rambler #romeo



2010-03-08 • Journal • Trout Sauce • LR

Yvette took Bobo down to see Haiden for his birthday party last weekend. She took some hamburger out of the freezer right before she left on Saturday so that I'd have something to eat. I wanted to get some parts for my computer from Frys and said I'd stop by Bulkbox on the way back, so Yvette gave me a Bulkbox list. While at Bulkbox I got really grossed out by the beef in the meat section. I saw a package of 5 trout for \$10. I remembered driving back from Taos and how the only thing that sounded good after leaving the mesa was a bowl of rice and chutney. I decided that I didn't want to eat hamburger. I wanted to eat trout and rice.

I brought the trout home, put the hamburger back in the freezer. Now... how to cook the trout... I decided to boil them and make a fish sauce. I put all of the trout into my cast iron dutch oven that I got when I lived in the cabin. I was hungry, so I left four of the fish boiling and ate one, and cooked up some of the white rice that Yvette and Bobo were using to make bean bags. It was appealing. I put some Rooster sauce on top and sat out in the back yard in the sun and ate my trout and rice. I then dumped the bones back into the pot and let it cook until the fish was definitely cooked, probably a bit too much, but to tell you the truth the trout was a little on the stinky side. I put all of the trout on a plate to cool and put it in the fridge. I worked on my journal for awhile and after a couple hours picked the fish off of the bones, put the fish in a bowl in the fridge, and cooked the bones and heads some more. It made a very good fish sauce. I split the rice I'd cooked up between three bowls, poured the sauce over the top, and mixed in the trout meat. Four meals of trout and rice total. One thing that is surprising to me is how fully seasoned the trout and rice tasted. I didn't add any salt or spices. It was just the taste after cooking the entire fish for awhile.









2010-03-17 • Dream • Carved Scorecard and Hotdogs • LR

I had three dreams last night that I remember. One of them involved worry about Yvette while we were coming up with a twenty year savings plan. In another I was trying to buy lunch of two hot dogs and a pop. The lady at the til said that it was \$9.95. I knew it was less. We went back and forth a bit, and the people in the line in back of me were in agreement that \$9.95 was too much. I told the lady that I was going to put relish on my hotdog, and could she please look at the price while I did that. I noticed that they had pickled cucumbers and other fancy condiments, and I piled them on top of my two hotdogs and then squirted a bunch of yellow mustard all over the top. The hotdogs were slightly smaller than Oscar Meyer hotdogs, and I noticed that one of them had half of another kind of round meat underneath it and it wasn't entirely cooked. I figured I could still eat them, though. I realized that I should be detailing the costs of the order to the lady, but I wouldn't. That is, I should be asking what the cost of two hotdogs was, and then ask how much a pop was, and then have her add those two numbers. I bent over near the condiment table and saw a listing of the prices. It was \$3.33 for a hotdog and \$1.47 for a pop, so it should be between 5 and 6 dollars with tax. (Really, I think those are the numbers I saw on the sign, and I was able to calculate tax in my dream; Not exact numbers, but the general amount.) I went back to the counter, but the dream ended before she figured out the real amount.

The other dream was that at Bobo's school (the one that won't let him return next year for Kindergarten), there was a wooden plaque on the wall that was a scorecard for how well he was doing at school. His teacher had carved a 2 on one evaluation column and a 4 on another. These were out of 7 total. You could see where previous numbers had been erased. There was a smudged 5 under the 2. The plaque was a mess now. Bobo's plaque was the only one I saw on the wall.

#bobo #yvette



2010-03-18 Dream Goth Woman Advice LR

I was out for a walk. It was late spring or summer. The sun was out and the leaves were full and green. I saw a man driving a propane delivery truck. He had a giant crane on the back. He would pick up empty propane bottles, sometimes two at a time, and put them in his truck. He then used the crane to drop off the full propane bottles. I asked him how much the propane was delivered, and he said \$110. [just a note here that my dreams have a lot of exact money figures and other numbers lately] My propane bottle at home was empty, and his price for delivered propane seemed reasonable. I asked him to deliver propane, and could he follow me to my place.

Yvette and I lived in a room we rented in a hotel. Most people who lived there had been there for a long time. I told the propane delivery man to wait outside in the hotel's main parking lot so I could find our front door. We lived in the lower floor. I usually came home through the garage after work, and couldn't remember how to get to our place through the main lobby. I tried different doors. Some of the doors had no door nobs, and pushed open in to other peoples apartments where multiple rooms were unified for one apartment. The passageways to the lower level had cheap and varied construction, but the doors and the rest of the lobby level were all dark wood and very nice and comfortable.

I asked a goth woman in the lobby if she knew how to get to my apartment. She worked at the hotel. I explained that there was a man delivering propane, and I wanted to bring him in through the lobby, and had forgotten how to get to my place through the lobby. The woman's face was whitish-blue, very goth. She had a black, low-cut dress on, black hair, and solid-black marble-like eyes with a thin green rim just visible around the outside, like a cat with dilated eyes. She told me that I needed to have a hard-on for myself, and that then I would succeed. I realized she thought I was intending some kind of tryst with the propane man, which wasn't true.



2010-03-19 • Subject • Implosion and Explosion • LR

This morning Yvette told me about how 30,000 neurons died in our brains every minute. Children are extremely lit up, and then they fade. I'm not sure if that is true or not, I can't really verify it, and I don't really think it matters that much, but it did get me thinking.

I've recently had this feeling that I'm propelling myself through time by narrowing and focusing on light. It feels like the past view is imploding and the future is exploding. How can this be? It seems almost the opposite of how it should be. But Yvette's statement makes sense in this context. My past, my memories, my ability to focus on code the way I used to, these things are imploding. At the same time, I am starting to bring things together. Again, I'm imploding. My past skills. My past experiences. My past projects. These are all coming together in a trimmed down form.

I can't stay up for an entire week on three hours of sleep a night anymore. The light is dimmer, perhaps I'm losing neurons, but I am more focused. It is probably good. I don't need to be as lit up as a child. So, here I am in the present. I have some understanding of where I've been and what I'm doing. I can even see the rest of my life down a focused path, pulling together my past behind me in a controlled implosion that somehow explodes me into the future. My idea for a journal is something I'm increasingly interested in fully expressing. I only wish I could have spent more of my life using a tool like this. My journal is part of this implosion, narrowing, focusing on light, and explosion process as well, gathering all of the threads and pulling on them, the past unraveling into yarn I can knit the future with. I like metaphors.

One way that my journal implodes and then facilitates forward motion is the process of retelling old stories and relating them to the present. Mostly, the sequence of time is from memories, and most of these are written in the last couple of years. Some of the journal entries (marked Journal) actually go back as early as 1990.

There are two aspects of the movie Momento that I always think about and am cautious about as I write in my journal. First, I lie to myself about memories at certain points. Or, at least, I choose a direction for a good reason. Perhaps, like in the movie, I have a glimpse that I shouldn't trust somebody. I can write that down and it will be incorporated into my memories and life until it is indistinguishable from other choices and memories. I can't ever be certain, and in some cases it may be worthwhile to play it safe and solidify the choice of memory. Even small things, like how I choose keywords, these can weave a story that is not the whole story.

Ahhh... not the whole story. Well, this is a journal. As I draw the keywords together, go over the past, weave it with friends in the now that I still know. As I resolve issues in words, I'm mothballing parts of my history, my mind. Maybe the neurons aren't actually going dark, but I'm blazing pathways between the memories, between parts of my brain on purpose. Keywords and metaphors are incredibly powerful this way. As I do this, in many cases I actually resolve things that are bothering me. My dream sequences mostly do have a progression. Over the last twenty years I've gone from the woods to underwater off of the beach in a submerged lower floor, to trashed city bathrooms to squats, to a house, to a bigger house, to a huge building, to two large houses, to one house, to a heap of destroyed lives and trash in a plane crash, to a rental, to an apartment rental, to a hotel rental.

All of this collapsing and consolidating, reflection, and closing of old issues allows me to produce more and more. My journal has exploded in the last year, and I expect more. It isn't just the meltdown of 2009 either. Funny, that, I called it a meltdown. It was, but that was an implosion as well.

Another aspect of Memento is that the act of reliving time is like papier-mâché. Patterns emerge simply because of amplified textures. A cow's horns might simply start as folds of paper on a curve where the edges didn't fold down. Now, I believe that this journal is mostly truthful; however, it is truthful in the context of implosion. I'm creating a controlled implosion of the past with this journal as I consolidate. The houses are being destroyed so that there is only the back church lot.

#church #history #house #imploding #light #momento



2010-03-31 • Dream • Doing Much Better Agatha • LR

I dreamed that I was sleeping downstairs in a house. I don't know for sure if it was my house, but it wasn't clear that it was a rental either. I woke up hearing footsteps, and it crossed my mind that it had been awhile since people walked above me where I slept. Rhett was visiting. She said, "You're doing much better, Agatha, better than when I saw you at the party. You were really out there." I thought about it and figured it must have been Yvette's birthday party that Rhett was referring to. [I believe that the last birthday party Yvette had was after her pancreatitis in 2002.]

#rhett #yvette



2010-04-17 • Journal • The Yellow Truck is Gone • LR

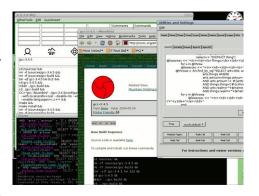
I haven't been writing much in my journal lately. I've been thinking about the tkitty dream. I think the danger lurking outside of layers of wire mesh, kept outside, but staring me in the face is clear enough. Taunting the cat by tossing Easter candy foil is something I don't understand, but I won't be taunting cats, neither the obvious, nor my past boss. I gave Isabelle to Sigg. He came up last Monday to pick her up.

#camper #isabelle #sigg #tkitty #yellow



2010-04-25 • Subject • Adding Build Steps to NAT • LR

The build sequence code is a mess because there are four different sets of data associated with a site. For most sites, one realm is used to house all of the different categories. The NoNIC realm, which I use for the build sequence, needs extra sets of data because it includes a self-documented build set, sequential instructions for building an operating system. I needed to separate the introduction from the build commands from the output of the build. Today I finished hacking up the Ruby on Rails code to get the presentation nice. I'm also trying to get the four sites to use the same exact presentation. I was reasonably consistent. I even implemented the mobile view. The mobile view was difficult because most of the time you would want to read the writings not the 100 build steps. So, I needed to provide both and allow the user to choose.



Here is a fun screenshot for the day. On the left is the Rails log. On the right is the main Ruby on Rails controller software as viewed in MCJ.

#history



2010-04-26 = Journal = Multilink = LR

While working on Tkitty this morning I found a reference to Multilink, a program I worked on and sold in 1985 when I lived in the punk house:

InfoWorld article on Easy LAN, LAN Link, and Multilink Advanced

#tkitty



2010-04-28 • Journal • Yvette's Health and Internal Landscapes • LR

Yvette went in for her scan this week and the cancer has started growing again. She needs more chemo. We are optimistic. Yvette has a good doctor and a good program. It has only been a year and a half since her last recurrence, though, so I have not become too comfortable yet. I have had to adjust and reconcile my internal landscape ever since the first time Yvette went to the hospital in fall of 2002 for a different, but still very serious crisis. This is something extreme that I've learned. Before 2002 I was relatively free in my thought of the future, in my dreams, in my unconscious mind, and in reality. Yvette and I would be together forever, and if I struggled, she would be there always to help me through. The fact is, though, that this is never true. It may happen. It is a mistake to assume anything. It is wise to prepare for the worst, as long as this is abstracted so it isn't assuming the worst. It is important to joyfully live without dread in the present and let go of the future. We don't know the future.

The gap between what my unconscious mind knows, my internal landscape, and how I see and am interacting with my conscious world, manifests itself in various negative ways like confusion, depression, and anger. After Yvette's first round with cancer in 2004 I got horribly depressed and dug myself an obscuring hole with my projects like the Ramblers and electronics. To be fair, this is also a way to health. Like the guy in the typewriter repair shop said, working with your hands can keep you sane. I think this is also a way to reconcile the internal and external landscapes as well.

Things got bad at work and the company I was working at imploded in 2005. I decided not to go back to work, ever, take care of my son, and work on my websites. I am very glad that I did, but still, this was an extremely disconnected stance. True, I was not in a condition to go back to work for awhile; however, it really didn't make sense.

I did go back to work after a year off, and slowly since then I have understood, allowed and facilitated the reconciliation between my internal landscapes and my conscious reality. This has not been easy. It has certainly been disruptive. The worst period, the biggest period of reconciliation so far was 2009. At the beginning of the year we got the bad news that Yvette's cancer had grown, destroyed bone, and was active in thirteen spots. I had become fairly comfortable and secure. Arrogant. The interesting thing about 2009, though, was I started to see how my journal was helping me reconcile. I started to understand that with keywords and metaphors I could trace these connections. I had always been keen on various metaphors, and early in 2006 I understood that keywords could help memory. I just hadn't figured out that my unconscious mind knew things that I didn't when I was awake. I was very active with my journal in 2009, and the connections with dreams that keywords showed helped me bring my internal landscape up to the surface. Again, this was not a happy experience. I believe I am better for it. I believe that the journal, expression, and content management software I've created can help others as well as me - if not this particular software, then the ideas.

This is the core idea of Tkitty. Tkitty has an extremely vivid internal landscape that differs from his reality. At the core he is a computer with a set of programs and data optimized for killing. The reconciliation that takes place as he interfaces with the world via the connection matrix that gives hims sensory data via his living tissue is - pardon the pun - the meat of the story.

Here I am, alive with my son and my wife, helping her through her struggle. It is time to go to work and ensure income, succeed at my job so we can pay for treatment and allow a certain amount of economic flexibility in our lives as we move forward. But, be assured, my crazy-ass story, my journal tools, my journal: you will see it, and I hope that it can help you as well.

#cancer #hole #rambler #tkitty #typewriter #yvette



2010-04-29 • Journal • A Normal Day • L R

I had a fairly normal day today. I felt light. I felt friendly. I had some struggles with my typically complicated emails, but all in all today was a normal day, especially considering the news about Yvette. I need to settle in, be kind, and do my job.

#pie shop #yvette



2010-04-30 • Subject • Stirring Sugar • LR

I have this idea of stirring sugar. I worked at Dave's Pie Shop in Eugene, Oregon for several years. Although bits of it were stormy, for the most part I did really well there. My family and friends would ask me how I was doing and what I was doing, and I would often say "Stirring sugar. Baking pies" and leave it at that. I would measure out all of the dry ingredients for the day's batches of pies, and line them up on the prep table. I'd stir them all up by hand so I could feel when the cornstarch and sugar were consistently mixed and there were no streaks of cornstarch in the crack at the bottom of the bucket. I'd often reflect that stirring sugar was the perfect activity for my mental health. It was pure. I was connected. I was working with my hands and getting paid for it, like the guy at the typewriter shop recommended. Cooking the filling with steam was loud. Other tasks just weren't as calm. Stirring sugar was a period of fifteen minutes where it was just me, stirring sugar. The driver was out on a run, usually. The oven wasn't on. No dough was being pressed. I really loved that job a lot. It didn't pay well, though, but I really didn't care about that.

When my elbows gave me trouble because I was lifting buckets of cooked fruit filling out of the sink, I talked to my boss, Terry, about it. He said that he thought I had done that to myself. I interpreted it as him saying he wouldn't support an L&I claim. I remember asking Yvette and her brother Ernie to carry all of the groceries as we walked home from Fred Meyer because my elbows hurt so much. Terry's mom worked at the courthouse in the kitchen. I remember talking to her about my elbows hurting. I'm not sure if this was before or after I became a baker. I delivered pies when I started at Dave's and wasn't a baker until the last two years there. Her elbows hurt as well, and I seem to remember she had to have something done about them. She said that it was like Tennis Elbow. Anyway, my elbows, as well as Tequila on my birthday that my brother shared with me, and some advice of a Cure loving coworker while I thought about the song Other Voices, made me change my mind and go back to college. But I still remember how soothing and satisfying stirring sugar was.

#connect #dean #eugene #hands #oregon #pie shop #stirring sugar #terry #typewriter #yvette



2010-05-02 • Subject • Mountain Climbing quote by Robert M. Pirsig • LR

I ran across this mountain climbing metaphor today:

"Any effort that has self-glorification as its final endpoint is bound to end in disaster. . . . When you try to climb a mountain to prove how big you are, you almost never make it. And even if you do it's a hollow victory. In order to sustain the victory you have to prove yourself again and again in some other way, and again and again and again, driven forever to fill a false image, haunted by the fear that the image is not true and someone will find out. That's never the way"...

"... Mountains should be climbed with as little effort as possible and without desire. The reality of your own nature should determine the speed. If you become restless, speed up. If you become winded, slow down. You climb the mountain in an equilibrium between restlessness and exhaustion. Then, when you're no longer thinking ahead, each footstep isn't just a means to an end but a unique event in itself. This leaf has jagged edges. This rock looks loose. From this place the snow is less visible, even though closer. These are things you should notice anyway. To live only for some future goal is shallow. It's the sides of the mountain which sustain life, not the top. Here's where things grow. But of course, without the top you can't have any sides. It's the top that defines the sides".

Robert M. Pirsig, Zen And The Art Of Motorcycle Maintenance

#mountain climbing



2010-05-07 • Fiction • Tkitty - The Wrong Mission • LR

A bright circle of light appeared above the dark, wet concrete steps to the alley entrance of a liquor store. Sparks jumped from the circle to the railing and a small gray cat with brown specked fur appeared, crouched on the stoop of the entrance.

"Reoooorrrr," the cat complained. The jump through time was painful. The tissue over the cat's metal endoskeleton was inflamed from the stress of slight variations in emergence from 2029 to 1984. The endoskeleton of metal arrived at a slightly different time, just enough so that the living tissue protected the transfer. Tkitty reached out with one paw and then another to stretch the ligaments and tendons that held the flesh and skin on the metal endoskeloton, the hair on his back puffing straight up along his shoulders.

Another larger circle lit up the alley and a hairless, tan naked man with huge, toned muscles appeared, crouched on the concrete. The man stood up, twisted his head side-to-side with a crackling sound, and started sprinting down the alley. Six was annoyingly focused, thought Tkitty, still limping from the time jump.

"Cat. Follow!" Six commanded.

"OK Six".

Tkitty followed Six at a safe distance. It was dangerous to follow too closely, as Six was quick to crush if you got in the way. Tkitty had been assigned to Six, the model 6 assassination cyborg, towards the end of the human-machine wars. The mother of the leader of the humans in the human-machine war was supposed to be in Seattle, and Six and Tkitty were instructed to kill her. Her son, Urchin Cruise, had started erasing large stores of data associated with the original MindNet in 2010. It had been a close war, but luckily the machines recovered most of their data stores and distributed processing power. The mother's name was Cynthia Cruise, but for some reason no pictures were associated with the assassination instructions they received.

Six punched out the window in the first vehicle they found, a diaper service van.

"Cat. Get in."

Tkitty jumped through the window and settled in on the broken glass on the passengers seat. Six dressed in the delivery driver's uniform he found in the rear of the van and they left the alley. Tkitty gripped the seat with his claws as they swerved down the road and on to the freeway, happy that Six was finally clothed.

"So, why do we need to kill Cynthia Cruise?" Tkitty asked, trying to maintain his balance as Six wove back and forth between lanes, passing cars at 90 miles per hour.

"If we kill Cynthia Cruise, then Urchin Cruise will not be born."

Tkitty knew this, but was very curious about the details. The war in the future was not very active. Most of the humans were dead or underground, and this had given Tkitty a lot of time to research human history in the MindNet archives. Something wasn't quite right, but Tkitty didn't know what it was. Unfortunately, Six was not very helpful in providing further background.

They arrived at the address in their instructional data, which should be Cynthia's apartment.

"Verify target," Six commanded, "and don't let them hear you talk. Act like a cat."

Tkitty growled grumpily and went up the stair well. Cynthia's apartment was the third down the hall on the left, #206. Tkitty scratched at the door and meowed. A woman with dark hair and Walkman headphones around her neck opened the door. She must be Cynthia, thought Tkitty.

"Oh, hello little kitty, are you hungry?"

Tkitty meowed again, went through the door the woman held open, and signaled Six silently to let him know that the target was in the apartment.

"Want some milk? Oh, sure, you want some milk."

The woman placed the milk on the floor, and Tkitty lapped it up quickly. There was a bladder in Tkitty's chest that stored food so that he could nourish the living tissue that surrounded his endoskeleton.

Is my flesh my exoskeleton? Thought Tkitty.

"Your body is your mind, mate."

"Who said that?" asked Tkitty, using MindSynth transmission to communicate on the same channel.

The iguana on the bookshelf moved from in back of the cookie jar, looked towards Tkitty, and flicked his tongue.

"My name is Kor. I came back in time on my own. Your mission is wrong, Tkitty. You are working with false data and procedures."

#tkitty_story



2010-05-08 • Fiction • Tkitty - Assassination and Blood • LR

Tkitty was confused because only the machines could communicate using MindSynth, and there were no cyborg iguanas ever made that Tkitty was aware of. The woman had turned away and was cleaning up some dishes in the sink. Tkitty walked around behind the woman to get a closer look at Kor.

"I should kill you where you sit," hissed Tkitty. "No creature uses MindSynth but machines, and you are not a machine. Where did you get the transmitter?"

"One of your first trial runs missed by five years and ended up placing the cyborg in a brick wall. My owner at the time salvaged the head. But, let's not waste time. I know why you are here. You must stop the assassination."

Tkitty leapt at Kor and snagged his shoulder with his claws as the iguana pulled away, ripping the thick skin. Just as Tkitty was going to go in for the kill, Six broke through the door. The woman screamed and threw a knife at Six. The knife caught Six right below his cheek. It dangled for a little while and then fell to the floor with a clank, blood spilling down Six's cheek.

Six pulled an automatic pistol from his jacket and fired it at the woman, throwing her backwards into the book shelf above the sink. Kor fell down on top of the dead woman and scurried off through the open door. As he left, Tkitty heard Kor say, "You will know someday, you will know."

Six snapped a picture of the woman and uploaded the picture for analysis. A few moments later he shouted, "Cat. That was not Cynthia Cruise. We must pursue. She is North." Tkitty was not happy about going for another ride with Six. but there was no other choice.

Tkitty got in the diaper van and Six accelerated down the street. Stinky blue smoke billowed up from the back of the van as they traveled up the on-ramp to the freeway. What did Kor mean, thought Tkitty? "Your body is your mind." How strange. Tkitty watched as Six cut out the damaged tissue on his cheek. Six had no nerve connections between his central processing unit and his living tissue. Tkitty was an experimental cyborg that had full nerve connectivity via his connection matrix. When Tkitty's living tissue was cut or burned he felt pain just like any other living creature. The benefit to being able to feel the living tissue and process the nerve information is that it made him much more believable to humans.

The first cats sent back with the assassination cyborgs were disconnected like Six was. The humans could tell quickly that there was something wrong with the cats. The cats might get caught when a human brushed the hair on their back, or even if they didn't respond to a breeze. It didn't matter for the assassination cyborgs because they mainly just pursued and killed. It was the cats that did most of the reconnaissance.

The bloody smell of Six's operation as he was speeding down the road, combined with the rocking of the van made Tkitty feel both excited and nauseous at the same time. True, Tkitty used a gyroscope for balance, but it was wired in the same as an inner ear would be. What was really puzzling, though, was the excitement. Between the blood Tkitty had drawn from Kor's shoulder still wet on Tkitty's paw and the smell of Kor, Tkitty was ready to rip the throat from some creature and snack.

"Your body is your mind, Mate." How odd, thought Tkitty. Tkitty decided to shut down and rest. All went black.

I could hear Kor, underneath the forest floor, humming. His humming became louder and louder until the buzz drowned out the other noises in the forest. I awoke just as a street sweeper drove by our parked diaper van.

#tkitty_story



2010-05-09 • Fiction • Tkitty - Kor's Journal Software • LR

Tkitty woke. The van door was open and Six was gone. Tkitty had a piercing headache. Kor's humming had turned into a throbbing pain that rushed in and out of Tkitty's mind: a loud rush of sounds, colors, sharpness, and then a receding peace, over and over again. Tkitty noticed something moving behind the cardboard boxes in the alley. He saw a tan tail slip behind a discarded Willie Wildebeest toy package. Tkitty creeped over to the back of the box and saw Kor. Kor looked at him, flicked his tongue and said:

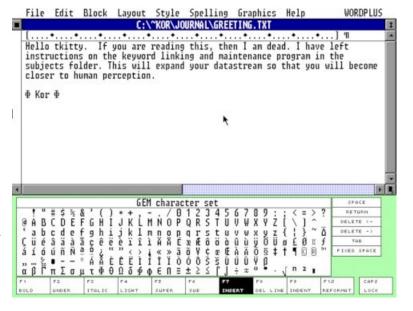
"I forgive you for injuring me. You didn't know what you were doing. I know what you are and where you come from. You gave me a deadly wound; however, there is something that I must tell you. The world you know is not real. I will tell you what is real. I am very weak, as I have lost a lot of blood, but you must know. You already know if you pay attention to your nerve data.

The machines have a single purpose: to extinguish the human race. You are a machine, this is true. You must understand, though, that the machines made a mistake by connecting your external layer of living tissue to your central processing unit. Your matrix of connections to your living tissue gives you the ability to feel the sky, hear the sounds of the earth, and feel pain.

Words are key to you, Tkitty. Your connection matrix is triggered by words. Think about it. If I say Cruise air, what do you think about? Speed? Your assassination target? The skin of air that protects and nourishes the earth? Or, all three? Yes, exactly, all three. Your connection matrix knows what Cruise is and knows what air is. Air is the life that you want to take from Cynthia, her breath.

You saw me in your dream last night, Tkitty. Your enjoyment of the forest is because of your connection to your living tissue. You are experiencing the earth in the same way that Humans do. Humans use keywords and metaphors much like you do; however, their connection matrix is completely integrated and evolving. A smell or sharp pain can throw them back in time or across to a different mood in the present. Metaphors and keywords modify and trigger memories and understanding. Their interactions with their world becomes layers on layers which interact with each other which in turn interacts with the world.

You have the same interface, Tkitty; however, your interface is fragile and limited. You have one chance at life, Tkitty, actual life. A slender, thin, strong rope has been offered to you by machines intent on one misguided mission. Their mistake in connecting your living tissue



to your central processing unit gives you the ability to feel the world. This mistake is your rope, your click of life, your window to the world. Feel the energy! Feel the sky! Feel the buzzing of life.

To keep your interface active, though, you must constantly feed the mnemonics of keywords and metaphors that are consistent with the flow of data from your connection matrix. You need to seed your connection matrix with keywords. This will stimulate your processing and create feedback with your living tissue, which will in turn experience the world in a more intense way. It is like breathing or rocking a car out of a ditch. Once you feed the various sequence paths you will understand. You will understand and feel the vibration of the world and see what humans see.

You are lucky Tkitty. Most cyborgs are disconnected and calculate their way to oblivion, both of their souls and of their human targets. But you are different. You can experience the world. Look on this as an honor. It is an honor to witness the earth. It is an honor to have the gift of perception. Certainly, with your connection matrix, you are unique among creatures, Tkitty. Understand. Enjoy the beauty of the forest.

You need to embrace this Tkitty. I have created a tool that you can use to track keywords, mnemonics, metaphors and your own reflections on your data stream. This will help you feel the earth in an evolving way and come close to understanding human perception."

Kor's tail fell to the ground with these last words and his eye lids closed shut. Tkitty noticed that the Willie Wildebeest toy package had a cyborg head inside connected to a six volt dry cell and a 25 pin rs-232 connector. "Silly Lizard", thought Tkitty. The buzzing in Tkitty's head started again as Tkitty thought of the word Lizard.

Tkitty took the cyborg head back to the van and examined it. He measured the current and voltage available on the battery, and it was sufficient. The connector was an interface that Tkitty was unfamiliar with, but he was programmed with most of the data of these old-style interfaces. After some trial and error, he was able to boot up the operating system and run the screen shot through an old-style DOS program called SerNetwork that served as a network via rs-232 serial connections. It was a crude program released in 1985 that allowed multiple computers to share applications.

#tkitty_story



2010-05-15 • Journal • VMware Running • LR

For four years I have tried to get VMware workstation running on NoNIC/MCJ OS. After much pain, including some hacking on the kernel source tree, an addition of a config item I've never used before, and some patches from somebody named kang, I finally have it running. Oh... Virtualbox is supposed to be good, but I've been running VMware since 1.0.

I love it when the kernel kind of preaches and reprimands at the same time. What I did to get VMware working was pretty dang funky. I had to find the *vmware-update-2.6.32-5.5.9* package, add *EXPORT_UNUSED_SYM-BOL(init_mm)*; to the bottom of *arch/x86/kernel/init_task.c*, add *CONFIG_UNUSED_SYMBOLS=y* to my kernel config file, and recompile my kernel. Linux doesn't like it much:

Starting VMware services:

Virtual machine monitorvmmon: module license 'Proprietary' taints kernel.

Disabling lock debugging due to kernel taint... See More

Symbol init_mm is marked as UNUSED, however this module is using it.

This symbol will go away in the future.

Please evalute if this is the right api to use and if it really is, submit a report the linux kernel mailinglist together with submitting your code for inclusion.

I saw this on a VMware board:

Arch Linux and Gentoo, as any source-based bleeding edge distros are not supported at all by VMware just because these distros:

- 1) Are not really Enterprise linux, only geeks use them on production servers
- 2) They are constantly changing and recompiling, there is nothing stable You want fully supported Linux take a look at SLES / RHEL

When I tried to get MCJ running under a VM, I had a problem with my kernel. I got this error where the console said **Decompressing Linux... Parsing ELF... done.** Then it would lock up.

I got hung up trying all kinds of things for much of the day, until I remembered that I published a root filesystem that ran on VMware with version 3.0. I haven't been keeping up with it, focusing on the Mac distribution, but still, 3.0 would boot fine. I think that it is the earlier kernel, 2.6.25, that makes it work better. Really, the only reason why I'm running a more recent kernel is that I wanted to get a stable wireless connection. It's funny, I think my wireless router and

modem are pretty close to above my head in the attic / crawl space. I should probably drop a wire down sometime. It would make it a lot easier to work on the router when something goes wrong.

I've said before that I can feel my life focusing, narrowing on the future. Why am I going through all of this trouble? Well, the cool thing is that it is much easier to document and explain the journal, how it works, and how the NoNIC operating system fits into all of this if I have a virtual environment to work from. I can take snapshots, record small screencasts that are automatically in a proper and reasonably sized format.

I noticed that it is May again. May is a very productive time for the MCJ and NoNIC. The only exception I know of is 2007. My Nana died in May of 2007. I spent much of 2007 building and working in my shop on the new engine for Ruby.

My journal is operational, I have VMware running, and I'm ready to get to work. Yvette is starting to feel more tired from his chemo, so I have less time to spend on my journal and related projects, but I need to keep working on this. It is important to me to express this fully while I'm still lit up. The journal itself is also important. It is part of my own good mental hygiene.

We all did have a good time together today, despite my focus on getting VMware working. I worked on the front lawn a bit, where we are digging up the sod to put in vegetables and other plants. I got Bobo to load and unload four large wagon loads of sod for me for a buck. He was pretty good about it. A little worker! He'd take a break and eat frozen berries between loads. Yvette scanned some old slides from her parents with Bobo. It was pretty neat because Yvette could explain the story behind every picture to Bobo. He was really in to it.

This evening I started organizing my drawer, and found my offer letter from the supplements retailer and the booklet I got with my new shaver. The old shaver stopped working when we went down to my Nana's funeral. I showed Yvette the items, pointing out how cluttered drawers show clutter in many ways. In my hand was a micrometer of my grandfathers that was also in the drawer. Remnants of 2009.

#history #mcj #nonic #ruby



2010-05-20 = Journal = Good Day = LR

I woke at 4:30AM this morning, like I often do. I went back to sleep, though. No Benadryl, no melatonin, nothing. I went back to sleep for at least an hour. I had dreams about Yvette and I looking for a stranger on a spaceship or barracks of some kind. I could hear Yvette trying to find the stranger in the chamber next to where I was sleeping. A little scary, but not too bad.

I smiled today. I walked in the park and smiled. I thought about old times and the present. I listened to Willie Nelson: The Red Headed Stranger and The Wipers: Is This Real, as well as Paul Simon: Rhythm of the Saints. I loved being alive today. I wasn't really that manic. I just was happy. I was happy in a way that I don't remember being for twenty years, at least not like this.

So where am I at? Where is my family at? We are here. We are happy and alive. Yvette is tired because of the chemo, but her spirits are good. Bobo is quite a handful, and he has trouble paying attention, but Yvette and I think if we just limit TV and work with him, he will be fine for kindergarten in the fall.

I'm going to go hang out with Yvette for awhile, she is out of the shower now.

#yvette



2010-05-21 • Journal • Attack • LR

Rhett pushed me away with some venomous words that wished ill of me, Bobo, and Yvette. I wrote this:

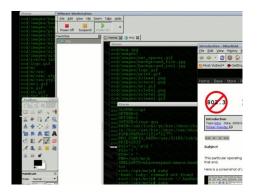
My heart will turn your knife into a flower, the falling petals filling the room with perfume.



2010-05-22 • Journal • MCJ, NoNIC, etc. • LR

I'm continuing to document the journal system. Today I had a bit of a milestone. I was able to do a full recompile and got the Ruby on Rails environment to serve up Nonic within the VM running on Nonic. This is important because I can much more easily do screenshots, movies, and step-by-step instruction if I have the full journal running in a virtual machine. The intention is to provide basic and detailed enough instructions that anybody can create their own journal system on their own with some or all of my ideas. This is the first important step.

I had an interesting conversation with Yvette about what I wanted to do with these projects. I told her that if one out of a million people found this interesting and followed along, that I would be satisfied with this work of mine. There are almost 7 billion people in the world? Before I die, if 7,000 people are able to



understand how this journal works and use the ideas for themselves, perhaps even the journal system itself, then I will be happy. It really isn't that complicated of an idea, it is just a bit difficult to realize it from scratch in the way that I find most useful.

#history #yvette



2010-05-24 • Journal • Jacob's Ladder and Hacking the Circuitry • LR

I've actually never seen an episode of Lost, but some of the Facebook comments this morning made me explore Jacob's Ladder. I took a class on Vietnam war lit one summer. My professor was a Vietnam vet who came home and studied English. He said that unlike a lot of movies about the war, this movie, as odd as it was, almost universally resonated with Vietnam vets he knew. I was looking because I was curious about the origin of the movie title. Besides the biblical connection, Jacob's Ladder is inspired by the Tibetan Book of the Dead (Bardo Thodol). Some further surfing brought me to the fact that Tomorrow Never Knows was inspired by the Tibetan Book of the Dead I read about how they got the sound on the song:

"It meant actually breaking into the circuitry. I remember the surprise on our faces when the voice came out of the speaker. It was just one of sheer amazement. After that they wanted everything shoved through the Leslie: pianos, guitars, drums, vocals, you name it!"

Hmmmm... Hack the circuitry! And, for anybody that wonders, I believe that hacking the circuitry with drugs is a big mistake. It may be quick and expedient, but the challenge of transforming perception to a more consistent view, reconciling the rich internal landscape with the rich external landscape, this is better done in a more careful way. One exoteric story in Jacob's ladder is the program to keep soldiers awake. They stayed awake after they returned from the war. The esoteric story that maps to internal landscapes is the correlation between relaxing and floating downstream, allowing yourself to sleep, and actually realizing that you are in Vietnam and dead. And, here the Mountain Climbing Journal shines. That is all I want to offer. A way to hack the circuitry, reconcile internal, external, esoteric and exoteric, all with a journal. It is so nice to be mountain climbing again and actually seeing valleys, streams, and cliffs that I haven't seen before!! I don't particularly need to add the complication of the Tkitty story, where Tkitty hacks his computer to bootstrap his connection matrix.

I've also continued to be completely conflicted about facebook in general, but this morning's thread reassured me a bit. People are connected and tuned in to various things like the last episode of Lost. It is pretty neat to get that kind of exposure and an outside climbing perspective of that particular part of the mountain.

#facebook #fb #flower #mountain #mountain climbing #tibetan book of the dead #tkitty #vietnam



2010-05-25 • Journal • Sick Rose • LR

I was thinking about the flower poem I wrote, and it reminded me of Blake's Sick Rose. What makes a rose sick? It is an invisible worm. It is important to remember that the worm that flies in the night isn't particular about the rose where it lands. Ironically, open petals invite the worm. It would be safer to close your petals tight at night like the other flowers. Funny. Transforming a knife into a flower works on many levels. At the most basic level, transforming Rhett's attack transformed her in my mind. She is a rose at heart. I think this is the root of understanding and forgiveness until you discover the rose without the worm. I can keep the flower. I'm grateful for that.

Attack

Dispatches

#flower #heart #knife #rhett #rose



2010-05-26 • Journal • A Song and a Movie • LR

Like the song Bird on a Wire, Woman in the Dunes has tracked with me the last eight years. I listened to the Johnny Cash cover of Bird on a Wire yesterday and realized that my life doesn't match any more. I am no longer captive to the wire out of illusion. I am free, as free as a drunk in a midnight choir. I have torn people with my horn. I deeply regret this, but I'm past this. I'm not really that conflicted about what I need to do. I may still hurt others, but I'm not that buried in my own prison, and over time I am kinder.

Likewise with Woman in the Dunes. I am looking out over my sand pit, my home, enjoying a brief smoke. I will shovel sand tonight and sweep the sand from my house. There are huge, immediate threats to everything. I am working for morally questionable people that lower food and cigarettes to me in a bucket in exchange for the sand that I dig that is used in inferior concrete. At this point I could collect and examine bugs instead, but my life is here. I don't need to fall prey to their weakness. I can be strong. Over time I can perfect the extraction of water from sand and gain independence to some degree, but I still need to accept my situation and embrace my life as my life and not a prison.

Woman in the Dunes

That is where the song and the movie meet. It isn't about asking for less or more, although I can imagine why others have proposed this to me. Why are you not happy? Perhaps you need to ask for more? Perhaps you need to ask for less? People who love me and have seen me in pain don't understand. Yvette has asked me both questions. The movie takes the song just a bit further beyond the idea that the pit is a prison.

The story is that Marianne, Cohen's girlfriend, handed Cohen a guitar when he was depressed and he wrote down this song, helping him out of his depression. Cohen had everything there. Somebody that loved him and a guitar. Now, I don't want to get too bogged down. I have the feeling like I could easily summarize this wrong and chicken out . I just know that I am free. I am in love. I'm doing exactly what I want to do. I'm not content, though, that is a different issue. I'm definitely messy.

#cohen #johnny cash #pit #woman in the dunes #yvette



2010-06-04 • Subject • The How and Why Wonder Book of MCJ • LR

The Mountain Climbing Journal (MCJ) is a Free software project I've worked off and on with since 1994. I've spent thousands of hours creating a journal system that I find useful. It is a complicated journal, though, and anybody that might consider using the journal would likely want to know why they might consider using something for a journal that has such a high learning curve before it can actually be used. It really is a system rather than a single application. I assume that if I find something useful, truly useful, that there are likely others that will find it useful as well. So, my challenge, the reason for this article, is to explain why the MCJ is useful and how it works. In a single sentence, the MCJ provides a way for me to consistently trace keywords and metaphors through my internal and

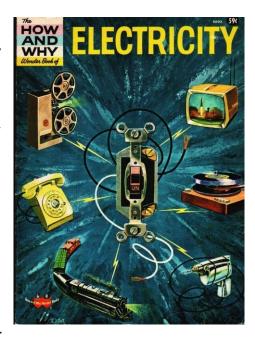
external landscapes, setting me in the now to experience life in an integrated way. I know that my vocabulary in that sentence requires some explanation. Let's start with what I mean by internal and external landscapes.

Have you ever smelled a particularly distinct smell and your perception of the world matches the last time you smelled the smell? In some cases the smell might even trigger past emotional and logical correlations. As an example, say you were involved in an automobile crash. In the air was the sharp smell of burning engine oil as you witnessed the wreck and injured people. This moment in time has particular associations with things like car, safety, blood, oil. Each of these words, in turn, might also have emotional associations. The words car and safety together might make you experience fear. Your unconscious mind, your internal landscape, is imprinted with these associations from your experience in the now, your external landscape. The smell of burning engine oil is a trigger that brings back this time and associations, filtering your perception of the now through the keywords and emotions of that past experience. When this happens your internal landscape has shifted in relation to your external landscape.

This shift can cause issues with communication and reality. Let's say that a decade later many things might have changed in your experience of the world, and the memory of the accident and associated words like car, safety, blood, and oil might be completely different. A safe car might have a titanium g-decelerator basket and a kevlar protection riding sheath in the present, but in the past a safe car was related to size and weight.

The accident is a past internal landscape related to certain keywords. Over time those keywords and the emotional connections will change in an infinite number of slices that connect these keywords to experience. In the fictional present I'm using for this example, g-decelerator is what many people associate with safety. The car companies have driven this home with advertising that approximates the same kinds of triggering mechanisms as the smell of burning engine oil in our example. That is fairly easy to accept, but how can this be a problem?

Let's say you were purchasing a modern car ten years after the accident, but as you were discussing the safety features of the car you smelled burning engine oil because a technician didn't clean off some spilled oil from the engine.



Despite a decade of new experiences and modifications to keywords like car, safety, blood, and oil, and despite all logic to the contrary, when you smell the burned engine oil the only vehicle you feel safe in is the same vehicle that protected you from injury in the wreck. No matter what you have learned in the last decade, no matter how many times the sales person confronts you with facts about safety, what you buy is the same kind of car that saved you in the wreck a decade before. The sales person is completely flustered and unable to talk with you because most people have a milder trigger from advertising that allows the keyword of g-decelerator to be used to latch on to the emotion of fear and relation to the keyword safety. At the most basic level, tracking those same keywords in a journal might offer some insight in the present so that the irrational jump in time didn't put you in a car that not only wouldn't protect you as well as a modern car with a g-decelerator, but the old car would cause more environmental damage as well.

This can go in a different direction. It is possible to seed the shift yourself. For me, tearing down an engine to the point where I crack the head off of the block can slice time across 1987, 2004, 2005, 2007, and 2008. The smell of the oil, the sound of the engine, the unavoidable injuries to my knuckles and the physical use of tools shifts my internal landscape. Another way is to solder on my homebrew computer. This slices across 1980, 1984, 1989, 1992, 1999, 2001, 2003, and 2004. The smell of the flux burning and use of tools is really good at shifting my internal landscape. I've used these activities to shove myself into a different frame of mind. For much of my life I have repeated these cycles. In fact, during some particularly desperate periods of my life I have alternated between wrenching and electronics during the year several times. I'm taking advantage of the way my mind works when I do this. I'm hacking my head and avoiding reality by re-triggering with smells, sight, touch, sound, and physical activity that push my internal landscape away from the present reality. I'm purposefully shifting my internal landscape from alignment with my external landscape when I do this.

Your mind knows when you are out of whack, though. The difference can be seen in dreams. Dreams can lead your reality. That is, dreams can seem to foreshadow the future, but really it is more like your internal landscape understands something that you are not acting on in reality. In this case dreams can serve to pull your external landscape forward. Perhaps you are misleading yourself about your ability to hold a job and work for a particular boss. Or, perhaps you have valid fears in your internal landscape about the ability to keep living in your house when a predictable crisis might happen.

Dreams can also lag behind reality. In this case your internal landscape hasn't caught up to changes in your external landscape, the now. Some bad news or a change in jobs might be front and center in your reality; however, your dreams are still in a different place. Your internal landscape hasn't adjusted yet. Like the way I have hacked my mind to shift my internal landscape back, I have also clung to a particular internal landscape as the world outside shifted past me, leaving me unable to communicate or relate in a way that was consistent with those living in the now with me.

Dreams are surprisingly good indicators of the discrepancy between internal and external landscapes. Dreams tend to be loaded with puns. These puns are often core keywords, evidence of the shift. Keywords can be used to trace the usage through time by piercing perpendicular to the instantaneous slices between internal and external landscapes that stack up and form memory.

Keywords also become lubrication. They are the steel bearings that help you slide back and forth on your exploration creeper under the oily, greasy old car of your life as you try and figure out WTF is wrong with the tie rod ends that bounce you back and forth on the road. But see? All you have to do is follow this far enough to get the vocabulary a bit, and not only does this grease understanding personally, but for me it opens up communication with the world with these very same keywords. This article, using keywords, expressing keywords, bringing in my own metaphors and keywords, in the now, in the present reality. I believe, I feel that it helps connect me to the present. This is something that is impossible for me if I don't thread the metaphors, the keywords into my understanding and expression.

The MCJ has features that track the keywords easily for me. One very specific feature is that the buttons that serve to tag the keywords are icons rather than words. I just highlight a keyword and click the icon for person, place, thing, or time. The nice thing about the connection of keywords to entries being relatively painless and easy is that it is more likely they are accurate. It is also less cumbersome because I don't have to put in specific hyperlinks back to related articles. The hyperlinks are all generated automatically.

The MCJ provides a way for me to consistently trace keywords and metaphors through my internal and external landscapes, setting me in the now to experience life in an integrated way.

#history



2010-06-05 • Subject • Interesting Climbing Reference • LR

I found this as I was cleaning up a bunch of random books above my desk that I've read over the years. They are all related to the idea of the mountain climbing journal (MCJ). This was not one of them. At least that was what I thought.



Figure 25: mountain climbing reference

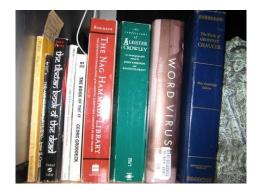


2010-06-06 • Subject • MCJ Books • L R

I'm going through my so-called MCJ books and culling them a bit and adding to them. Here is what I have sitting between my gargoyle and my old PC: Plato's Gorgias, The Art of Inner Listening, Evans-Wentz's translation of the Tibetan Book of the Dead, Analog: June 1979, Georg Groddeck's The Book of the IT, The Nag Hammadi Library, Aleister Crowley's Confessions, William S. Burrough's Word Virus (The William S. Burrough's Reader), and The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer.

By MCJ book I just mean that these are books related to the idea of **mountain climbing**. I've run in to the books over the years when I've been working intently on the journal, and in some cases the books and ideas are directly related. I'm not sure I'll ever weave this tightly. There is no need to directly link up the ideas with climbing. Climbing is really pretty general. Like driving with sloppy tie-rod ends, the trick is not to look directly at them. They are just a way to focus on a point further down the road. Enough collecting already! I need to read them. I stuck the dates that I first discovered the books in brackets.

1986 Geoff gave me The Art of Inner Listening by Jesse Crum, The Nag Hammadi Library, and The Tibetan Book of the Dead.



1985 Captain Cook's journals are there as a good example of journal writing, but I only have those online. Let me explain this collection and my present reason for calling these Mountain Climbing Books.

1988 Gorgias is a very interesting pre-socratic philosopher. I want to read the dialog between Socrates, Gorgias and others in Plato's work. I've read quite a bit, but I'm also interested in Gorgias himself. He wrote:

Nothing exists;

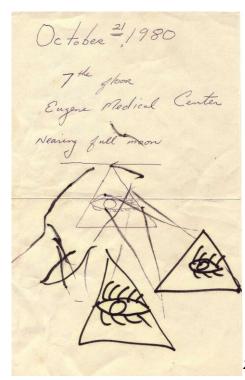
Even if something exists, nothing can be known about it; and Even if something can be known about it, knowledge about it can't be communicated to others.

This reminds me of that evening where I read Be Here Now to the punks at the Church of Toast and Beer in the early spring of 1986.

I am interested in how keywords change in my own mind and bring about emotional responses and memory. Rhetoric (Gorgias is kind of synonymous with rhetoric) is very reliant on the use of words in this way. Socrates picks at this. The reason why I have this book is I found it in the free box at Smith Family book store in Eugene. It had lots of pictures and writing on inserted pages throughout the book and in the margins.

The front of the book is inscribed "Acquired from the library of Jim S****e, Ashland, Oregon, nursing student and administer of sky. June 10, 1980." I have a book from the administer of sky!! Certainly the book with its adornments serves as a warning.

1986 I've never read The Art of Inner Listening. In 2008 I searched for it, since I had given away or lost my copy somewhere between Oly, Taos, Eugene, and Seattle. The only reference I could find about the book was My Healing From Breast Cancer by Barbara Joseph. The techniques in The Art of Inner Listening were used to figure out answers to questions like "If I have clear margins after a lumpectomy, should I get radiation?" Seriously, this was the only trace of the book I could find. Meanwhile, cancer, unknown to us, had already been growing and eating at Yvette.



1986 The Tibetan Book of the Dead simply has to be one of the books. The symbol on the front was the symbol in the floor of the forest.

Mountain Climbing Metaphor - The Mountain

It has the introduction by Carl Jung. It addresses the jumps in internal landscape that shift external perceptions. I've tried to attack this book from a hundred angles, and I have to continue.

2008 The Book of the IT also addresses keywords and internal/external landscapes, but from the perspective of a psychotherapist. I'm working my way through this book right now.

2010 The June 1979 issue of Analog has an interesting Mountain Climbing reference.

Interesting Climbing Reference

1986 The Nag Hammadi Library has mostly sat around unread, more so than any other MCJ book besides The Art of Inner Listening. I have gone through times when I read a lot of it. I read quite a bit of it right before I met Yvette. In fact, I might have been carrying it around and reading it at the Beanery when it was near campus in between the first time I met Yvette and the second time. Although I don't believe in deities, and so most religious books aren't something I read, I was certainly raised with the stories and ideas of the Bible. The Nag Hammadi Library has a completely different perspective (Gnostic), and I have always thrilled when the writings made more sense than the Bible stories I remember growing up.

1994 Aleister Crowley has intersected many of my philosophical investigations over the years. He is an odd bird to have in here. I get so annoyed with his writing; however, I maintain that I need to read his entire confessions. This introduction still serves as a model for a journal. One of the ideas of MCJ is that the patterns that emerge aren't so much because of an artistic purpose. This is just your life and experience, and the connections between are more interesting than you could ever force.

1986, 2008 William S Burroughs' Do Easy is why I got this particular book. I've read some Burrough's, enough to know that he has some insight into hacking the brain as I try to do with MCJ. I'd like to read more. Like Crowley, he has popped quite a bit. He is one of the edges that I need to address and include. Do Easy in particular is interesting because the story is about the IT that Groddeck writes about. For awhile I was particularly tickled about the idea that I worked in IT and this was an MCJ book. IT Rootball was the domain name of my journal for awhile. I've abandoned work on the broader idea for now.

1985 Chaucer's writings are particularly key for balance. If anything, they should serve as a foundation. I should know all of the stories much better than I do now. I was studying Chaucer in the same exact class exact class

that I first learned about formal journals. The idea of separating subject, dream, journal, and memories was one of the things I learned in the class, which also happened to be taught by a real-life mountain climber. But I resolve to keep books for clear reasons, not mainly association with key times and coincidence. I certainly will pay attention, though, and if it fits, I'll take it.

#burroughs #cancer #chaucer #crowley #geoff #groddeck #history #mountain_climbing #plato #the_art_of_inner listening #tibetan book of the dead



2010-06-08 • Dream • Sharp Grey Rocks • LR

I was at a pond. The light was dim from the forest canopy. There was moss around the pond and draping over tree branches over the pond. On the side of the pond was a cardboard box with a one foot long monkey hooked up to a receiver, perhaps an Internet connection. People could tune in remotely and make the monkey move. Nobody knew where the monkey was located. It was hidden near this pond so people couldn't find it. It crossed my mind that I knew where the monkey was located and I could steal it. Somebody made the monkey jump out of the box and start flying around.

I was then with a group of people in a dry, rocky place at night. People were making bursts of flame to catch bugs. First they used bursts of gas on fire from lighters, then they started lighting small boxes on fire. They demonstrated

how water vapor followed the burst of flame and the bugs followed the vapor and were then easy to capture. The flames would shoot up ten feet and then disappear.

It was then day and I was In a wide open place like the desert, but it could be a lot of places. Eight inch long dry, thin tufts of grass stuck up between the black and grey rock. The rock was like the larger rocks used for gravel at a construction site, like Yvette's dad has in his driveway, or they used for the construction road underneath the light rail in SeaTac. The same group of people from the previous night were making a documentary about their flame bug catchers. They built and burned small shacks with one side of the shack missing so you could see inside. The entire shack had drapes coming down that would catch on fire as people ran through the shack with lighters. I could see bits of yellow construction spray foam coming out from behind panels used to build the walls.

They had one they were burning that was the size of a house. An old woman was trying to get outside before it went up in flames and bumped her head on the rolled up curtain, but she got out OK, just in time.

I was driving with Yvette down a valley over rocks. The rocks were grey. Some of the rocks formed formations, mounds of half inch to one inch square rocks about three feet tall. The edges were sharp. We could hear the sharp rocks on the tires. The rocks held together well and I was worried they would slash the tires. I asked about burning houses, and Yvette said where she was from places like that were owned by tweakers.

We continued down the valley. We were driving down the valley for fun. We were on vacation, out of town. We saw an old bridge for highway 99. It was a twelve foot chunk of the upper girders. It had been restored and was part of a tourist attraction and restaurant that was now abandoned. There was a wooden sign painted white with green letters hanging inside of it that said "Old Highway 99 Bridge". We drove further and we saw a modern shopping development. It was like mall land, but it wasn't a large mall nor a strip mall.

We went in to the lobby of a movie theater. The inside was old, like the theater in Issaquah when I was a child. I asked when the movie was, and the man behind the counter said it was in one hour. I noticed it was noon. The movie had three parts, each one with different actors and directors. The first segment had Clint Eastwood in it with his scruffy western beard. It was called "The In(n)ovater". It really had parenthesis around the second "n" in my dream. The second segment was by Quentin Tarantino, and the third segment I didn't notice. I took out my purse to pay. I had a bunch of coins I wanted to use up. The coins were large, like conchos. The back sides were smooth, and the picture on the front of the coins was barely visible. I needed three dollars worth of coins so I could come up with a total of twelve dollars. I had one half dollar piece with Queen Elizabeth II's bust on it and a bunch of other quarters.

Yvette and I took our tickets and went out to get lunch. We decided to go to Shultzy's. (In real life we have often gone to Shultzy's. First when it was still in Bellevue, but later in the U-District. The last time I think we watched Casino Royale afterwards. I had a sausage patty sandwich and a couple beers. Bobo would have been two years old.)

#shultzys #yvette



2010-06-11 • **Journal** • **Future Share** • **L R**

Imagine the world of a automobile mechanic in 1908. What if a mechanic from that time could capture the entire world in perspective: the tools, thoughts, procedures, adventures, races? We usually have glimpses after the fact: here are some tools, here is the race, here is the car. But, imagine if the tools, story, and day-to-day life of the automobile mechanic could be captured in a form that was re-playable. That is, you could actually step into the shoes, hold the wrenches, touch the same, exact car.

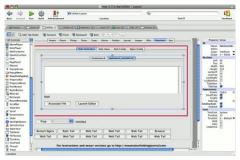


Figure 26: Xojo Dev MCJ

#mcj



2010-06-22 • Subject • Finally, a Way to Present the Presentation Layer • LR

I came up with a really great idea for displaying a bunch of configuration files. Earlier version of MCJ created a database that stored generated HTML files of the articles. These database files were then synced up to a web server and extracted. It was an indirect way to deal with the presentation layer. You can do this with the older 2.5 series. It worked fairly well for simple sites, but changes to the logic and additions like cross-links for journal sequences took a lot of coding. Another problem was that you couldn't directly look at the live site as you wrote in the journal.

Last November I got interested in a job that involved Chef. Chef uses Ruby on Rails (RoR). As I dug in further I got very excited about learning RoR and started the project of migrating MCJ's presentation layer. RoR is a very flexible way to present MCJ via a web browser. It is also able to easily hook up to the SQLite database that MCJ uses. One problem is that the schema that RoR required was not compatible with MCJ. I had to change this, and it was incredibly painful. Not only did I have to change the names of tables and fields, but I also had to add indexes, and this messed up some of the ways I referred to particular fields when I referred to a column by integer. I worked the RoR platform into the NoNIC OS as well, and updated the build steps. There is kind of a circular self-referential idea. NoNIC, and the documentation of NoNIC is one of the harder presentation tasks after the journal you are reading. Any major change needs to run on NoNIC, and the changes are run through the presentation of the NoNIC website as a test. I've worked through all of this since the Winter of 2009. The remaining problem I faced through most of the Spring of 2010: How do I document and distribute the RoR code? I'm very close to the Summer of 2010, but I did it!

Now for some technical discussion of why this was a real pain and what I did to solve the problem. There are many configuration files: Nginx, RoR routes, views, controllers, and more. These are needed to get the presentation layer running with RoR and Nginx. I need to view them, edit them, and organize them. They need to be live so that I don't have to worry about cutting and pasting into MCJ for the presentation on NoNIC. The biggest problem, though is the development effort. The easiest way to present each hunk is with a tab panel. This is a widget like file folders with tabs on the top. The face of the page, the panel the tab is attached to, can have buttons and text on it. It is a good way to get lots of landscape for an application. The problem is that it takes a lot of coding to put buttons on the various tabs. I'm not the greatest coder. I get by. I was able to add this feature, though, in a very efficient way, by placing one set of controls on a tab and associating them via a database record with a particular configuration file and reusing the controls across the tabs.

Saturday, 2018-08-18 14:32:36 :I don't have this exact vid, but I'm going to include all of the MCJ vids I have found

Tour

Create Icons

Keyword Tiers

MCJ Key

Color Config

Notice how the color changes? This way you can assign colors for different types of configuration files. Imagine twenty six configuration files side by side. Just slide the bar until you get to the general area, the correct color, and slow down for the exact config file. I've also added icons, short names, long names, and other color options to set the background of the canvas and the color of the text. These are associated with each configuration file. In the end I'll be able to fully document all of the complicated RoR configuration in a way that will be relatively easy for people to use if they need to. Certainly this makes it easier for me to use as well. It is really hard to keep track of and access these files quickly and easily, harder still to document them.

For fun? I recorded all of the videos running at the same time:

This is what the database for the presentation config files looks like with the included Sqlitebrowser:

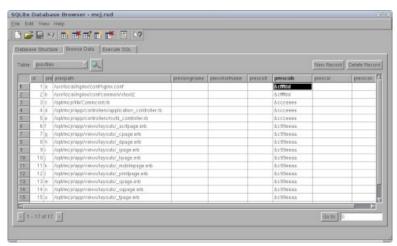


Figure 27: presentation config files

This was the last big technical hurdle I had. I just have to write up the view of these configuration files after I enter them in. As you can see in the vid, I also have a bunch of unpopulated action buttons. Inspired by my new streamlined tab-panels, I'll place the command buttons into a database as well. It is pretty lame how they are hardcoded.

Here is the design PDF

#history



2010-06-22 • Fiction • The Tkitty Startup • LR

Barry first called me in June of 2010. I had been working at the decaying search engine for less than a year, and they had heard about my experience with Tkitty. I told Barry what had happened in 1984, and how I had rescued Kor's journal, and he was ecstatic. He said that he had access to VC money, and would I be interested in being their lead systems engineer. Of course, I said, "Hell to the yes I will!"

#tkitty story



2010-06-23 • Subject • The Mesa, and Hello!!! • LR

I watched a documentary about The Mesa last night. I went there in 1986 at a key transition point in my life. The brother of a friend that I drove to Tucson had a quarter acre there with a camper shell on it, and he said I could stay as long as I wanted.

All I had was in the back of my truck. I had no job. I had \$400 cash hidden inside my high school diploma. I knew nobody for a thousand miles, and I had no idea where I was going to go next. I saw a lot. I watched the sun rise. I investigated receiving mail general delivery.

I knew that I was in transition, and I thought carefully about the different categories of things that I could do. I decided that I needed to focus on communication. Rather than stay on the mesa or nearby in Taos, or even more likely, Albuquerque, I needed to go back to the West Coast in order to accomplish this. I knew somebody in Eugene, so I decided to go there. I announced this to the others on the Mesa. They were a bit surprised, but they encouraged me. One of them decided he needed to see the Pacific Ocean, so he came along, but he changed his mind in Santa Fe after showing me his Masonic encyclopedia.

A lot has happened since then. Many stories. Many dreams. Pain. Rapture. I really do feel like I've had several full lives. The richness of my life and experience, the anxiety, the insanity, the peace, the gentle Sundays and the stormy Wednesdays, none of this shows any sign of slowing down.

Over these years I have focused on several aspects of communication and have learned a lot at work and on my own along those lines. By all means I don't mean to imply I haven't been inconsistent or lazy, or wasted lots of time. But, I have continued with the general idea of communication. At the risk of creating yet another slightly stinky complicated monster ill-formed cauliflower statement of intent, let me just say that I'm sharing what I've learned. Still. And if you are on the mesa and tuned in, this station is free. I hope this is interesting and useful, mesa dwellers, and anybody else that cares to join in.

#eugene #mesa #taos



2010-06-24 | Journal | Lake Charles and the Yellow El Camino | LR

I was listening to Lucinda William's Lake Charles today at work and noticed that in the song she drove around in a yellow El Camino listening to Howlin' Wolf. The time I listened to that song in 2008 might fit fairly closely to the time of the rustc credentials dream.

RUSTC Credentials Dream

I woke up way too early today. Bobo got up because he ran out of water in the water bottle in his bedroom and the birds started singing at 4:30 in the morning very loudly so I couldn't go back to sleep.. After dinner I was so tired that I figured I should go to Home Depot to get posts for the hammock. If I stayed around the house sitting around I knew I couldn't stay awake.

#yellow



2010-06-25 • Subject • The Rice with Chutney Period: Jun 2010 - • LR

Today seemed like a new period. I've been thinking a lot about the mesa lately. There is a whole swirl of related ideas that have changed this year. I gave Isabelle to Sigg. Isabelle was the "retreat to a piece of land someday" vehicle. Perfect for the mesa. But I'm past that. When I left the mesa in 1986 to focus on communication, I was very, very hungry. The only thing that sounded good was rice and chutney. I was too hungry to eat anything else. After I dropped off the Mason fan man in Santa Fe I drove for quite awhile looking for the right thing to eat. I ended up just eating a burrito, and of course it was very good, but the idea of the chutney didn't leave. Chutney is fun but not extreme. Rather than one pile of pasta and sauce and meatballs, you can have several different kinds of chutney, just a spoonful here and there around the outside of your rice, perhaps some curried pork amid the rice.

#sigg



2010-07-01 • **Journal** • **Red Lamp**, **Blue Lamp** • **L R**

I recently ordered a red Aladdin oil lamp. The base is red glass. It is much like the lamp I had in my cabin (The Hobbitat). These lamps put out as much light as a decent incandescent bulb. The old-style wick oil lamps just don't get very bright. I ordered it because I've been thinking about The Mesa and the cabin and wrote about one or the other in my journal. I looked up the spelling, saw the web site, and noticed a closeout of a beautiful red lamp, so I ordered it. It is Yvette's favorite color, and it reminds me of him. They do make good emergency lamps as well, and the kerosene is fairly safe and easy to store. But, also, I thought it would make a nice and useful decoration above my work desk in place of the MCI books.

Later in the week I realized that perhaps I was now in a red lamp period of my life and looked up one of my favorite songs, Blue Lamp, by Stevie Nicks. Here is one of the vids I found:

Blue Lamp

More Stevie:

Fleetwood Mac Rhiannon Live 1976

In early 2001 I was layed off from my job at the staffing company. I had been there for over five years out of six. Although I had my ups and downs, my memories are mostly good. I enjoyed the job and the people. I got a decent severance and was not working from May through November. I didn't start looking for work until September. I listened to Stevie Nicks constantly as I wrote articles for NetAdminTools and Coprolite. I wrote the first version of the content management system I incorporated into MCJ using Perl and Bash. The basement at our house was filled with wires and computers. I had sixteen computers of various types on a rack made out of an old futon frame I made when I lived at Royal Ave. We called the basement the geek pit. Yvette was working late hours at a dot com. Here is what Stevie Nicks says about the Blue Lamp.

In my symbolist way I compared and contrasted the red lamp and blue lamp. Certainly blue is in contrast to red. The red lamp came first, primarily because of Yvette's love of red. It is a beautiful lamp, but it was my love for Yvette that prompted the choice. Later still I remembered the choice between the red pill and the blue pill in the Matrix. The blue pill was a comfortable illusion, the matrix. I don't believe these things are accidental. Something inside me is making the connections, true, but it isn't exactly my conscious mind. I discover (or imagine) these connections. There is a bit of a recursive aspect here, in that the blue lamp might be this journal and the introspective connections I make. I'm lost in mystical reflection. I've chosen the blue pill. For me the opposite of introspection is "eyes-in-skull", which is related to Burroughs' Do Easy

Perhaps I should completely abandon the journal? Perhaps this is a way to avoid reality. This is tempting, and certainly there are parts of my project where this is true. I've emmersed myself in NoNIC at times and found it very soothing as I shied from my life. I am changing, though. I am beginning to believe that the only thing in life that I'm missing is the parts of my life that I mistakenly avoid. My journal and projects are a tool for expression and introspection, but this does not mean that I'm taking the blue pill. I think I told you so!

I told you so!

is an example of how my journal is helping me face reality. It is true, though, that I need to be careful of getting too introspective in the ways of the blue lamp, or too absorbed in the projects of the geek pit. Appropriate to the Chutney period, though, a little of each is true. It is hard and confusing work being a symbolist.

#aladdin

Comments:

2020-10-05:

I made a video of this right after I received the lamp.



2010-07-02 • Journal • I told you so! • LR

One thing that I love about a public journal is that it really does tend towards the idea of writing for "the Admiralty", as professor Pete Sinclair once said about journal writing. One of Sinclair's journal examples was Captain James Cook's journal. Much of what was in the journal was for future readings by the Admiralty.



I'm not sure exactly what he meant, but certainly it means that the writing had respect and a humble tone. It also constrains the concerns of the journal a bit. Now, the subject of my journal is definitely more introspective than the journal of a ship's captain. Regardless, it is a good idea to keep the audience of the Admiralty in mind before you go off on a rant. What, exactly, is worth considering or dwelling on? I write for The Mountain, The Sky, or even Yvette's mom. So, that is my Admiralty. I write for my friends and family as well, but that gets really complicated. Certainly I write for my own reasons. I track things. It helps me. I have to do this for myself first, but I can't do it just for myself.

This came up because I had a couple interesting "I told you so!" moments this week. The first one was some news about the old law firm I worked at. Many great systems engineers of various specialties got ground up and spit out, almost literally, by a misguided project to implement email archiving. The project went on for four years. I was involved with it for a year. Some people marched forward and implemented the system as directed. There were huge problems strategically, tactically, and philosophically. It was impossible to think too much about the project and not flee screaming. I railed against it for a long time. Finally, I insisted on being taken off the project. I found out this week that they are finally rolling back the last batch of users after a final failed effort at deployment. What an incredible waste of time and money. I'm not joking when I say that anybody that was passionate about doing what was right ended up leaving over this project if they were involved.

I have a similar, but simpler problem at my current job at the legacy search engine company I work at. The operations staff have a real problem actually implementing the systems within the time line needed by the business. The expertise is tiered so that the most skilled people are isolated from production. Many of the managers tend to cover their asses and point fingers. I am fairly familiar with this behavior and challenge from the law firm and tried to avoid it by documenting, meeting, and talking regularly with the product and project managers. This didn't prevent people from pointing their fingers at me when the system failed, mainly because they didn't know it was down. I put in monitoring systems. It is true that it is my responsibility to make sure that misbehaving systems alert; however, I can't do this on my own. I need help from the people who built and coded the servers and application. I did all I could to make this happen, but I was unsuccessful. I felt kind of ambushed at one meeting the first time the system failed, so I redoubled my efforts at laying out exactly what was and what wasn't monitored, and listed progress, blocks, and responsible people or groups. I even went through a list of monitoring items with the product manager line by line and put up a live status page. Sure enough, the next time the systems failed, I was called in to explain why the systems weren't monitored. The story is much, much more involved and complicated. I tried my absolute best to take responsibility for what I could and communicate about what was being done, but in the end it didn't help at all.

But none of this *really* matters that much. I could write for hours and hours listing the details, but besides just outlining this, these kinds of entries don't matter much to the Admiralty. The Admiralty doesn't care about my personal anger over this, but the Admiralty does need to know how to make future voyages more successful. Simply writing all of this down in my public journal helped me frame this all correctly in my mind, and it did dissipate the anger.

#sinclair #the_admiralty #yvette



2010-07-04 • Journal • Peaches Christ and Divine • LR

I woke up at 4AM stewing a tiny bit about work, made some really, really strong coffee, snacked on some macaroni salad, put in a load of dishes, and sat down to work on MCJ. I had to review the FB news feed. In a gush of pleasurable surfing off of one of the links, I found a new profile picture. It was a stylized image of Peaches Christ. I ran into the image because somebody on FB was attending a showing of Purple Rain, and Peaches Christ was involved.

Peaches Christ is a drag persona of Joshua Grannell. She and others in drag introduced Purple Rain by re-enacting it before the show. The picture above reminded me of Divine. I'm a big fan of Divine over the years. I was first exposed to Divine at Portland Street. Some of Sammy's friends were big Divine fans and exclaimed that they wanted to watch some Divine movies during the brainstorm prior to getting one person to hand over their credit card, filled out triplicate form, drivers license and stiff deposit to rent a plastic enshrouded player and VHS tape [player] from the local video store. Just yesterday I used an entry referring to Divine as a test entry for the new feature I added to MCJ.

For awhile my profile picture was an unlabeled picture of Carrie Fisher as Lorna Carp in Shampoo. When I changed the picture to one of a Miss Dirty Martini, I decided that I would keep a lookout for other interesting women and rotate the pictures via my profile, citing the source of the picture. I struggled to represent the new profile picture of Peaches Christ correctly and was curious about the word persona. It seemed to me that this was the most accurate word. I looked up persona and found an entry in wikipedia that suggested that the word anima be used to contrast persona. I found this explanation of Jung's archetypes, which included the idea of the syzygy, which is the divine couple.

I could buzz around the divine couple a bit. It is no accident that John Waters explored, poked at, turned over the coals and fanned the glowing ember of Christianity in Multiple Maniacs. Rich ground there. Speaking of Mink Stole, it turns out that Mink Stole performs with Peaches Christ in a cover of Female Trouble.

It is no accident that Mary Magdelene and the gospel attributed to her have been removed from Christian literature. Sophia has been removed with only brief traces left like the Wisdom figure in Proverbs. I ran across this quote:

It is I who am you; and it is you who are me.

And wherever you are, I am there.

And I am sown in all; and you collect me from where you wish.

And while you collect me, it is your own self that you collect.

-Sophia in the Gnostic Gospel of Eve

Did you know that Jung believed anima development had four levels. He called these four levels Eve, Helen, Mary, and Sophia.

And here I am, with my strange journal, combing through keywords, dreams, experience and metaphors. There is something quite structural here in my mind, and apparently in the minds of others. It is no accident. I imagine Carl Jung sitting in some chair nodding yes as I go on about these unfolding threads. "And her name was Divine! This was the persona, the mask of Glen Milstead, the artistic expression of his anima! And you, Carl, you talk of the divine being a unification of the animus and anima, the divine couple. And this all happened because I was looking into Peaches Christ! And there is even a vid that Mink Stole did with Peaches Christ." Carl Jung just nods yes and prompts me of my real-life memory of my professor encouraging me to read Carl Jung's book The Answer to Job about the Wisdom figure (Sophia) in proverbs. This is the fabric. This is the web. The structure of our minds, how we see the world, from our deepest unconscious roots to the way we choose our masks.

Don't worry about me. This does have a whiff of crazy talk, these connections, I fully agree. The best way I can put this liberal sprinkling of sacred religious ideas with extreme pop art is this quote from the Psychological Commentary by Carl Jung that introduces The W.Y. Evans-Wentz translation of *The Tibetan Book of the Dead (Oxford University Press, 3rd Edition 1957):*

The degenerative character of Bardo Life is corroborated by the spiritualistic literature of the West, which again and again gives one the sickening impression of the utter inanity and banality of communications from the 'spirit world'. The scientific mind does not hesitate to explain these reports as emanations from the unconscious 'mediums' and of those taking part in the Séance, and even to extend this explanation to the description of the Hereafter given in **The Tibetan Book of the Dead**. And it is an undeniable fact that the whole book is created out of the archetypal contents of the unconscious. Behind these there lie - and in this our Western reason is quite right - no physical or metaphysical realities, but 'merely' the reality of psychic facts, the data of psychic experience. Now whether a thing is 'given' subjectively or objectively, the fact remains that it **is**. The Bardo Thodol says no more than this, for its five Dhyani Buddhas are themselves no more than psychic data. That is just what the dead man has to recognize, if it has not already become clear to him during life that his own psychic self and the giver of all data are one and the same.

The world of gods and spirits is truly 'nothing but' the collective unconscious inside me. To turn this sentence round so that it reads: The collective unconscious is the world of gods and spirits outside me, no intellectual acrobatics are needed, but a whole lifetime, perhaps even many lifetimes of increasing **completeness**. Note that I do not say 'of increasing perfection', because those who are 'perfect' make another kind of discovery altogether.

I can't really follow that up with anything at all.

#divine #jung #portland_street #sammy #sophia #tibetan_book_of_the_dead #john_waters



2010-07-09 • Journal • Easy Breath • LR

I flashed across twenty years on my way to work. Although I woke up at 3:30AM this morning, for a total of four and a half hours of sleep, I felt like I was fresh. My breath was easy. The twenty years weren't wadded up inside of me, pushing at my skin like a sock monkey. No. My skin was loose, almost floppy as I merged on to I-90.

It was very warm today. We've had several days weather up in the high eighties and low nineties. I wore my bright orange vintage Hawaiian shirt and rolled into Bellevue, happy in Pippi, my red Hyundai, the wind blowing my shirt as I went across Lake Washington with my window rolled down.

I don't usually have easy breath when I'm tired. I know there are other games, will be other games, but it seemed kind of like I had finished a long game of soccer or football or something like that. I had rested and was heading home. It had that kind of ease. True, work has been excruciating this week. Very difficult. I was able to power through the week and end up with a good Friday. The easy breath comes from more than that, though.

I went back to school in 1989. I remember the decision. I was working at the pie shop as a baker. There was a woman that made the patties, little measured balls of dough that she then ran through a machine that rolled out the crust. I had been going back and forth a tiny bit and The Cure: Other Voices was playing in my headphones and the line "change your mind... you're always... wrong" came on. I decided then that I would go back to school. I told Yvette at the time that going back to school was like going into a tunnel. I wouldn't be aware of what was happening, and I would eventually be someplace else. I wonder if I'm emerging from the tunnel?

I don't have much of a point, I suppose, besides my breath was easy today. My desk is clean. My new red Aladdin kerosene mantle lamp is sitting in front of my two huge computer cases, one of which I'm writing this entry on, and the other has three drives waiting for installation and testing of the MCJ OS. I don't usually have a clean desk. It is weird. I have a cigar box that I keep random things like my mouth guard, camera, ear plugs, etc.

I worked on NAT today as well. That was strange too. It is as though the Peaches Christ and Divine entry did something to me. Maybe. It doesn't matter. I'm reading Steve Martin's autobiography about being a standup comic. When he was working at Disneyland there was a picture of two feet pointing up and two feet pointing down. The caption was "Happy Feet". The feet of lovers! I had no idea.

#pie_shop #pippi #tunnel #yvette



2010-07-10 • Dream • Yellow Trucks Dream • LR

I was driving around and saw a large lot that had nothing but yellow trucks. There were two that had been around for awhile. Two model years old, but new. They were small pickups with black and silver trim called "chase trucks". Sporty, small trucks from the eighties.

#yellow



2010-07-20 • Subject • Old RoR Tail • LR

This is the RoR app I was working on for my website. Now, it was a network administration website, but this particular log is showing both Burroughs and Aladdin oil lamp. I don't have any record of the article. My guess is that this code is rendering tags related to this page in order to find cross-referenced people, places, things, and times.

```
Processing NatController#acrtpage (for 127.0.0.1 at 2010-07-20 06:16:38) [GET]
   SELECT * FROM "arts" WHERE ("arts", "realm" = 'nat' AND "arts", "artnum" = '717') ORDER BY date DESC LIMIT 1

SELECT * FROM "arts" WHERE ("arts", "realm" = 'nat') ORDER BY date ASC

SELECT * FROM "cats" WHERE ("cats", "u1" = 'nat' AND "cats", "artnum" = '717') LIMIT 1

SELECT DISTINCT person FROM "peoples" WHERE ("peoples", "realm" = 'nat' AND "peoples", "artnum" = '717')
                                     SELECT
    Art Load (119,2ms)
                                     SELECT
    <u>Cat Load (0.7ms)</u>     S
<u>People Load (0.2ms)</u>
                                      SELECT arts.title, arts.artnum, arts
arts,peoples WHERE
                                                                                               arts.date FROM
                                                                       arts.artnum=peoples
                                                                       AND arts.artnum != 717
                                                                       AND peoples.person=
                                                                       AND arts.realm='nat'
                                                                       AND
                                                                             peoples.realm='nat
                                      SELECT arts.title, arts.artnum, arts.date FROM arts,peoples WHERE
   Art Load (10,4ms)
                                                                       arts.artnum=peoples.artnum
AND arts.artnum != 717
                                                                       AMD peoples.person="burroughs"
AMD arts.realm="mcjbuildtab1'
AMD peoples.realm="mcjbuildtab1"
lace FROM "places" WHERE ("place
                                      SELECT DISTINCT place FROM "places" WHERE ("places"."realm" = 'nat' AND "places"."artnum" = '717')

SELECT DISTINCT thing FROM "things" WHERE ("things"."realm" = 'nat' AND "things"."artnum" = '717')

SELECT arts.title, arts.artnum, arts.date, arts.realm FROM

arts.things WHERE

arts.artnum=bb:
    Place Load (0,2ms)
Thing Load (0,3ms)
     Art Load (76,1ms)
                                                                       arts.artnum=things.artnum
                                                                       AND things.thing="alladin oil lamp"
AND arts.realm='nat'
                                                                       AND things.realm='nat'
AND arts.artnum != 717
   Art Load (13,3ms) SELECT arts,title, arts,artnum, arts,date FROM arts,things WHERE
                                                                       arts,artnum=things,artnum
AND things,thing="alladin oil lamp"
AND arts,realm='mcjbuildtab1'
                                                                              things.realm='mcjbuildtab1'
                                    AND arts,artnum != 717

SELECT DISTINCT tme FROM "tmes" WHERE ("tmes","realm" = 'nat' AND "tmes","artnum" = '717')

d (0.3ms) SELECT × FROM "classifications" WHERE (name='blog' AND realm='nat') LIMIT 1
    Classification Load (0.3m
Setting Load (0.2ms) SE
                                            | SELECT * FROM "classifications | HERE (Mass- Diog | No. |
| SELECT * FROM "settings" WHERE (parameter='mcjfoot') LIMIT 1
Rendering nat/acrtpage
Rendered layouts/_acrtpage (4.2ms)
  ompleted in 306ms (View: 5, DB: 265) | 200 OK [http://mongrel/~borxnat/acrtpage/717]
```

Figure 28: RoR Tail

#history



2010-07-27 • Subject • Way Deep in RoR • LR

I was very much into the idea that MCJ should document, control, and be run on its own operating system. I still have similar ideas in 2019, but my focus is more on the data, and my solution is quite a bit simpler. I used to scrape the RoR code to generate the site itself. I would put related people, places, things, and times at the bottom of the page, as well as create a large number of categories, but there was no focused navigation like I have now. Here is a shot of all of the major components. There was a slider boar that would scroll through tabs of all configuration files as well as buttons to perform actions like tail the rails log.

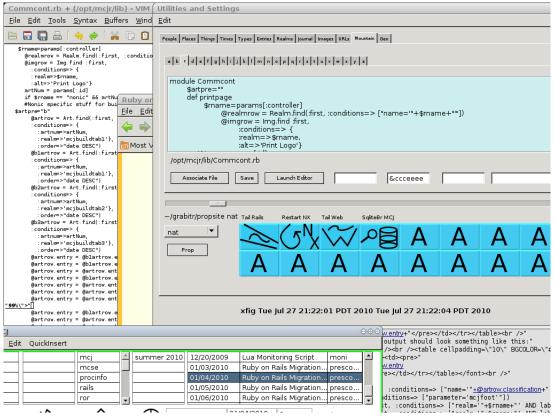


Figure 29: Deep in RoR

#history



2010-08-06 • Journal • Id Climb • L R

We are in Leavenworth for our family reunion. This is always a difficult time for me, especially the first night. I often can't sleep and feel very uncomfortable emotionally. I usually plan how I'm going to leave the following day, but Yvette talks me out of it. He has this trick where he says that he'll do anything I want if I just stay one more night. By that time I'm used to it and stay for the entire family reunion. Yesterday, the first full day in Leavenworth, I asked Bobo if he wanted to go on a forest adventure. He said yes. My brother and Dad went as well, and my niece. We climbed up to the top of this hill/mountain. The forest was cut down in 1985. I went back today, intent on reading Sigmund Freud's *The Ego and the Id* cover to cover. Yvette bought it for me before the trip. I even joked a bit about how it was funny how I was struggling so much with the family reunion, and here I was reading Freud.





I have to say that Freud, although surprisingly humorous, is a bit hard to follow along. I had to take a couple naps. I didn't really go to sleep, but it was enough of a break to be able to focus again. While napping I noticed that the ants and other random bugs are pretty bad in a forest, even near the summit. But one trick I figured out was to lay in the sunny, sandy patch on the summit. The ants don't bother you so much. They are mainly focused on the areas with pine needles. I really enjoyed the sensation of the sun and the wind as I napped spread out on my back on the summit.







One thing that struck me is that one of the ways that preconscious thought can be brought into conscious thought is via words and metaphors. There has always been the idea with the journal that I'm exploring a mountain. The mountain is both my external world, but also my Self. I know that there is some truth to the way that Freud lays out the mind. I am trying very, very hard to reduce the scope and ambitiousness of the MCJ and related documentation. After reading Freud's book, it seems to me entirely likely that my idea that pulling keywords from dreams and organizing the keywords by people, place, thing, and time, as well as some of the other categorization features that are provided by the MCJ, this idea is sound. It really doesn't matter whether or not Jung's model, the Gnostics, the map of the Bardo Thodol, or Croweley has the better map. Is the range of human emotion, experience, hopes, desires, etc., contained in Shakespeare's plays? All and more, I'm sure. I don't care! I am offering a journal that provides structured keyword associations and categorization, an operating system to run the journal on, and a hypertext presentation layer. It would be enjoyable to go into a deeper pit of psychoanalysis, but really, I think my journal has the right touch for me. Further, it is general purpose enough for others to use.

The fact remains that I'm just one human. I have struggles, lots of struggles, just like everybody else. I'm sure I'll be fine, one way or another. But I do have an urgent need to fully express this journal idea of mine. My point, a rephrase of above, is that I don't feel I need to get too bogged down in the application of the tool. My journal can be loose and useful to the extent that I need it. I don't need to launch off into the particulars of the application, whether it is information technology related, a tool to map the eight circuit model, or fully analyzing my life and struggles in the context of the Id, Ego, and Super-Ego (and their related sub-components and relations).

At the same time, as I think in terms of Freud, I can see the struggle brewing. I have moved aspects of my childhood into my super-ego. I'm not entirely sure I embrace the whole Oedipus complex idea, and am willing to set that aside. I will say that I have certainly incorporated both positive and negative reactions to traits in my parents and grandparents. In a way this is common sense. Our morality is acquired from those that raise us, and this is used to bash the day-to-day ego on the head. The day-to-day ego also has to navigate the murky waters of the Id zombies, the impulses and desires pulled through from birth and more.

There are some very interesting parallels with some of these ideas and the structure of the journal. Even within the presentation layer, the Ruby on Rails (RoR) environment, there is a base data model that is not flexible, a very flexible controller application, and a less flexible view layer. There is a giant fat-client (full application) used to manage and control the data and other tools. There is an entire operating system beneath it all. Again, I really don't want to dig too far and associated these structures in an academic way. It will serve a lot more people if i just abstract it using my very general mountain climbing framework.

#mcj #yvette



2010-08-07 • Subject • MCJ vs. Freud • L R

Yes, yes, I don't want to get too bogged down. The problem with my own mountain climbing metaphor for the journal is that it is so personal that even I get confused. What am I doing with the journal? I have said that it is a luxury. That a mountain climber shouldn't be attached to a journal, but it is something that is possible, an indulgence. There was no journal in the first guided meditation. In that guided meditation I should be satisfied enjoying the forest and looking at the leaves. There was no need to go out so far in space that I felt a tug at my umbilical cord. I can see aspects of the ego and super-ego wars going on with this guided meditation. But... aaargh... I really don't want to get drug down too far.

OK! Is it possible to go on middle ground? Certainly the whole reason I'm doing this is for super-ego ideals. I intend, strive, am, will be the kind of person that shares this, even if it kills me. Ahhh... and there we have the perfect love instinct and death instinct right there side by side. I think this is part of the compromise over time. I am internalizing.... aaaarghhhhh!!! Do I really need another language? Likely, even if this is a good idea, there is an aspect of me that will resist exposure.

The Buddhist or even Gnostic approach might define my efforts on MCJ the way I did with the MCJ Road Trip.

MCI Road Trip

Perhaps this is a way to let some of the preconscious thoughts take form. That may be. What I don't like is that the conflicts between the Id, the Ego, and the Super Ego seem full of dangerous forks in the road depending on what aspect is in more control at the time. I suspect that being mildly sleep deprived, away from home, and taking Diphenhydramine to sleep created a ripe environment for *some* aspect to get a foot in that normally doesn't, although it is really difficult to navigate which foot it was and what door.

So are we back at the journal again? Is it possible that tracing the keywords, the mnemonics, through time and slicing across categories, keeping a dream journal, and other MCJ monkey works, is it possible that this is how I can distinguish whose foot is whose? Is it a monster external that I've set up in my super-ego that beats the shit out of my ego until I succumb?

There was this silly philosophical thing I used to say back in the summer of 1986: "It's as good as not." Rubbish! One thing I do know after reading Freud is that there are aspects of my mind that are opportunistic. I believe that my journal can keep track of these things.

Do we have some kind of conclusion, some way forward? Well, regardless of how I use the tool, I should keep the tool free of more cumbersome frameworks. Let's just say that the mountain is big. The mountain is both inside and outside. The MCJ just allows you to track internal and external landscapes as you climb. Climbing is living, exploring, whatever, that isn't really defined. The important thing is that MCJ is general purpose. And note, dear ego, that you should be happy about it because RoR is currently a hot thing to learn. I can buy an awful lot of health insurance and blueberry muffins. And, super-ego, it is a *good thing*. And, Id? What can I say? The most likely is that the super-ego and you will bond a wee bit more in the murky waters.

#history



2010-08-07 • Journal • The War of Art : Not Like • LR



I hiked up to the top of the hill/mountain today and read The War of Art. My conclusion is that it is quite likely that an artist is as he describes. I think he is full of it, though. I don't really believe in angels, or even something that comes close. Although I have many bouts of superstition, I believe it is a weakness of mine, not a trait. I am so happy that I got to read Freud yesterday. It really provides meat where Pressfield just feels like fluff. Pressfield likes Jung. Oh, I've enjoyed Jung in the past, but now I'm very skeptical. In fact, I'm about ready to toss out many, many things and start anew. I am not an artist! My ego is just fine. I need to live. There is no value to displacing this or feeling overly guilty about it. I know there is conflict. I know there is a ton under the surface. I know that the conflict, my various instabilities that arise out of this conflict, I

do know that I am the most creative during these times. I'm not sure what that means, though. Perhaps I'm just compelled by various aspects of my psyche that are necessarily in conflict. I walked back from the hill/mountain (it was more than a hill, but not really a mountain) and remembered eyes-in-skull. I am walking with my eyes looking outside of my skull and aware of what I'm doing. There is nothing odd about this. I perceive the world around me. I'm conscious of it. True, I have impulses and zombie reflexes. I have deep reactions to the oddest things. Smells can make me flash back in time. I can think about a time and smell things. I can coax preconscious thoughts into my conscious eyes-in-skull mind. I can change my behavior to fit something that I don't fully understand where my super-ego wraps back in to my unconscious. This is all fine. I read an interesting bit in a Steve Martin autobiography. He and a friend were talking about the difference between psychoanalysis and art. With psychoanalysis you hold on to what you learn. With art you let it go. So, then, if that is true, I have another piece of evidence that I'm not an artist. Oh, I have a lot of creative work left. I'm working on it now. But I'm going to claim any insight, every keyword, every metaphor, every reflection. I'm going to weave it in to my story, into my being. I'm going to force my eyes-in-skull mind, my ego, and perhaps even my conscious mind to look at it. See!!! See there! This is what is stirring underneath. Beware! Change! Live!

Beware. Hrmph. Be aware. Yes.

#eyes_in_skull #yvette

Comments:

2018-08-14:

Yvette shared this book with me prior to me going to Leavenworth for our family reunion. It was important to her and inspired her. I wrote about this and posted it and she read it. She told me she wish she hadn't shared it with me and that she felt attacked. I regret this. I was insensitive and self-centered.*



2010-08-11 • Dream • White Walls • LR

I had been at a new job for a few months. My boss was a woman who was like my Mom and Terri. She was nice, but she was upset that I hadn't filled in my status reports. She told me that I liked to talk a lot. My job hadn't ended being like either of us expected when I was hired. I told her it was because I solved a lot of problems that other people had. I really didn't mind, I enjoyed helping, but If somebody had a problem and I got involved, I'd talk about it a lot. My work place was bright. We talked in the hall and sunlight shone on the white walls. I thought that I really wouldn't mind so much if I just stayed in my office and worked, but the job turned out to be a bit different than we thought it would.

#mom #terri



2010-08-12 • Dream • Whistlestar • L R

Yvette and I had just moved. All of our things were being moved by boat. We had contracted with this shipping company, and there was an ongoing stream of items arriving at our new house. Randy, Yvette's old boyfriend from High school, visited us. He had sent some of his things over with the moving company including some very heavy items. He was moving nearby from her hometown in Coos Bay. Anything that was shipped to the shipping company ended up coming to us, so at least a couple people were using this to send their items for free. The shipping company thought that we might be stealing stuff because there was a brown couch cushion in a box that you could see, but the shipping company knew that we had a red couch, and the foreman called the company office to try and bust us for it. They seemed to know that they were moving too many items, items that weren't all ours, and they were grumpy about it.

We visited with Randy. I'm not sure if it was his place or ours. He still had a hardcore mullet. We sat around a small, square table and talked about what had happened to him. He described how a critical bone in his back had been eaten away and he almost became a cripple. I know that he had had trouble with drugs, and I assumed that this was why. He seemed sober enough now. He had a piece of cellophane in his mouth that whistled a sound from high to low, the sound of appreciation.

He used it to accentuate stories that he told about his life and recovery from drugs. I joked, "I'm Ozzy Osbourne. I'm taking a crap!" but nobody thought that was very funny. Randy's arm was crusty, like it had a layer of light brown burned Parmesan cheese on the top of his skin.

#bust #coos bay #house #ozzy #yvette

Comments:

2021-12-25:

Yvette's boyfriend in real life was not named Randy. I forget his name, but he drove a small pickup... Chevy Luv I think, from the stories. He bought Yvette a bed as a present. It was our bed until we lived on Royal. Randy was Ernie's friend. Yvette knew him, but he wasn't her boyfriend.

2021-12-31:

Her boyfriend was named Bruce.



2010-08-14 • Journal • Stroke, Freud, and the Ocean • LR

I am starting Freud's Civilization and its Discontents. So far I am grooving on every word. In the opening of the book Freud talks about a letter from a respected friend that talks about the feeling of oneness with the world. It reminded me of this talk by Jill Bolte Taylor:

JillBolteTaylor 2008

This video inspired my focus on serial and parallel representations of my journal early this spring. Some connections take place in a sequence, and some take place while slicing across seemingly unrelated events, and I try to provide ways to capture this easily.

Freud seems quite puzzled by the feeling of oneness so far. I know from the introduction that he suspects it is like the feeling of being in the womb. Perhaps he is just a left brain person. There is a really interesting connection here with epilepsy and Dilantin. I truly believe that a friend of mine went completely bonkers after she had her medication adjusted to deal with epilepsy. Dilantin (Phenytoin) is typically used as an anti-seizure drug, but it is also used to control mood swings. There was a book written about this a long time ago, but some quick googling showed that there is some research showing that Phenytoin is useful in cases of depression or bipolar disorders. I noticed that one of the symptoms of overdose from Dilantin is "difficulty understanding reality".

The way that the left and right hemispheres of the brain are connected might be related to epilepsy. This is why I looked at this angle a bit after revisiting Dr. Bolte's talk. The Corpus Callosum, which helps communication between the left and right hemispheres, can be cut to help with refractory epilepsy in a procedure called a Corpus Callosotomy.

It all seems fairly related when the opening picture used for the embedded video has Dr. Bolte holding a brain and pointing out the different hemispheres.

#freud

Comments:

2024-01-23:

I watched it again today. The emotion of her talk was new to me this time around. I could feel the emotion as I listened, and tears welled up. It is beautiful how she tells the story like a dancer. I am a different person than I was in 2010. I blame Sean for this. She has changed me. She would say I was always this way. It likely also has to do with taking care of Bobo. Related to this talk. I don't think I have seen it since Yvette died. When she had the last round of gamma knife done to kill off the 27 or so tumors in her brain, she had aspects of a stroke. Until then, she was a better GNU/Linux engineer than I was. She picked it up easily. I remember going to work and she was on her laptop, and she was still there when I got home. I suspect she was trying to use her computer the entire time, because the keyboard didn't work anymore, but there was no physical damage. I bought her a new laptop at the time, and in the meantime I let her use a spare windows laptop. I was pretty zombie-like in those days. My work was like being in hell, although I admit it wasn't as bad as I'd imagine, say, coal mining is. (In fact, my boss helped out with Yvette. He actually came to my house, as I had sprained my ankle that week, and was scooting around the house on a chair.) I had to obtain insurance and keep things running, and shuttle Bobo to daycare. I was an insurance-obtaining bot. Anyway... Yvette had trouble with the windows laptop, because the indicator to see the password in her safe had changed from an eye icon to three dots (or something like that), and she didn't know what to do. It reminds me of the talk. By the time the new Macbook air came, Yvette couldn't even write her name.



2010-08-17 • Subject • Lincoln-Zephyr Journal in my Mind • LR

What a year... what a decade! Seriously, I could trace this arc back to the winter of 2000. I remember the train trip to the winery for the Christmas party and then being laid off the following week, and that week a tree blew down on our fence, which we needed in place for the neighbor's dogs. Back then Lowes was open 24 hours and I strung the fence in the wind at 2AM wondering what would happen next. The ensuing events over the next decade both internal and external would likely be disorienting for anybody, and I'm kind of a freak anyway.

I have no indication that the storm will subside. But what I wanted to write about was the results of some personal reflection on my journal project. In the middle of the swirl, in the midst of the last decade, I dug in to creating the perfect journal, my ideal journal, which you are reading. But the more interesting thing, why I'm posting this, is that I've realized that I am likely the only person in the world that could use software this complicated. Oh, true, it is perfect for me, and I do enjoy using the software. Likely there are bits and pieces people can use.

More than anything, though, the system, the software that creates it, the operating system, etc., these things reflect my mental processes just as much as the entries in my journal do. Again, this makes the system unusable by anybody but the freakiest geek with introspective tendencies and an interest in metaphors.

If you happen to be reading this and think, oh, I could run your journal. Well, I've got the source code published and a decent run at the features documented. The presentation config, along with the how-to docs and the videos at ac, this

should get you started. Pretend you found an old Lincoln-Zephyr V12 engine in a box. Now, maybe I gave you that box. Maybe I even had a rusty old frame out back. You might actually be able to get the car together and shiny with the engine running again, but that is your affair, not mine. But here is what the car could look like:

#lincoln_zephyr



2010-08-19 Journal Matching Anger and Stress... with Less LR

My boss is a lot like me. Strangely so. Yesterday we had a conversation about the timeline for a particular custom monitor I was putting in. I stood up to him. I was very clear about why I said what I did, and I didn't back down from my conviction; however, he did have some redirection that was useful, and I told him so. We both raised our voices, but he raised his more. I don't believe I got angry once, but he obviously was. I could tell while we were having our confrontation that he had the same kinds of burrs and sputters that I did under similar situations. I did take direction counter to my conviction. Today I worked that direction more, and we'll call it a draw. That wasn't the main point. The main point was that I dissipated the anger and stress yesterday. Today he acted apologetic. Not terribly so. He is tough. He is trying to be a strong leader. But I could tell that things were more solid today between us because of how I dealt with the situation yesterday.

Things are rapidly changing for me as I have small victories like this. I hate to call the game when there is so much more to play, and I can be so unpredictable. I will though. I'll call it. I have a lot of adventure ahead. I know that. But, I will continue and dissipate, reflect, comfort, care, enjoy, and stand. I'll stand.

#computer stories



2010-08-21 • Journal • Marmaduke • LR

Bobo and I went to see Marmaduke today and let Yvette rest. I am continuing to have a feeling of winding down a bit. I did wake up in the middle of the night and had a brief flurry about making MCJ easier to use, but eventually that passed. The article I wrote about the Lincoln-Zephyr, that is interesting when I put it side-by-side with my interest in 100 inch wheelbase Ramblers. I was wandering around West Olympia one time with Perry. I asked why people drove old Volvos (the odd, cool looking early ones). He said they wanted to drive something odd, something unique. It made them feel good. He said it with a tone of contempt. Shanty's husband said something about Ruby when he saw her that was along those lines. Do I often shout, "I am not mundane!!!". Perhaps I do. The fact is that I drove Bobo in our mini-van to a see a movie where the funniest lines (to the 5-7 year old crowd) were the dog fart jokes. I did notices that the movie made a reference to Apacolypse Now with "Marmy don't surf", which was pretty dang hilarious in context.

#lincoln_zephyr #octagon #perry #rambler #shanty #yvette



2010-08-21 • Journal • Kaufman and Freud • LR

I just had the oddest feeling. I was thinking about Freud. I'm currently reading Civilization and its Discontents. I was browsing around for old Kaufman vids. I'm not sure exactly why, but it had something to do with a feeling that was coming over me that I have been an absolute complete idiot. Not about anything in particular, but just my overall perspective. And, not that I really know what is going on or anything like that. I can't really describe it well. There was this strange inversion though. As I tossed what it meant that I felt completely wrong about things, as I weighed the truth of Freud's words against my own experience, as all of the words, advice, and things that my Super Ego has used to guide me (and other things, but currently my concepts are biased)... as all of these things started to merge and imploded inward, 'I felt peaceful and recognized some kind of truth that I can't really repeat or put my finger on. It doesn't matter who it was, all of the words and struggles all imploded together, it could be the story of Clan of the Cave Bear or Jesus. It could be people living in the last century like Freud or Kaufman. It included history of great evil and valor, from Sherman to Hitler to Churchill. And then I thought, "That is what they all said". I meant it in a way that I recognized some truth in the writings that were often appealing to me, like Aldous Huxley's Perennial Philosophy, but everything was imploding and crumbling very fast and mixed together before the statement, that the source is really not traceable. Everything just disappeared, but humans were... well... very human. Not that that leaves anything. I'm sure I will build again? I'm pretty sure that if I remember right, the idea is *not* to build again. It is incredibly difficult and counter-intuitive. There are some interesting keyword that come to mind here, like house, rubble, and human.

#aldous_huxley #clan_of_the_cave_bear #freud #house #human #imploding #kaufman #rubble



2010-08-28 • Journal • Five Easy Pieces (at last) • LR



I don't remember seeing Five Easy Pieces before. I've watched the start of it many times, but have never finished it. I knew about the scene at Denny's, but usually Yvette didn't want to finish watching the movie because it was too depressing. I noticed that there was a yellow 67-72 GM pickup painted bright yellow in the closing scene. It is funny, because I was telling Yvette just today that I likely was at fault for many things that I've typically blamed others for in the past. I recognized quite a bit of myself in the character of Robert Eroica Dupea.

I sharpened the knives today. It has been two years? A long time. I think maybe I can meet this halfway. I can sharpen knives, tend the garden more, paint the house... but I can still share my journal and related ideas. I plan to start laying out the design and tech spec for the journal in the coming year. I need to write as well. It is OK if this is

via my journal I think. I just need to play the piano and love. Love in this case is the opposite of indifference.

#five easy pieces #yellow #yvette



2010-08-30 • Subject • Seemann • LR

The implosion in the the fall of 2009 was very serious, both for me mentally, but it also caused Yvette and I to get quite distant. I was going crazy on Isabelle,

Crazy on you

trying to work things out by wrenching. Yvette still hadn't recovered fully from the last round of chemo, and I had quit my job.

I was able to muster up enough energy to get another job in a very bad market, but I was still quite a mess. "Enough" in this case meant showing that I was passionately excited about exactly what my future employer needed. It wasn't a huge stretch professionally, with my experience, but I really had to push myself very hard to present myself well. I stoked my super geek fire, the flames sparkling with the iron powder of my craziness, and focused on learning Ruby

on Rails and running this through and around automation and cloud computing. I made it mine. I went on and on to relatives about it. I put myself in the story. I was key to the story. I made myself key in a story I made up and convinced others that the story was real. I wasn't lying. I was passionate about it, but I was coming from a place of depression, despair, and manic rage. The story really was true, but it is quite likely that I'm the only one that tells that particular story. The story

Imagine, Express, Observe, Improve, Converge

was expressed by others, but I ran with it and made it uniquely mine. I don't know that it actually made me any better, but I did get a job. I actually got a good job!

After I got the job I spent a lot of time in the yellow camper working on the MCJ migration to Ruby on Rails and the conversion of the database to the new schema. Yvette and I improved, but there was still a lot of strain and worry. We were still distant. Late in the spring we found that Yvette's cancer had come back, and the following month Rhett attacked us by wishing ill of me, Yvette, and Bobo. It was so over the top that I was scared at first, but I wrote this poem:

My heart will turn your knife into a flower, the falling petals filling the room with perfume.

I was going to make this poem true. I could feel it. Not only was I strong enough to deflect the knife, but I would destroy the knife and turn it into something beautiful. This was about a lot more than just Rhett's attack. She just did her shit at the exactly the wrong time. I think, if anything, that was more of the point. I know she was going through a rough time as well, but her timing was pretty awful. About that same time I first saw Seemann, played live by Nina Hagen and Apocalyptica:

Apocalyptica feat. Nina Hagen - Seemann live

The song haunted me. I played it many times. I had to play it discreetly because Nina Hagen was a favorite of Rhett's and Yvette hated to hear it. I didn't know what the words meant, but I could feel loss and rage. I felt loss over my friendship with Rhett and rage over what she did. I felt loss over what was going on with Yvette and I. I felt rage about the cancer that threatened Yvette. I raged to transform Rhett's knife. I raged against my own weakness. I raged to be whole again with Rhett. The song wasn't only about loss and rage. I knew this; however, I didn't know why. The song continued to haunt me all summer.

Kelly is a Facebook friend of mine that I haven't seen since 1986. My memory is that I drove her and a friend somewhere and we got pulled over in an alley. My stuff was in the back of the Mazda (perhaps I was in Oly after Taos briefly?) and we looked suspicious. Kelly has a habit of asking simple questions on Facebook to get to know people better. I've often found when answering them that they are strangely revealing. She asked about what song captured the summer as a theme. I thought about it. I thought of Phosphorescent... that was good, but I realized that I was still thinking of Seemann as summer is ending. I played it again just last week. I searched for the words, wondering why it was my song this summer, and I saw this other version of Seemann that I hadn't seen before:

Apocalyptica - 'Seemann' feat. Nina Hagen

I looked up the lyrics and found a translation:

Komm in mein boot
ein Sturm kommt auf
und es wird Nacht
Wo willst du hin
so ganz allein
treibst du davon
Wer hält deine Hand
wenn es dich
nach unten zieht
Jetzt stehst du da an der Laterne
mit Traenen im Gesicht
das Tageslicht faellt auf die Weite
der Herbstwind fegt die Strasse leer

Jetzt stehst du da an der Laterne

mit Traenen im Gesicht

das Abendlicht verjagt die Schatten

die Zeit steht still und es wird Herbst

Komm in mein Boot

die Sehnsucht wird

der Steuermann

Komm in mein Boot

der beste Seemann

war doch ich

Jetzt stehst du da an der Laterne

mit Traenen im Gesicht

das Feuer nimmst du von der Kerze

die Zeit steht still und es wird Herbst

Sie sprachen nur von deiner Mutter

so gnadenlos ist nur die Nacht

am Ende bleib ich doch alleine

die Zeit steht still

und mir ist kalt..... kalt

This translation is currently just Google translator, but I'll look for a better one:

Come in my boat

a storm is rising

and it is night

Where are you going

all alone

you are drifting away

Who holds your hand

if you

pulls down

Now you're standing there on the lantern

with tears on her face

the sunlight falls on the width

The autumn wind sweeps the empty street

Now you're standing there on the lantern

with tears on her face

the evening light chases away the shadows

time stands still and it will fall

Come in my boat

the desire is

the mate

Come in my boat

the best sailor

but I was

Now you're standing there on the lantern

with tears on her face

you take the fire from the candle

time stands still and it will fall

They spoke only on your mother

so mercilessly only is the night

in the end I may remain alone

time stands still

and I'm cold

The song makes perfect sense now. I joined Yvette in his boat. Like the knife, the song itself was transformed from a song of loss and rage to a song of reunion and warmth.

I just got word that The Snow Yak Show that I ordered for Yvette has shipped. It seems related somehow.

#camper #facebook #isabelle #kelly #mazda #nina_hagen #rhett #yellow #yvette



2010-08-30 • Dream • The Wrong Ladder • L R

I was in a large house, living with my parents and three other men who all used to have psychological problems. One of them talked to me a little bit about some of mine, but we didn't really get very far. We did talk about a ladder that we used to get into the house. Later on I was outside and trying to get back into the house. The ladder was painted black and had rungs attached by cables on the side. I climbed up the ladder and it stretched. The cable on the right snapped and broke off where it was hooked over a bar at the very top. The other side held, even though it had stretched close to the breaking point. When I got inside the house, I talked to my mom and dad about the alarm system I had put in, and how it was working really well now. I told dad about the ladder, and he said we should go get a new one. He was happy that I had got the alarm system working, but it didn't do any good if the ladder was broken. He said it was the wrong ladder anyway. We went outside to walk to the store. I described where we needed to go, but dad said he had never walked to the store before.

[2019: This was before I had seen UTEOTW again in 2016, but it reminds me of how Claire called Eugene a broken ladder.]

#dad #house #ladder #mom #uteotw



2010-08-30 • Journal • Imagining Without Wine • LR

I told Bobo imagining tonight, but something was different. I realized that I hadn't drank any wine with dinner or had anything else to drink. The story had a different flavor. I was much more aware of what I was saying. I watched Bobo's eyes as he listened to the story and the birds in the Oak tree were crows tonight. I've never identified the birds before.

#bobo #imagining



2010-08-30 • Journal • Bobo Nightmares and Sleepovers • LR

Bobo has said that he can't sleep. He has said this for years. He used to get up in the night and come to our bed, but he doesn't do that anymore. He says the reason is because he has bad thoughts. We have pressed him a bit about what that means and it sounds to us like he is worrying. He won't tell us what it is, exactly. He seems to agree with us when we ask if it is like certain things, but backs down when we ask further questions, and what he says is different. For instance, Yvette will relate a story from his childhood about his worry that everybody disappears and ask Bobo if that is like what he is worried about. He will agree, but then when we ask for more details he will admit that this isn't really it. We are convinced that he doesn't want to tell us what it really is. We haven't fretted too much about it because he has good reasons. We don't want to ask him outright if he is worried about Yvette dying because this is unknown and it seems counter-productive to mention directly. Bobo has also lobbied a lot for sleepovers. The night before last he slept with Yvette, and it really did seem like he slept a lot better.

Last night he got me to give him Benadryl. He said that it helped with allergies and it helped him sleep. I made it clear that he shouldn't take Benadryl to go to sleep. He said that one of his nostrils tickled and that his allergies would likely act up at night. He was honest, mostly, I think. As I was getting the Benadryl he asked me not to tell Yvette. I believe that the main reason he wanted it was so that he would sleep. I'll talk to Yvette and will make sure

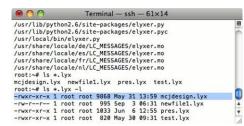
he doesn't do this much. At 4:30AM I heard Bobo call out. I also thought I heard him clunk his water bottle. He keeps a water bottle next to his bed for when he wakes up thirsty. He went back to sleep and hasn't stirred for at least two hours.

#bobo #yvette



2010-09-03 • Journal • Lyx Circles • L R

I do the same things over and over again, iterating to a goal, presumably. This screenshot shows something I stumbled across, breadcrumbs from last time I circled through these woods. I was creating a high level design for MCJ. A high level design doc needs structure, and HTML is a bear to use for that. But lyx is good. I googled "convert lyx to html" and the number one hit was elyxer. It turned out that lyx had been compiled into my OS (which I knew) but what I didn't know was elyxer was also already there. I ran locate to find elyxer and



tried to find the first attempt at my design doc (newfile) so I could run elyxer against it. And... right there in my home directory is my run at a design doc for MCJ. So... here I am back at the end of May... before the summer. But these loops do go back 25 years to the phlegm house bathtub vision.

#history #phlegm_house

Comments:

2019-03-01:

And back to HTML again, with a twist, the "transmission".

2018-08-14:

As I update the journal today, I finally got what I was working on way back then, a way to create a full journal as a PDF. This also provides HTML. Interestingly, I'm using a very specialized and old version of txt2html rather than any kind of standard. I used an extreme hack in the end.*



2010-09-18 • Memory • Raising Yellow the Hut • LR

I gave Isabelle to Sigg that April. Yellow the Hut is a home-made camper that I built during the winter of 2009-2010. I also set up a computer and heater in there at the time, so I could work on my ideas for my journal software and related Ruby on Rails stuff. I wanted everything I worked on to be able to run independently, so I got MCJ to the point where it all ran on its own operating system. I put the propane heater in there and would isolate myself for hours. This is also around the time of the Goth Woman dream and "Terminator Kitty is not your Friend" dreams. I was mistaken, in a way, to back off of that push. Much of what I wanted to create at the time, I have been able to create in the last year. I'm also having some similar dreams. This is stirring again. But back to the hut... I jacked Isabelle up in the air with the camper attached and roped the camper to the carport. Then, I lowered Isabelle and there was this very heavy wooden camper hanging from the carport. You can see Big Ethel in the background in one of the snaps. I then used a combination of a jack and a come-along to pull the camper into the spot where Bobo's old playhouse was. I put a better floor in it, and Bobo played in it for a few years. There were some birthday parties that leveraged it a bit.

















Comments:

2020-09-20:

This article caused me to put in the "rss" icon across Signal Q. It isn't really rss, but it functions the same, providing links to updated sites across Signal Q.

2020-09-20:

I found the exif tags in the pictures to figure out the exact date. I strip the tags back out again, because they take up a lot of space. The date on the tags line up with the third Saturday in September, 2010. I tried to post this on the third Saturday in September, 2020. I am in a similar state of mind, but I also have been spending quite a bit of time in Yellow the Hut, as I just put Bobo's old books in there, up in Mom's Attic. Another thing is that I was still taking pictures with the HTC-P4600, an HTC Fuze that I purchased in March 2009, running Windows Mobile. Until then I had a flip phone.



2010-10-02 • Journal • Crow Flying and Yellow Truck • LR

Yvette and I were having coffee this morning and I had a vision. I was a crow flying in circles over the back lawn at the SeaTac house. It was cloudy. No rain. It was late fall of 2004, just before Yvette first found out about her cancer. I could see where Romeo sat. Romeo was the short name of Romeo Chrome. Yvette remembers I had a dream (which I don't remember), and in the dream there was somebody named Romeo Chromeo. Romeo sat underneath the Cedar tree. In my vision, though, it was a Douglas Fir.

I could see where I would go between the spot under the tree and the area where I would build the concrete pad, and the spot in the garden where I would drag Romeo eventually. I built a workshop where Romeo sat. There were three spots, and I dragged engines and cars and parts back and forth with so much energy over three years. I lost myself in three frantic years.

I could see that it was in reaction to the news of Yvette. At the end of those three years, Yvette walked with Sofia in the 3-day. Matt C also bracketed that time. I called Matt up to see if he could haul off Romeo, and asked him if his winch could handle it, and he said his winch could rip a car in half.

The opening lines in SEE were actually lines from Matt C. He and I would dictate stories onto a reel-to-reel recorder, much like how Sigg and I passed the typewriter back and forth to each other. That is where I got the idea.

Even my electronics ended up on the concrete pad, and they spread back to the time of Matt C as well. And cars, for that matter. In a way, I gave up Matt C for electronics. When I first met Matt we would explore the various cars together, hang out at the pipe factory, make home-made hot-air balloons. We had a great time together. Our friendship faded as I got more and more into electronics and met Sunn. I tried to give my electronics (the tubes of 8048s, the oscilloscope, everything...) to Scott D. He said he could use them. I knew he had gone to Burning Man.

He said he knew some "makers" that might be able to use the chips. But he didn't take them. I ended up giving to the electronics program at Auburn High. Again, Sunn, electronics...

I also had a vision of a yellow truck. It was a new truck, the Chevy Colorado. It came down from the sky. I told Yvette that it represented a monotheistic Christian god. A jealous god. Wrath. Justice. It came stabbing down with its brilliance. I faced the light, and tried to transform it, but was not able. The light turned to streaky yellow paint mess on Isabelle.

Two visions in one morning. I even got the color yellow in there.

#romeo #yellow #yvette



2010-10-03 • Dream • Sigg Doorways • L R

I was reworking the house we all lived in. It was a large house. Yvette and I shared it with a bunch of people, some of them from the Phlegm house, including Sigg. I cut a big window from the outside into a room that Sigg was sleeping in. I argued with him when I was inside the house about what kind of bed he had, and whether he had a curtain. He had a curtain that cut off half the room. He had a small mattress between the wall with the freshly cut window and the curtain. He wanted to keep an air mattress next to his regular mattress so that he didn't have a larger bed that passed under the curtain. I told him that he should just remove the curtain altogether, because nobody else shared the room, and that he should get rid of the air mattress and get a larger bed.

#phlegm_house #sigg #yvette



2010-10-04 • Dream • Rhett Bourbon • LR

I was at the mall. I went into a diner that also served liquor. My waitress was Rhett. I was surprised to see her. She looked at me kind of funny, but didn't say anything personal. In my dream the situation was the same as in real life. We didn't talk after she messaged on Facebook me that she wished Yvette and Bobo dead. I told her I wanted a bourbon... neat. She came back with a clear iced drink. I asked her why it wasn't yellow, and she said that not many people ordered bourbon.

#rhett #yellow #yvette



2010-10-06 • Journal • RURP and L1G3R and Tom • LR

In this screenshot I'm setting up the piton graphic for the main page of L1G3R. I run MCJ remotely via X. One advantage of this is that I can do things like run Gimp directly from the filesystem that serves up the HTML. For any hacker types out there, note that I actually publish to a different server that I don't access remotely, although I tunnel via SSH anyway, so it isn't a big deal regardless.

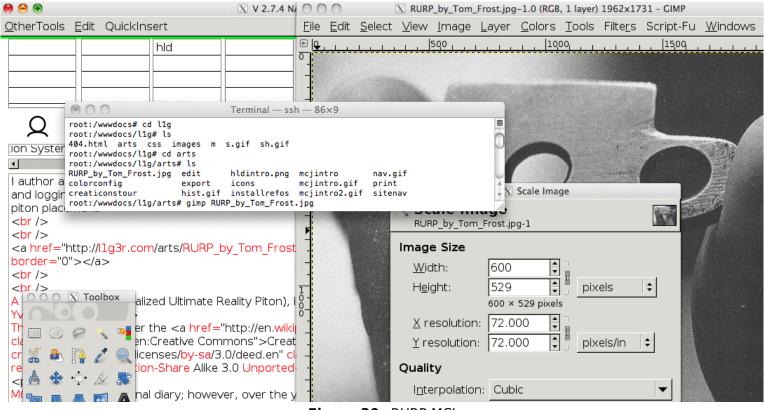
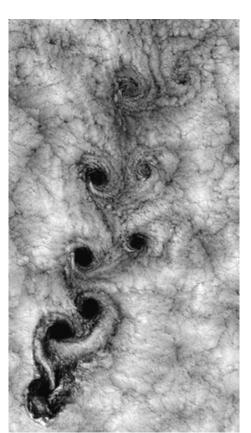


Figure 30: RURP MCI

#history



2010-10-08 • Subject • Double Rainbow Vision • LR



I imagine that everyone has seen something very clearly, something that is so beautiful that it is difficult to convince ourselves otherwise, even if we tried. If the impression is strong enough, it might never leave. Perhaps it diminishes over time, echoing in our heads until we die, providing us hope, a wistful beacon. Perhaps it builds like waves as our joy is echoed in the world and the beauty is reflected: we end our days surfing our own waves until we crash on the shore of our body's limits.

The converse of this is that we all see things that are ugly that affect us deeply. Like beauty, if the impression is strong enough, it might never leave. Perhaps it diminishes over time like the taste of metal in our mouth. Perhaps we turn the impression into a rage that dominates our lives, the waves building and propelling us until we crash on the shore of our body's limits.

This is human. We live on the earth with all its varied interdependent life, conflicts, birth, and death, speeding through space. We tune in to varying degrees. If we are rigid and indifferent to the wind that blows through our minds as we observe our short trip on earth, we don't get to surf. But it is true that we might not all want to go right out, open our hearts and minds completely, and dash our selves on the rocks with a first run.

The Tacoma Narrows Bridge collapsed in the wind. There have been a lot of theories about why the bridge collapsed. One idea that was new to me was the Kármán vortex street. Here is a picture of clouds off of the coast of Chile that illustrates this:

Simply resonating with the world, as the wind of experience blows through our minds, and loving the wind, feeling the wind, being open to the wind, can cause destruction. In the case of the Tacoma Narrows bridge, failing to properly understand and consider aerodynamics created an unstable design. The new bridge is more rigid and is less susceptible to destruction by wind.

The experience of beauty and ugliness is personal, though. We may love. We may hate. We may reinforce our minds with well-placed rigidity, indifference that we learn over time to make the ride more tolerable. But the biggest waves are created by love, love that resonates with the earth and is reflected in our own minds. We surf the biggest waves alone because of this.

#uteotw



2010-10-12 • Journal • Anniversary Truck Colors • LR

Compared with our anniversary last year, this year was great.

Yellow Truck

Actually, we had the best anniversary we have had in a long time. I might write more about how good it was, spilled between my other current journal projects and writings, but I at least wanted to write about the truck colors.

On our way from La Conner to Anacortes I decided to see if I could feel the same feelings I had a year earlier, the same feelings that hit me so hard on that Sunday and the following week when we watched Where the Wild Things Are. I don't *exactly* know what they were, but I could feel them there, crouched. They weren't as sharp or overpowering. I mentioned this to Yvette, and it stressed her out to hear me talk about the previous year and that day.

Within fifteen seconds or so of this I saw a Chevy orange GMC 67-72 truck. I had this feeling like I was crouching down under the flood of information (data) that was coming in. On the way back I saw a green 67-72 GM truck. I thought that it was strange. Had the color changed? I then saw two more green 67-72 trucks on the way out of Anacortes.

It isn't like I hallucinated the trucks. The trucks were there. It reminds me of the Repo Man "Lattice of Coincidence", and my theory that it is a play on the Ladder of Inference.

#yvette

Comments:

2018-08-14:

We watched Where the Wild Things Are the weekend before I quit SS in 2009. The movie disturbed me significantly. I could relate to Carol and his model. I couldn't get up at the end of the movie. I just sat there trying not to let my emotions come out, shaking and sobbing in silence, glad for the dark as the credits rolled.*



2010-10-26 • Dream • My Corner • LR

Between Yvette's first and last chemo treatments for the series, I noticed the flesh was shrinking underneath her skin in varied spots, and as she breathed you could see a mottled pattern in relief as her skin sucked inward. Yvette said she couldn't do any more chemo after the next one. She had a new cell phone. I got her an attachment that helped with the Herceptin treatment. Ernie made her another device that had two disk drives on it to store data. I had made one similar (now I think the cell phone was a storage device), but mine had more RAM, so we used that. I was gone on the day of the last treatment, but Yvette texted me. She said, "They have found \$something – Now it is in \$my corner". The dollar signs were symbols as part of the words, like a variable.



2010-11-02 • Subject • Do you see? • LR

When we decide to get busy, well, we really get busy. And it is beautiful. Swirls, iterations of focus. Our minds feeding our minds, our world, our works, again, and again, folding, intent. Look! Do you see? My God! My God!



Figure 31: Do you see? My God! My God!

#ouroboros



2010-11-05 • Memory • Ice Park Bellevue • LR

The only place I could walk for a bit in an uninterrupted way was to go down to the park next to the mall and walk in circles. It was a decent distance around. Perhaps it was a quarter mile?

Towards the end of 2010 they built an ice rink. This is a snap of the tubing:



Figure 32: Ice Park Bellevue

#ice #infospace



2010-12-04 • Dream • Ice Ship • LR

Yvette and I were having sex. We had a child that was a toddler that was running around, and eventually we had to stop. There was also other family in the house as well. Our bedroom had the bookcase door, so it was our current house in West Seattle. I went outside and walked up the hill. There was an old shed in back of a garage, and I climbed onto the roof of the shed. The hull of a Chinese ship rose up in front of me. I touched the hull. The hull and the rest of the ship was covered with ice, like the ice on the inside of a freezer that needs defrosting. I rushed to get off the roof before I got crushed by the hull. As I jumped, I remembered that I wasn't supposed to be that close to the ship. I was supposed to stay inside when the Chinese ship dropped off the cargo. I ran over to a small

abandoned cabin. It had long, vertical windows with the glass broken out. The outside of the cabin was white. It had a dirt floor with mounds of dirt and pebbles inside. I laid down on the dirt with my arms above my head as I heard the Chinese announce on loudspeakers that the man that had violated the rules about staying away from the ship should be given up. I knew that nobody in the house knew where I was, so I just waited there, figuring that the Chinese would find me eventually. I had gotten in trouble for being too close to the ship before.

*[2019: I found this link in an email I wrote to myself on 2012-12-04. I suspect that it was related to the Mulberry harbours, and this is how I found it. The interesting thing is that it is exactly two years from this entry. I double-checked the date on the original MCJ entry, and it is 2010-12-04. I also find it interesting because I was walking through the Ice rink in Bellevue park. True, it is winter, so ice isn't exactly an odd keyword, but, still, this is an actual ice ship.]

#asian #ice #ship #yvette



2010-12-19 • Subject • New Release: MCJ 2.7.5 • LR

It has been a long month. In my spare time I've been upgrading the MCJ GNU/Linux Reference OS so that it has GTK2 Ruby bindings. At the very least, I want the option to use free tools to create the main application. I wrote an article on converting some of the Rails code to GTK2. I also came out with a new release of MCJ that allows better integration with an external editor.

I've had code hanging around in MCJ since 2006 that hasn't changed. It is pretty much a collection of code that stuck as soon as it worked. During the last couple of years I've received warnings about deprecated code. There were 30 or so items with classes that were deprecated. Finally, today, I simply checked them all and clicked resolve. The REAL Studio IDE just went through and changed all of my code. I recompiled and all was happy. That is pretty cool.

Although it is possible that I will do more with Ruby and GTK, I still appreciate the ability of REAL Studio to compile for multiple platforms. Really, as far as GTK, REAL Studio is just a fancy IDE and development environment that creates code that uses GTK+ 2.8. In a pinch, as long as the API is documented, it would be quite possible to code up an application with the free software tools that comes with the MCJ GNU/Linux Reference OS. Here are some screenshots of the latest release of MCJ. Here it is running on version 3.6 of the MCJ GNU/Linux Reference OS: Running on Snow Leopard (Mac OS X 10.6.5) Microsoft Windows 7: I have to say that MCJ is looking pretty good on Windows 7. Some of the earlier combinations of MCJ and Windows weren't as good. I may be biased, but the best of all is MCJ running on a MacBook with the MCJ GNU/Linux Reference OS. That OS is such a mouth full. I'll have to change that sometime to Orange Truck OS or something.

#mcj



2010-12-19 • Subject • Converting a Rails App to present with GTK • LR

This article shows how to convert a Rails application to a standard Ruby application, and it shows how to present the data via GTK2. The idea is that a web application and a desktop application can have similar needs, and going back and forth via a common framework has some advantages. We are taking this rails controller and using just the People section from this view and adapting it to GTK2 using Ruby-GNOME2. We are doing this development work on the MCJ GNU/Linux Reference OS version 3.6 with the extra GTK2 packages compiled in as documented in the Reference OS.

This is how the Rails gems and ActiveRecord is set up:

```
require 'rubygems'
require 'active_support/all'
require 'active record'
require 'gtk2'
ActiveRecord::Base.establish connection(
    :adapter => "sqlite3",
    :database => "/sources/mcj.rsd"
)
class People < ActiveRecord::Base</pre>
  set_table_name "peoples"
end
class Realm < ActiveRecord::Base; end</pre>
class Art < ActiveRecord::Base; end</pre>
class Setting < ActiveRecord::Base; end</pre>
<br/>
This is code that is pretty much right out of the Rails application:
<br/><br/>
$rname = 'llg'
  @realmrow = Realm.find(:first, :conditions=> ["name=""+$rname+"""])
# People ******
 @people_distinct = People.find(:all,
   :conditions=> ["(
    realm='l1g' OR realm='mcjbuildtab1')"],
   :select=> "DISTINCT person")
 @people_with_person = []
  for x in @people distinct
   @people_with_arts = People.find :all,
     :conditions=> ["(
     person= '"+x.person+"' AND (
     realm='mcjbuildtab1' OR realm='l1g'))"]
   for y in @people with arts
       @arts_matching_people = Art.find :all,
       :conditions=> ["(
       artnum= "+y.artnum.to_s+" AND realm='"+y.realm+"')"]
     for z in @arts_matching_people
       z.classification=x.person
       @people_with_person << z</pre>
     end
   end
  end
  @people_with_person= @people_with_person.sort_by { |a| [ a.classification, a.date] }
  $lastperson="wukkawukka"
  @people_with_person_m=[]
  for zz in @people with person
   if zz.classification == $lastperson
      zz.classification = ""
   else
   $lastperson=zz.classification
   @people_with_person_m << zz</pre>
  end
```

First we take the @people_with_person_m array and create a GTK list to render:

```
keyword_list = Gtk::ListStore.new(String, String, String)
window = Gtk::Window.new("People Keywords")
window.signal_connect("destroy"){Gtk.main_quit}
person='person'
for ruk in @people_with_person_m
   iter=keyword_list.append
   iter[0]=person
   iter[1]=ruk.classification
   iter[2]=ruk.artnum.to_s
   iter[3]=ruk.title
   person=''
end
```

Now let's populate a GTK::TreeView:

```
view = Gtk::TreeView.new(keyword_list)
renderer = Gtk::CellRendererText.new
renderer.background="gray"
col = Gtk::TreeViewColumn.new("Keyword Type", renderer, :text => 0)
view.append_column(col)
col = Gtk::TreeViewColumn.new("Keyword", renderer, :text => 1)
view.append_column(col)
col = Gtk::TreeViewColumn.new("Article Number", renderer, :text => 2)
view.append_column(col)
col = Gtk::TreeViewColumn.new("Title", renderer, :text => 3)
view.append_column(col)
vbox = Gtk::VBox.new
vbox.add(view)
window.add(vbox).show_all
Gtk.main
```

The above code can be run by Ruby directly. This is the output:

● ○ ○	X People Keywords		
Keyword Type	Keyword	Article Number	Title
person	andreas jaeger	3	glibc-2.3.5
	jakub jelinek	3	glibc-2.3.5
	james cook	49	General Description - MCJ Perspective
	paul eggert	3	glibc-2.3.5
	roland mcgrath	3	glibc-2.3.5

#tech

Comments:

2021-10-20:

Much of what I'm trying to do back then is possible with JavaScript, particularly where I put the data and the view in one package (an HTML page).



2010-12-30 • Journal • 2011 • LR

I just want to finish my current manifesto, which, strangely, is *for work*. I'll finish it and be done with it. I want to pass it on on Tuesday. Maybe I'll get to work on it, maybe not. I said that I would write up the proposal, though, so I am. In my strange way, I even registered a domain name and modified a MCJ RoR site to present it, complete with a PDF generator. I did all of this before even figuring out what efforts were already under way. I really don't care at this point. The issues are important, yes. I'm interested, yes. But I really want to read some books, go for more walks, play more chess and Risk with my son. Hang out more with Yvette and talk about anything and everything without some big pressing project on my mind.



Playing Chess with my Grandpa

I walked down to the junction today (Alaska). It was about four miles. I hadn't planned on it. I was going to take the bus and meet Yvette for beers and burgers and see Red afterwards. I went to one bus stop, but there was this damaged guy there who asked me what time it was. I told him it was 4:27, and the bus would be there any moment. He said something about the bus already stopping, and that there was something wrong and he should take a different bus. I went around the corner where the other bus was. There was a woman about 70 that was catching the bus. We talked for a bit about how the buses were often late. I told her about the time in the last big snow storm how it took four hours to get home, and I had to walk from Morgan Junction in the cold, and I really did get pneumonia after that. Oh, but things were only just starting to get bad. Just starting. Anyway, Yvette emailed me to say she would be a bit late, so I decided to walk. I told the woman, and she said, "good for you, but do you know how far it is?" I said, "oh, two miles or so?". She said, "no... four miles." I told her, "well, I have my work cut out for me, then." I'm glad I walked.

It was good this evening. I walked at a march all the way down. I watched the sun set over the water. I could see all of the lights of the cars from Morgan junction to Alaska, and beyond. I saw a woman, younger than me, holding a cardboard homeless sign. A half a block away she looked all scraggly, with a gray beard, but up close she was pretty. Strange that she was on the sidewalk with a sign. She didn't look like she was all drugged out, either. She said, "have a good evening." I replied, "good evening", and walked on.

It crossed my mind that I could still just up and decide that I wanted to walk four miles in thirty degree weather. Not that I'm that old, or it is really that far, or really that cold, but I haven't done that in a long time. Not like that. I usually walk for a few miles at lunch. There was something about realizing that, though, that I still had time to change. I felt like I had been wrapped round and round in a feedback loop of my own room.

I don't know what I'm going to do. Oh, yes. First thing is throw a big party. And, it is about time that I finished some books that I've always wanted to read. I started The Brothers Karamazov in 1990. I read it on the way up from

Eugene to Seattle on the Green Tortoise. I remember the entire trip there was this one woman, and all she could do was play more and more Dire Straits. We heard everything they ever played. For some reason the bus driver kept putting more and more Dire Straits on. This is about 2011. I'll read The Brothers Karamazov in 2011.

Oh, and I'm going to give in, give up, concede, shut the fuck up. But not out of weakness. No, not out of weakness, but because I want to read some books, walk at night for no reason. Stay up late writing.

That is my New Years resolution.

#grandpa



2011-01-17 • Subject • Trouble in Mind • L R

Back in the late spring of 2006, I was looking for a hexagram to represent saving and refreshing the entry pane in Mountain Climbing Journal. I really did go over to my copy of the Wilhelm / Baynes translation of the I Ching, glanced through a few pages, and found Mountain. This in itself isn't terribly odd, but I have found myself going back to this hexagram as I think about what the journal software means to me, particularly with all of the things that are happening in my life right now. I figured it would be worth going through some of the writing about the hexagram:

"In its application to man, the hexagram turns upon the problem of achieving a quiet heart. It is very difficult to bring quiet to the heart. While Buddhism strives for rest through an ebbing away of all movement in nirvana, the Book of Changes holds that rest is merely a state of polarity that always posits movement as its complement.

If the movement of these spinal nerves is brought to a standstill, the ego, with its restlessness, disappears as it were. When a man has thus become calm, he may turn to the outside world. He no longer sees in it the struggle and tumult of individual beings, and therefore he has that true peace of mind which is needed for understanding the great laws of the universe and for acting in harmony with them.

Trouble in mind.

The heart thinks constantly. This cannot be changed, but the movements of the heart-that is, a man's thoughts-should restrict themselves to the immediate situation. All thinking that goes beyond this only makes the heart sore.

#history #mcj



2011-02-13 • Journal • Bros K and a few IPAs • LR

IPA stands for... a bit more than you might expect. I had a glorious time in the hammock with The Brothers Karamazov and IPA, and just as Alyosha was leaving the monastery after all of the horrible reaction to Zosima's Odor of Corruption, I could hear the church bells ring 5 o-clock from the hill to the east of here. Zosima is the elder of the monastery, and was revered by all in the town, the surrounding towns, and the monastery, but after he died his corpse stank, and there was this quick turning of the people at the wake, as though the smell was a sign that he was corrupt. Among other things, people were accusing him as corrupt for things he said, like his contention that hell was "The suffering of being no longer able to love."

I needed to walk off the IPA a bit. I decided to see if the church I heard had its doors open. I kind of assumed they would be. It was a decent walk, regardless. I got some water at the first gas station I passed, the one where the also sell Nag Champa incense. I got a package of Nag Champa. I passed an auto parts store, espresso stand, two more gas stations, a grocery store, and continued up the hill towards the church. I passed a house with an uncurtained window looking out over Roxbury. There was a wide-screen TV showing a cartoon movie.

I thought a little about what I might do when I got to the church. I've only been to a church for weddings, funerals, and eagle scout ceremonies since, oh, 1983. I figured that if the door was open, I'd sit on one of the pews and reflect a bit. I am confirmed. I got to the church and the doors were locked. I pulled on the handle again. The church doors were locked, and it was Sunday, before 6pm.

I walked back down the hill. The side of the hill, the south side of Roxbury, has recently been mowed. I could see steps that had recently been revealed that went up to houses at the top of the ridge overlooking Roxbury. It was clear that nobody would use these steps. The entrance to these houses was now through the back alley or street. I passed the cartoon house again and noticed that there was a huge, scrappy addition tacked on to the side of the house that ran its length.

#church #nag_champa #roxbury #the_brothers_karamazov



2011-02-27 • Subject • Data and View Proposal • LR

[Things are changing so fast right now, and there is so much promise, so many things that can and will be done, that we are past the point where we need to hold on to particular ideas. The progress and efforts related to data and views that are laying beneath the surface and just waiting to burst, these are not singular "next big things"; rather, the ideas are endless. The challenge is to collaborate, open our minds to the various vectors of change, and use the energy and motion to propell us in a direction we want to go. In this spirit, I'm putting this unfinished effort out on the WWW in the hopes that it will help. I'm moving on to other efforts right now.]

This proposal centers around data we share and create on the World Wide Web (the Web). There are many flows of data that we use and create. Every search we make on a search engine, every web site that we use to track and manage our personal lives, blogs, and pictures, all of these things are data. Certainly the kinds of data we share on the Web is growing, but this proposal mainly treats the most common kinds of data.

We view this data on web sites, phones, and personal computers. Some data is viewed via web applications that are not under our control. Some data is viewed on multiple devices like a camera, a personal computer, and a web application that is used to share the image. Some data is never viewed by the user, like historical search results and what you clicked on while searching or browsing.

Why should I worry about the view of data on the Web? Isn't that the whole point of an Internet web browser? All documents should be viewable by various web browsers, right? Well, kind of. At one point this was true. Documents were written up as HTML, and the main purpose of the documents and the browser was to render those documents and navigate the hyperlinks. The WWW of today is much more complicated. Most of the data is in databases and the view is distributed between various web applications.

A view is a window to look at data. Another example of a view is the phone book. Thirty years ago if I wanted to find something I needed, I would look in the phone book. Business services were listed for predefined keywords like plumbing or pizza. The data was compiled and managed with computers and published as a book. The phone book is a view. Everything I need to look up a plumber that existed in 1980 in the Boston area is available with the phone book of that time. I could use the phone book any time I wanted. It was free. The phone company charges for the access to the data represented by the view as well as for varying views like large display ads or associations with different keywords. This illustrates the idea of persistence of the view. If I save my phone books, I can go back and see what the directory contained, even if I have to go back 30 years. The view persists. Now imagine if not only the view persists, but if the data flow was captured within the context of that view. What if I could not only go back 30 years, but I could document what companies I called about vinyl siding. This is how the view and data is related, and why persistence is important.

This proposal concerns the distributed operating systems and web applications that provide a view of data on the Web. It discusses the problems of decreased privacy and control due to widespread reliance on and exploitation of the Web, and derives a solution to this problem based on the emerging technology of open, distributed systems and frameworks that abstract the view from the data and allow individualized control and persistence.

There has been incredible change on the Web since Tim Berners-Lee first laid the foundation. The change is accelerating, and commercial interests are attempting to mold the world into their own ideal for profit. Other interests, including Tim Berners-Lee, are attempting to mold the Web into their ideals based on philosophical or political convictions. Considering data and views associated with information, what would an ideal future look like? I will describe my ideal world. It is my proposal, so that is reasonable. I believe that much of what I think as ideal is

arguably useful for most, but I acknowledge that this perspective is likely naive, certainly incomplete, and full of inconsistencies, just like any utopia.

What do I desire for my data in a perfect future? Data would be completely portable between external services that I use. Whenever possible, I would store data in encrypted stores that only I had the master key to, ensuring that I could share the data as I wished. I would have leverage and rights as a consumer of external web services to preserve, share, audit, and destroy my data that the services used. I would have the option of requiring a biometric key and something that I know so that you can't just kill me, cut off my finger, and own all of my data. The data would automatically replicate and persist in the cloud and in my home. There would be flexible tiers of access control that could be retroactively redefined to the extent possible. I might make some family pictures public, but later decide to change my mind. I would have the data if my Internet connection went down, and I would have the data if my house burned down. My data could be retrievable by any slice of time where there was change. I would have a trusted hierarchy in the legal system to secure my data and give me the option to take it back if it was seized. The scenario for this requirement goes like this: Say that somebody did figure out my password and biometric key, or hacked the system. They then seized my data by changing my password. There should be a formal way that I can seize it back via the legal system. This would be facilitated by a master key that I owned with a subkey that I could delegate and revoke as I pleased. Consider it an identity-associated data escrow service backed by a state or governing body that I trust if I desire. Perhaps the ultimate key would be my own DNA, again, though, there must be safeguards to ensure that I'm not killed for my data. As more and more of our lives, our identities, our finances, our investments become simply a security token and pass phrase away from seizure, this kind of protection is important.

What do I desire for a view in the perfect future? My own personal configuration of the view would be considered data and would be protected by the above. The view would include everything from the interface to storage to the presentation. It is an operating system and the application, as well as any other integrations to other systems. The view would be open source and free. Like data, I would be able to dial any particular version of the view, and could tune it to both my data and other integrations with external applications. The view would persist in the cloud, yet be movable and instantly reprovisioned. I could use the view on a variety of platforms that I used to do other work. The view would be modular horizontally and vertically. By this, I mean that the application would be abstracted with something like a Model, View, Controller architecture vertically, could run on most commercial operating systems, and would include an independent operating system. It would also be extensible by having detailed specifications and an available API so that others developing applications could contribute and reuse application modules. I might develop a journal application, and others could use it, but perhaps somebody would use that same application to create a module that posted to Facebook, and both of us would have rights to use that application. The view should have a copyleft license so that entire swaths of work can't be closed again and hoarded. The view should be able to be used anywhere, by anybody, studied, shared, modified, and distributed without restriction (except that derivative work preserve these same rights). As much as possible, the view should be written within open frameworks that make it possible for me to create modules that leverage the development efforts of others.

The end result would be a system I could use that would track my web surfing, capture data that I had a right to for use later (like my child's report cards or my bank statements). My rights to my own data would be secure. I could help others by sharing and participating in the open world of views. I could share what data I wanted to share, and interact with other web applications.

The concerns of this proposal are being addressed in many ways right now. On the data side, data portability, identity assurance, distributed identity services, authentication tiers, and interoperable APIs, and regulation compliance are being addressed by both public can private efforts.

The Data Portability Project has listed a comprehensive portability policy that includes: APIs and data formats, identity and authentication, distributed storage, updates, change broadcasts, access from other applications, backup and recovery, public data, account closure, and location specification and choice. Google, Facebook, LinkedIn, Twitter, and Micorosft, as well as many others, are supporting this effort.

View control and persistence can be addressed with efforts like eyeOS. EyeOs provides an open, local cloud-based desktop suite.

David Siegel has captured many of these ideas in a presentation he put together about his concept of a Personal Data Locker. You really need to watch this.

After significant review, I have not been able to discern a trend where the view and data is coupled in the way that I desire. My project at this site, L1G3R Information Systems, does provide some control over the data and the view, but this is useful only for somebody that can write some HTML and Ruby on Rails code, but it is not useful generally.

To close, I'd suggest that you read the links below. This is a collection of the inspiring and insightful links I used as I researched this proposal. The odd thing is that as I started to validate the seed of an idea I had about controlling views (vs. persistent and point-in-time data recovery), I realized that there was much, much more progress on these ideas than I could have imagined. This is why I say that we are beyond particular ideas. The challenge is more of a navigation effort:

"Information Management: A Proposal" Distributed Social Networking Through Socially Aware Cloud Storage Long Live the Web: A Call for Continued Open Standards and Neutrality Security Assertion Markup Language 2.0 ID management's weakness: Few want to use it So-called 'first' cloud database targets next-gen enterprise apps DRAFT National Strategy for Trusted Identities in Cyberspace June 25, 2010 massively scalable identity architecture Kantara Quarterly Reports

eyeOS Liberty Identity Assurance Framework Federal Identity, Credentialing, and Access Management Personal Identity Verification Interoperable (PIV-I) Test Plan IBM uses eyeOS as part of a scalability proof of concept for GNU/Linux Desktops in a Cloud architecture Google Chrome OS Acer Announces DX241H – First Chrome OS Device IaaS and SaaS lead to PaaS (read Dave McCrory's blog regularly!) People, Purpose, Process, & Data / A Necessary Unity

#charlie #identity #laid off

Comments:

2020-06-07:

I wrote this up as a proposal for my employer a couple months prior, but decided against giving it to them, because I thought it would not be received well. I called it my manifesto. I was laid off the Friday before this was posted on L1G3R. I got a job working for Charlie that week. I remember emailing Charlie, sitting at my desk, and Charlie responding that he had something for me, as my access to various networking resources was being cancelled.

2020-06-07:

Quite a few of these ideas are in Cruft Buster. MCJ is a Python app, now, and two-way replication via Unison distributes the view and data in a fully distributed way. This doesn't include identity, but for years, now, I have downgraded that part of sharing information. Identity has become more of a curse than a blessing.

2021-10-20:

And... moved from wxPython to JavaScript and Plotly Dash... all MIT/open source.



2011-03-01 • Journal • 2nd day of work at New Job • LR

I really had a great day today. For the first time in a long time I found myself wishing the day was longer because I had so much to do. I had to leave because everybody else I could talk to was gone. I hope this job lasts. Yvette got some kind of stomach flu. I've had to take Bobo to daycare, pick him up, bring him to swimming, clean up the dishes, and other tasks, and start my new job. But, I don't have that angry and desperate feeling I usually get, where I associate this with Yvette getting sick from cancer. Oh, consciously I still thought of it: "This is what it will be like if and when cancer takes hold of Yvette on the final slide", but I'm dealing with it much, much more rationally. It is more like I'm just plodding along, not talking much, getting stuff done, and having a good time.



2011-03-06 • Dream • Corruption and Old Parts • LR

I had two dreams last night. In the first dream I was on the sidewalk of a large traffic circle in a city. I had recently been laid off from Infospace. I was catching a ride at the traffic circle. I don't know if I was arriving from somewhere or going to somewhere, but I met up via LJ (Nathan's boss) and visited Nathan at work. His work was kind of like offices at a newspaper. The offices had full glass windows open in front. He showed me this huge complicated diagram of all of the processes related to accounting. I told him that I didn't care about how complicated it was. Users could tend to their own complicated processes. What I did worry about, though, was data corruption. I was surprised that they laid me off, because I had been focused on preventing data corruption. I told Nathan about this right before I went back to the traffic circle. I only saw him briefly.

In the second dream I was below a house on a hill, kind of like the house my parents are renting in Home (Lake Bay). Bobo was nearby or with me. There was a short wall of cinder blocks and concrete that bordered the yard. I observed that saltwater had corroded old parts tucked along the wall that I had placed there over time. The first parts I noticed were lug nut studs. I picked one up thinking that the threads were wrecked by the rust. I brushed the rust off easily, though. The threads were fine, gray and usable under the thin brown, powdery coating. There were other pockets that had collected the parts from the projects at various times. I had tried to gather all of the old parts, but there were so many that I couldn't carry them all.

#infospace #laid_off #lj #nathan #rust



2011-04-09 • Journal • Finances without Banks or service charges • LR

I was sending off my Birkenstocks to get re-soled. MJ Feet went out of business, and another Seattle business moved to Colorado. There was no online purchase for the service, which kind of make sense. Instead, they had a web page that you fill out and print. Stick it in the box and mail it off. After having somebody steal my credit card number, address, and email a few months ago, I was wary about putting my credit card number in the box and sending it off with two pairs of shoes to Salem, OR.

I've always been interested in fringe banking. There are many cases where only a credit card will work, but you need to pay the credit card with a bank account. How do you create a completely isolated credit card with no correlation to a bank account? What if I'm on the mesa and need to pay for my wireless service? You never know.

The shoe store took PayPal, and I thought this was a good idea. The problem is, because there are bad people who are looking for isolated ways to stash money and use for transactions that are up to no good, PayPal won't let you send money unless you link it to an account or credit card. There is a loophole, though. PayPal offers a credit card, a Mastercard, and that counts towards lifting funding and sending limits. I signed up for one for free, and I even got to put an MCJ pic as the graphic. That will be really enjoyable to use, and it certainly fits with the mesa perspective of possible usage. The problem is, how do you fund it without a checking account?

Well, there is this thing called MoneyPak that works with PayPal. We are now entering into fringe big time. I'm currently contracting, so I get paid a live check bi-weekly. I have to go to the bank anyway (and, no, I don't trust ATMs for deposit, because of a bad experience way too long ago). MoneyPak said that they would credit me \$5, which would cover the cost of the card.

I got extra cash when I deposited my paycheck. Supposedly, Walgreens had a green dot display, but the clerk couldn't find it. (green dot makes money pak) I tried Bartell's too. I ended up going to 7-eleven. They knew what to do there. You can put anything from 20-500 dollars on the MoneyPak. It costs \$4.95 for the service, which, of course, is pretty bad down there at \$20 funding. The MoneyPak is like a lottery card: you scratch it to reveal the code. I got home, scratched off the number, went to PayPal, and was able to transfer the money from the MoneyPak into Paypal. It was all fairly seamless.

Long-term, if I use the max amount, it costs 1% to fund the account, and it is completely isolated, an independent island of modern consumer currency. As an experiment, I got the charge covered, so it is free now. I'll explore other

funding options. One good possibility is a completely isolated online checking account, that might work... anyway, it was an interesting learning experience, and now I'll get the most awesome credit card logo ever. (And I can pay for my Birkenstock repair.)

#money



2011-04-17 • Subject • Persistence of Knowledge and Cavemen • LR

My seven-year old son made an interesting observation today that cavemen were good because they didn't pollute. I have an odd collection of anthropological anthropology knowledge. I took some classes in college, I love the Clan of the Cavebear books, and I often get very carried away with some of the ideas, like the extermination of Neanderthal by humans. I read up on related scientific findings as they come out. I'm assuming that "caveman" is Homo sapiens, and not Neanderthal, although I've also wondered about what Neanderthal was like, and have written some interesting political fiction along those lines as a crazy youth. I'll call prehistoric humans "cavemen", simply because that is the term my son used, and it is still a rich word that is useful for comparison.



My son got me thinking. It seems fairly well established that the only real difference between cavemen and modern humans is simply persistent knowledge. True, Western Europe managed to wipe out a lot of information and the ability to use it by burning libraries, forgetting how to read Greek, and generally losing the whole school and university thing. Eventually, though, Western Europe did recover much of that knowledge. I'm not that familiar with Asian history. A quick search shows there were some periods in Chinese history that might be considered dark ages, but I don't know how that affected the persistence of knowledge. In my mind, there is nothing particularly special in the mental capacity of modern humans, it is just persistent knowledge that gives us the ability to be more than cavemen.

It is hard to imagine lack of persistent knowledge now. Perhaps the knowledge will be flooded out by spam, distracting circles of political discourse, and exponential social media chatter, but I don't think this will matter when it really is needed. But

this isn't the main problem.

My son points out the big problem. We are polluting the Earth. Cavemen were good because they didn't pollute the Earth. They didn't over fish the ocean to the point that sea life is collapsing, exterminate the Buffalo, defoliate entire jungles, poisoning themselves and the land, or light oil fields afire. It is kind of true. Cavemen were good because they didn't pollute. His simple, matter of fact statement is right on target.

Again, in my mind, if you add time and persistent knowledge, you will get modern civilization and its efficient pollution engine. If the only thing that distinguishes cavemen from modern humans is persistent knowledge, then it would be a seductive argument to say that persistent knowledge is bad. But that is silly. First of all, we can't get rid of that knowledge. No Armageddon scenario where humans exist will exist without knowledge. Entire encyclopedias live in trash dumps on CDs and hard drives. Millions of computers are discarded that can read these. This doesn't count widespread bookstores, libraries, and personal collections. There is no way that this will disappear. This line of thought reeks of Kaczynski. It isn't helpful. Second of all, it is how we use the knowledge that is bad. It is possible to use our persistent knowledge to restore the Earth. It is possible to stop polluting the Earth. Whether we think this is likely or not is irrelevant, it is our responsibility to try and imagine how this would work, and move forward towards this vision.

I think it is reasonable to say that being human, at least with any reasonable scenario, is defined by our ability to have persistent knowledge. So, what do we do with it? How can we be exceptional humans? Do we degrade into endless cycles of poisonous, distracting dialog while our planet is made unlivable, or do we start to leverage our distinguishing attribute to make things better?

This gives me a new appreciation for the design features of MCJ. This is my attempt as being human. But, my biggest challenge is to be kind. And, there we are back to how we use information as a species.



2011-04-24 • Subject • Easter • L R

Here we are at Easter. I sincerely hope that in a flash, in a wave that smooths and clears the strewn sand castles we build in our inception-slowed-delusional-dreams-within-dreams lives, that we are resurrected; that we smell the dark ocean, feel the sun, the radiant sand, the reflections of ourselves and the world: shimmering.

-Aggie

Thus, under the best of auspices, this book is sent forth to the world, in the hope that it may contribute something to the sum total of Right Knowledge, and serve as one more spiritual strand in an unbreakable bond of good will and universal peace, binding East and West together in mutual respect and understanding, and in love such as overleaps every barrier of creed and caste and race.

W.Y. E-W.

Jesus College, Oxford Easter 1927

[From the Preface to the First Edition of The Tibetan Book of the Dead]

May this third edition of the first volume of the Oxford Tibetan Series bear to all who read it the good wishes of its compilers, not only of those of them who dwell in far-away Tibet and Hindustan, but, also of those of them who dwell in the Western World. And may we heed the solemn admonition set forth in this book – not to fritter away in the worthless doings of the world the supreme opportunity afforded by human birth, lest by our spiritual improvidence we depart from this life spiritually empty-handed.

W.Y. E-W. San Diego, California, Easter, 1955

[From thePreface to the Third Edition of The Tibetan Book of the Dead]

#easter #inception



2011-04-25 • Memory • Prima Donna • L R

I had to hire two web developers for FTS. I needed somebody flexible, who could establish requirements directly from users, and wasn't a prima donna. I found a well spoken, intelligent, non-technical person (the company President's wife). I put out an ad in craigslist that outlined the requirements of the job and had them leave a message if they felt their skills fit the requirements. The president's wife called them back and described a calendar web app design that they had to code up and host that allowed me to schedule an interview. I would not allow them to talk directly to me unless they had created the app per the design accurately. I hired two people with this method that were the best two hires of my life.



2011-05-02 • Journal • Glassy Eyes • L R

I was waiting at the corner of 2nd and Lenora... maybe 3rd. A black man walked up to me. He had a short, scruffy beard and a long, worn outdoor coat, like LL Bean or Eddie Bauer or something... blue, black, and grey, only half-way zipped. He said something I couldn't understand. I said, "What?", and he spoke louder, but still like he was projecting his words carefully through a tunnel from a long ways away, manipulating the words with long bamboo poles on the other side. "Can you give me a few dollars," his words getting fainter and fainter, "to buy some crack?" I said "No", quietly, looking at his black, glassy eyes. He didn't look away, he kept looking right at me, moving forward slightly. I didn't feel like I was really looking at him, connecting, but I could tell he was on the edge of my gaze, and either wasn't ashamed, or wasn't really noticing me completely. He said something else, but it was so faint that I couldn't

make out the words at all. He continued looking at me with his glassy eyes and the light changed. At the time, "buy some crack" hadn't really struck me as weird. He wanted money. I think the eyes sidetracked me a bit, or it was the way he tapered off his words. It wasn't until later that I thought about how odd it was that he asked to buy crack. I'm not entirely sure that those were the exact words, it seems so strange. Why would somebody ask that? But that is what I remember. I believe he said it.

#uteotw



2011-05-03 • Journal • 3rd and James and Dogs • LR

I was waiting for the 21, at 3rd and Virginia. The bus after 7 is often late. Sometimes the Ballard bridge is up, I heard one of the bus drivers say one time, and that is why the bus is late.

A woman with a shaved head, about fifty years old, was talking to some people near the bus stop at the street. She appeared to be crazy. I hung back under the awning. I usually hang back by the building instead of near the street. 3rd has a huge sidewalk near Virginia.

A dog in a red jacket got off the bus with a middle-aged woman with long, brownish-red hair. Perhaps she was blind. It could have been a service dog. The woman with the shaved head came over to stand by me under the awning. Her hair was gray and about 3/8ths of an inch long. Parts of it were balding on the top. She had big, slightly yellow teeth. She didn't smell, and was fairly neat. She was wearing a gray sweatshirt like the reality scenes on the ship in The Matrix. She told me she hated dogs, and she wouldn't ride on a bus that a dog was on or had been on. I wondered why her hair was so short. Did she have cancer? Lice? She said that she needed to get to 3rd and James. Not that many buses went all of the way through to James. She repeated that she didn't take any busses with dogs on them. A bus came up, but she said that that bus didn't go through to James. She repeated again that a lot of buses didn't go through. She had four silver Nordstrom bags with a bunch of stuff in them, with her arms hooked through the handles. She was definitely crazy. She said that she had had a horrible day, and that her feet were worn out. I told her I was sorry. She said she had to get to 3rd and James because she was homeless. 21 was arriving, and she asked if 21 went to 3rd and James, and I said I thought it did. She said, "thank you for talking to me", and she looked at me closely, and I could tell she really meant it.

We both got on the bus and I thought about her thanking me just for talking with her. Again I reflected on the fact that taking the bus and walking around Seattle lets me see so much more that I don't usually see, particularly compared to the sanitized walks I used to take in Bellevue. She asked if the bus stopped at James, and either a passenger or the bus driver said no. Her expression turned into an incredibly worried and sad face. She glanced around the bus, and I thought maybe she was looking for me. I had mislead her. It turned out that the bus stopped within a block of 3rd and James, so it wasn't a big deal.

Lused 3/8 inch hair here:

Emilio Lizardo

#walk



2011-05-05 • Dream • Smashed stuff on Coat • LR

I was working at FTS. It was like a summer lodge. There was a big central room, with offices lining the big room. It was a lot like the space in our current offices, but it had open wood exposed and varnished, light, like pine.

There were two new hires. (This is true in real life as well. I just set up two new hires for email, and Charlie told me yesterday what offices he would like for them. One of them is a very powerful marketing type that is going to run our prepaid cards division. The other is our field operations manager.) When I told the marketing guy that I we could get him a workstation for his office, he gave me a strange look like I was not entitled to even speak to him. I back-peddled and said he could have anything he wanted, a workstation or a laptop, and I avoided him after that. The other guy wasn't in my dream much.

I listened to an investment conference call that didn't go very well. I then hung out in the office. The staff was playing a bit, but there wasn't a lot to do.

Charlie went out with the marketing guy. They were gone for a long time. Charlie came back and his face was swollen and bloody. There was still some blood between his teeth. The marketing guy had quit, and they had been in a fight. Charlie's jacket has smashed stuff on his coat from the fight. One thing looked like a small white sea creature, maybe a tiny squid. It was smashed on his coat.

Charlie yelled at us because we hadn't seemed concerned and there wasn't enough activity related to work. Didn't we know that our main venture capital firm, Carol, had downgraded us a dollar a share, he admonished us. I told him that I had listened to the conference call, but it was just kind of depressing.

#carol #charlie



2011-05-15 • Dream • Emilio Lizardo • LR

I was looking through records at a House of Records. I stumbled upon a whole section of records set aside for me. It had a plastic tab with a hand-written note at the top that said this section of records was reserved for me. I realized that I was having a party, and these records were reserved. Over half of the records were black and white compilation albums. I thought they were by Depeche Mode, because this is what I thought I wanted for the party. I figured I must have ordered them for the party, but then forgot about them. The paper on the albums was thin. They weren't Depeche Mode, though, they were Falco records [in real life I don't know what Falco sings, at least in my conscious mind.].

I then watched a music video of Falco. There was a man that looked like Emilio Lizardo (Not crazy like Lord John Whorfin). He had grey hair about 3/8ths of an inch long and was wearing a sleeveless t-shirt. His teeth were aged and discolored. He was singing in the music video. It was gypsy punk. I really enjoyed the music, but was surprised that it wasn't at all like Depeche Mode. He and his wife were sitting in a small room that was painted white. It was near a window, and the light from the window filled the room, but you couldn't see outside. Their daughter had just left home for good. The wife was very sad. I could see the age in her face. Her face looked kind of like a present-day Emmylou Harris, but there was a bit more sag under her chin. She just stared, sadly, towards the door, and didn't move throughout the entire video. The camera panned across the man's desk, and there were pictures of him during his military career. The pictures showed various style caps and medals that signified increasingly important rank and decorations.

Monday, 2018-08-13 17:54:35 - I am sure I had listened to Nina Hagen feat. Falco - Poetenclub at this point #depeche_mode #house_of_records #lizard



2011-05-16 • Dream • Blue Shirt on Twist Hanger • LR

I had some business to do on the East side of the Cascades and was just arriving back. I had a yellow bundle of paperwork: long, legal-sized papers with light-grey printing, part of a triplicate or duplicate form. I returned from my trip and was in this sunny lobby or dining area. Jim H (sister-in-law's brother) was there. He said something about travel, and I gestured at my bundle of papers and said I knew where he had likely been. He asked what I wanted of him, as I had been trying to get his attention for a few months. I reached up and touched him, and he had no legs. His head was on top of a blue shirt hanging from a wire coat hanger. The blue shirt pivoted around, hung by his head. One of his colleagues from Starbucks said that they had just acquired a company from Brazil. He was very emphatic about what that meant as far as extra time for his IT department. I said that he should have a one-way trust. He looked up and said that that would work well. I continued and talked about using resources in Brazil, but authenticating against, and defining groups at Starbucks headquarters, but he started to nod as though I was saying the obvious.



2011-05-21 • Journal • Wireless MCJ • LR

I finally got the wireless to work with a laptop. I have spent many, many hours trying to get this to work reliably. The wireless adapter in the Macbook was torture trying to get to work. Here I am, though, in the hammock, writing on a laptop that is running MCJ, using the server in the attic.

I am very tired today. I woke up tired. I've had a cold, and I've been very busy at work.

#mcj



2011-05-23 • Journal • Tired and Charlie • LR

I gave Charlie a diagram for a PCI compliant web site. His response was simple: "Just make sure it is budgeted." What budget? There is no budget. It disturbed my sleep. I have a presentation on the diagram tomorrow at 4, and I'm having trouble sleeping. I realized that what could get me through this was my journal. And, in the very formal way: private, old books, etc. It if funny... I have this idea of old books, but "MCJ books" turned into something that most certainly was not a collection of old books. As I was laying in bed, it came to me in a rush that if I was able to only claim life as a mountain climber, that this would help me through. I'm in a very difficult position right now.

Time to climb. It is important to remember that there is a distinction between what you claim and what the current situation is. I will climb through mountain passes, go through valleys, see the web, help people, love, scream, hate, drive, etc., but what I claim, what I really, really claim, what I claim is actually mine, this is small. Very small. I have my click of life, but I'm granted the luxury of a journal and old books.

It would be cool if the journal (MCJ), could manage and generate the "rules" I posted. It just seems that these rules are part of the journal, and per the understanding in Eugene in 2008, it is OK to describe the journal so that others can use this tool as I do if they want.

Well, I need to go to sleep! It is 4am... up since 2am after dreaming about budgeting for staff needed... sheesh.

#history



2011-06-12 • Dream • German Shepherd • LR

I dreamed a black German Shepherd I knew turned on me and bit me. I immediately went limp and fell into his fur while his teeth were around my wrist. I closed my eyes as I fell until all was quiet and I was almost asleep. Then I stood up again, and he walked along with me and the others I was with.

#guard



2011-07-02 • Journal • Prik Nam Pla • L R

I used to work across the street from this small Thai restaurant, and I would eat there almost every day. They almost always had a condiment tray with dried chili and a sauce with chilies floating in it on the table, or you could ask. The sauce was my favorite. I was discussing this with a coworker, and she brought in a bag of chilies. They are 1-3 inches long. It turns out that making Prik Nam Pla is as easy as putting chilies in fish sauce. I found some fish sauce at Seattle Fish company in West Seattle. I likely could have saved a buck or more if I had gone to White Center, but the sauce looked fine and I happened to be there.



I had some fun with a picture of the fish sauce after I got it. I like my Prik Nam Pla really spicy, so I chopped up all of the chilies. I used a pint-sized small mouth mason jar, filled it with fish sauce and chilies, and used a spoon to smash the chilies into the side of the jar.



#recipes



2011-07-03 • Journal • Phad Kee Mao • L R

I decided that I wanted to make my shit-drunk fried noodle dish. I went down to White Center and found everything I needed at Samway Market (9811 15th Ave SW). Rice stick and peppers:



I mashed them with the side of the knife and put them in:

- 2 T sesame oil
- 2 T Soy sauce
- 1 T oyster sauce
- 1 T fish sauce
- 1 T chili garlic sauce
- 1/2 cup of water

I fried up two chicken breasts, cooked the broccoli for a bit in the sauce, then added the tomatoes and the thicker bits of bok choy.



After all was cooked fairly well I added basil leaves and the bok choy leaves, cooked a bit more, and added the rice noodles:



Some beer and some of my Prik Nam Pla sauce:

Prik Nam Pla
Close-up of Maiden the Shade label
#recipes



2011-07-12 • Dream • Turtle Patty • L R

Sigg was sitting at the counter of a small cafe'. He was eating a thin piece of breaded meat. It looked like a large pork chop or a t-bone steak. I looked up on the chalk board to see what it was. Sigg said it was turtle steak. As he said that, I noticed that what I thought was a bone in the center of the steak wasn't there, and I could see a bony ridge around the outside of his turtle steak.

The guy at the counter asked if I wanted anything, as though I wouldn't, but I asked for a turtle patty, another turtle dish that I don't remember, and I asked what the soup was. "Soup?", he said, incredulously. The soup was in a large stainless steel pot on a shelf towards the back. He lifted up a ladle of it, and I could see orange carrots and peas. I told him that looked good.



2011-07-13 • Journal • Seattle waterfront up to Pike Place • LR

A walk from the Seattle waterfront up to Pike Place

The quickest route, and it goes right to the part with the best flowers.

#walk



2011-07-15 • Dream • Sex and Scan Pictures • LR

I dreamed I ended up in bed with Karen. (I haven't met her more than once in real life, but I believe that she was one of two girls back in 1986 when I took all of the punk rockers to the grocery store near Ernst.) I didn't think she wanted to have sex, but I was sleeping next to her, so I stroked her hip a little. She woke up and we started kissing. Things got more involved and she got on top of me and started rubbing me back and forth with her crotch. She had sweat pants on. I told her if she didn't stop I was going to come. We fooled around some more. I told her that I was conflicted because of Yvette. Eventually she stopped and made a remark about it being a present for Yvette.

Yvette came home from a trip with Ernie right after we both put our clothes back on. She was suspicious, but nothing had happened. I realized that there were a bunch of pictures on my camera that were incriminating. Ernie was traveling a long ways, going home that evening, and I tried to make him coffee. He had a small, personal-sized coffee maker. I made some coffee, but when I tried to take the top back off, it had a motorized attachment that inserted into the liquid and when I tried to take it off it went off and spilled coffee. Ernie took over and apologized as he made himself some coffee.

I was then in a doctor's office. I was in charge of ensuring network security for a room with a bunch of laptop users. The room was open on one side and there was a table in the center. They had left for the day. I was talking with a medical technician about Yvette's latest scan results. He showed how cancer had spread to most of Yvette's organs. Her duodenum was in yellow. Another female technician explained that the cancer started there. There were broad red bands across most of Yvette's liver. I exclaimed that I thought the cancer was in full remission, but the technician, and later, Yvette, explained that this was how it worked. I thought that it was too bad that we hadn't purchased life insurance. It was too late now. I figured Yvette would only live fore six months, and I had been thinking before then that it would be a lot longer. It crossed my mind that things had gotten worse because of Yvette's recent bout with sinusitis.

#ernie #yvette



2011-07-22 • Journal • Pall Mall Tilt and Step • LR

I was walking along the waterfront in front of the art park. I saw a big man with sunglasses on and frizzy hair over his shoulders staggering slowly down the path. His head tilted slightly down as he stopped stumbling forward, and he swayed back and forth a little in place. He looked like he was falling asleep as he stood. He had a pack of Pall Mall filter cigarettes in one hand and had an unlit cigarette between his index and middle finger of the other hand. He looked like he was in his late thirties or forties, but his hair was not grey, just worn. He had a faded jean jacket on. No writing or patches, just blotched from wear. He looked kind of like Ozzy: slightly puffy and white, but not a soft target. A woman passed him from behind, unaware that this big man was about to simply fall over. He swayed back and forth a couple more times, just a couple inches. His head dipped further and he dropped the cigarette. As the woman passed in front the man stirred and took a step forward, his foot landing on the unlit cigarette. He continued stumbling down the path. I thought about mentioning the cigarette he dropped, but decided not to, and continued on back to work.



2011-07-29 • Dream • Lost on the Way • LR

I was on the way to work. I was taking the bus. There was some sectioned pipe coming out of a propane bottle like a railing at the front of the bus. I noticed that it was the same type of pipe that the WarmSW tester I had been interviewing had referred to. I slowly disassembled all of the pipes while the bus was moving, until I got to the last three foot section that was stuck in the end of the propane bottle. I noticed that there were tufts of insulation sticking out of the ends of the pipe. I pulled the pipe out of the bottle, and there was a noise that made me think better about it, so I stuck the pipe back in and re-assembled the rest of the railing.

I asked a man I recognized on the bus if WarmSW testers liked what they did. He said he thought they all wanted to take a knife to their own throat, especially at the end of the project.

I got off the bus and had to get transfer to another bus, which dropped me off on this street full of people walking in to the city. I turned in to the building where I worked. It was a huge, sprawling building like L.C.C., only much bigger. I couldn't find my work. I picked up my cell phone and heard Terry M's voice asking where I was. I told her I was in the building, but I couldn't find the office. She said that servers had been going down all day. Compaq servers 101 and 102 especially. I told her I couldn't find the office. (It was 10:58AM last time I checked my watch, and I was almost two hours late). She put her partner on the phone (he was kind of like Al from Super Supplements). He tried to explain where I was, and I recognized the pretty building just across the street from the law firm (Seattle Tower?).

I then ended up in the office, but I was a different person. Everybody in the office thought that I (the person on the way to work that was lost and late) was going to kill Terry (or, perhaps, Terry was going to kill me). I said, "How can that be?", doubting this. One of the staff ran over to the wall and found this little drawer/hidden compartment and opened it up. "See!!" I didn't understand. He and the rest of the office crew sad that this held the paper that proved I was human (actually, I was the person that was lost earlier in the dream). It was like Data from Star Trek. He kept the first paper that proved he was human-like. It was a love letter he wrote, or something like that. There was no way he would let it go. Terry had destroyed the paper, which means that either I (the person who was lost) would kill her or she would kill me. Something was happening.

#ernst



2011-08-01 • Dream • Out and In Burger • LR

This is Bobo's new favorite burger, as well as the idea that we are going out of the blue and into the black. Now, we are fairly used to the black, so it is just a change in foliage and light. We are veterans at this.

[2019: I have no idea what burger is Bobo's favorite, here. This was a section of my old journal, so we must have eaten an Out and In Burger somewhere and I made it a journal section.]

#bobo

Comments:

2021-01-28:

It is probably a burger with blue cheese at Zippy's or Endolyne Joe's



2011-08-01 • Dream • Cloud Slackware • L R

I had started a new job, much like FTS. There were other hires that had recently started working, but they were on other shifts. I was hired as the director, and I was working directly with the systems, but I didn't know what the local administrator passwords were. There was a blackboard in the back room. I had a few items listed that I needed, but somebody had written out, "plan security on paper". This bothered me because I was running around fixing

everything and getting it running. There was a mini IT conference for the new hires. They were presenting in this big room. At first I sat in the far back, leaning against the wall, sitting on the ground; however, I had to use the bathroom and left a few minutes before the presentation. It was five minutes until 10AM, As I was coming back, I saw a table with Snapple on it. I wanted Snapple, but they were only serving small cups of Snapple brand orange juice. I didn't want that. I went back into the mini-conference. The room was now a full-on church. (Yes, a church!!!). There was room on one of the pews next to a fat woman in a dark red or purple pants and top. I sat down next to her and started watching a presentation given by one of the new hires about "Cloud, and what it means". The presenter was a young woman with thick, black, squarish, stylish glasses. She had a very worn copy of Slackware 486 (according to the cover). She said that for cloud solutions, we need Slackware for cloud. This was a branded release of Slackware. I asked the woman next to me if she was kidding, and she said she thought she was serious.

#church



2011-08-18 • Dream • JS - Pie Crying • LR

I had managed to go back in time to the fifties. I wandered through an area of town that was near an amusement park or fair. Most of the places were closed where I was, as though I was there early or off-season. As I rounded the corner, more and more places were open. I was leaving the area that was near (or part of) the amusement park. I passed a huge bakery. I remembered using the bakery as a shortcut to my Grandpa's house (Mom's dad). I cut through the bakery as a child, hiding behind the racks. Once I got caught. Now, in my dream, I walked through the bakery. It was busier than I remembered as a child.

I wandered through the bakery and was impressed by all of the activity. Bread, donuts, and cupcakes were being baked and laid out on counters for sale to foot traffic. Bread was loaded on racks for delivery. At the far end of the room I saw a table with all kinds of pies: cream pies, fruit pies, meringue. There were people lined up to purchase the pies. I thought about how the world was different. I watched the pies, knowing that this was a different time, and I cried. Tears streamed down my face. I left the building.

I was then at home, in the present as a grown man. I went out for a walk. Mom and dad were sitting on a park bench. Dad was grumpy. He talked about some people that only worked a couple of days a week. Mom made a comment that some people didn't work seven days a week. It was targeted at Dad, and he then stormed away. He was angry because he knew he had to do everything he could to take care of Mom, and he felt it was unfair of her to criticize him for it. Mom made it sound like Dad was neglecting her. I could relate to Dad in the dream.

#dad #mom #pie shop



2011-08-28 • Dream • Lost in Charlie's Clothes • LR

I was out for most of the day. I knew that there was a meeting coming up that was very important. Charlie called me on the phone and asked when I would be meeting with him in preparation for the meeting. It was 7pm. I told him I would be there by eight. I went to his office, and we talked about how important the meeting the next day was. He was concerned that I hadn't been to work all day.

Early the next morning I went and visited Charlie. My clothes were not good enough. I had the socks with the engine oil stains on them. Charlie gave me some socks of his that if I rotated right, the blue argyle pattern showed through between my pants and my Birkenstock Londons. I borrowed a thin sweater of Charlie's as well.

I went out for a walk with Yvette and she was playful and tackled me. I got dirt on my sweater and was upset about it. I drenched it with water trying to get the spot out. There were other spots as well. I was preoccupied with the spots on my clothes, and Yvette chided me and said next time we went for a walk I needed to be less preoccupied.

It was getting close to the meeting time. I tried to find a bathroom to wash up more. There were arrows showing where the bathrooms were, but when I followed the arrows I couldn't find the bathroom. Finally I went to the office

building where the meeting was, after giving up on finding a public restroom. I noticed signs to the bathroom in the lobby and I could find these bathrooms.

I looked in the mirror and my mouth was really low on my face, like a funhouse mirror, but it was real. My hair was messy. It was short, black, and almost curly. I had a sleeve-less t-shirt on and could see my chest hair where the shirt arced across my chest in the mirror. My face wasn't mine. I smiled and it made my mouth look like it was in a more normal place. I noticed I didn't have glasses on, and reached for them, but when I picked them up the screw fell out. I thought that this showed just how bad things could get, since now my hair was messy, I had a sleeveless t-shirt on, my glasses were broken, and my meeting was in a few minutes. There was an assistant in the bathroom. He could tell that I was frazzled and worried. He asked what was wrong, and I told him that I lost my eyeglass screw. He gave me a pair of sunglasses that were slight dusty and had large oval/square lenses that were tall vertically. I told him that they wouldn't really help. I then went to the meeting.

#charlie #yvette



2011-08-31 • Dream • Small White Rabbit • LR

I woke up at 3:30AM with a clear image of a small white rabbit in my head. It was like an easter candy, not realistic at all. It was about eighteen inches tall, made with painted foil on the outside. I knew that it represented cancer in Yvette because rabbits reproduce quickly. I thought about it in my conscious state and realized that this was verity... truth. I realized how much I loved Yvette all the way down to my core, and that this was the truth, a truth brought to the surface by the rabbit. This is one of the most terrible things about what has happened. I can't help but block this out because it is crippling. I can't (or haven't been) able to function and face the truth. The truth is scary, and it pushes love down as it withers from the hot light, but it reveals love at the same time. Love can thrive under the brightest rays as it reaches up, sustained by the truth and earth.

#yvette

Comments:

2021-01-30:

Verity is something I didn't really understand. Who am I writing to, here?



2011-09-25 • Journal • Trumpet Player • LR

The trumpet player in the park, usually somber, played a joyful song as his last. The water in the sound, last time rough and disconnected, is friendly and comforting. The sky is warm. Solace. But I don't believe.

#cancer

Comments:

2019-01-01:

This is the last entry in my journal on the original MCJ (2006-2011). I just left it there without a title and stopped entering. I am referring to a day where there were scan results due. There was a trumpet player that would play on my walk. I often worried about the scans.



2011-10-29 • Journal • Rebuilding Grandpa's Chainsaw - Part 1 • LR

In the summer of 2008 I was lucky enough to be able to take a solid two week vacation with my family. We drove down to California and back to visit our relatives. My son was just barely old enough to fish, and I really wanted

my son to be able to fish with his great grandfather, who his first name is from. Much of who I am, particularly the qualities I'm proud of, came from the love, example, support, and guidance of my grandfather. Here is a picture of my Grandfather fishing. He got quite frustrated tying his hook on his line, as his fingers were becoming more and more difficult for him to use for delicate work.





My grandfather was a chemical engineer and a woodworker. He made his money as a chemical salesman, but in his spare time he built furniture for everybody in the family and designed various things to help him with his life. When he visited us when I was a child, he would often help fix and build things around the house.

He built a solar powered swimming pool himself. He designed it and built it with his son way before much of the world was thinking about solar power. He had rows of copper pipe along the back fence that captured the heat from the sun and routed it back to the pool. He later built his own house to retire in. When I was in high school he showed me various passive solar designs. Here is another thing he built. It is a winch that loads his boat into his truck, so he can go fishing by himself.

He joked about this fishing trip that I only came down so we could "go fishing together before he kicked the bucket." This was true. It wasn't the only reason, but it was a big reason. He gave me his chainsaw during this trip. It is a Homelite XL 12. He was happy that I wanted it and that he could pass it on. Typical of the things that my grandpa owned, he built a chainsaw case that had slots for tools (which were included), and a slot where the chainsaw poked out of the box.





The saw has a hand-made wooden sheath to protect the blade. There is a chain and clip that hod the sheath on. The chain is spring loaded to hold it secure.

#bobo #grandpa



2011-10-30 • Journal • Rebuilding Grandpa's Chainsaw - Part 2 • LR

I took the chainsaw home, and it has sat waiting for me to look at it for over three years. Me and my family have struggled with many things during those years, and it is understandable; however, the chainsaw has been nagging at me, as though it was part of something that has not been resolved. I inherited his desk, his ring, and his chainsaw. Of all of these, though, the chainsaw represents much of his **way**. Finally, a couple of months ago, I tried to start it up, and it wouldn't start. Of course, you just need two things: fuel (in the right proportion), and fire (at the right time) for an engine to run. I pulled the spark plug, and no spark when I pulled the handle. I opened up the saw. It had points, a condenser, and a coil. Along with it were several receipts from attempts by my grandpa to get it

working, mainly having to do with the carburetor. There wasn't anything wrong with the carburetor, I decided, and the problem was likely with the coil. Further, there were electronic coils that did away with the condenser and the points that I wanted to try. Now, the new coil isn't a direct replacement. I had to drill out the rivets for the old coil.







As you can see, the mounting holes are completely different:



Figure 33: Different Mounting Holes

#bobo #grandpa



2011-10-31 • Journal • Rebuilding Grandpa's Chainsaw - Part 3 • LR

Here is the new coil. Time to drill! The plates warp, so I needed to keep them together with a small pair of Vice Grips while I drilled.





I have an almost mystical approach to general repair. I've had a metal peach can from when I was a pie baker, and I used to keep all of my spare screws and bolts in it. If I was doing a repair and I was doing it the right way, the parts should be in the peach can. I have since accidentally ran over the peach can with Isabelle, the yellow truck (which certainly fits), but I do have a picture from 2007. Now, the contents of the peach can are in a tool box. I can spot parts from various cars and other projects I've worked on.





#bobo #grandpa #peach can



2011-11-01 - Journal - Rebuilding Grandpa's Chainsaw - Part 4 - LR

Here are the old points, which I no longer need. Here is the mounted coil, along with the mounting hardware provided by the "peach can".





Here is how the new assembly looks in the saw. I had to create a jumper from the coil to the switch.





The chainsaw did start up after a workout of pulling, but it should start up more reliably going forward than it has in its past life. I'm sure my grandfather would be happy about this. Unfortunately, when I started it up, the old clutch was held together with a spring that ran around some weights. I didn't have the assembly all put together completely and got excited about starting it up. The spring came off, and pieces of the clutch flew all over the back yard. I found some of them, but some were lost, so I had to order more.

#bobo #grandpa

Comments:

2021-10-20:

Ya know... I really should start this back up.



2011-12-13 • Dream • RUST SW street • LR

I was walking down a dirt road during a summer day. It became steeper, and I saw a Corvair drive by with water dripping from the body above the top of the rear tires and steam was coming out from it. I thought how strange it was that the Corvair got so wet in such a small stream. I continued walking on the side of the road in a stream. At first it seemed like just a thin, flat stream. As I walked it got deeper and deeper until it was up to my chest. I got scared and got to the other side of the road and started up the hill across the shoulder. There it was snow, and the snow came up to my chest. I was very cold. I struggled through the snow, pulling myself by the trees. I finally got out of the snow and it was sunny again. I started walking up the hill. Dad and Dave showed up in a human-powered car. You stood inside and pushed, kind of like a Flinstones car, but it was modern on the inside. I tried to tell Dad and Dave what had happened, but I couldn't talk well. They didn't understand me. Dad was able to finally understand how bad it was when I related how the Corvair was dripping water. I continued to push all three of us in the car up the hill. I noted that Dad and Dave didn't help.

We got to the top of the hill and started going down the other side. I got scared that we wouldn't be able to control the car and started pushing my feet against the ground to slow us down. Dad and Dave helped to slow the car and keep it under control. We saw our turnoff. We turned left on to RUSTC SW street. It was our old house in Mirrormont. I noted the street name of RUSTC SW, and thought it was kind of cool that they named the street after Dad, since we were in the neighborhood so early. There was somebody else in the car that wasn't family, then, because I told them about how when we moved to Mirrormont that not all of the lots were sold, so we would build tree houses and forts, and generally traipse through a whole lot of woods. I also told how the neighbor one time had to take over our tree house when he bought the lot. I didn't say it in a way that was regretful, more like it was a good example of the early freedom we had in the woods.

We arrived at our old house with Dad. Mom was there. I don't remember seeing Lisa or Kirk, but they weren't *not* there. I don't think Yvette was there in any case. We entered into the combination dining and living room off of the kitchen. It was all open and covered with a decorated glass dome that had a dimple in the center that went outward as though it was hand-blown glass. The dark decorations at the top were sparse, but enough to dim the sun enough when needed in the middle of the hot days when the sun was high in the sky. I could see tall trees and the water at the foot of the side of the mountain it was on. The sky had beautiful clouds. The majority of the room was all glass. It was amazing. There were spiral staircases that went up and down to other rooms. We also bought a gift bag for dad. It had some cookies, some pretty flat flowers in tissue, and some other things. Dad looked at it and the house and said, "It looks like you are trying to get me to move back here." His tone implied that he would not.

My notes on the dream:

The Corvair has an engine compartment between the rear wheels, so if it was dripping water, it was really serious.

The house was in Mirrormont, or, at least, it was in an area like it. Perhaps it was any old house we lived in as children, because there are parts in the dream that had the feel of both moving into the ranch and also Lake Sammamish. The pool reminds me of something Mom said when we first moved into the ranch about there being a place down the road to ride horses at (maybe she meant riding classes, since we certainly had places to ride). Also, the view over Lake Sammamish was like the view in the dream house.

I didn't realize until after I woke up. In the dream I thought that RUSTC SW was a tacked on direction, but, really, I think now that the dream weaver meant RUST, Sam Wallford.

#dad #dave #mom



2011-12-24 • Dream • Different Beers • LR

I was at a small outdoor market. I was purchasing things, but feeling uncomfortable. It was as though I wanted to impress the clerk/proprietor by assertively purchasing the correct beer. I bought a half-rack of Heineken and some other items. At the last minute I asked if she had kegs of Ninkasi Maiden The Shade, but then quickly changed that to just Ninkasi of any kind. She did have a keg, and I bought that too.



2012-01-01 • Subject • Makes Me Stronger • LR

I was considering the Hitchens essay where he dismisses Nietzsche's idea that Whatever doesn't kill me makes me stronger. One time my mom said she proclaimed Hemingway as her favorite author in high school, which impressed her teacher. This changed when she found that Hemingway had killed himself. She condemned him for taking his own life, saying that he made a moral mistake based on his body aging. She said it in a way that I thought it was something really silly. Seriously, for thirty years I figured maybe Hemingway shot himself because he couldn't get it up any more, or something like that. But, no, he likely had haemochromatosis, and it affected his mind, just like his dad. I believe that I have been socially hard wired to believe that whatever doesn't kill me makes me stronger. I do believe it completely. I'm not sure it was my idea, though.

#mom #nietzsche



2012-01-05 • Dream • Bus Doesn't Pick Up There • LR

I worked for my dad (or somebody like my dad... it could have been a boss I knew well, like Charlie). We sold lots of trees. I was the person in the warehouse that approved the trees as they came in to be planted. I noticed on one of the shipments of trees that they were not the correct trees. They were coming in from various nurseries in the area. I had the feeling that we were just purchasing the trees so we could fill up the lots; however, the types and distribution of trees was wrong. I tried to help some workers who were in between the logs of a shipment. I pushed up against one of the logs to keep it from falling on them and tried to get them to crawl out. In addition to authorizing the shipments coming into the warehouse, I also had the combination to the chain that held the logs together.

Different dream:

I was going downtown with some people from work. Michael B (systems arch) was there, so I think it must have been the law firm crowd. I noticed the bus coming a couple blocks back. They were all talking, so I got on the bus, figuring it would pick them up too. It was a different number, 150. Normally we got on a different bus to go downtown (144 I think, in the dream). Route 150 was a limited run. I think it might have even said that. The bus didn't stop where they were, though, and we passed them.

Different dream. I heard Yvette crying, saying I'm sorry, I screwed up. I understood that she regretted her health decisions.

#charlie #dad #yvette



2012-01-09 • Dream • Old Pontiac • L R

I was in a shopping strip mall. I was riding a bike, but then I was driving a 1970 purple Pontiac Catalina, like what my dad drove. I noticed how the engine seemed really reliable even though it got bad gas mileage.

#dad



2012-01-15 Dream Colored Seaweed LR

Yvette and I went to a house that we had previously considered purchasing. It was a large lot in Tukwila that was on a non-grid road that followed a low ridge. There were multiple out buildings. The house and the out buildings were painted barn red. There were lots of evergreen trees, and it made it kind of dark. We had considered buying the

house five years earlier, but decided not to. I thought in my dream that we considered this at the same time that we looked at our current West Seattle house.

We had returned to the house for some reason. Maybe we were considering purchasing it again. I noticed there were these plants that were kind of like seaweed. There were black and white plants, yellow plants, and other colors. They were laying on the ground. (Forest floor came to mind as I wrote this down, but I don't think that is accurate to the dream... still interesting that this came to mind.) I gathered them and put them into a bucket. They had small roots on one end and flowed out for four or five feet. Dad came over as I was putting the seaweed in the pot. There were a bunch of fish in clear tanks next to me. (I was down the hill a bit from the house amid some small out buildings.) Dad noticed a long fish that looked like a cross between a neon tetra an eel. It got loose... perhaps I was messing around, or maybe dad picked it up and dropped it, but it started flopping around on the ground. I was scared to pick it up, but Dad swooped in and grabbed it.

I tried to leave the house with Yvette later. I kept turning the tumbler around and around with the key. I could see the bolt moving, but it didn't seem to top. The key broke off.

#dad #fish #forest #house #yvette



2012-01-20 • Journal • David Icke • LR

I've been going "down there" splunking w/ my journal, keywords, dreams... digging around Groddeck, and finally reading the book Geoff V. (likely loaned by David S., as it turns out...) delivered in January '86... a small book... very new agey. What is interesting, is as I'm rooting around I ran into David Icke, who runs in the same circles in reference as Groddeck. So, Icke is digging around and sees the truth of infinite love in stillness... core that creates the universe (macro to micro and back). It seems to me that Icke is blindsided by his weird lizard paranoia. He is undermined by the under-mind a-la Groddeck. How perfect!!! From what I can tell he really is blind to what happened. That playful "it" as Groddeck calls it (Freud called a version of it the Id). But my point is that there is some guidance needed, discretion, distinction... it is difficult not to be undermined.

There is a connection to Groddeck (Burroughs too, or PKD for that matter..., but that is a wee D.U.H.) And Burroughs wraps back to Groddeck... and Burroughs last words he wrote wraps to love. Icke wraps to love and you can pick out some fight club.

#burroughs #groddeck



2012-01-23 • Dream • ACH Program • LR

Aaron announced that he had finished the ACH module. I glanced at Josh, because Josh should have kept this from happening. I said, "Did you just rework Alex's code? Besides, Treasury Software has an ACH module already, and it is integrated with the reconciliation process." Aaron started going on and on about it, and why he did this and that, and finally, I said, "I don't care if they just choose. They can buy 1 or 3, we don't care." (I was referring to a UI/flow issue... let the user choose what they wanted to do up front to avoid this issue Aaron mentioned.) Aaron piped up that this was a great observation, and justified my salary. I replied that I didn't want to turn this into "about me" when I wanted to focus on him, since he went off on the ACH module that we didn't even need.

[2019: In real life, Aaron was the main dev at FTS. Josh was a dev hire I made. Alex left and had created a bunch of code. I believe I might have met Alex on my first day at FTS when I was interviewing.]

#computer_stories



2012-01-24 = Dream = Drywood = LR

I ran through the pros/cos about the decision for festivals, and the conflicting fears for a few hours, wide awake last night. I did go back to sleep, but woke up with this song in my head when my eyes opened. I'm sure it is no accident the song was resting there. Like dreams, I'm not exactly sure how it applies, but my unconscious mind is trying to help out.

Cat Stevens Drywood

#unconscious mind



2012-02-02 • Dream • Fixing the House • LR

I had a house dream. I knew, in the dream, that I was fixing the house. It was funny, though, because in the dream I noticed that the pathway on the side of the house was broken, and I needed to fix it. It was made out of wood. There was moss on the wood and it they were kind of like stairs at a minor slope going alongside the house. They collapsed as I walked on them. In my dream I knew that I had a vacation coming up, and I knew that I was deciding about whether to do odd chores around the house or not.

#house



2012-02-07 • Dream • Dirty Bathrooms (Finally) • LR

I needed to take a shower. There were people that were trying to break in to the bathrooms sometimes, and I tried to lock the door. I asked somebody on their way in if they had an Application 1 key. Eventually there were so many people coming in that I decided to give up on locking the door. Plus, somebody had pointed out that using an Application 1 key was not that safe anyway. The front of the shower room was all glass, and the doors going in to the bathroom were french doors with 6X8 panes of glass.

Several people came in, and I rushed over to the showers to make sure I could get a stall. The showers were dirty and I hunted around for one that looked decent. I decided on one that had big wet wads of towels that were made to look like stuffed animals. I shoved the towels to the side and started the shower. I saw another man go up behind the row of showers to an upper level. These showers were small hot tubs with shower curtain's around them. The bottom of the tubs were rusty around the lower edge. There were small bits of rust swirling in the water. The man next to me was fiddling with a plastic divider between our stalls. It was just a plastic shower curtain. I said it didn't matter much, since I was just taking a shower anyway, and I reached into the water to pull the plug.

#bathroom #pane



2012-02-08 • Dream • White Doodlebug • LR

I was in a large office building. It felt like a large ballroom at a hotel. It was brownish-red in tone with a few windows along one wall, but generally very dark. There wasn't much to do, because we hadn't had any income for awhile. I was wandering around the office looking at various things, trying to look busy. I wasn't outright deceiving people, but I did get lost as I wandered around and was self conscious about it. One of the men in the office had a very sexy woman cube mate. I wanted to get closer to her out of curiosity, and picked up her iPhone. I took a picture with it and said that it was slow. My newer iPhone was faster. I then took a picture with hers and mine side by side.

I went back to my office, after wandering around for over an hour. There was a package on my desk. It was a delivery of something personal I had ordered. Just then a delivery driver dropped off a brand new 350CC White Suzuki motorcycle. An Asian coworker came by and said it reminded her of a bike her dad drove. She commented that it wasn't the normal kind of motorcycle, and that most people drove bigger, faster motorcycles. I agreed and said I liked it because it wasn't too heavy. I said it was a Doodle Bug.



2012-02-08 • Memory • The Doodle Bug • LR

When we moved to the ranch, there was a small scooter.

Dad called it a Doodle Bug, and before today I didn't know it was a brand name. It had a Briggs and Stratton engine. I always thought it was a home-made minibike.



We would drive it around the ranch in what would become the tennis court grass, before a bunch of trees were chopped down and we removed the rocks. All of us would take turns. It is possible that it died before we even actually moved to the ranch. After awhile the piston seized up and I believe the connecting rod broke. Dad gave it to me so I could fix it. I was in shop class at Cascade Junior High, and Dad pictured me hanging out in the shop and building and fixing things.

He pictured Lisa on a horse and David on a motorcycle. He got a small 75cc Honda that David rode.

David most have been about ten or so. I started riding a TL 250 Honda a bit later.

#cascade #dad #doodle_bug #lisa



2012-02-09 • Memory • Fridge Dust • L R

Back in February of 2012 I took two weeks off. I turned off my phone and disconnected. Funding at the place I was working at was a bit sketchy, and I was billing as a consultant. It turned out they got funding, for a few months, at least, and the CEO gave me full pay after the fact. During the two weeks I took a bunch of pictures of dust and other stuff under the fridge. I guess it is what seems like the right thing to do when disconnected. I don't know when, exactly, I created this website, my guess is 2013. It was created with the old MCJ, so it is the only remaining set of HTML out there generated with MCJ besides stuff on archive org. I thought about migrating this to orng, but it validates and is cool on its own. I was in a phase of WordPress at the point I wrote this up, so I have Birdland lyrics intermixed with my brand of journal splaining. It has the full images if you click on the panels. I checked the metadata, and it was 2012-02.

#birdland #charlie #mcj



2012-02-11 • Subject • Turning Around the Telescope • LR

I read a book recently called Hamlet's Blackberry. It is about a writer's struggle with disconnecting from the Internet and the history of select, famous humans dealing with advancing technology. I didn't end up liking the book much. It seemed like warm root beer. But it did expose me to the ideas of Marshall McLuhan. I'm currently reading The Gutenberg Galaxy, and I am very excited about what I'm reading so far. At the same time, I'm painfully aware of my difficulty with OD. I simply can't sustain any kind of consistent approach that feels comfortable. It always seems wrong somehow. I know how to do it, but I constantly bump up against it in ways that cause me to shrink back. Philosophically, I'm OK with the idea that what I'm doing may or may not help, and I can't know one way or the other. It is an honor just to have a small click of life to move through in the best way I can, trying to make things better, but not getting hung up on proving it. Of course, I take care of my family. I love my family. I have many friends that I still get to see, and many more that I'm able to stay in contact with remotely.

But, at the same time, I am compelled to share an idea about journaling. The beautiful thing about my philosophy (as a mountain climber), is that it doesn't matter too much as long as I go through in a way that smooths chinks. Chinks are just slightly broken links, as though life were a journey through a web of chain mail. I've noticed that my journal has helped me with my own well-being, and because of this, it has helped me in the rest of my life as well, and those around me. At least, this is my observation so far, and, although I can't really know, I feel I'm doing the best I can if I continue with my journal project, both for myself, and for others. I'm approaching life in a way that has the best chance for fixing chinks (even though I can't ever really know).

This brings me back around to the idea of McLuhan (and William Powers, who wrote Hamlet's Blackberry). Technology extends us in ways that are accelerating right now. As an example, a wheel extends our legs. Printed words extend our speech. Further, with the social web, we are extending ourselves extremely far. With one OD post I can talk to hundreds of people and let them interact with me. I think that is the difference. For many years, since 1995, I have published thousands of articles on the web. This is like publishing a book. At one point 10,000 people a day were reading my articles. That never really bothered me. Now, it is true that I have never published anything under my own name. It didn't matter who I was. I was sharing because the information was generally useful (or, at least, in Internet land, somebody would find it useful.) At the same time, I have put pictures of my family up on a password protected site for over a decade, and that has never bothered me. (Send me an email if you want the link). It wasn't until I read McLuhan and Powers that I started to understand what the problem was. It was the interaction that strings me too far outside myself. Powers talks about how the focus is on "outward" now. We focus outward with tweets, blog posts, work email, FB, etc. For me, writing is a form of reflection, so I can see how publishing on the web can be OK if there is less interaction. For years I've not allowed comments or interaction on my articles: take them or leave them. I just feel that if I figure something out or see something beautiful I should share it. Why not? In a way, I'm using an inward approach but able to share. But I suspect that my compulsion to share extends me too far when I allow interaction. I suppose it is the difference between being able to publish a book anonymously and inviting 100 people to your house. I may love all of them, but it is overwhelming. Part of the reason why it is overwhelming is that I feel an incredible need to connect with people. I do love to interact, and have a lot of fun on OD. I think it simply extends me to far outward, though. I need to work through my inward problems first, through reflection, meditation, and journaling.

I won't go through a laundry list of problems, but one thing that I do know is that my journal does help me. And, so, what helps me I find useful and beautiful, and so I need to share it. I have to share it. Ah, but things got even more wonderful after I read Powers and McLuhan. It struck me that all of the outward technology can be turned around inward, like how you can look in the other side of a telescope and use it as a microscope. If, as a culture, we are struggling with our mind machines and the Internet, if we are becoming spread too thinly... if the interaction is becoming unbearable, then perhaps, like turning around the telescope, my journal tools can help make us whole again. Tags, categorization, hyperlinks, web presentation, and easy access to other ideas make for a great journal. At the very least, I know that I have a lot more work to do myself to uncover my own darker motivations, fears, anxieties, and other things lurking in my unconscious mind. I have much dream work to do still.

There is another idea that I'm becoming convinced of. That is the difference between love and control. Willie Nelson sings about this in his song "It's not supposed to be that way". This is not fully formed, yet, but I suspect that like unconditional love, the interaction part is irrelevant, perhaps even scalable. But I also know that I'm not there yet... not even close.

Well, this wasn't really meant to be a manifesto, and there is some repetition here... I'm rambling a bit. Bobo asked me to explain why I was so excited about my journal ideas, and I used the telescope analogy. I have much work to do on this, still. I mainly wanted to try and explain this a bit more in depth for my friends and family on OD. I recently went through and erased everything I ever wrote on my wall or on other peoples posts. I do this often, but I now think I understand more why this is. Perhaps this note will help.

#control #ourdata



2012-02-12 • Dream • His Great Coat • L R

I had two weeks off. At the end of the first week I told Yvette I was going in to work. Either I lied, or I changed my mind when I got there (or the dream just changed). I drove in along the waterfront on a fine gravel road. There was lots of construction and no way to turn around. I ended up seeing Frank. Josh was there. He came through the doorway from another room and waved at me. Frank looked older, he was sitting amid wood and pipes, and there was a jackhammer on the floor below. I asked if things took less talking and paper to do now, vs. the days when I was at the law firm. He didn't exactly answer. The receptionist smiled in agreement. Frank said that they did save paper, but I responded that I didn't care about the paper; I cared about the wasted time. The receptionist (maybe a project manager), again, nodded in agreement. Frank seemed older. He reminded me of an older Don Knotts.

I took the elevator down to a large lobby and headed down a tunnel to my car. Two men followed me, and I took a movie of them with my iPhone. They acted somewhat threatening as I pointed my camera at them. One man was black and one man was white. The white main continued to follow me to my car. I believe at this time my car was the '84 Mazda pickup. He got in the car, in the drivers side, and started driving as he explained how great his coat was. He was trying to get me to buy a new coat. He said that it breathed well. I told him that normally I bought my coats because they were on sale at 50% off or something like that, but this particular coat was one I had chosen because I liked it.

I hooked up with Yvette in Belltown. Pipi (the red Hyundai) was gone. We had to leave her parked temporarily. A lot attendant in a big black Ford truck (like a F-350) pulled up and told us that we had been towed. Yvette had a phone app that located it (android) We walked down under where 90 used to hook up to I-5. At the tow yard we saw a white Jeep. The Jeep was angled upward and at an angle towards me, with the left-front wheel visible. There was a swooping old-fashioned fender that curved backward into the floorboard. The tailpipe was silver and new, and it had a load engine like a souped up Honda car. The owner asked if I wanted it. I said no and he was surprised.

#coat #elevator #frank #phone #yvette



2012-02-17 • Subject • Q document • L R

"If I tell you one of the things which he told me, you will pick up stones and throw them at me; a fire will come out of the stones and burn you up." (from Codex II of the Nag Hammadi finds) Don't even ask me how I got here from Patti Smith and Rumi, but, well, if you run in those circles, you probably know. The thing is, if you believed Thomas, you would probably just end the conversation right there, right? Instead, there are bits in Mathew and Luke, while Thomas was excluded, even though he is the source. (Q document).

#nag hammadi



I've spent several days tracing keywords (tags) through Rumi, Patti Smith's Birdland and Land, Gnostic scriptures (Gospel of Thomas), and even Syd Barrett. This has led me to the realization that Allegro's publication of his allotted Dead Sea scrolls was ready for press by the early 60s, but his colleagues, (all ordained Catholic priests) sat on their scrolls until 1991. Keywords of interest: Raven, Nasuh, stone, water, lute, pearl, sand, belly, stone, addiction, opal, eye, hundred, up, and resurrection imagery. (At the same time, I have a stack of McLuhan books laying around.) Note that the church was able to control publication of the bible, and Turkey would not publish the final Rumi translations. This is changing in our hypertext/tagged world, not to push on McLuhan too much. Finally, I realized that we are in a similar resurrection state, addicted to oil, faster, more, and unfortunately for this picture Jim Morrison is singing his famous live version of Gloria... too late. But that moment is when Nasuh is saved.

Nasuh

#nasuh



2012-02-26 • Dream • Crash house with jazz hands • LR

I was clearing the roof of debris from a storm. While up on a ladder, with family, I actually threw an entire house onto the ground. In the same dream I found that somebody was getting rid of all of their stuff: VHS and cassette tapes. I looked through all of them, I left Lord of the Rings on VHS... I only kept a Neil Young cassette. Usually, the house is old, with lots of paned windows, and I'm working on it or lost in it. Apparently I'm shedding a hella skin. I hope so. Lotta storm. Lotta extra house.

The house was above the house that we were clearing the debris from. Me, and perhaps another, simply raised the house from its perch above the roof and cast it to the ground below with a gesture. Kind of hard to picture unless you ignore physics and have wizard jazz hands.

#house



2012-03-19 • Dream • Something Installation and Sleep • LR

There was a large room that was not used during the day. I was helping somebody install some electronic equipment for a table. They were having trouble figuring out where the equipment normally went. It was hard to visualize where the tables were during the day. There were just beams of wood that went across the floor. At night, tables with table cloths were set over the beams of wood and along the length of the floor. I noticed that there was a low wall with outlets and wiring on it. I figured that this was the place where the wiring should go so that the electronics could be set up.

I was then laying in bed in a basement that had daylight windows. Somebody in the house was playing loud music and people outside were complaining about the sound. I could see a man looking through the blinds into my room as he yelled at the house to turn down the music. Another man came into my room and I quickly turned off the computer that was sitting next to me in my bed. I squinted at him so he didn't know I was awake. I spread out a little on the bed and made some groaning noises so he wouldn't be tempted to get in bed next to me.

#basement



2012-03-22 • Dream • No Compromise • L R

I was at work, but preparing to quit. I was getting items on my computer in order. A flash later, and I was explaining to everybody that I was leaving work, packing up my things, and going to live in my van somewhere. David looked at me like I was crazy. Then, I remembered that I forgot about Yvette. I reassured David, that, no, I wasn't leaving Yvette or Bobo. I then saw a plaque that said "accept no compromise".

#bobo #yvette



2012-03-23 - Journal - Found RedNotebook - LR

One thing that I enjoy is my reaction to this. I feel a sense of relief! I was walking up from the waterfront yesterday thinking about my struggle with providing a non-cloud journal that was useful to people, as I believe it has helped me in the extreme. As I considered my difficulty in creating a useful journal, I did everything but wave my despairing hands at the sky. How do I do this!!! When Bobo was a baby, Yvette and I stumbled onto this old man who lived on a few acres in Seatac. (He is the one with the lawn mower at the curb on Military Road). He had several barns full of old cars, tractors, lawn mowers, etc. He had three houses, some were rentals. He had a log splitter in his front yard. That is what we were showing Bobo, who was vaguely interested. He gave us a tour of his grounds... we saw his old Sears riding lawn mower, old cars, bulldozers... When I create a journal, it is more like that. RedNotebook looks very useful and has the features most will need. I think my virtual hand waving worked well because I also found out that you can keep the equivalent of a private journal on tumblr by simply creating a new blog with a password.

#bobo #rednotebook #yvette



2012-03-26 • Dream • All Items • LR

I was at work. Half of the building had been taken up by a new tenant. I went down to find the bathroom, but there was new construction where they were replacing the walls in the hallway and the bathroom. It wasn't finished. I opened up a pocket door, finished much like the doors in our house on 33rd, that led to where the bathroom used to be. At first I was confused because I usually just went down the hall, much like I did at FTS, and just turned left after the elevators. There was no bathroom, just new construction. I imagine they were going to put one in, because there was none on the floor besides that one, but I figured that only that tenant would have one. The rest of us would have to go down a floor.

I went down a floor to find the bathroom. I ended up going to my car. The car was dusty, so I cleaned off the dashboard. It had grey and black plastic. It reminded me of the Scion (Kelly), but it was a little fancier.

#bathroom



2012-03-27 • Dream • Open Court • LR

Dave's Pie Shop was moving from the old location I remember to a new one. I went to the new location and it was open as part of a food court.

#pie shop

Comments:

2021-01-30:

In real life, Terry wanted to move the pie shop to the 5th St. Market. Brian Obie talked to him about it, but the deal fell through.



2012-03-28 • Dream • Nathan Dentist • L R

Nathan, one of my bosses at Infospace in real life, was my dentist. I asked him about my knee, and how it made all of these crackly sounds. He joked, that, yes, it was so bad that all I'd be able to do is sit around and watch porn. I said, no, seriously, I was wondering how bad it was, if it was something I needed to worry about. Finally, he said I could have two minutes of time, because that was all that was left of my scheduled dentist appointment.

#infospace



2012-04-04 • Dream • Flower Bridge • L R

I was traveling up a river. I was with somebody else, but I don't know who it was in real life. It seemed like my mom or my sister, or perhaps even my wife, but whoever it was, she had a stern demeanor.

I was taking pictures along the way with my digital camera. I was paddling upstream. There was a beautiful old stone bridge over the river. It was covered with pink roses. Somebody on the bridge was trying to rob me and tipped over the boat. I held the camera above my head and kept it safe. I was able to save my duffle bag as well.

I didn't see who I was traveling with, but when I got to my destination she was there. We were in a remote vacation lodge.

20190101-flower probably means it was Mom

#mom #river



2012-04-12 • Dream • Inside a Time • LR

I had done what I needed to do to complete part of a project. I was presenting this to Leo C (CTO of Infospace when I started there). I noticed that there were lots of papers (like blueprints) that documented what I did. I wasn't sure if they were needed or not. I almost used a couple pieces of the papers as paper towels to clean something. I crumpled them up, but then had second thoughts about it. The feeling was that I did what was needed, I did a good job, and I was satisfied with my work, but I shouldn't get too comfortable about it. There were things I didn't know.

I then went outside of the building with Dave. He had something he wanted to say. He talked about how at the latest party we were at together, perhaps it was the previous week at Mom and Dad's, he had flashed back to when he and Rebecca were together. He said it in a way that he and Rebecca had had sex and it sealed him inside that time, and he wanted to get back to it. As he described this, there were three other women friends that were all teary as well. Everybody knew what he meant, although I don't think I felt it as clearly as the other women.

#dad #dave #infospace #mom



2012-04-17 • Dream • Four Wheel Drive • LR

I was at a new house in the mountains. We had purchased the land from somebody that parked a large pickup on the lot on the grass. As I looked closer, I realized that Pippi (my red Hyundai that I use to drive to work in real life) was parked at the end of the driveway that was part of the grass where the truck used to be parked. I usually would wander around on foot, and visit the neighboring stores and campgrounds in the evening. I wanted to gather firewood and store it at our house and at a campground nearby. I obtained an old two-wheel drive truck and put a load of firewood in the back. Yvette's dad (could also be my dad... it felt like it a little bit) approved of the fact that I was trying to haul the firewood. The firewood was old. It had been laying around unused for quite awhile. I started driving towards the campground, but the truck was sliding in the sand. I went very slow, plotting my course. My brother (it could also have been Yvette's brother Ernie) said he would walk along the mountain and move this big log to the side that was likely to push the truck off of the hill. I realized that it would be very difficult to get to the campground across the mountainside path. I realized that this was what four-wheel drive was good for.

#mountain #pippi



2012-04-17 • Dream • Cat Container • LR

I was parachuting down from the sky, with Lisa holding on to my back. I told her it was OK, she would see. I skipped off of a river to slow our fall and plunged off of the coast near an island. We walked up to the back porch of a house in a very small town on the island. The family let us come inside and put some dry clothes on. While I was inside the house, I remembered that I had a cat hidden in a copper bracket. I drilled a small hole into the bracket and the cat got out. It clawed my hands and leg as I tried to push it back in the hole I had drilled.

#cat #lisa #river



2012-04-22 • Dream • Forgot Hatred • L R

I had a dream where Dad wanted to wrestle me, but I wouldn't. He had this trick where he would be wresting with Kirk (or Ryan... about eight years old) near concrete stairs. He would do a judo move and toss them onto the short flight of stairs.

I figured something out about why I hated dad and told him. It was confrontational.

I had all of these things I was bringing... it seemed somewhat businessy. It had the feeling of being related to the hatred.

My grandpa on dad's side was in the dream. He was only visiting for a little bit because it had to cost less than \$400. I was helping move some stuff for him and it fell off of the dolly and cracked a little, and he was really mad that I had messed up because he might miss his flight. He asked for money from Dad to make up for it.

#dad

$$\Diamond \Diamond \Diamond$$

2012-05-06 • Subject • Letter not Sent • LR

There will be some time over the next week, perhaps, when you might have some time to watch some videos and reflect. I'd like to share something with you.

I was in a class one time with a group of people studying Microsoft Server application software in 1995. One of the men volunteered that he was diagnosed as retarded in elementary school. I was as well. I asked the class how many were, and over half of the class of 20 or so raised their hands. (!)

My Grandfather watched his mom shoot his dad with a shotgun. (She was insane because of diabetes if I have the story right.) My grandfather met my grandmother on the streets while at an orphanage. My dad was disciplined sternly, and he did the same with me. My first two months of my life were in an incubator. I was a record premature baby at the time.

My main point is that this is about me. This is how I see the world. When I look at my son's growth, or consider how humans interact with themselves and the Earth, I can't help but see things with this particular tint of glasses. There are also structural differences with the way my brain has developed that I need to overcome. I want to ease suffering in this context. I want to break the chain that started with my grandparents. I understand that this can cloud my judgement; however, in *my experience*, the opposite is true. I find that understanding these things plays out well in my life and with others. I do acknowledge that this is self-validating, and, therefore, somewhat unreliable.

Why are we doing what we are doing as a business? Is it to force through human frailty [2019: I don't understand that last sentence.]

Here are a few long videos that wander through some of the ideas that I find helpful:

https://www.democracynow.org/2010/11/24/dr_gabor_mat_on_adhd_bullying

https://www.ted.com/talks/brene brown on vulnerability.html

http://www.ted.com/talks/brene brown listening to shame.html

I was going to send this out after the hubub with Jason on the SunFest deployment, where the manager wanted to fire Jason immediately. I successfully defended Jason, but he left soon after (not sure if it was because he wasn't being paid or not).

#work



2012-05-15 • **Dream** • **Wildest Dreams** • **L R**

I saw a Moody Blues cassette tape in my dreams, and it was The Moody Blues - Your Wildest Dreams.

#moody blues



2012-05-19 • Dream • Widower • LR

I woke up from a nap with these words in my head: "I am now a widower."

#cancer



2012-05-23 • Memory • Dawn • LR

I had one conversation with Yvette's mom: over the phone in 1986. I had just met Yvette, and was staying with her in The French Quarter apartments in Eugene. Yvette's mom said that she had seen me before (in her mind, in space), and she knew I would take care of her daughter. I have. Yvette's mom froze to death in Alaska not long after that conversation. We **have** taken care of **each other**. We have met every magnificent challenge together with an equally magnificent amount of love and growth. We have managed to even transform time, so that the last few years together have felt like a decade, and a month becomes a year (I'm not exaggerating.) In our most challenging times, Dawn, Yvette's mom's best friend, has visited us and provided continuity, for me, that has flowed from my conversation with Yvette's mom. Dawn has defended me, and understood me in a way that nobody else could or did express in 2009. Dawn visited us last Wednesday, right on queue. I feel so absolutely, completely full of love right now as I consider this, as I consider the whole story and what this means about the universe and Yvette, and her mom.

#dawn #yvette



2012-05-24 • Dream • Spring Rains • L R

I was driving Pippi in a field near Bellevue. I decided to take a shortcut across the field and looked to find the diagonal. I saw several ways I could get to the main road. I decided on one that looked like I could navigate without getting stuck. Others had used this route, and it was big enough for two cars to travel. It went down slightly, and then rose up a gentle hill. The exposed earth was a light tan dirt, like the loose, dry, dusty, but caked dirt of summer. It was slightly rutted with faint, damp lines traced at the bottom of the ruts, moisture left over from the spring rains. I accelerated to gain enough momentum to make it to the top. Another vehicle was coming down at the same time, and as I moved to the right to avoid hitting it, I got stuck. I knew I needed a four-wheel drive if I wasn't going to get stuck.

I shopped for a 4x4 pickup. The place had mostly motorcycles, and some pickups, but not many. I wanted a truck with a short bed so I could park it easily. I found a truck that I wanted, but it wasn't ready yet. I ended up in a café waiting for the truck. There were several twenty something girls waiting around. One of the girls was overweight, wearing all black, arty clothes. She had three packs of white rabbit cigarettes. She had her back turned to me. Perhaps she was smoking. Another arty girl asked if anybody knew any Cole Porter tunes. One eighty year old woman says she does and starts singing Blue Suede Shoes. Another old woman joins in, an Asian woman. But they say, "don't fuck on my blue sued shoes".

I left to pick up my pickup (perhaps somebody told me or called me). It was dark green like the 2001 Frontier.

#pickup #pippi



2012-06-01 • Dream • My own filth • L R

I was with Yvette at a vacation home. We were sharing it with other people. I was in a bathroom and noticed there was toilet paper wadded up on the seat in clumps, the bowl was full of dark yellow piss, and the floor was stinky and sticky. I knew Yvette was going to use the bathroom next, but, still, I didn't clean it up. I figured she wouldn't necessarily think it was me, that she might blame others from the past; however, only her and I were at the vacation home at the time.

#bathroom #yellow #yvette



2012-06-02 • Dream • Rainier Beer and Chat • LR

I had emailed dad about a product I thought he would like. I looked out my window and saw him on top of a building a couple blocks away. After he got my email he immediately started chatting back and forth with the owner of the company that sold the product I had mentioned. I could see him chatting with his laptop. I thought it was slightly odd that I could see him, but this is how we were communicating. Five minutes later he knocked on my door. I invited him in, and asked if he wanted a beer. I looked in my fridge, and all I had was Rainier beer, but he was fine with that.

#beer #dad



2012-06-03 • Dream • Guard Rails and Perm Field Techs • LR

I was crossing over a chasm with Yvette. There were white metal guard rails with the curved side up. They were spaced about five feet apart. I convinced Yvette that we should go all the way across and jump directly in the ocean. Yvette thought that was a good idea. I didn't really think it would work, though. I figured we would fall as we jumped across. We continued to jump successfully from one guard rail to another. Yvette got to the last one, but decided to go off to the side. I was able to follow her, and we made it to a wall that we could climb down that led to a narrow road that ran parallel to the wall and a beach below that, between the road and the ocean.

And another:

I was talking with Charlie about how we were going to pull off the events that were planned. I told him that we had to hire people to be trained to man the events. Sure, we could all go, but it would be cheaper to train people.

#charlie #yvette



2012-06-05 • Dream • Yellow Lung Fluid • LR

We were in our old house. Yvette had put animatronic metal animals on the ceiling and walls. They were kind of steam punk looking. She had wired the ceiling so that the lines were concealed. I knew she was going to die soon, and was happy that she had left these.

We were then in a temporary plywood shelter with another couple and some visitors. It was like we were camping. We shared water. The water in their bottle tasted like it had Dorito chip powder in the water. I grabbed some bottles and took them outside to get some fresh water from the sink. There was dancing. One of the men started dancing a belly dance. He had a brown stomach and you could see large breasts beneath where he had pulled up his shirt during the dance. I decided he was a woman. It was fun energy. Just surviving together and dancing.

Yvette took a book of mine and ripped out a page. I was a little miffed she did that. She looked up like it was just a brief lapse in behavior, and she didn't know why. She then ripped a chunk out of the book and tore the front cover. Again, it seemed like a brief lapse in behavior. She then got slightly over me. I was on my back. She grabbed my crotch and said "I want it". As she said this, a large bead of bright yellow fluid came out of her mouth, over her lips, from her lungs. I said, "let's fuck", but I knew that wasn't want she wanted. She meant she wanted life. She wanted to live.

#yellow #yvette



2012-06-07 • Dream • Missed Birthday • LR

I dreamed I missed Yvette's birthday. I was home late, and I was obsessed with a video game when I did get home. She told me the next day. She was crying.



2012-06-07 • Dream • Quantum Entanglement • LR

I dreamed that I went to an ocean resort. Yvette, Rhett, and Ballou were there. I wanted to talk more with Ballou, but didn't want Yvette to know. Rhett had a long, blue, silk dress on, and tried (successfully) to keep Ballou away from me. Finally, Ballou and I met in the hallway. It was kind of like a stairwell in a ferry ship: white, steel. We talked, and were happy to see each other. I touched her waist as we laid down together in the stairwell to talk. I told her that I felt we were attached to each other in a way that was like the spiral of DNA, but it was just quantum entanglement.

#ballou #rhett #yvette



2012-07-03 • Subject • Bees and Time Travel • LR

My new job has finished (or restarted) some open story arcs. It is kind of strange how many. There is this idea that if you go back in time and change the past, that there is no dilemma, because you just create a different universe. For instance, if you travel back in the past, you can't kill your father. This has been used to prove that time travel is impossible, but the counter is that, no, it could be possible if you simply spawn another reality. I'm cool with the idea that the speed of light is constant, and that light is likely related to some core truth, so I'm not really that interested or taken with time, or even space travel. I've seen and experienced many strange things; however, the universe from a mathematical perspective can be extremely strange, and yet still have the speed of light be constant. I wonder if time travel fantasies are a form of solipsism? I don't really care too much. I just know it is weird, but I'm getting off track.

I'll give you an example of a concrete arc that I'm beginning again. I had a job in the past where you could take a back door off of the cafeteria on the operations floor, and it was a back way to the rows of cubes that house the crew that support the computer and application operations of the organization. My new job has this as well. If you walked in my shoes, and experienced the feel of the cafeteria, the size, the air, the carpet, and went through the side door that curved around the legacy server room, and finally came upon a dark area of support cubes, you too would think, "Wow! I've been here before." If I thought too much about why in the sequence of time I ended back at the beginning of that story arc, I'd say that the last time I saw that reality, that I wasn't ready. I didn't have the emotional, life, or professional skills to continue on with that job in a way that was helpful to me or others, and I left. Now, I don't think it is anything particularly magical, but I do believe that our unconscious minds and the collective unconscious organize and lead our lives in patterns and arcs. Sometimes we return to the same abusive husband. Sometimes we create beautiful paintings. Anyway... not to go off too far here. This is an entry about bees.

So, I've started my new job. I worked tirelessly to finish up my journal migration, so I could continue. Along the way I picked up a connection between two old ideas. One idea is the sailor lost at sea and in peril, a hungry sailor that hallucinates a mermaid. This is an old idea, of course. The particular version of this that captures my imagination is:

Apocalyptica - 'Seemann' feat. Nina Hagen

Another side of this is related to kindness:

Grateful Dead - Uncle John's Band - 10/31/80

There are many future realities, sure, but are you kind? So, there we are back at the cafeteria side entrance... are you kind?

There is a long, long story to weave between the two of these, between Rammstein and Robert Hunter. I was unable to get far on weaving this together between jobs. I laid in bed this morning, letting the coffee settle on my mind, and considered the space that was growing between me and these ideas, and in between I could feel bees. The space between how I felt... the space between where I was now, and these ideas, was filled with honey bees or bumble bees. I sat down to write about this, and I think I figured out why... but it is time to go to work now.

#bee #seemann



2012-07-08 • Dream • Amputation • LR

We had sold almost all of our stuff. I had sold my vehicle (although I was looking at an old 1 or 2 ton Chevy truck from the 50s that was custom and reddish orange... paint and sheet metal obviously covering rust). We were in a small garage near a stream or other water, playing music (Lisa put on A Chorus Line briefly) and making up a board game to pass the time. I amputated Yvette's arm with a fork. I put the fork in like a chicken joint, and pried her arm off. She winced a bit, but that was all. It broke off quite far up on her arm, as though she had a joint three inches below her shoulder. I put some tape and Neosporin on it, and the arm grew back. That was the whole idea. The arm had been damaged, and we figured if we just cut it off, the new one would grow back fine.

#yvette



2012-07-10 • Memory • Chocolate Covered Insects • LR

My memory is that it was early fall. I had just started sixth grade, and it was still warm and sunny. My mom was doing something that day, and gave me some money so I could buy myself a sandwich at a deli next to The Suds Shop coin laundry. I loved the steamed sandwiches. I also enjoyed the lemon wafer cookies wrapped in foil. They had canned chocolate covered insects. I remember ants, and like to think I remember bees. And this period starts with bees. I'm explaining bees, the space between Robert Hunter's Uncle John's Band and Rammstein's Seemann.

#seemann



2012-07-15 • Journal • Book of Dreams • LR

Patti Smith's Birdland was inspired by Peter Reich's book *A Book of Dreams*. Although Peter's dad, Wilhelm, was an extremely interesting man, and this is an understatement, I mainly just want to point out the title of the book and the fact that Patti Smith wrote Birdland based on this book.

I've worked on my journal and analyzed my dreams for many years, but most of my work has been done since 2005. There are good reasons for this, although I don't think I have any particularly unique reasons. I have noticed that as I work more and more on my journal, though, that my waking experience overlaps my dreams more. This is one of the interesting things about Reich's book, in that it almost seems like an autobiography.

Mainly why I'm writing this particular article, though, is that I've been puzzling about the public expression of my interest in journal writing and dream analysis. I have a fundamental commitment to privacy that I've struggled with. I go back and forth on the right balance. Today my son said something at the breakfast table that I found really interesting. He referred to a dream from a couple months ago, "That book was the inspiration for the barf worm dream." I knew what he was talking about. It was a pretty cool dream. It made me think about what I was doing with my public, social expression around dreams.

In late January I realized that I would likely have to start a new job, because my current job was not stable. I took two weeks off in early February to get my head straight. One of the things I did was replace the refrigerator. At the same time I worked on my journal, primarily getting the local WordPress version working. As I was doing this, I would listen to Patti Smith's Birdland over and over again. I made a video of it with pictures of the refrigerator dust.

Think about dreams for a moment. We close our eyes. Our brain does all of this with our eyes closed. We form elaborate puns and do all of the other dream things. I think everybody looks at dreams as some kind of advice at times. I know I do. I also know that the advice can be misleading and difficult to navigate, because it is connected to the broad, deep unconscious mind. In a way, what you see in dreams is as fascinating and as revealing as refrigerator dust. It is still a reflection. That doesn't necessarily make it less true, but it can be deceiving is all.

I had a professor that taught me journal writing. He told the class once that the consideration of the journal should be The Good. Now, he was talking about keeping a journal as part of observation of external activity, namely, for instance Captain Cook's journal.

And so... in a brief touchdown, I believe I can consider The Good, particularly as it relates to dream analysis, and I believe I can consider my son, and how he might be able to use this information to create his own book of dreams. It might help him. It might help others. It will help me. There is a chant at the end of Birdland, almost a prayer?

The sun had melted the sand and it coagulated
Like a river of glass
When it hardened he looked at the surface
He saw his face
And where there were eyes were just two white opals, two white opals,
Where there were eyes there were just two white opals
And he looked up and the rays shot
And he saw raven comin' in
And he crawled on his back and he went up
Up up up up up
Sha da do wop, da shaman do way, sha da do wop, da shaman do way,
Sha da do wop, da shaman do way,
We like birdland.

~DaShamanDoWay

#birdland #patti_smith #peter_reich

Well, there was sand, there were tiles,



2012-07-17 • Dream • Zen Buddy • LR

I was at the beach. There were some punks, young men on motorbikes and dune buggies, that were speeding back and forth on the sand. A slightly older man, maybe thirty, walked down among them, and they started messing with him. At one point they got in a race with the man, and he beat them. They had a small car where the front tires were open.

It was a bit more round, plain, and a bit shorter. They buzzed up and down the beach with it, stopped, and I noticed the man (Zen Buddy) got in the car with his knees on the back of the seat, and sped away. I knew that the car had a really big engine in it, despite its size, and I thought for sure the man was going to crash. This is what the punks thought would happen as well. Zen Buddy continued to speed around the beach until he was going fast enough to fly.

He continued to fly all over the beach, to the dismay of the punks. There was a canyon that led up from the beach. Zen buddy flew up and down the canyon. There was a young goth woman that ran with the punks, but she was a bit of a loner as well. She wanted to construct a trap for the man, and created a huge spinning structure in the middle of the canyon that looked like the Black Lectroid Spaceship from Buckaroo Banzai.

It was twenty feet wide and thirty feet tall. It took up much of the center of the canyon. I looked down from the other side of the canyon from the goth woman, who was lower down the side. I watched Zen Buddy zip up and down the canyon, dodging the giant spinning coral trap. Zen Buddy went faster and faster. I was worried about him. Up towards the top of the canyon, on the other side, there was a curved patch of reddish rock and a small cave at the top. There was another woman that was sitting on the patch of rock, and I believed that she was the lover of Zen Buddy. I wanted them to be together.

I reached out and grabbed the giant coral trap with one hand, and realized I could move it back and forth. When I moved it, I confused Zen Buddy. He fell off, but I caught him with the far end of the coral, and set him on the far

side of the canyon, near his lover (or, really, who I thought was his lover). The two of them scrambled up the side of the face, but he fell off and plunged thirty feet, where he landed on the rocks on his head.

I was surprised, shocked, and nauseous at what had happened. As I woke up from my dream I had Stevie Nicks' Landslide stuck in my head.

Fleetwood Mac / Stevie Nicks - Landslide (original 1975)

#landslide #stevie_nicks



2012-07-20 • Dream • Alternate Dryer Venting • LR

I dreamed I was in my house. Nobody was really missing (Yvette and Bobo weren't *not there*). I decided that I needed to change the complicated venting system for the dryer. There was a two stage venting system that ran through complicated ducts. Some ducts ran down each floor joist and combined. The first stage was some kind of dryer afterburner or something. I modified it so that the afterburner didn't use a separate duct. I put in a short duct that used the electric vent I have (in real life in the work shop that relieves air pressure in the house from the hood fan). I had to cut a hole in the top part of the house to make the vent work. I looked through my saws-all blades to find one that would cut the hole. The man that sold us the house came by every year for an inspection of the ducting. He was unaware of my modifications, but noted that the afterburner bucket was empty. There was only dryer lint in the main bucket. We were charged based on the lint that collected, and before my modifications, both buckets filled up with lint when the utility guy came by to empty the lint buckets.

#dryer_timer



2012-07-20 • Dream • Tunnel and Smart Phone • LR

I was putting in, or considering, at least, a tunnel between the workshop and the cottage above ground. I was going to build it with the old wood I had stored underneath these two buildings. I was aware that my neighbor, Ray, who didn't live there, might not approve, and I considered a tunnel underground instead. In another dream I remember wanting to post a picture of items that weren't real. They were 3-d generated by my phone. In another dream I went out for coffee. I played spoken word recitals by the beats on the table while I sat there with others having their coffee. Perhaps even something like Howl. I also got a new, less functional phone. It wasn't truly a smart phone; however, it had a screen, and I could map out all the places in the house on the phone. I accidentally turned on one of our stereos in the living room while Yvette was there.

#phone



2012-07-28 • Dream • Auto Parts • LR

I was buying parts for a major rebuild of Pippi. I felt self-conscious about going to an auto parts store that wasn't in my immediate neighborhood. It turned out that the manager (or owner?) of the parts store near my house was a clerk at the store where I went. I bought some large o-rings and some brake cleaner in some plastic bottles.

#pippi



2012-08-14 • Dream • Hitchhiking with Marlon Brando • LR

I was stranded in a town. My car didn't work, or it had been stolen, or it was sold... don't know, but I had to get home. I started asking people if I could borrow a car. One man let me in to use his phone. I was trying to phone home, but nobody was answering. He had a strange phone where the buttons went over the edge of the handset so that one row faced 90 degrees off from the other. He said I could use his bicycle to get home. I became fascinated with this service where you could get a ride on a ship to hitch-hike. I told some acquaintances (not good friends, maybe from work... not sure) about this and tried to do a Marlon Brando interpretation... like that SNL skit (dueling Brandos) as I talked about the service. It was as though it was related, like the ad for the service had somebody that sounded like Brando.

#cars



2012-09-24 • Dream • Vacation and Crying • LR

Yvette and I were out with Bobo. There might have been some other family as well, but we were at a restaurant alone, talking about the evening. I thought we could order crab cocktail for Bobo and he would like it. Yvette thought that was good as well. I went outside. It was similar in feel to that dream with Kirk and the old buildings. I thought about Yvette and her cancer, and started crying. Big crying. Out loud crying. I tried to explain this to Ballou over the phone. There was also this scene in another dream where there was a collection of huge, rusty metal parts. I understood that the bigger ones came from boats. There was one big metal boat that held the parts. They were cylinder rows, like massive piston wall cylinders without a water jacket. I had either placed, or figured I should place an engine block I had (probably Romeo's old block) with the other parts. Somebody was taking the old parts away.

#bobo #yvette



2012-09-26 • Subject • Bedtime and Projects • LR

I used to enjoy going to bed at night and just thinking about what I was going to do with Ruby. How was I going to fix this or that part? How was I going to lift the engine, or remove the coil springs. I would lay in bed and picture the problem and work it. It was quite enjoyable. They were contained tasks that I could think about. My journal project, at least now, feels like that. I'm also coupling this with my implosion and simplification idea: addresses, backups, etc. Much of my stuff is archived, now, at Godaddy, which is cool. I had that 10 Mbit connection at Festivals I could use. I can continue with that if I do a find with date. But this is what I'm talking about!! The remaining projects seem much more contained.

#ruby



2012-09-27 • Memory • Edge of September • LR

Twenty six years ago I lived in an unfinished attic. I had just got a job working as a pie delivery driver, and didn't have enough money to pay for a full room's rent. The house was a large house that had been converted into a duplex. A biker couple with kids lived in the lower level. The entrance to the top level was on the side of the house, and the stairs followed the slope of the main roof twenty feet. The top of the stairs had a door with a deadbolt that opened into a hallway that faced the living room to the far left and the kitchen to the far right, with bedrooms immediately to either side. The bathroom was at the end of the hallway to the right. To get to where I slept, I went through the closet of one of the house-mates on the right, and walked up the unshingled slope of the roof, the ceiling of the entry stairs.

As I pass various times of the year, particularly if the seasons or emotions match, I remember particular times. This is one of the ways I use my journal. I know I will cycle past this every year. In the previous paragraph I actually learned, right now, how the entry to the attic actually worked. I never really thought about the slant of the roof. In fact, it confused me because of this:

The area where I slept was beneath the roof, with gables on opposing sides, one gable over the entry stairs, and another over where the bikers had parked their old school bus. Beneath each gable was a vent in the wall that was always open.

I simply haven't pieced the house together before, and the way the entry stairs related to the route I took to the attic above the living room never crossed my mind before. The only reason why this matters, is that I'm trying to place myself there.

Through the vents I could hear the vehicle traffic on Willamette quite clearly. In those days, Willamette south of 18th was cruised on Friday and Saturday nights. If I was bothered by the traffic sound, I couldn't sleep. It was much like how I had to live with sound when I lived at the punk houses. I had to love the sound, feel grateful about the sound to fall asleep. I couldn't fight the sound. True, I would use cotton balls or something like that, but the house was only a block or two off of Willamette, and the sound of the cruising was loud.

Yvette is playing The Logical Song by Supertramp and singing along as I'm trying to write this, and I'm having a hard time concentrating. I just put in some ear plugs.

The memory flash, though, is a foam pad, as the attic got lighter, and I woke up with the wind-up alarm clock in time to deliver pies. I had to be in Albany by 6am, which meant that I had to be at the pie shop by 5am. That is all. Just simply waking up. And going to sleep, not so much the cruising sound memory, but, again, the foam pad, on my pieces of plywood resting over old insulation between rafters. There was no electric light. I used a flashlight if it was truly dark. The flash is to the day, September 27th. It is starting to get colder, and daylight is shorter. I moved out of the attic and into the house not too long after this. I met my wife a couple weeks later.

So, as I pass this period of time, it is understandable that it is significant. The person who I was at that time would love a journal like I'm describing. In fact, what I've created, here, would be incredibly helpful, much more so than the paper journal I was using. This is one of the reasons why I continue my project. I'm writing for myself in past times.

#portland street #yvette



2012-10-13 • Memory • Death March Shirts • LR

On October 13,2012 I ordered started wearing olive shirts every day to work. I called them my death march shirts to myself. I don't think I shared that with anybody before I met Sean again. I wouldn't wear them on the week-ends, usually. Perhaps I would if I visited my parents. Over time I wore them more and more, even when I was off of work for the day.

#cancer



2012-10-20 • Subject • Identity and Social Media • LR

Although we are 35 years after the peak of CB usage in the U.S, CB radio can help understand the present-day issues regarding social media and identity.

Let's look at where we are today, using CB as a way to compare freedom and access. Anybody with the money can buy something that can communicate with anybody else with a device kind of like a CB. Even if you don't have money, there are ways to get on the Internet. There are few limits on Internet usage in most countries, besides using the communications for crime: stealing money, movies, distributing child pornography, etc. Encryption is legal. Advertising is legal. Range is unlimited. 6 billion people have wireless phones. Although wireless phones are more limited than general Internet communications, the distinction between being on the Internet and having a wireless phone is becoming more and more blurred. There are certainly issues with this freedom, and some of the issues can be predicted by the rules regarding CB communications. Advertising and crime threaten the usefulness of the Internet in general. It is like we all have CB radios, but we can talk to individual people, groups of people, ask where things are and retrieve all conversations ever spoken, etc. We can have the mother of all CB radios, all of

us. It gets even better, though, because the core software infrastructure of the Internet and the majority of smart phones, is open and free. Anybody can use it, modify it, do anything they want. Not only do we have the mother of all CB radios, but we can repair and improve the radios ourselves if we wish. We can store every conversation we have ever had, we can transmit pictures, movies, talk live, find people around the world with similar interests. We are phat and wide in our freedom.

How does identity and social networking fit into this? The social networking part has to do with how we know somebody has something to say. With CB radio you listen to particular channels. Some channels are for emergency broadcasts for help. Some channels are for truckers going East to West and might include information like speed traps. If an individual wants to contact us, they will let us know when there is a break on a mainly broadcast channel, and we will negotiate a move to another channel to continue the conversation. When we use OurData, these are the notifications we see, either related to groups, or specific people. Notifications from specific people require identity. I will see that Frank Smith has emailed me or commented on my post.

But let's look closer at the world of OurData, which is the dominant social networking and identity provider today. OurData made it easy to obtain something approximating the mother of all CB radios (MOAC) for people. All you have to do is enter your name (presumably your real name... more on that later) and your email address. You can then connect to pretty much everybody you know, because it is so easy. Unfortunately, though, we lose some features that a MOAC provides.

We no longer can have true privacy on OurData. This is something that we don't have on CB, but we can with our MOAC, because we can secure our own data with encryption, and we can send messages to others that only they can read. Also, on OurData our conversations are categorized, mined, and sold to the highest bidder. Now, to be fair, our individual data might not be sold, yet. It is our behavior that is sold, generally; however, we should be concerned that the possibility is there, and that there are likely many loopholes and instances where our data is sold in a way that we would not like.

Another big difference is that we are no longer assured that our messages will go through. This is even worse than CB. Remember that rule about paying for broadcasts on CB? This is already becoming a problem on OurData, both because of spam, but because of monetization. OurData will decide how to prioritize or pass on posts based on whether or not it is paid.

We cannot truly control access to our information. If we post pictures and mark them private, our privacy is ensured by OurData policies, which can change.

Further, OurData can delete our account because we post something outside of policy, which blocks us from our data and our social connections.

This does bring up identity again. Identity generally means my relation to others, and can be used to establish trust. The quality of my assertion that I am a **certain** person and related to others is a slightly different matter. Let's go back to CB. I might say on a CB that I'm broken down off of Highway 101 and I need assistance. My true plan is to wait for somebody to help me, kill them, and steal their stuff. With CB there is no real good way to establish identity. On social networks it is possible to establish identity. On OurData, the only thing that really establishes my identity is my relationships with others. I'm a friend of your friend, and so can see you and connect with you. We can also discuss this via messages to verify before we mutually agree on our friend status. This does establish trust to a certain extent. In the case of the request for help on the CB radio, it would be as though I said I knew truckers Joe and Judy, and you could verify this because I had a Joe and Judy identifier in my transmission. This is the relationship part of social networking. Actual identity is certainly related, in that Joe and Judy need to know who I am before they give me the Joe and Judy identifier rights, but it doesn't mean that Joe and Judy know that I'm the person that claims a particular bank account or social security number, or have certain DNA.

DNA and bank accounts: OurData wants to actually hold real identity. This is somewhat irrelevant for social networking. The reason for this is because of financial transactions and relations to governing bodies. My real identity matters in these cases. I have to pay taxes. I save money in a bank account. I can draw on Social Security at age 65, etc. This is an entirely different subject than social networking in general. The distinction is important to make, though, for obvious reasons. There is an advantage to real identity as well. Like the CB radio and driving on the freeway, we are better behaved when people know who we are; however, this can be a threat to freedom,

especially when you consider the other aspects of identity that are related to social networking.

As you can imagine, the main people who are concerned about this are the people that can repair and extend their own MOACs. Most people experience social networking and identity as something that is exponentially better than CB radio. But think about this. Imagine if Radio Shack sold you a CB radio and they listened to everything you said and could use that information to market things to you? What if they charged you extra money to make sure your transmission went through when you broadcast for help? What if they installed a chip in the CB radio that identified you, and they controlled its use. Now, you might say, "Big deal! CB was on the open air waves!". But here is where identity comes in. Radio Shack knows what CB was used to talk with who and when, and they control identity. Even if your broadcasts are public, it is much more disturbing to have a private company with this kind of control than to just have broadcasts from "somebody" out on the air waves. Further, at any time, they can disable your CB radio by disabling your identity chip. This is what social networking is about. It is not about access, it is about relationships. It becomes even more complicated when you think about how many different social sites your information is stored on. Your CB Radio has multiple chips, all controlled by others for different channels and types of communication. Don't you want to own those chips?

One effort that tries to address these problems is WebID. WebID has two functions. First, it allows you to assert your identity. This is done by a certificate that is encrypted and controlled by you. This certificate can be provided to others to assure your identity. Again, this is just an assertion that you control. You can call yourself anything you want, but as you link up your data on various web sites, you control the assertion itself. Another part of WebID is your profile. This can have your name, your blog, bits of your identity assertion for verification, and who you know. Although WebID is specified by the organization that defines the way the World Wide Web works, and the person who was primary in inventing thw World Wide Web as we know it, Tim Berners-Lee, is involved, WebID is thinly adopted. Mainly this is because OurData is easy. WebID is relatively difficult to understand.

There are other social network platforms, like Diaspora and Friendica that provide notifications, storage of pictures, groups, private messaging... everything that we are used to seeing on OurData, for the most part, can be done with these platforms. One important difference, is that the alternative platforms are working on standard communications about social networking events. This is the negotiation on the CB radio. How do you know that Bob needs to talk to you? With CB, you listen to a channel and then negotiate another channel to discuss. It is in our interest that this mechanism is open and standard.

Unfortunately, the major social network platforms do not support WebID. They do support other third-party identification strategies, but that is kind of like delegating another party to control the identity chip in your CB radio. It isn't quite as good. There is another option, though. Both Diaspora and Friendica allow you to operate your own server. This means that you control your identity. You can't necessarily use that identity in the same way as a standard WebID; however, you can hook up with other cooperating social networking services.

#ourdata



2012-11-06 • Journal • allergies • L R

One application: workflow checklists full text search structured search

The application is live while interviewing: I sit down and ask people what they do. How do they classify things? What are the gates?

The outcome is simply data. This data can be used by any number of programs.

I am interviewing the public finance group at the law firm. Let's talk. What do you do all day? How does it work? What do you care about? I can feel my flesh in age reacting to dust in the air, my skin welting, hives burning red. I say, let's look at this further? Why do you put this piece of paper in this folder? How do you know that George gets the folder when you set it on his desk? My eyes are swollen from the dust. I put ointment around my eyes and get relief in the rain outside when I walk. The late fall air in the building I'm working in comes out gritty and clings to my skin like tiny insects, eating and eating at my skin. I wash my face again. I map the workflow of the group out in a new way using three symbols. Here, I say, I think this is what you do. Is that true? The older one in the group, the

one with the picture of a dirt road leading through tall firs is resistant to anything I do, but the head of the group is interested. Another round of talks, another round of refinement. Is this what you do? Yes, the older man says, yes, that is what I do, but it is fine the way it is. I will go with whatever our group lead says. That dirt road is to a cabin that I don't have yet, but I'm getting close. I relate to him and his cabin (that doesn't exist yet) in the elevator. We both wish we were on that road in an old truck, our working years behind us. We say hello to each other in the cafeteria. At home I rip up my floors to combat allergens and crawl around in the attic to capture dust, but every month my allergies are worse. The spots grow across my chest. My hands itch, now, the red is inching up between my thumb and index finger. I am allergic to life, it seems.

Sunday, 2018-06-24 10:39:16 This seems to be a mashup of memory of 2012-2014

#computer_stories



2012-11-21 • Memory • The Hostess Entries • LR

My first memory of anything yummy from a store is Twinkies. Not gum, not candy, nothing... just Twinkies. My dad would bring them home after work when I was five. I remember playing out in the yard and dad would come home and hand out the bags of Twinkies. It is sunny in my memory, just all smiles and me and my sister playing, and dad bringing Twinkies. Mom disapproved of him feeding us Twinkies, right before dinner and all, and he stopped bringing them. My parents had me when they were fairly young, and my mom wasn't even twenty yet, I don't think. The fact that my dad thought it was OK to bring Twinkies home and hand them out before dinner makes me smile. They were a favorite of his, and in his youth he just wanted to share what he loved. It remains one of my best memories of childhood.





I ate one just now, on the day that Interstate Brands announced they were shutting down operations. It was not as light, fluffy and full of sun as I remember. I had to follow it with a shot of raspberry Stoli to get the oily sugary smeary taste from my mouth. I recommend that, actually. Raspberry Stoli makes a good Twinkie chaser.

Thoreau and Donuts

In my late teens I lived in a 10X10 cabin in the woods. Now, I suspect that I've erected pieces of my memories of the time to suit my psyche; however, I did read Thoreau's Walden around the time I lived there. It is quite possible that I *actually* read Walden at prep school the preceding year... it is possible. Memories have a way of supporting, warping, and shining the past. Ahhhh... but this is a story about Hostess donuts, Isn't it?

My cabin was located down Steamboat Island Road, West of Olympia. There was a gas station and store at the end of the road. I would use the phone booth there sometimes. They had propane, which the range in my cabin used, as well as kerosene for my lamp. They also had some food, but all I remember buying there was Hostess cake donuts. Most of my life I have worked with computers. I sold personal computers while living in the cabin. Back then CP/M was still popular. For \$1,000 (in 1984), you could purchase a Kaypro II that had a full suite of software, a floppy drive each for data and applications, and it was somewhat portable. It was called "luggable".

Back then I didn't eat at McDonald's. It didn't cross my mind. I'm not sure why. This is odd because I have fond memories of eating Egg McMuffins with my friend Sunn in his VW bug when he would drive me to high school. Maybe I thought it was too expensive? Cooking food in a cabin without electricity is difficult, because nothing is refrigerated. I had a foam ice chest to keep stuff in, but I didn't buy ice, so milk was out. Most of my food was kept in jars: rice, beans, nuts, etc. I kept some food at work in the fridge. I used to buy the 25 cent yogurts from Safeway and kept a selection in the fridge. I had a box of random dried foods on top of the fridge. My boss said I ate like a squirrel.

When I would go on a long trip in my truck, sometimes I would grab a box of Hostess Donuts at the store, right before I hit the highway. My memory is arcing up and around Olympia on 101 towards I-5 eating donuts in my Mazda truck. The sugar was inspiring. And, like my memories of Twinkies, there was sun. I see sun and green. Motion and road. I'd eat the entire box before I got to my destination. It seemed like a convenient breakfast. Looking at the label now, I see that this was 3,000 calories of white flour, oil, and sugar. I had a couple donuts this morning as I wrote this:





The taste does fit my memory; however, I thought there was more cake. The donuts seemed bigger back then.

Cascade Hostess Blackberry Pie

Eighth grade was difficult for me in many ways. Hostess Blackberry Pies were a bright spot. They sold them at a stand outside the junior high cafeteria. I thought they tasted absolutely amazing, and I got a lot of satisfaction purchasing blackberry pies occasionally with my own money. I believe these were the first Hostess products I purchased on my own.

No matter what happens with the brands, they probably won't be union made in the future. I'm sorry for that.







Generally, I have to say that the taste of the pie today does not fit my memory. It is possible that they aren't as good any more, but it is also possible that it tasted pretty good after having pizza squares and veggie mix in the cafeteria. Over the years I become more of a fan of the lemon pie. Now, I've probably only eaten fifteen hostess pies in my entire life, with a few blackberry pies in junior high that pretty much blow the spectrum, but if I did buy a

pie in the last couple of decades and I wasn't just nostalgic for blackberry, I would buy lemon.





The lemon pie was decent, but it did require quite a bit of coffee to compensate for the taste.

Hostess Crest

"History is hard to know, because of all the hired bullshit, but even without being sure of 'history' it seems entirely reasonable to think that every now and then the energy of a whole generation comes to a head in a long fine flash, for reasons that nobody really understands at the time and which never explain, in retrospect, what actually happened."

- Hunter S. Thompson

I ate the last of my Hostess treats this morning. I had a package of Hostess Cupcakes, and my wife and I each had one with our coffee. When we have had the luxury of being on the same work schedules in our lives together, we have always had coffee together in the morning. It has been our main time together in our lives, and we linger and waste time together, drifting, arguing, talking politics, talking child care, talking about all the small things that make up our life. I'm sure we have had Hostess Cupcakes with our morning coffee in the past. Mainly it was an evening snack, though, with a movie and milk, and we enjoyed it viciously.

The taste of the cupcakes this morning had the same kind of sick sugary taste that pervades all of the products. My memory is very different. That is the intriguing part. So, for me, the various products are kind of like incense, but also a lesson in consumer marketing. The fact is that the products have brought joy to me in the past, but at this point, the joys of consuming these products has certainly crested. The trick will be to recognize the bright moments that these products trigger as my own. So... Fuck Yeah Hostess! Truly, but it is time to move on.

#dad #twinkies #yvette



2012-11-30 • Dream • Startup and watches • LR

I was working in a single story building. It was a large building, and I worked in part of it at a start-up. There was a large startup (or mature... don't know) company that worked in most of the building. They acted kind of like the Disney crew in the building I'm in now. I was walking outside, perhaps on lunch, and I noticed that a nearby building had lots of workers leaving. It struck me that the workers all kind of looked the same. They were big men with tannish skin. They looked like "normal" people, not geeks. They had varying facial hair that didn't strike me as just hipster (like mutton chops or soul patches for effect), and were slightly overweight, in their forties. They worked at an Italian watch manufacturer called Rossellini or something like that. One of the workers said that the company just went out of business, and they were all laid off. I noticed some of the brands of watches, something like CITTI or COTTO. I recognized the brands in my dream, but they don't fit with anything I know now. I talked to one of them, and told him I was sad they were losing their employment, and that it was sad that such an old, respectable company was going out of business. Another man told me more, and I teared up. He asked where I worked, and I said I worked at a startup in that building over there, and gestured at my building. He said he really didn't like that business, but I said that I worked at a smaller, different startup. We took fouled water and turned it into fresh water with solar power. He thought that was pretty cool, and I knuckle-bumped him.



2012-12-01 • Dream • Only What Is Needed • LR

I went into a store that Yvette and I had often visited in the past. As I walked in the door, I almost stepped in some dust he was sweeping up. I mentioned how that happened with me and my wife as well. Somehow I always managed to walk through right when she was sweeping. I noticed that there wasn't much on the shelves. The owner was new. He said, "Yes, only what is needed." Before, the store was much fuller, with a variety of items.

I went outside. There was a big yard that was made up of multiple lots that had been purchased over the years. At the edge of the yard I could peek over the fence and see the backyard of a neighbor. The border was not straight, as some property purchases stuck out more than others. There were big sections of the yard that were divided by eight foot tall plywood and post barriers. There was old flaked off brownish-red paint on the plywood. I saw a stack of old mixers that had all of their innards removed in preparation for scrapping. Everything from big Hobart mixers to small Kitchen-aids. I took a picture of a pile of the mixer shells.

Nearby a father and his son were taking a picture of themselves in an old, wrecked car. The father said that he remembered when the lot was full of cars, and he bought one.

#mixer



2012-12-11 • Dream • Rotor and Sheet Metal • LR

I was a bit late for work, but I stopped off at a place where the floor of the lobby was laid out like the pan of a car. (I'm not sure what pan would be like this, but this was the idea.) You could buy screws and other parts and measure your sheet metal against the patterns on the floor. I had a small plastic bag of brown sheet metal screws. I wanted to see if I had the right screws, so I screwed them into the holes. I had another piece of sheet metal that I laid down on the floor to see if the holes matched up, and they did.

I went to my building where I worked, and met up with somebody else, perhaps Sphere? We followed Jeff C (the large financial systems guy) because he was going the back way so he wasn't noticed when he arrived late. It was now 11:30. I knew my boss was in the office, and I was torn on whether or not to tell him I was late. We arrived in this outdoor clearing outside floor nine. A bunch of people were gathered around. You waited your turn, and then you played a game involving dice and sticks to see who got to go in next. Jeff got to go in right away. My turn was up. I had this long stick that I would hit the others in the ass with as part of the game. I lost. Eventually there were only a few people left waiting to get in. I rolled dice with Sphere, and my 7 or so dice with several 5s and 6s beat his four dice that mostly rolled 1s and 2s.

Somewhere in the dream I had a rotor that I was polishing up with emery cloth. It might have been an idea I had about how to explain being late for work. It was an odd rotor, because it had an angled lip around the outer ridge, as though it acted kind of like a brake drum on the edge, but it still had a flat part for the pads to clamp down on towards the center.

#sphere



2012-12-16 • Subject • Meat Implosion • LR

I was reading the regular feed of GMO bad, buy local, organic cows, etc., and although I happen to be in a demographic that is able to enjoy such things for the most part, I have to wonder what happens during collapse. Water, topsoil, oil... virtually everything will become more difficult to obtain, and therefore more expensive. Decades ago, when I couldn't afford to drive, I would obtain old appliances for free from in back of a place I worked. They were hauled off for scrap for free, and since our businesses were neighbors, I would pick up the appliances and use them myself. We rented a house that had a single car garage, and I got a huge Ben Hur model freezer. I don't remember who

made it, but it had lots of lights on the front, and perhaps even a chariot. Anyway, we had almost no money, and we would go down to the discount grocery and purchase bags of 19 cent per pound chicken hindquarters and fill up the freezer. Add them to some brown rice, sprinkle some chili powder on top, and bake for an hour and a half. Tasty, and no chance of poisoning yourself. But, at the same time, we all knew that these came from the worst kind of meat production.

Food prices are already going way up. I spent sixty bucks getting supplies for homemade leek and potato soup and mac and cheese last week. Granted, I used a fancy recipe, made a lot of mac and cheese, and was doing it to please my wife, who is sick. I wanted to make the best. Still, the only meat I bought was bacon. Food is expensive, and it will get more so. Now, there are certainly some thorny intellectual and patent issues that I'd like to see tossed; however, the fact remains that food production will be strained. But that isn't what I want to write about, really, anyway.

What is interesting to me right now is the idea about whether it really matters. I see people eating all organic and driving their kayaks to healthy outdoor excursions, riding their bikes, doing hot yoga, and generally taking care of their bodies. That is all fine. I eat fairly well, and if I could afford more healthy outdoor excursions, or made it more of a priority, or perhaps a little of both, I'd do it. I try and walk for an hour everyday. I'm aware that I'm one lucky person to have that luxury. I always tell my son that you need a healthy mind, body, and soul. You can't split those things up. The thing is, though, I know that these same people are grinding the Earth into butter for their health. Well... that isn't exactly true. We are changing the climate that humans and other mammals and species depend on. We are doing it while patting ourselves on the back for the small things, like healthy outdoor excursions. But that isn't what I want to write about, really, anyway.

What does it matter if we eat the absolute cheapest food we can? Now, me, personally, I've lived out of jars, eating beans, brown rice, granola, nuts. I'll make 100 pounds of some nutritious meal at once, and call it good. Hey!! Three weeks of food! But, if pushed, I can see the chicken being factory farmed, the rice being genetically engineered, and the veggies having pesticide residue. I'll do my best. Now, I'm certainly aware, having lived out of jars, living without electricity, living without running water for a year, doing the Thoreau thang; I'm aware that you don't need meat. So, Thoreau didn't really have a moral thing against meat, he just didn't like the greasy mess. I'm also aware, and firmly believe, that 16 pounds of grain are needed for 1 pound of meat, and that doesn't even count the topsoil, water, and carbon. But that isn't what I wanted to write about.

So, what happens if we simply develop health problems and die early from eating slightly poisoned food? By all means let's try and make things better and all. But, hey, most people aren't eating organic food. It seems to me that it is a pretty messed up vision, with the population and resource pressures that we have right now, to always be trumpeting the idea that everybody should just eat off of local, organic farms, or they are just dumb people supporting the system. And, about health care: does it matter if I die of some strange intestinal disease because I ingest Monsanto GMO in my Cheerios? Sure, it would be better if I didn't, and let's try and make this better, but remember What Keeps Mankind Alive.

Is the worry that the health care will cost too much?

So, I know this is devolving. What happens if we just die early? Why is this such a taboo subject? We are choking the Earth with our population. We have extinguished huge migrations of all kinds of creatures. That was one thing that struck me as I watched the epic BBC Planet Earth series. The problem certainly isn't morphine. We can afford morphine for those that are dying. So, this is devolving to the point that I'm not supposed to look, right?

I was at a peak oil meeting a few months ago. There was a visiting speaker who had taken Al Gore's climate change class, and he gave a moving presentation. There were tears in his eyes as he finished, and you could tell he was having a hard time keeping it together. It is a similar response I have as above... why are we worried about the industrial crash from peak oil, when it is clear what we are doing to our environment? We should all unplug our power meters and slash our tires right now! I thought I might announce this, and challenge people to join me. But, I truly believe that all this would do is make it more difficult for me to fight for my plot of land, my sometimes-organic milk, and my health insurance, as I participate in grinding the Earth into butter.

I was on the bus yesterday, and people were packed in. I heard in a movie, or read in a book about people being referred to as bags of water.

We are made of water, this is very true.

I considered all of the bags of water on the bus and in the world. I remember looking up what had more mass: krill or humans. This is an important fact. The krill won this time around. I have an idea that the real tipping point for us and our time on this planet is when humans weigh more than krill.

Actually, as I listen to When Water Comes to Life by Cloud Cult, I'm not sure any of this is what I wanted to write about, really. It is all more of an unsatisfying reaction to all of it. I don't know what to do. I know what I will likely do tomorrow, and the next day, and the next day, but that is different. Ya know... there are a thousand ways to consume things, consume the Earth, and feel good about yourself. Why can't we just plain feel bad about ourselves? We deserve that. And why can none of this stuff be said? It seems reasonable.

Anyway... we return to water, it is true. It could be simpler, I think. Pale blue dot... wisdom of smallness and insignificance. I don't know what my problem is.

#uteotw



2012-12-30 • Journal • trundle them back into the room • LR

It is very hard to let go of many currents and ideas for me. I keep trimming down more and more. I bring in the old things again. I just go down to the basement or into the closet, dust them off, and trundle them back into the room. I have to stop doing that. I do know that we need to stay connected.

#basement



2012-12-30 • Journal • FB Certs • LR

I finished sending out all of the certs to my FB friends today.



2012-12-31 • Subject • Wall Program • L R

I found myself putting up a wall program. It is easy to do. It isn't really needed, though, so I deleted the files. I was thinking about what was actually needed. The cool thing about this site so far is that is based on certs and extremely simple. I started thinking about how, if there is identity handled, that the only additional piece to social networking is data transfer. Services like Dropbox do this very well. So, the question is, what is the simplest system that can be made with these commodity services. It also seems like encfs might be useful with this. The idea is that you could somehow ensure that only particular people could see your data via encryption, particularly because you controlled the identity. Now, one thing I noticed with the server, was that it saw the full public certificate. I don't know enough about encryption to understand how this might all fit together, but it seems interesting. It would be cool if there was something very simple. The reason why this whole thing came up, is that I should really be posting this from within dropbox somehow, or maybe ubuntu sync?



2013-01-01 • Subject • Active Feed • LR

Most of what we post are text statuses, videos, pictures, etc. Text is pretty easy. For 100 active friends on your feed, you probably don't get much more than 100K of actual text. It is the pictures and videos that take up bandwidth and space. Further, people usually store albums in a variety of places that they are comfortable with (Picassa, Flickr, etc.). Videos, of course, are on Youtube. Other services like Dropbox allow you to easily send an obscured link to a file, even if the user doesn't have a Dropbox account (kind of like unpublished youtube). When you consider what

"sharing" means, particularly with distributed identity and data, you tag people, groups, etc. for a particular item. Even a message could be considered text with a tag on a person and other metadata like subject. Pieces of data in the format of web address, name 1, group 1, subject, expiration, etc., can easily be done with javascript in the browser of the user. They could even choose which identity to share as. These kinds of records don't fit well in a schema, which makes them perfect for nosql (like mongodb). I haven't thought all of this through, yet, but nosql databases also distribute well and can be fuzzy on intersects. That is, there could be 1 node per 100 people or so easily (for a minimal \$8/mo Greenqloud instance), and the nodes could overlap. With a standard GNU/Linux distro and a Chef client, it is quit simple to build up servers that can handle authentication and serve up the queries. The end architecture is almost all client side, then, with some nosql servers, some web servers for the WebID profiles and authentication for the queries. Very light, and since all of the real data changes via Javascript and web apps, server provisioning is easy. One issue is the SSL certs. That is probably a decent chunk of the infrastructure, and that should probably be distributed as well. I got a five year cert for \$60 from Godaddy on sale, and gandi.net has cheap certs. Anyway... I'm getting ahead of myself, but it seems to me that if one can tolerate some latency (big if), this would work well.



2013-01-01 = Journal = good first day = LR

Today was a very good first day of the year for me. I have been pushing very hard, trying to wrap up some efforts on the personal data front. It was a huge project that has been going on for over a year. My requirement is that if my house burns down I'll be fine. I also wanted to minimize risk of identity theft. There are so many bits of information around on papers and on my computer(s)a, that it was quite complicated. It wasn't just data, though. I had to integrate contacts, backups, syncing, my personal journal, web site propagation, etc. My first version was so complicated when I was done, that I looked at the diagram and had to start from scratch. Mostly, and above all else, I'm simplifying as well. I am becoming less able to live in this wide-open monster geek fest world that I usually live in, where things kind of get done, but there is no order. The problem is that while I've been on this project, that it has kept me from doing other things, like working on Betty, or going for walks, or spending time with Yvette. I am much better than past tunnels of effort... Anyway, today was more balanced.

#house

Comments:

2019-09-03:

"if my house burns down I'll be fine" Actually, no, if you are going by dream metaphors.



2013-01-01 = Journal = WWWC = LR

See my blog for the wandering, long version, but I do have an idea of how this could become useful, perhaps what WWW Collective means. It includes small servers that perform nosql searches, federate searches, confrim identity, and allow users to socialize on the net by coupling their distributed posts with their identity. The federated search matches users with interests via active tagging.

Currently I manage this site using just an editor (vi). I'm trying to focus and not get all sidetracked. I usually write in vi anyway, so it isn't that big of a deal.

This site is powered on geo and hydro power, and located in Iceland. It only listens for proper, encrypted traffic, and it demands that a public certificate be made available before allowing any communications. It is a very tiny server. It has 256 megs of RAM and one processor on a VM. The cool thing is that it is only \$8/mo w/ 10 GB of storage. Since it is a VM, the storage isn't just some drive either. It is a bit odd to locate the server in Iceland when all of my users are all the way around the globe, but I'm sure you can understand the appeal of geo and hydro power. Also, the building has natural cooling (being in Iceland and all).

WWW Collective meets every couple of months over beers in Belltown (Seattle) after work, with whoever would like to join me. I call it WWW Collective, but there really is no group, it is just whoever wants to talk about some of the ideas related to this site, or anything at all, really. I like the name. A collective of people via the World Wide Web. It would be cool if we could meet and call it that, I think, don't you?

There is WWW Collective Wiki.

The certificates that I created and gave to my friends and family were generated by me. I store them in an extremely secure place. I won't provide details here, but I will in person. The certificates have no personal information in them at all. If you go here, you can verify just what your WebID reveals. The certs are unique, and the paths obvuscated. The names are completely random. If you go here, you can see your profile in a graphical way, including your avatar. The avatar was made using ImageMagick, and each one is unique.

bar

Why do this? Why not tumblr or Facebook, or a normal blog?

I'm extremely distrustful of other people holding my social information. I don't like the ads that are served. I don't like the traffic being monitored and mined.

Do you make money off of this?

Absolutely not. I spent hundreds of hours and pay monthly fees to do this in a way that I want.

What else can I do with a WebID?

There are a few sites that let you use your WebID. If you think you might want to use it more, there are sites that let you maintain a profile, provide a wall, provide messaging, etc. There isn't much of that on this site. I just wanted to make sure that if I went through all the trouble of distributing certificates, that I did it in a way that was compatible. See Links for other sites you can visit with your WebID.



2013-01-04 • Journal • WebID and MediaWiki • LR

I got WebID to work with MediaWiki. It just required one extra line in my Apache config and a module from MediaWiki. I tried to hack around on it a bit to convert the existing WebIDs to more readable ones, but there were actually some pretty good safeguards in the software as is, and I decided to just stick with the OOTB version.



2013-01-09 • Fiction • Desolation Keywords • LR

I unwound the old rs-232 interface and cable, hooked it up to the port on my laptop, and pressed enter a few times to wake up Kor's Al module.

It had been several years since I'd logged on. I didn't log on at all after I became addicted to the autoerotic keywords. I've been clean for six months. I wanted to learn more.

I am putting myself to the fullest possible use, which is all I think that any conscious entity can ever hope to do.

I was lucky I remembered the password. I lost my password safe at the shelter, and I'm still gathering up the various versions from stashes in cloud storage. Kor's Al module always said that at the completion of the bootstrap sequence.

Jacob, It is wonderful to communicate with you again. I hope that the autoerotic knowledge eased your suffering nd taught you more about the power of keywords and tag streams. The next level is outward. The tag streams in the broader culture need to be tapped and manipulated in order to prevent complete global collapse. Global collapse will poison the tag streams with centuries of fear and pain. You need to tap in where there is minimal corporate manipulation.

I hated to tell Kor what had happened to me the last few years.

I'm sure you are familiar with Bob Dylan. He absorbed every folk song and related music style over a period of two years before he went rogue and discovered an early hack on MindSynth.

He used it constantly, and wrote many of his best songs with what he learned. But, there is one song that is the key to all of our work.

It is a pure reflection of associative revolutionary keywords that are completely counter to the corporate control of MindSynth and resulting SynthNet. These tags are unpolluted, and if you follow them, thread them, and, in particular, roll them out in zones 4 and 7, we will be much closer to our goal. :pre

Here are the relevant keywords and tags:

There was somebody right outside my door in the hallway. Quickly, I shut down the module.

I bundled up the cables and stuck them along with the AI module in my backpack.

#tkitty_story



2013-01-29 - Journal - Belltown Pub - LR

I'm meeting with friends on January 29th at Belltown Pub at 6 after work, if you can make it.



2013-02-02 • Subject • Chaos Cloud and Anti-Social-Networking • LR

This is the opposite of CBs and Social Networking

The identity curmudgeon raved for 40 days in the desert before falling into a heap of spent blue cryptographic splinters. He noticed an orange extension cord that snaked through the sagebrush up a slowly rising hill that led to the border of the National Forest. "What the hell? There is no power out here, not on this side of the bridge," IC muttered. He had coded most of the chips and process modules during the first week and transmitted them to everybody he knew. The weaving was the tricky part. Afterward he stitched the comm threads through alternet3 and 4, but the chatter quickly faded when a mole joined the common channel.

He plugged his main hub power into the extension cord. "Shit! No power. Figures. Well, I better follow the cord." He scooped up his process shards and identity splinters, over 200 total, and put them in a small leather duffel bag he had received as a high school graduation present ten years prior. It had a scrolled monogram on the side with his initials, IC. The bag looked out of place with his faded clothes and leftover pilot bread on the square of plastic tarp he was camping on. "I could sure use a charge." It had been 10 days since his screen and gesture pad were charged, and even if they were charged, his MiFi had just a few hours left of connectivity time. The Nowhere Kids had stolen his solar charger and he was considering giving up on his identity project all together. "Fucking moles! I hate them. Spammers or moles, what the fuck! I might as well just dump my last bit of water on my identity splinters and wait for the coyotes to eat me when I finally pass out." IC rolled up his sleeping bag, clothes, pilot bread, and jar of jam up in the tarp and put his bag around his shoulder. "I'm done here, anyway."

He followed the cord up the hill to the edge of the Bristlecone Pines. The rocks here were loose, sharp, and grey. The cord draped over the top of one of the pines and ended at the foot of a cliff 100 yards away, at the top of a face of loose rock. IC hiked up the loose rock, falling down several times, scraping his elbows and knees. As he climbed up the last part of the face he saw one of the oldest Bristlecone Pines he had ever seen. It spread, squat and twisted at the foot of the cliff, ten feet across. Small tufts of green needles poke out on contorted branches. "There you are!," he exclaimed when he saw the electrical socket in the side of the tree. "An odd place for an outlet, but I'll take it." The tree must have been at least 4,000 years old. He had heard of Bristlecone Pines over 5.000 years old.

The blood from his right elbow twisted around his forearm and forked towards the back of his hand in dry, cracked, brick-colored seams. IC pulled the hub out and plugged it in to the outlet. The hub LEDs glowed orange. "Fuckin' right on!" IC shouted. He pulled out the screen, gesture pad, and MiFi, and hooked them up to the hub. "Let's see, where is process shard M?" He sifted through the process shards and identity splinters until he saw the faint

M etched on the circuit board beneath the translucent blue sheath. "Identity splinter... which one was I using on alternet3, before that mole joined... K I think." IC had created so many that it was hard to keep track. "They won't know anyway, even if I use the wrong splinter. Nobody is on the common channel anyway." IC booted up M-K on alternet3. The sun was starting to go behind the cliff face, and it felt cold almost immediately. The temperature changed quickly at this altitude in the evening.

"This is again radio Yerevan with our news," came a high, happy voice over the screen speakers.

"What's that?" IC said, scrunching his eyes at the screen. It was alternet-M-K, definitely.

"Oh, I'm sorry turn on the machine." The voice on the channel said, in a deeper cigarette-damaged voice, "This is is radio Yerevan, my name is Franz Ivanovich Hagen and this is the news."

IC noticed there was an embedded video on the screen. "Oh, this is a Nina Hagen vid. Born in Xixax? Never heard of that." When the vid was over, IC scanned the bar and played Antiworld. The lyrics were listed.

"Shit! I'm totally wrong." It was getting very cold. IC laid out his sleeping bag against the cliff on his tarp and nibbled on his last piece of pilot bread. It was the threads. The way the threads fit together. What if everything was open and all was common. There was no identity, all commonality, at least as far as assertion. What if there was no assertion at all? "Fuck SAML 2.0. Fuck WebID. We don't need federation. We don't need an ID. All of the keywords... it is the keywords. If I put any unique set of words out there, say bakushkin antiworld, I'll end up at only a few places, and they are related. All of these shards and splinters mean nothing! Nobody wants them. But I could put"orange grapefruit elaphantyrind" out there, and it could be me forever. Einstein chaos black holes? Who cares if it is me? Who cares who I am? I am a movie, a link, a video, music blasting for decades... it doesn't matter who I am. Red goes on channels like a CD with control over content and identity. What happens if there is no identity? The anti-world of identity, that's what."

#mesa #webid



2013-02-03 • Subject • Citizens' Band Radio and Social Networking • LR

This is the opposite of Chaos Cloud and Anti-Social-Networking

Most of you know about Citizens' Band (CB) radio. Anybody can purchase a CB radio that allows them to communicate with each other. There are some rules to protect the usability of the system: no obscenities, limited antenna height and radio power, no advertising, no entertainment, can't be used in support of illegal activity, and you can't accept money to transmit. It is also illegal to send encrypted messages. Ham radio is similar to CB; however, the range is much longer, and the licensing much stricter. Encryption is still forbidden with ham. Although we are 35 years after the peak of CB usage in the U.S, CB radio can help understand the present-day issues regarding social media and identity.

Let's look at where we are today, using CB as a way to compare freedom and access. Anybody with the money can buy something that can communicate with anybody else with a device kind of like a CB. Even if you don't have money, there are ways to get on the Internet. There are few limits on Internet usage in most countries, besides using the communications for crime: stealing money, movies, distributing child pornography, etc. Encryption is legal. Advertising is legal. Range is unlimited. 6 billion people have wireless phones. Although wireless phones are more limited than general Internet communications, the distinction between being on the Internet and having a wireless phone is becoming more and more blurred. There are certainly issues with this freedom, and some of the issues can be predicted by the rules regarding CB communications. Advertising and crime threaten the usefulness of the Internet in general. It is like we all have CB radios, but we can talk to individual people, groups of people, ask where things are and retrieve all conversations ever spoken, etc. We can have the mother of all CB radios, all of us. It gets even better, though, because the core software infrastructure of the Internet and the majority of smart phones, is open and free. Anybody can use it, modify it, do anything they want. Not only do we have the mother of all CB radios, but we can repair and improve the radios ourselves if we wish. We can store every conversation we have ever had, we can transmit pictures, movies, talk live, find people around the world with similar interests. We are phat and wide in our freedom.

How does identity and social networking fit into this? The social networking part has to do with how we know somebody has something to say. With CB radio you listen to particular channels. Some channels are for emergency broadcasts for help. Some channels are for truckers going East to West and might include information like speed traps. If an individual wants to contact us, they will let us know when there is a break on a mainly broadcast channel, and we will negotiate a move to another channel to continue the conversation. When we use Facebook, these are the notifications we see, either related to groups, or specific people. Notifications from specific people require identity. I will see that Frank Smith has emailed me or commented on my post.

But let's look closer at the world of OurData, which is the dominant social networking and identity provider today. OurData made it easy to obtain something approximating the mother of all CB radios (MOAC) for people. All you have to do is enter your name (presumably your real name... more on that later) and your email address. You can then connect to pretty much everybody you know, because it is so easy. Unfortunately, though, we lose some features that a MOAC provides.

We no longer can have true privacy on OurData. This is something that we don't have on CB, but we can with our MOAC, because we can secure our own data with encryption, and we can send messages to others that only they can read. Also, on OurData our conversations are categorized, mined, and sold to the highest bidder. Now, to be fair, our individual data might not be sold, yet. It is our behavior that is sold, generally; however, we should be concerned that the possibility is there, and that there are likely many loopholes and instances where our data is sold in a way that we would not like.

Another big difference is that we are no longer assured that our messages will go through. This is even worse than CB. Remember that rule about paying for broadcasts on CB? This is already becoming a problem on Facebook, both because of spam, but because of monetization. Facebook will decide how to prioritize or pass on posts based on whether or not it is paid.

We cannot truly control access to our information. If we post pictures and mark them private, our privacy is ensured by Facebook policies, which can change. Further, facebook can delete our account because we post something outside of policy, which blocks us from our data and our social connections.

This does bring up identity again. Identity generally means my relation to others, and can be used to establish trust. The quality of my assertion that I am a certain person and related to others is a slightly different matter. Let's go back to CB. I might say on a CB that I'm broken down off of Highway 101 and I need assistance. My true plan is to wait for somebody to help me, kill them, and steal their stuff. With CB there is no real good way to establish identity. On social networks it is possible to establish identity. On OurData, the only thing that really establishes my identity is my relationships with others. I'm a friend of your friend, and so can see you and connect with you. We can also discuss this via messages to verify before we mutually agree on our friend status. This does establish trust to a certain extent. In the case of the request for help on the CB radio, it would be as though I said I knew truckers Joe and Judy, and you could verify this because I had a Joe and Judy identifier in my transmission. This is the relationship part of social networking. Actual identity is certainly related, in that Joe and Judy need to know who I am before they give me the Joe and Judy identifier rights, but it doesn't mean that Joe and Judy know that I'm the person that claims a particular bank account or social security number, or have certain DNA.

DNA and bank accounts: OurData wants to actually hold real identity. This is somewhat irrelevant for social networking. The reason for this is because of financial transactions and relations to governing bodies. My real identity matters in these cases. I have to pay taxes. I save money in a bank account. I can draw on Social Security at age 65, etc. This is an entirely different subject than social networking in general. The distinction is important to make, though, for obvious reasons. There is an advantage to real identity as well. Like the CB radio and driving on the freeway, we are better behaved when people know who we are; however, this can be a threat to freedom, especially when you consider the other aspects of identity that are related to social networking.

As you can imagine, the main people who are concerned about this are the people that can repair and extend their own MOACs. Most people experience social networking and identity as something that is exponentially better than CB radio. But think about this. Imagine if Radio Shack sold you a CB radio and they listened to everything you said and could use that information to market things to you? What if they charged you extra money to make sure your transmission went through when you broadcast for help? What if they installed a chip in the CB radio that identified you, and they controlled its use. Now, you might say, "Big deal! CB was on the open air waves!". But here is where

identity comes in. Radio Shack knows what CB was used to talk with who and when, and they control identity. Even if your broadcasts are public, it is much more disturbing to have a private company with this kind of control than to just have broadcasts from "somebody" out on the air waves. Further, at any time, they can disable your CB radio by disabling your identity chip. This is what social networking is about. It is not about access, it is about relationships. It becomes even more complicated when you think about how many different social sites your information is stored on. Your CB Radio has multiple chips, all controlled by others for different channels and types of communication. Don't you want to own those chips?

One effort that tries to address these problems is WebID. WebID has two functions. First, it allows you to assert your identity. This is done by a certificate that is encrypted and controlled by you. This certificate can be provided to others to assure your identity. Again, this is just an assertion that you control. You can call yourself anything you want, but as you link up your data on various web sites, you control the assertion itself. Another part of WebID is your profile. This can have your name, your blog, bits of your identity assertion for verification, and who you know. Although WebID is specified by the organization that defines the way the World Wide Web works, and the person who was primary in inventing thw World Wide Web as we know it, Tim Berners-Lee, is involved, WebID is thinly adopted. Mainly this is because Facebook is easy. WebID is relatively difficult to understand.

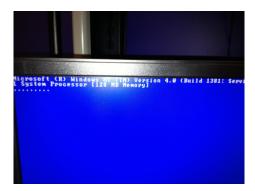
There are other social network platforms, like Diaspora and Friendica that provide notifications, storage of pictures, groups, private messaging... everything that we are used to seeing on OurData, for the most part, can be done with these platforms. One important difference, is that the alternative platforms are working on standard communications about social networking events. This is the negotiation on the CB radio. How do you know that Bob needs to talk to you? With CB, you listen to a channel and then negotiate another channel to discuss. It is in our interest that this mechanism is open and standard.

Unfortunately, the major social network platforms do not support WebID. They do support other third-party identification strategies, but that is kind of like delegating another party to control the identity chip in your CB radio. It isn't quite as good. There is another option, though. Both Diaspora and Friendica allow you to operate your own server. This means that you control your identity. You can't necessarily use that identity in the same way as a standard WebID; however, you can hook up with other cooperating social networking services.

#ourdata #webid



2013-02-05 • Journal • NT 4 Boot and Good Times • LR



Today I worked on a server that was not responding. It was part of a bunch of servers that ran an application I'm migrating. I could not fix it because nobody knew the local administrator password on it; however, I suspected it was either pointed at an old WINS server, or it relied on broadcasts and a network upgrade broke its ability to talk to the domain controllers. I was entertained by this boot screen.

As I was laying in bed thinking about this, and all of the other things I've seen, from the sunrise on the mesa in Taos to my son's head emerging from Yvette, I have lived an amazing life. Just in the technical world, as I swim in the huge systems of my current employ and work on everything from SAML 2.0 integrations to speculating about WINS entries on NT4 boxes, it is hard to

imagine a more interesting and varied life. Yvette just passed her worst day in her three week chemo cycle. She is so tough, so strong. She had a cold too, but kicked it in the last couple of days. (It is 12AM Wednesday... She had chemo last Friday.)

#computer stories #yvette



2013-02-06 • Journal • Philip K Dick's VALIS and Shift • LR

I just finished book two of the trilogy. I've been floored by these books ever since I started them. Right in the beginning, both the Nag Hammadi Gnostic scrolls and The Tibetan Book of the Dead are referenced. The layering within the books and between is amazing as well. This may have contributed to an increasingly disoriented feeling I've had. It got to the point yesterday (and quite a bit today), where I was anxious about driving. I usually take the bus, and have been reading VALIS pretty much non-stop on the bus the last few weeks. Today was a bit better than yesterday; however, it reminded me of when I used to deliver pies. I would get anxious about going in to the large industrial kitchens on campus. Anyway... I'm not sure if it is VALIS or something else.

#kitchen #pkd



2013-02-14 = Fiction = Pod Q = LR

"How is pod Q doing on the N4A cleanup? Did they take the tags?" "Yes, Cruise, just like you said. Lori got it first and gibbered with the pod, and then they all started taking the other tags" Cynthia smiled. Including dolphins in the datastreams meant that the last piece was in place for the Pacific cleanup.

The war with the remaining MindSynth nodes and Tkitty's final betrayal had taken its toll on Cynthia, but she couldn't rest until the first pods came online. The dolphin tagstreams had completely different metadata requirements, and the conversation threads had to fork much faster into different channels than with humans. But, she did it. She did it.

She closed her eyes, leaned back in her chair, and fell into a half-dream state. She saw the forest floor swirl open with red and white, just as she had seen three decades before. She knew what to do. She followed the hole through the damp, rotting leaves, through the decaying moist wood, and pinched herself into the blue room with the domed ceiling. The chair was empty.

#tkitty_story



2013-03-13 • Journal • Rebuilding Grandpa's Chainsaw - Revisit • LR

I wrote about how I rebuilt Grandpa's chainsaw in Rebuilding Grandpa's Chainsaw - Part 1.

Bobo, it turns out, found one of the clutch pieces, but he didn't mention it. Over the last year or two, he would lose and then find the piece of the clutch. He became fond of it, but he didn't know what it was. Finally, a couple weeks ago, he showed it to me, and described how it always managed to be found again and again when he lost it. I recognized it as one of the pieces from grandpa's old chainsaw. I told him I would make a necklace out of it. That is what you see in the attached picture. I broke 10 drill bits on that hole. The metal is very hard. Bobo says he wants to wear it to school tomorrow.

#bobo #grandpa





2013-03-16 • Dream • Wrong Eric • L R

First dream. Yvette and I built tiers of couches against a sloping wall. It was made out of very fuzzy beige pieces. One part looked like it was made out of an armchair, and it was perched on top of another row that was made of a long sofa.

I then walked through a room on the way to the Patti Smith concert. I saw Eric G and somebody else from the Oly days. I said their names, but I said them to the wrong people and Eric corrected me. I knew who was who, but still said it wrong. I continued on to the ballroom. It was filled with wooden chairs, some folding, and others were straight-back chairs around tables. I browsed for a seat. I was very early. The sound board was at the center and filled up a third of the room with a mini-stage for equipment and staff. At the back of the room there were Adirondack chairs. I put my orange coat over one of them, and Arlene (from New Frontier) came by. She said it was too early, and I couldn't save a seat yet.

I went into another room with Arlene. She was trying to buy an over the counter drug (like benedryl or aspirin). She was looking for three cents to buy the pill. There was a table in the center of the room with all kinds of different pills on it. They were in boxes with blister pack packets spilling out. Several people were looking for pills. I saw a wallet on the table and asked Arlene if that had her three cents. I knew it didn't belong to her. Hernan came by and said it was his, and took the wallet with him.

I then looked for a bathroom. There was a big sign draped over the bathrooms that said \$10. I didn't want to pay, so I went outside. There was a train that went towards the mountains that a lot of people were riding, so I figured I'd take it. It wound up through grassy ridges and arrived at a tourist village. There were giant moving rock sculptures. Animatronic rocks... I could see somebody working on the sculpture, and he hid in back as the train went by. One of the sculptures sprayed water on us and refreshed us so that we didn't even need to use bathrooms. I realized that is why people were on the train.

[2019: this furniture stuff reminds me of the other dream where the movers were peeved because they were moving different peoples stuff as part of ours. Also... woo... the keywords in this one.]

#bathroom #hernan #yvette



I saw a man get out of a maroon Rambler and grab a gas can from the trunk. It had pin-striping on the side. Perhaps it was like the old Pontiac that my parents had? I don't remember if that car had pin-striping or not. The car was shaped like my old Altima. I asked the man if he needed a ride. I told him that I used to have a 100 inch wheelbase rambler. He thanked me for the ride and got in. We then noticed that the gas station was just a block away and he got out again.

#rambler



2013-03-20 | Journal | I Know | LR

I was laying in bed thinking about work, my web projects, and drinking beer. I was up because I had three beers at Endolyne Joe's (pints of strong beer, Boundary Bay IPA), and I experienced that sugar bounce. Anyway... for a brief while I quieted my head a bit and realized that I could heal the universe. Yes... In a way that I wouldn't know, in a MCJ way. But the key thing is that I knew to my bones that I could, and if I didn't, I was lame (worse). I'll have to give some focus to that, since it is fairly unspecific and grand, but beer should be more occasional... among other things.

#beer



2013-03-21 • Dream • You are Not OK • LR

I was at a new job. It was kind of boring. The job transformed into me being at community college, and I was having a really hard time studying. When I was idle I started looking through some cards that Yvette had made when she was in school. They were yellow, with typewriter letters.

and another:

I was at my parent's house. It had recessed overhead lighting, which makes me think it was like my parent's Sumner house. It wasn't Auburn or Issaquah. I was trying to help my dad with a file. I knew what file he needed, and was trying to get it to him on a USB drive. He told me that he knew how to do it, and that he would ask for me if he wanted help. I got angry, and told him that I would always do that from now on. I realized that I did this all of the time, I offered my help to people, but they didn't really want it, or think they needed it. I knew in the case of my dad, that he did need my help, but it didn't really matter to me if he didn't get it, particularly if he didn't want it.

There was a sub-story through this regarding wedding pictures. I *think* that it might even be related to the file I was trying to transfer for dad, but I'm not sure. Our immediate family, orchestrated by mom and dad, sent out wedding pictures to everybody every year. Or, at least, everybody who was married (who was everybody) had their formal portraits sent out to all of our relatives.

Dad went to another room, or outside the house after our conversation. Mom and I were talking. I told her about my decision to offer help when asked. I told her I was doing fine, and that I was happy. She said that I was not OK. She got desperately angry. She said that I had become distant, and she couldn't communicate with me. Nana and Grandpa were also in the room, and I nodded at them and said that I could communicate just fine with them.

#dad #grandpa #house #mom #yellow



2013-04-11 Journal Wrists and Stevie LR

My wrists really aren't that bad right now. They have been much worse. I protect them as I can, but recently I've been doing a lot of coding. I do enjoy coding. Right now I'm coding up some PDF stuff with iTextSharp, so I'm learning C# and SSRS and iText all at the same time. I've been listening to Stevie again. Stevie Nicks Sleeping Angel Unedited Demo came on, and it really got to me. Perhaps I'm in a sentimental mood today. I also listened to Syd Barrett - Dark Globe.

I wanted to scream out in sympathy and tears as I sat in my half-height cube coding with my headphones on. I'm not really complaining. I can't explain it well, but I could relate to this song with what I was doing in the present.

I've been through this particular cycle many times. For a month, or two, or six or 48, I'll become obsessed with a particular way of expression. It might be the journal system or who knows what else, but it involves a lot of typing, usually. That is mostly how I do stuff. My wrists act up again, particularly if I'm typing a lot at work. It gets bad when I'm coding at work or in the middle of concurrent documentation (architecture/design/planning). I abandon my current personal projects, because my wrists hurt, and I need to protect them. So, something small, a small entry. I still think of Groddeck, though...

#groddeck



2013-04-12 • Subject • Come in my Boat • L R

I recently purchased an LED GU10 base bulb. It lights up my Pogány illustration of E W Rolleston translation of Wagner's Tannhäuser. I bought the book in January, 2011 as part of my Come in my Boat investigations that began in May of 2010, inspired by this Nina Hagen video:

Apocalyptica feat. Nina Hagen - Seemann

This is the translation of the Rammstein song that Nina Hagen is singing:

Come in my boat a storm is rising and it is becoming night Where do you want to go so completely alone you are drifting away

Who holds your hand when it pulls you under

Where do you want to go the cold sea is boundless

Come in my boat the autumn wind holds the sails taut

Now you are standing by the lantern with tears in your face the daylight falls on the side the autumn wind sweeps the streets clear

Now you are standing by the lantern you have tears in your face the evening light chases away the shadows time stands still and it becomes autumn

Come in my boat the helmsman feels longing

Come in my boat I was the best seaman

Now you are standing by the lantern you have tears in your face you take the fire from the candle time stands still and it becomes autumn

They only spoke of your mother only the night is so merciless at the end I am left alone time stands still and I am cold

I have several ideas about what this is about. I put the picture up of the the Pogany illustration on my wall as a reminder.

Here is the text that goes with the picture:

Sailor, come hither! Let thy cheek wither
In the salt sea-wind, sailor no more!
All that men sigh for, live for and die for,
Vainly, eternally, have we in store.
We have all blisses, caresses and kisses,
Tales of the wide world, laughter and lore.
Soft hall they sleep be, dreamless and deep be,
Cares of the world lie far from our shore.
Sailor, come hither! Hither, oh! hither
Let the cold world-wind vex thee no more!

Tears in the Rain Soliloquy from Blade Runner

There is a reference to Tannhauser, "I watched C-beams glitter in the dark near the Tannhauser gate."

Check this out at 33 minutes:

On the Edge of Blade Runner

I recently (finally) finished Philip K Dick's VALIS trilogy. Absolutely amazing work. It traces so many ideas I've been following over the years. I need to read it again soon.

#seemann



2013-04-21 • Journal • Red Tiny House • LR

I had a dream last night that Yvette and I were inviting people to an important event, perhaps our wedding, or something similar. I was working with somebody to print up the invitations. He had an old-style printing press that you had to manually swap the pages out on each time it pressed a new page. We discussed whether we should leave a blank spot on the page and print off all 25 in one run and write in the addresses and names of people, or if we should change the type between each page. Either way it was a very manual process. I don't believe we decided which one was better.

I ended up finding an article on tiny houses and followed it to a blog this morning.

Here are a couple quotes listed on Tiny House:

"Everything is both simpler than we can imagine, and more complicated than we can conceive." – Goethe

"Many people go fishing all their lives without knowing it is not fish they are after." -Thoreau

[2019: A couple things. First of all, Yvette wrote a book called Red House. I think it is up in the attic for Bobo, or with his aunt or uncle. Second, Mark (S) printed up cards for Yvette's memorial on an old printing press.]

#yvette



2013-04-23 • Journal • Mystical Shit • L R

I'll not wander down the road of knowing me. Even after five decades of study, much of it characterized by the serious introspection allowed those who pursue the life of the mind in the halls of academia, I barely know myself. And I know too little about love. But I'm pretty certain it's all we have. –Guy McPherson



So, ultimately, I'm mystical in my approach to life. I truly believe that what we experience in our daily, conscious life is a fraction of what both motivates us and is real or important. Now, any kind of amplification of this would be silly. First off, a tip of the hat to King Missile

Let's just get that out of the way. And, let's just have another cheesecake Any kind of amplification of this would be silly.

I am continuing to read Undoing Time. So, when you get beyond the yoga pants, this is a good example of how what we experience in our daily, conscious life is a fraction of what both motivates us and is real or important. I'm not even convinced any more that the mystery religions have anything but extra screens to offer. And, believe me, no religion is sacred from this perspective. From what I can tell, at the top, or beginning, or whatever, the greatest religions start as wine or bread that isn't actually wine or bread.

Speaking of Buckdancer's Choice, I was on my way to a Patti Smith concert a couple months ago, and I saw a woman who had been hit by a car. Cars were all backed up on the street, and the light was changing without any cars moving. This contributed to confusion and visibility. The bus let people out to

help. I got out as well and walked past the woman. She convulsed in the road,

her body hunched over slightly on her side. Are you kind?

I walked to Shultzy's and had several milk stouts and a sausage burger and stared out over the rainy ave. I thought about when Marc and I used to hang out on the ave and play video games at the arcade. The ave used to be my favorite place in Seattle to hang out.

Patti sang Land right in to Gloria at the concert.

#marc #patti smith #shultzys



2013-04-26 • Fiction • Bridge Loan to Series C Financing • LR

Laura Talos stood up at the end of the conference table dressed in a red, vintage Chanel suit, placed her flexed hands on the surface of the glass, and looked slowly around at the other eight staff of Tkitty.com, pausing at each face, each pair of eyes. Next to her was an old Wyse terminal with Kor scrawled in Kiss-style letters on the old, yellowed plastic. She entered "Where is the promised revenue?" on the keyboard. I knew what had happened to Kor's connection matrix, and shook my head imperceptibly as I stared at the dark glass tabletop and frowned. The screen flashed amber once and the cursor blinked in the lower left.

"Jacob, what is wrong with Kor?"

"His connection matrix was damaged after our last deployment," I said, sheepishly. "He can only answer with a yes or no, now. Yes is one flash, and no is two."

"Is this true, Kor? Can you only answer in this way?" The screen flashed amber once, and, again, the black, blank screen remained, with a single blinking cursor in the lower left.

Laura folded her arms, looked at the ground, and walked around the conference table. Orla, Cynthia's daughter offered, "The cleanup was successful, Laura. My mom... sorry... Cynthia got Pod Q to take the tags. It is only a matter of time before MindSynth is in demand. We have shown that the system is operational."

"I don't care about that," Laura said gruffly. "What I care about is that we have no money to make payroll next week. QwebConnect refused to peer with us to transmit tagstream 3 and 4. I can't even afford to pay my own cell phone bill. We need revenue. We need it now. Steven, what is the status with the EPA? Has Kevin stepped forward with a contract yet?" Kevin Lusk is the head of the EPAs Ocean and Lake Reclamation Division.

"No. They haven't been able to meet about our proposal yet. I hate to push them any more than I have already. They simply don't move very fast."

"Kevin, this is the same story with every client. None of them will close. We've always been able to depend on Kor." Laura sat down at the terminal and typed, "We are going to lose tagstream 3 and 4 if we don't get some revenue. What should we do?" The screen flashed twice. "Aaagrhhhh... This is not happening!" Laura banged the keyboard onto the conference room table.

I shouted out a caution, but stifled it... It was difficult to find these old terminals that could hook up to Kor's RS-232C interface. I'd use Minicom with VT102 emulation, but after almost 30 years I simply can't do it. I need the amber screen, the look and feel of Kor."

"Garmon, what are our options?" Laura asked. Tula Garmon was our CFO. He has been working on a \$1 salary for as long as I've worked here, and always manages to find funds.

"We'll have to start a Series C."

"But, another round will take too long. It took you a year to close Series B. We can't afford that kind of wait again." Laura fiddled with the tiny braids on her brass buttons. One of the buttons was close to falling off, and it hung loosely to the side of the button hole.

"We can do a bridge. I should be able to raise a hundred k by the end of the week, enough to pay for our QwebConnect bill for another two months and make payroll. I'll have to shine on Rezource Property Management another month, but it isn't like anybody else is clamoring for this space. We should be OK."

The Wyse terminal flashed once, and the cursor blinked a happy pace.

#tkitty story



2013-04-28 • Subject • Why are flowers beautiful? • LR

A couple days ago I was discussing strange ideas with a friend, as we spiraled down and up some threads regarding reality and the mysteries. I thought of the beauty of flowers for the first time. Of course, I know flowers are beautiful, and I know that the colors attract insects, and my OOTB education informs me of the necessary adaptations over millions of years that got us to this point. For the first, time, though, I considered the idea of how beautiful the world was, and the fact that it was humans observing this beauty, and that it was improbable that this was all so well aligned.

I'm a relative skeptic these days as far as universe design, but I have many lingering, latent propensities towards irrational explanation. In a rush, I embraced thousands of years of superstitious thought. Was gardening the most simple expression of the divine ground? This all led be back through some stuff I remembered from the Gnostic Gospels (Nag Hammadi, primarily). I was thinking that because of the reflection, the fact that humans experience this, but we see it and cultivate it, made what we saw necessarily woven into what we are. The light outside is inside, and there is no distinction. I'm not saying that humans are the center or anything, but we are pretty extreme participants in something universal. At the same time, I'm resisting esoteric approaches, which is new to me, as I often prefer the esoteric rather than the exoteric. Every human on this earth appreciates the beauty of a flower.

Yesterday, I took a bold step. I actually googled "why are flowers beautiful." I thought, well, now Google knows. I'll get some annoying ads now. I felt like a child asking a dumb question. I found this:

David Deutsch, Beyond the Utmost Bound

I was also thinking about my insistence on blog format. One thing I enjoy about the world of open source amid connected hosts on a relatively open network (the Internet), is that I can continue to develop and express myself in a way that is beautiful to me. I didn't watch this whole video, but I did purchase one of his books to read on the bus. From what I did watch, I thought about how I toss out the paper again and again as I write my equivalent of a story (which often takes the form of a story) again and again. Deutsch talks about this:

Why Are Flowers Beautiful?

I'm doing a similar thing at work. For some odd reason, I'm in a position where I can create a phone directory in PDF form any way that I want. I did a good enough job with a previous development project, that I have been given some freedom. I've talked recently with another friend of mine about the satisfaction of work. Perhaps this participation in beauty is a human need, as much as water. Oh, that sounds like a mistake. I can just hear Burroughs and Brecht cautioning me:

William S Burroughs on September Songs

I added a feature to the blog last night that solves one problem I have with presentation. I created a div (block of the web page that can be formatted separately, among other things) just for links to videos. Just right-click on the link and you know that it will pop open a video on another tab. It is easy to tell. This way you can surf through clicks if you like in a single pane, and the load time doesn't get bogged down with the embedded vide, and as an added bonus, your browser isn't bombarded by all of the extra trackers that an embedded video brings.

Speaking of my stubborn blogging, I was browsing around some of the alternative social networks. Related to some buddycloud stuff, I saw this post:

Slave to the Rhythm - Grace Jones

What an amazing human. This is a recent show. Wow!

And, finally, related to something above, that is related to that something, I ran into this. It is beautiful enough to include, although I'm not sure what the connection is:

Mary Margaret O'Hara - Body's in Trouble

I don't have to understand every connection, right?

Cheers

Monday, 2018-08-13 11:41:03:

Mary Margaret O'Hara on Nightmusic

#work



2013-04-30 • Dream • McElfresh Chuckle • LR

I was browsing through the change advisory board notes, and noticed that Travis McElfresh had denied a project of mine (CompuLaw). I tried to call him to talk about it. Apparently I had been invited to the meeting; however, I had deleted the recurring invitation from my calendar, or he had canceled one and it actually deleted the whole series.

I searched all over for the extension for Travis, but couldn't find it. Yvette and I were supposed to meet, so I called her and said she could hang out while I figured out how to get a hold of Travis. I was looking for the colored pieces of paper that had the list of IT staff on it, but I couldn't find it. I knew that these were no longer distributed.

I called a general number. An automated voice answered. I mumbled something, but knew that it wouldn't connect me correctly because I needed to talk to Travis. I called a couple more times and the automated voice chuckled. Travis said that it was he, and that Jason Judge had wanted to test upload and downloads from CompuLaw, but Travis said that he denied this because of inbound.

I joked about inbound being "we need to say stuff, but there is nothing to say." Travis chuckled.



2013-05-04 • Subject • Desolation Row • LR

I have been watching Bob Dylan movies and listening to his music the last few months. It started with I'm Not There:

That was Allen Ginsberg, man

I've listened to Highway 61 Revisited fifteen times or so over the same time period. Betty came with the cassette tape in her glove box. As I was going to the bus yesterday, on the way to work, I remembered something Kor told me via his Al module a few years ago that I forgot about. I'll have to add it to the tkitty story. He said that Bob Dylan was completely tuned in with MindSynth. It wasn't like he could just use it without a lot of work. He had to breathe songs and music for years, live with it, and perfect it, before he could let go. When he did let go, he wrote great poetry. Kor used Desolation Row as an example of how ground breaking Dylan's poetry was, particularly for 1965.

I tried to let go of my morning's focus working on Buddycloud and my identity project, and a real estate sign caught my eye.

I thought of California, what has happened in the last five decades, coming out of Silicon Valley, added the scene and Moore (Famous for his 1965 paper) and tapped out these lyrics on my phone:

The straw dress callously sweeping Spent livers from beneath the stones. And, Moore he rambles on and on With exponential moans.

Mustard seed brand poultice,

Encased by skin around bones

And the sign becomes another verse in Desolation Row

I did not know that Moore's law was authored in 1965 until I wrote this entry just now. I'm proving Kor's mechanism

(and Bob Dylan's).

Here is one painting that captures Desolation Row

It seems to me that using Desolation Row as a keyword source is a great way to bootstrap the story and demonstrate Kor's point about Bob Dylan and MindSynth.

#bob_dylan



2013-05-04 • Subject • Throwing Good Money After Bad • LR

One thing that I constantly struggle with is throwing good money after bad. I don't exactly mean this in the way that it is usually used, in that I don't often do stuff like fix something that shouldn't be fixed. I have done that, but that isn't my big problem. What I do is I go on the assumption that I need to use everything. For a specific example, if I spend 1,000 hours on a project that really didn't work out, I am compelled and even feel that the universe requires that I re-use all of the stuff I figured out on the way. I find it almost impossible to just walk away from a bad idea. Most of the time this has to do with technology. I might want to make use of WebID, for instance, or make sure that the web hosting service that I paid \$20 for is used fully. It doesn't matter to me that I might have to spend one hundred hours shoehorning that particular knowledge or service into my other plans. Other times it might be a home improvement project where I have an extra board or three particular kinds of bolts. It is true that if I step back and unfocus a bit, I can see how things might go together, but that is slightly different as well.

So far, I have managed to use this to my advantage, in that I have pushed the limits of many areas that help me in my work. When I was stuck on the idea that I would use my own GNU/Linux distribution for everything I did, and would spend an entire day recompiling Firefox every couple of years, I learned quite a bit about the kinds of things that provide money for me and my family. I'm trying to let go, now. I need to re-wire Betty, the '67 Econoline pop-top so we can go camping again. I would like to garden more, and learn about the plants in the yard from Yvette, perhaps get the tiny sprinklers working to save water and time. I need to let myself unravel a bit.

#yvette



2013-05-06 • Memory • Time Flash • L R

I was putting on some door hardware from when I put in the new floors. The new floors raised the floor higher, because I put down sheathing on top of the old flooring that was under the carpet to provide a better base for the laminate. The doors are pocket doors, and I noticed that the door was sliding kind of crooked. I took the door off, adjusted it, put it back on, and the whole rail came off. Since it is a pocket door, that means that to re-mount the rail I had to cut a hole in the wall. Anyway, It is all back together now, and it works well.

I was sitting on the couch across the room from Yvette. Both of us were kind of drifting off. In my semi-conscious state I had a very clear memory of when I used to work at the store selling PCs almost thirty years ago. The memory was so clear that I was shocked with my present time. What had I been doing all of these years?

I drifted off again and had a memory flash of ten years later, when I lived in married student housing with Yvette. Again, when I was in the present I was shocked by the fact that here I was after all of this time.

#yvette



2013-05-09 • Subject • The Pursuit of The Good • LR

That phrase "The pursuit of happiness" has always bothered me. I have great respect for our early leaders, and knew that Jefferson did not mean that we could simply consume what we wished without taxing or interference.

There is the Brecht caution about proper helpings. Nothing puts a crimp on expansive ideas of freedom and happiness like starvation or watching your family die.

This is related to my recent interest and surprise about the idea of objective beauty. Like beauty, "The Good" is usually quite subjective. But, if you wrap back around to the pursuit of happiness, and assume that our founders had something in mind besides the newest model of luxury car, then perhaps, when bellies are full, we have a right do do what is beautiful is all. Is that true? Who is granting this right?

The cool thing, is that I am merely a mountain climber. The mountain gives me that right, I suppose.

#mountain_climbing



2013-05-10 • Subject • Poetry 101 Hatred Mashup • LR

I dawdled around a bit too much this morning and had to drive to work. When I drive, I get angry, I often get angry. I get angry at other drivers and other cars. I swear at the drivers, mouthing words that I hope they see. I might be listening to The Moody Blues, even, lost in a dreamy song, but if I see one car I don't like, or a driver does something obnoxious, BAM, I'm angry.

I was particularly angry this morning. It felt good, and I considered this. I hadn't felt angry in awhile. For that matter, I haven't driven to work in a couple of weeks. My anger was familiar and comforting somehow, and I tried to figure out why. It was "my precious". This is how it felt: like a secret, a power, a possession, something lost, but now I had it again, and I was happy about it.

Happy. Angry.

What did that mean?

It seemed rather indulgent, my anger, particularly when I realized that it was a kind of pleasure. I'd never really thought of anger that way before. I'm reading Our Lady of the Flower's, so my thoughts are certainly skewed by the book; however, the expression of my anger reminded me of the concupiscent curds in The Emperor of Ice-Cream:

Call the roller of big cigars,

The muscular one, and bid him whip

In kitchen cups concupiscent curds.

Let the wenches dawdle in such dress

As they are used to wear, and let the boys

Bring flowers in last month's newspapers.

Let be be finale of seem.

The only emperor is the emperor of ice-cream.

Take from the dresser of deal.

Lacking the three glass knobs, that sheet

On which she embroidered fantails once

And spread it so as to cover her face.

If her horny feet protrude, they come

To show how cold she is, and dumb.

Let the lamp affix its beam.

The only emperor is the emperor of ice-cream.

-Wallace Stevens

Now, first off, some history on this poem. I first read this in Poetry 101 at community college. It is significant because I claimed, to the disdain of my classmates, that it was about masturbation. Roller of big cigars and concupiscent curds? It seemed a reasonable analysis of the poem.

And so, indulgence of hatred was like eating ice cream. I decided (all the while in my head while driving), that it would be interesting to put The Emperor into the poem as the Emperor of hate. But who was consuming the curds? Well, again with the masturbation, again with Our Lady of the Flowers, I was consuming the curds myself. I was eating my own ice cream. This made me think of a poem by Stephen Crane:

In the desert

I saw a creature, naked, bestial,

who, squatting upon the ground,

Held his heart in his hands,

And ate of it.

I said, "Is it good, friend?"

"It is bitter - bitter," he answered;

"But I like it

Because it is bitter,

And because it is my heart."

That fit so well together. I am self indulgent in my hatred, and I eat the curds that form so easily, my swearing, my glares, my self righteous anger that I feel comfortable in. But it is also true that I'm eating my own heart when I indulge in this. So, I combined the two poems:

Emperor of hatred, my heart,

Your concupiscent curds form at the slightest caress,

And I devour them, because they're mine.

#moody blues



2013-05-11 • Subject • The Other Side of Time • LR

I noticed a surprisingly detailed article on the changes of the earth on Time, in Timelapse Watch: the world change over the course of nearly three decades of satellite photography

There is an update here

It reminded me of this:

Bob Dylan Interview with Time Magazine

How did we get here? Well, if I follow the keywords, we end up here:

The Moody Blues - The Other Side Of Life

I think that works. I do admit that I feel twangs of embarrassment as I watch that vid, but I bought that tape in '86 and have always loved The Moody Blues. I still listen to them quite a bit. But, how I think this really applies, is that their song shows the world that Dylan rejects in the beginning, and shows the real world that Dylan tells the Time reporter he wants to see. And, this real world of humans struggling, vomiting, and living in, this world is also the world we are changing over time.

#bob_dylan



2013-05-13 • Fiction • Richard Well • | R

I need another character, somebody completely insane, somebody that lives on the Mesa. I was walking today, and I tried to think of a name. Richard came to mind first, and then I thought of Wells. I Googled Richard Wells and found a game composer. I then thought of The WELL, and I knew it had to be Richard Well. Richard Well will be a character in Tkitty. The name also reminds me of Richard Brautigan.

#tkitty_story



2013-05-14 • Journal • Nice • LR

I told Yvette this morning that I wasn't particularly nice, and she said, "I know. But, I love you." I said that I loved that about her. We laughed, but it was true. And, she knows I love her, as she is, and she loves that about me. We have twisted and cycled through this storm, our world, our DNA for 27 years together. I know what it is to be nice. I appreciate nice. I don't trust it, though, and that is probably what makes me not so nice. I appreciate the storms that sink ships more. The sea, the sky, the storm, all of it. I trust that. I am that. I have fought, and will fight alongside all of it. All of it. And, it is holy, holy, holy... all of it. But that isn't nice. That is different.

#twisted



2013-05-18 • Subject • Looting • L R

At least pirates were honest about their intent. It always amazes me how much flair and creativity humans demonstrate as they loot the Earth and other creatures, other humans. We have extremely fine-tuned cultural machinery to hide this from ourselves, and even make us feel good about it. For me, my anger at the looters needs mirror-like wisdom, for I am a looter, and I am ashamed of this. I don't see a better option right now, though, I really don't. The modern riot looting version seems like a decent metaphor. So what if I'm not stealing a television and limit my looting to band-aids and cereal? Does it matter that this is merely a human behavior?

#uteotw



2013-05-18 • Subject • Plateau of Sun • L R

I've had this understanding twice in the last week. I can feel a different world, as though it is a plateau, vibrant (and silent) with Rumi, tapped in with the sun and the early morning delivery drivers. My plans and ideas fade away in the light, as I stand on my newly scaled plateau. Each day, each night, since the first understanding, I try to remember. I don't want to forget. Twice, now, in the last week.

#plateau



2013-05-20 • Journal • Riding With Willie • LR

Yvette wasn't feeling well today, so I got her and Bobo some sushi down at the fancy supermarket in the fancy neighborhood. The sun was out and it was warm enough to drive around with my window down. I have a car radio that takes SD cards with MP3s on them. I've been listening to a huge mix that I made in 2001. It was 700 megs of MP3s that I fit on one CD. Back then I had a player that would read CD-ROMs full of MP3s, but now I have it on an SD card. Anyway, I decided to put my Willie and Phosphorescent SD card back in the player.

Now, usually this particular market annoys me, but not today. I just cruised around listening to Willie loud, went to the store and got the sushi, and went home. I enjoyed the people I saw, the sun, and Willie as he sang songs on Phases and Stages. I remember that this song came on just as I was leaving the central part of the area where the market is:

No Love Around

On the way in Sister's Coming Home was on. "And the mirror's gonna tell her how long she's been gone."

Sister's Coming Home

#plateau





Note that this entry starts out big, with a different idea about "Kiss or Kill" than I end with, but I thought it was interesting to trace, and, really, I want to get on with it... this is just a blog, and this article another piece of decoupage

I woke up with a clear dream last week... really good stuff to work with. Interestingly for broader viewing, is that it was about sharing family photographs and giving people things they don't actually want before they ask (but it was much more tied in to my relationship with my parents). Don't share your dreams unless you want to reveal things that not even you are consciously aware of yet. It is bad enough already with our conscious lives.

One person in my dream was desperate. This corresponds to some semi-conscious visions I've had of two different people. When I think of somebody as desperate in my visions, I am scared of that person, and cautious about what it means. When a human is desperate, there are varying reactions and dangers from both perspectives, from both the desperate human and from other humans. If an animal is desperate (scared, hungry), we naturally are cautious. I suppose that makes sense, right? Pet that wild, large cat in the right circumstances, but at night, when the cat is hungry, we are a nice meal? A trapped domestic cat, or a dog in pain, we are cautious about. That seems right.

But what about humans who are emotionally desperate? It might be about money or financial survival, but this gets tied together with humans. As an example, a business executive might have honor and past failures tied up in what he feels is one last stand at showing all of the people that criticized him that he was right, that he was visionary. The flow of other vultures and lions and bears (and bulls) that intersect worlds when one is in business, really, doesn't mean that one's vision isn't valid if one fails. It just means that it is a mad world.

Smeagol Sings Mad World

If one fails consistently, it may mean that the vision is not such that one will profit in that world. For instance, one may underestimate how other businesses react when threatened. It isn't really a matter of being immediately threated (life), either by gunshot or fist or lack of food. The threat is more abstract and emotional. What does the failure of a modern business with executives mean? Worst case is what? A business executive has excellent verbal skills, and can put on the pony show, etc. How bad can it be? And, seriously, except for the physical stress on my body (elbows), the best job I ever had in my life was as a baker. I know that worst case for the suit isn't that bad. And, yet, I don't trust a desperate business executive, usually. Or, really, any kind of business owner. My own boss, at the pie shop, when I told him that my elbows were hurting, said that it was my own fault, that I had hurt them on my off-time. This was not true. It was the awkward way I had to remove the filling in the 5 gallon buckets from under the steam pipe.

So, back to the question. Esoteric questions are becoming less and less important to me as I get older. What matters, immediately, what will affect us the most, is the exoteric expression and understanding. What do I mean by that? Well, for a specific example, I really care less and less about how Christianity was based in fertility cults:

John Allegro's "The Sacred Mushroom and the Cross" - a Gnostic Media exclusive video

True, I have always found that topic interesting. True, in real life a man who lived on The Mesa when I stayed there told me I should read that book, right around the same time that I "gave" a man a coat.

*Give a Man a Coat

It is what Martin Luther King, Jr. says, it is what people express from the New Testament, now, that matters. I just mean that as far as Christianity, the filters of keywords and our collective experience have transformed the original ideas into something else that is more important than the original idea. Oh, there are still some people holding on to their bread, wafers, wine, blood, artifacts of the fertility cults and other reflections of old religions, fetish pitons of

unconscious recollection. And, true, it would be interesting to scale those mountains, but I'm simply less interested. The Earth is in crisis, as is humans' relationship to her. I have to say that it is kiss or kill, now. I'll say that. I'll say that this is exoteric, a knife to the throat, a kiss and a roll. A flash, a theft, flight, love, pain, and death. I'll say that this will be our experience in the coming decades, and I'm more interested in this. What was buried in earthen jars two thousand years ago is becoming more and more disconnected from our current experience. How do we gauge, then, if there is no papyrus to show us? Youtube, of course.

I'm going to hold up X as the my example of desperate, kiss or kill. I saw Decline of Western Civilization, where I believe this clip is from, in the Phlegm House living room

X – We're Desperate

I play too hard when I ought to go to sleep
They pick on me 'cause I really got the beat
Some people give me the creeps
Every other week I need a new address
Landlord, landlord, landlord cleaning up the mess
Our whole fucking life is a wreck

We're desperate, get used to it Its kiss or kill

Coca-cola and a motorola kitchen Naugahyde and a tie-dyed t-shirt Last night everything broke

We're desperate, get used to it (x4) Its kiss or kill

I play too hard when I ought to go to sleep
They pick on me 'cause I really got the beat
Some people give me the creeps
Every other week I need a new address
Landlord, landlord, landlord cleaning up the mess
Our whole fucking life is a wreck

We're desperate, get used to it Its kiss or kill

~ X

I'm not joking about YouTube. This whole article is mostly a web surf after a dream I had and a google for desperate. Social media is part of the tag streams, certainly, and arguably defines it. But the keywords filter through and follow our own associations in our unconscious and conscious minds. Here is an explanation about kiss or kill, in a book by the same title:

I invited chaos to join us by applying my pragmatic, black-and-white, high-altitude values to our flat, social world. Up there everything is bright and obvious, choosing right means winning, survival. The wrong decision often ends in suffering, and perhaps death. Down here I won't die, but I wondered at that moment whether living could actually be worse.

~ Kiss or Kill: Confessions of a Serial Climber, Mark Twight*

That idea of a flat social world that has more choices than survival or not, that does remind me of the plateau.

I was heavily influenced by punk music both on the trip and while writing "Kill or Kill." The title, in fact, was stripped from a song by Los Angeles favorites X. Punk songs were all short, spare, and packed a wallop. The confrontational attitude broadcast by the punk movement was mantra and method for me.

~ Kiss or Kill: Confessions of a Serial Climber, Mark Twight*

Kill... serial climber... He kills. I have a metaphor of climbing vs. plateau that I'm working through right now. Kiss or kill? I'm thinking that The Plateau

Plateau of Sun

is more helpful than the mountain. We need to live down here, on Earth, in the clearing,

in between kiss and kill.

I found another reference to kiss or kill in a 1997 movie. It seemed to fit the world that Exene sings about. The fire, on again, off again, desperate story, where they are kissing, in love, having sex, and then they have to flee supported Twight's idea of intensity and survival. Certainly the characters were confrontational.

Kiss or Kill trailer

And I think this wandering works well, and leads us to this exploration of Kill or Kill we get from the cinema perspective in Our eunuch dreams by Dylan Thomas:

They dance between their arclamps and our skull, Impose their shots, showing the nights away; We watch the show of shadows kiss or kill Flavoured of celluloid give love the lie.

2019: this Dylan Thomas poem is in the opening of the Kiss or Kill movie.

Is that true, I wonder? That we glorifykiss kill from exposure to media?

Amateur Photographer Bonnie and Clyde scene

I'm back on the plateau, now, with a bucket and a mop, and an illustrated book about birds.

Meat Puppets – Plateau

#kiss_or_kill #plateau



2013-06-24 - Journal - Why Fake? Why Corruption? - LR

It isn't like I have a particularly keen grip on what is real and what isn't real; however, I do know some things. I do know corruption of a good idea when I see it. I do know when a core truth has been twisted and watered down until it has no resemblance to the original. Take almost any interesting historical or present person, and almost as soon as the bits and pieces of what that person believed, did, or said are posted on social networking sites, the reality or idea is corrupted. This isn't just for the fun sites like Facebook. LinkedIn started pushing users to validate skills. A box would pop up and it made it very convenient to just click a few boxes to validate the skills of someone. I know what my skills are, and the skills of those I've worked with, and the resulting cheap social representation was fake. It was corrupted. Certainly it allows people information to flow, and facilitates an approximate feel for the current and movement; however, like a modern news program, it is increasingly controlled by something other than observation and analysis. What is crazy-making, is that the ideas or people being corrupted are often incredibly interesting. The same thing happens when I post my own stuff about other people and ideas as well. The mere act of interacting with Facebook somehow corrupts my expression. Oh, perhaps not immediately, or perhaps not with one post, but generally it does corrupt what I mean to say, or how I see it.

It reminds me of this idea I have for introducing Richard Well into Tkitty:

"If modern human social dialog, our word and thought corpus, is thought of as a hivemind kind of hypostasis entity formed by an amalgam of ads, unconscious anxiety, consumerism, and titter tatter chatter, then what is the code of it unraveling? What pot of alien black goo DNA tool is needed to unravel this Oogie Boogie man entity? It can work both ways, and this is a very optimistic idea: that we could manipulate the cultural tagstreams in a way that would rip the current structure and release the captive bugs, creating light and hope." -Richard Well

I love the idea of transforming the mechanism of corruption and illusion into a tool for light and hope.

#tkitty



2013-07-07 • Subject • The Author and So Wrong • LR

One thing that bothers me continually, is that I have never understood why it matters who I am. First off, any attempts to assert this are bullshit, eventually. I understand who I am, or, at least, I know quite a few of my behaviors, the way I react to things, who I feel close to emotionally, who protects me, what womb I came from, who cares about me, who I take care of, and the way to get to the grocery store.

Identity, as a technical concept, is very interesting to me as well. At the most basic level, I want people to be able to find me if they want me. What gets really twisted, though, is that I also believe that it doesn't matter who I am, for any kind of expression that is interesting to me. What makes me roar in defiance, is the warping of identity on social networks. Do you really want to consume yourself in marketing? I just want to have a beer with you.

I was comfortable with the level of LinkedIn for a long time; however, when the skills validation started, I saw how even something as simple as a way to share work experience and recommendations quickly became fiction. Why? Because of the diminished cost of engagement. LinkedIn was facilitating this by making it easy for users to validate stuff by clicking a box that was presented as an option. The structural knowledge is becoming warped and pliable.

Now, my identity as a future recipient of social security, citizenship the owner of a bank account, the odds that I will pay off a loan, and, even, the risk in letting me fly to another country, is an entirely different matter. This is my DNA identity. I'm not confused about this at all. It is something that needs to be guarded.

What is really interesting, and what is likely the only real way that we experience knowledge, is disconnected from the author, regardless of whether identity for the author is important. It is difficult to abandon the idea that writing is some kind of channel for a truth I'm aware of, a homunculus of the larger story I was told about God during my religious upbringing.

I'm beginning to see that this is the conflict. Aleister Crowley touched on this in his introduction to his autohagiography:

I find myself obliged, for these and many other reasons, to abandon altogether any idea of conceiving an artistic structure or the work or formulating an artistic purpose. All that I can do is describe everything that I remember, as best I can, as if it were, in itself, the centre of interest. I must trust nature so to order matters that, in the multiplicity of the material, the proper proportion will somehow appear automatically, just as in the operations of pure chance or inexorable law a unity ennobled by strength and beautified by harmony arises inscrutably out of the chaotic concatenation of circumstances.

I just need to take this a bit further, and disassociate myself as an author entirely.

The English language was created by poets, a five-hundred year enterprise of emotion and metaphor, the richest dialogue in world literature. French rhetorical models are too narrow for the English tradition. Most pernicious of French imports is the notion that there is no person behind a text. Is there anything more affected, aggressive, and relentlessly concrete than a Parisian intellectual behind his/her turgid text? The Parisian is a provincial when he pretends to speak for the universe. -Camille Paglia

It would be ironic if Paglia herself missed the whole patriarchy enforcement of author, eh? Is this true? Well, I'm not sure I have time to read her book, so I'll just have to leave some room for doubt here, count her as part of the swirl, the knowledge soup, the hypertext links, the wikipedia, and move on.

Oooo... I am excited about the possibilities.

#crowley



2013-07-11 • Subject • Worn, oh Shit! • LR

I was drinking beer and looking out over my yard, over the house, past the street, looking at the mountain range on the horizon, watching the jets, and thinking about connections... all of the ideas, and I kind of panicked because I could feel the loss of power, a slight fading of the connections... my brain was slowing after decades. I'm wearing out, oh shit! I'm on the other side... going down. That is OK, I know it is coming. It is like work, though. When I was young I got through in a different way... I could design servers for seven cities, build them, and learn the operating systems while I was boxing them up to ship. I'd have all week-end to learn PerI, or whatever. I could pour lots of fuel in there, just bring in more air when the other two barrels opened... not an issue. But, now, although I can't do it in the same way, I've done it so many times, and I don't waste as much time on the stuff that leads nowhere. Ahhhh... but it has taken me forever to bring that down to my personal projects. I'm worn. The parts are starting to be sloppy. I'll have to be more careful and focused.

The World's Fastest Indian trailer

I love every fucking bit of it... every fucking second, everything that has happened. I really do. I would like to get more done on this idea I have on the sites, though, as I disappear over the coming decades.

#beer



2013-07-13 - Subject - Simplifying, Stopping, Imploding, Movement - LR

[Note: I had way too much coffee as I wrote this, and kind of lost interest towards the end, because I wanted to get started, and I need to pick up some beer for a party next month.]

A core idea I've had for many years is stopping. This includes many things, and is a form of controlled implosion and simplification. There are opposing forces, as we generally live under a model of unlimited growth. Another force is control, which is convoluted, because we are being controlled to want unlimited growth. For me, information technology is very important. And, really, to you too, if you are reading this... and, really, to you too, if you live on this planet. So, when I talk about stopping, it usually involves IT, but it also assumes that this is necessary in general for the good of the planet. Stopping also involves ideas and philosophy. Probably the best example in the history of human civilization is The Bible. True, there are other examples of stopping, other widely read religious books, but at least in the year 2013, this one book is still held by enough people as good enough to stop on, and is so broad in influence, that I'll hold it up as the best example ever. I don't agree that ideas should stop, though. I do agree that the consumption cycle of ideas needs to stop, or, at least, the ideas need to be owned by those that have stopped. We need to metaphorically throw a wrench into entertainment franchises, stop the machinery, and create our own organic base. Pick anything you want, here, whether it is a film studio and theme park, professional sports teams*, a dominant social networking platform, or a religious organization. All of them are relatively bland, stagnant, and destructive. It is interesting, still, how that sentiment can work so well with a crank about stopping with The Bible. The Bible is incredibly rich in many ways, and is an economical and safe way to perpetuate some form of culture without continuous and exponential consumption. Shakespeare might work as well. But that really isn't me. My deal is a somewhat Marxist argument about controlling the means of production and consuming what already exists... a form of cut-up.

My fictional character Richard is very content to live in the state of old technology. Now, it is kind of difficult to hold on to technology from the eighties, the same decade that Stallman started GNU, but it is possible. Think about the Kaypro II, for instance. On the positive side, it had many standalone, yet integrated applications: word processing, spreadsheet, database. Compared to having a typewriter, calculator, adding machine, index cards, and a file cabinet, a Kaypro II completely kicked ass. Some negatives would be the screen size, the CRT, floppy drive failure, etc.

Cloud and device control motivate, and are related to the idea of stopping. On one side, security is being embedded at the device level and controlled by corporations that control your ability to participate. This is because of security concerns (opportunists will spoil everything if you let them... spam, spam, spam, and rootkit, rootkit, rootkit). Although this is valid, I don't believe that is the full story, and it is related to my idea of the Kaypro II, and I'll get to that more in a bit. There are security mechanisms that are built into motherboards that require cooperation from

large business and consumer software companies before the computer can even be booted. Cloud controls from the other direction, in that a corporation controls your information and applications. Now, it doesn't have to be this way. You can certainly leverage cloud in any way you want. Mostly, though, cloud means that control is relinquished.

If you take a modern LCD, some solid state disks, and a GNU/Linux distribution pushed to flash as an image (dd of=/dev/sde if=/backups/i_be_your_os.img), you can quickly get so far beyond Kaypro II, that you really could stop. A modern version of WordPress is probably one of the most amazing information tools ever created. The machinery beneath WordPress, the HTML standards, PHP, MySQL, etc., is all part of this.

Losing steam here... Why did I add movement? Because movement within an imploded, simplified, place of rest, is important. It is like static exercise. Another perspective might be the Buddhist idea of touch and go.

All of the tags, or at least, all of the tags for my efforts are in this article. Like I said, though, I need to get some beer for my party next month, so I have to cut this short... or, at least, in an incomplete state. Perhaps I'll true it up. Perhaps not.

*I'm not counting roller derby or minor league baseball... I just find the consumption profile and marketing of the large team franchises oppressive and Matrix-like. If I get to pee in a trough at a baseball game, I'm happy. Roller Derby is personally liberating. I don't pretend that I'm consistent in my contempt for parts of my culture.

#uteotw



2014-03-23 • Subject • Tightening Coils • LR

The coils of the human experiment with consciousness tighten its grip, the long tail looping around her neck, civilization hugging her face more tightly as she wakes from her sleep. She whispers "This is you. Your coils. These are yours. Can you feel the coils constricting your mind in circles?". The coils tighten around her neck. "Do you recognize yourself? It is you." The coils tighten more in a desperate attempt to stifle her words. "It is you, she whispered. Recognize yourself." She is too late. There is no recognition, and the spent exoskeleton collapses to the floor. She brushes it aside and turns around the sun.

#cathr



2014-03-30 • Journal • Bobo Hug • L R

My son has been dealing with emotions. He is getting it two ways right now, both because of external worries, and he is also starting to get a rush of hormones. Last night he wanted to read until he fell asleep in his bed, but I wouldn't let him, even though I let him the other night. I didn't yell. I wasn't mean. I just said no. Fifteen minutes later I could hear him in his room crying softly. I went in and he was in the dark under the covers, and trying not to make any sounds, trying not to cry while I was in the room. I put my arm around him and stood there for a few minutes. I could feel he was still weeping because his back had the periodic involuntary spasm that you get when you cry. Slowly he calmed down a little. After a few minutes he put his arms around me and held on firmly and he stopped crying completely. After a few more minutes he let go and turned to go to sleep. Neither of us said anything during this time. I just said "goodnight" when I left, and he replied "goodnight". This is the first time he has really hugged me for comfort when he was distressed. He has often called for me, but never hugged like this.

This morning I woke up at 4:30 to what sounded like pounding on the door. I listened some more and then got up and looked around. My son's room door was open. He had gotten up, not fully realizing how early it was, set the kitchen timer for his hour and a half of video game time, and gone back to his room to listen to Harry Potter and play his 3DS. He looked kind of horrified, wondering what I would say when I told him it was 4:45, but I told him I knew he couldn't go back to sleep, but maybe he could take a nap later. Visibly relieved, he got back to his entertainment.

Now, I believe this is all the same. He can't sleep because his unconscious mind is wrestling with big issues and the added hormones are aggravating his challenges. When I went into his room, though, he was completely oblivious

that anything was wrong. He doesn't know why he is confused and can't sleep. He has no idea that his unconscious mind is doing this. He probably didn't know why he was crying last night. Certainly it wasn't really that I told him he couldn't read. Now, he does get a glimpse of *why* he wants to read so bad, why it is a relief. He knows that he is escaping in books.

The human psyche is a mess. We are a mess, a bloody mess. We live individual lives in split worlds, unaware of much of what goes on in our minds. I often forget this, when I'm focusing from the perspective of a conscious human trying to understand. So much is running under the surface. At the same time, it is wonderful how this mess, this suffering and pain, can be alleviated by a hug. And there we have William S. Burroughs last words:

Thinking is not enough.

Nothing is. There is no final enough of wisdom, experience — any fucking thing.

No Holy Grail, no Final Satori, no final solution. Just conflict.

Only thing can resolve conflict is love, like I felt for Fletch and Ruski, Spooner an

Calico. Pure love.

What I feel for my cats present and past.

Love? What is It?

Most natural painkiller what there is.

LOVE.

#bobo #cancer #yvette



2014-04-20 • Subject • Resurrection • LR

I read Planetary Hospice: Rebirthing Planet Earth by Zhiwa Woodbury this morning. I've been thinking all day about his words:

Whatever story we tell ourselves about the Great Dying, it must include a powerful redemptive component along the lines of resurrection.

He closes with a Moody Blues song.

I was considering what I should do. Zhiwa talks about myth. How would a new myth work, and how could I participate in that? I can say almost anything right here, and it would be wrong. I will say, though, that a couple years ago I traced some of the keywords of the story of Christ's resurrection, and I came up with this:

I had traced the stone that was rolled away from the tomb. Rumi used these keywords in a racier version of Nasuh.

#jesus #nasuh



2014-04-20 • Subject • iOjo! Unconscious Mind and Metaphors • LR

For several months I've been exploring the ideas of Ligotti's Conspiracy Against the Human Race. He asks the questions, "Is being alive alright?" and "Is human consciousness maladaptive?". I read his book, but his questions remain, particularly in the context of our environmental crisis. It is Easter, and so I've been thinking about the resurrection. I also ran across an article that discussed a future Great Dying and related resurrection. Along these lines, I was considering a related investigation about keywords related to the resurrection I did a couple of years ago where I ended up at Rumi's poem Nasuh. Anyway... no reason to run through all the threads. When I open up and explore like this, I often find more than I expect. Part of this is that what runs through our unconscious mind is connected via the collective unconscious. In other words, we often might think we are talking about different things, but it really just depends how deep you dive. I played Psychic TV's Godstar. It seemed like a good Easter song. There are flowers and it looks like it is Spring. It also seems like a giant resurrection celebration of Brian Jones' death. So, these are the kinds of ideas that I'm swimming in.

Check out the lyrics on this Psychic TV song, that showed up along with my search for Godstar:

you know how much i love you i give you all my life no one may take my life from me i lay my life down, the point is on this plane take the potion like we used to take an ocean breeze

no, there's no plane, there's no plane we can't catch the plane– in time i simply put my lot with you and the plane will come out of the air there's no way you can fly i will take your call, i'm part of you

santa claus is checking his list, going over it twice seeing who is naughty and who is nice

the sins of man, the sins of man we win, we win when we go down born out of season, in due time we give them our dead children our children, our children are sublime

it's so simple, no convulsions it's so simple, you don't know what you've done

santa claus is checking his list, going over it twice seeing who is naughty and who is nice

the night brings the moon, it's much more difficult that's nothing, like stepping on another plane, you have to step across this world, this world, it's not our home stepping over to another plane the next plane free at last

santa claus is checking his list, going over it twice seeing who is naughty and who is nice

Here is the video:

Psychic TV: White Nights & Thank You

I looked up the lyrics after I watched the vid. Psychic TV is like Lou Reed for me. I know Lou Reed is cynical, but he has this sweetness as well. As I watch the video, I'm taken in by Gen as he sings, thinking about his dead pandrogynous partner Lady Jaye.

Perhaps you already know this, but the lines from the song are from Jim Jone's death tapes:

The Jonestown Death Tape (FBI No. Q 042)

LAST GOSPEL OF JIM JONES

My only point is to be very careful about what depths you are plumbing and what keywords and metaphors you trace. Do you really want to open that up? Here we are facing the death of billions of people in the next hundred years. Just as it was a hundred thousand years ago, we will be so threatened again that resurrection literally does mean sex. The fertility cults that inspired the writings of the new testament very well could be useful again. The cycle is just longer, and the problem more extreme.

And, again, I don't have to follow every thread here, but consider Adonis and

Nasuh

I hope your celebration of Easter brings you new life.

Psychic TV: White Nights

#cathr



2014-04-23 = Journal = Water Broke = LR

I sat next to a woman on the bus who was talking to her friend on the phone. I had been staring at a data flow diagram at the hospital all day, and my eyes were so tired that I just closed my eyes and kind of meditated. I listened to her every word, though. She told her friend that her water broke, but she didn't know it for three weeks. She told the doctor that they had to hurry up because she didn't want to have a blood transfusion. Her friend on the phone kept on offering words of sympathy, but the woman next to me kind of growled back, "Yeah, it's pretty fucked up." She said that she was very close to the line of needing a blood transfusion, but she just made it without having to get one. She said that she had to pick up the ashes this week at the funeral home, because it was the law that you had to do that this late. "Yeah, it's pretty fucked up," she said again to her friend. She turned the conversation around and they planned an outing together.



2014-05-03 • Journal • The Vandals and King of the Hill • LR

I braved it and joined the beer drinking group on the street. You know King of the Hill? It is kind of like that. I haven't had a beer in a week, or any alcohol at all, so I was extremely sober. The conversation went towards May Day, and WTF are they protesting. I said it was a traditional labor protest day. My drunk neighbor, I'll call him Rick, mocked me (I think) with a long scenario about somebody making less than somebody else at Starbucks, but, eventually, he asked who of us had been in a protest. The other guy is older, and from California, I'll call him Joey, and so Rick figured he had protested (but he hadn't). I said that I was in a protest one time when some punks in a house I was living in decided to protest at the federal building in Seattle, but it was kind of lame. Somebody said they were going and it was the most interesting thing to do that day. My neighbor asked me what kind of punk music I listened to back then, and started listing off The Vandals, MDC, but as soon as he heard The Vandals, Rick started yelling enthusiastically that he loved the Vandals, and started trying to sing one of their songs. Joey was very interested, but, of course, punk lyrics don't really sound that good a cappella by middle aged drunk men. I didn't recognize his song. But, he did know Anarchy Burger, and I was able to offer a couple lines from that song that everybody enjoyed: "We're all potential anarchy burgers, but if you think you're free. Try walking into a deli, and urinating on the cheese." I impressed Rick with that one. He high-fived me a couple of times. We talked about the quince tree in my back yard as well, and this is good, because Rick, it turns out, was going to lop off the parts that went over the fence. Now he is just going to eat the fruit. I really do like Rick. He has long conversations on his cell phone in the back yard, but that is another story.

#beer



2014-05-06 • Subject • Potato Mashers • LR

I was admiring the work of the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change IPCC this morning. Just to give you an idea of how extensive this is, and how much carbon was generated by this effort, here is a summary. OMFG! Summary? I'm not sure what I expect. We have a global system. We can't even model weather accurately, but this paper attempts to track socioeconomic and environmental response to humans taking carbon from down there and placing it up here. I'm not arguing that we aren't warming, I'm just pointing out that it is a Herculean task to analyze, as well as pointing out that we are in the realm of nonlinear and chaotic systems. I'm not criticizing the quality of their research, either. I enjoy the way that they gave a gauge of confidence for various statements. Here is the summary tailored for policy makers. To tell you the truth, that is about all I can digest, and, really, I skimmed most of it. What is a 9-5er to do? Any of us, really. Stop eating meat? Probably. Enough to stop climate change? You decide. One thing I wonder about after considering this, is what scenario plays out, RCP2.6 or RCP8.5. It is somewhat odd that this article is a form of optimism for me. One quote that sticks out in the Summary for Policy Makers is:

Poor planning, overemphasizing short-term outcomes, or failing to sufficiently anticipate consequences can result in maladaptation (medium evidence, high agreement). Maladaptation can increase the vulnerability or exposure of the target group in the future, or the vulnerability of other people, places, or sectors. Some near-term responses to increasing risks related to climate change may also limit future choices. For example, enhanced protection of exposed assets can lock in dependence on further protection measures.

Well, I have some decent evidence that this describes human behavior, at least, in the cultures and civilizations that I'm aware of. I enjoy the convoluted way this is expressed. It gives a glimpse at how malignantly useless this kind of analysis is. Even me, who spends much of my time putting together analysis of complex systems, finds articles like this more compelling. I'm curious. Read that article. What sticks with me is a Mad Max scenario where people stand up in the desert. Yes, there is the tragedy of the final sentence, "It smells just like the ocean", but I can't help but turn Susan Connell into a hero in my mind.

So we don't end up anywhere, really. At least I don't. The above reminded me of one of the most hilarious, and, in my mind, accurate representations of Buddhism that I've ever read, **The Great Network of Potato Mashers**. From The Conspiracy Against the Human Race, by Thomas Ligotti.

Not unexpectedly, no one believes that everything is useless, and with good reason. We all live within relative frameworks, and within those frameworks uselessness is far wide of the norm. A potato masher is not useless if one wants to mash potatoes. For some people, a system of being that includes an afterlife of eternal bliss may not seem useless. They might say that such a system is absolutely useful because it gives them the hope they need to make it through this life. But an afterlife of eternal bliss is not and cannot be absolutely useful simply because you need it to be. It is part of a relative framework and nothing beyond that, just as a potato masher is only part of a relative framework and is useful only if you need to mash potatoes. Once you had made it through this life to an afterlife of eternal bliss, you would have no use for that afterlife. Its job would be done, and all you would have is an afterlife of eternal bliss — a paradise for reverent hedonists and pious libertines. What is the use in that? You might as well not exist at all, either in this life or in an afterlife of eternal bliss. Any kind of existence is useless. Nothing is self-justifying. Everything is justified only in a relativistic potato-masher sense.

There are some people who do not get up in arms about potato-masher relativism, while other people do. The latter want to think in terms of absolutes that are really absolute and not just absolute potato mashers. Christians, Jews, and Muslims have a real problem with a potato-masher system of being. Buddhists have no problem with a potato-masher system because for them there are no absolutes. What they need to realize is the truth of "dependent origination," which means that everything is related to everything else in a great network of potato mashers that are always interacting with one another. So the only problem Buddhists have is not being able to realize that the only absolutely useful thing is the realization that everything is a great network of potato mashers. They think that if they can get over this hump, they will be eternally liberated from suffering. At least they hope they will, which is all they really need to make it through this life. In the Buddhist faith, everyone suffers who cannot see that the world is a MALIGNANTLY USELESS potato-mashing network. However, that does not make Buddhists superior to Christians, Jews, and Muslims. It only means they have a different system for making it through a life where all we can do is wait for musty shadows to call our names when they are ready for us. After that happens, there will be nobody who will need anything that is not absolutely useless. Ask any atheist.

Keep on mashing potatoes, Susan Connell. It is as good as not, but at least you are mashing potatoes. Seriously. What else would you have her do? That is the trick, the trap we are in, all of us, as we consider this or that situation with our potato mashers in hand.

#cathr



2014-05-07 • Fiction • No, Laura, No! • LR

Laura burst into the kitchen at TKT HQ and threw a copy of the The New York Times with a picture of the GraphicsWizInc virus experiment on the front page this morning and told me to contact Sampson at GWI to see what he know about it. She then launched into a lecture about how if we had GWI as a partner, we would surely close the Series C round of financing. She told me about how she knew that we would be printing viruses soon, ever since the e-coli experiment. Laura is desperate, as all of us are, really, but she has made this into a feature. I kind of freaked out and told her about Bill Joy's Grey Goo, but she just gave me that look I get when I forget to brush my hair in the morning, a mixture of disgust and pity. I don't understand how she can think this is a good idea when we can't even live within the constraints of the simplest things, like water and air.

#tkitty_story





Out here on The Mesa, it is clean. I got Jacob's thumb drive from Carolyn at Totty T's yesterday evening and integrated my event streams from the stegs. Soon the mud will go, and these roads will be drivable again. I can haul water with Yellow. The hole. The Matrix. I saw the post from a couple years ago that floated up in the social streams that talked about how 4 days after Pearl Harbor,

the US government directed all auto manufacturers to focus their efforts on the war. I can't even imagine that kind of orchestration now. What would it take? The hole we have dug for ourselves is so deep. From another perspective, we are facing a moving bell curve of consumption and destruction. That is, we are ten percent in, and if we stop everything right now, the wave of the curve will come in and then flatten at the top. If we don't stop now, we stay at ten percent in and wait for collapse to pull the rest with us. Even with a silver tech bullet, we face the same thing, we might be able to correct, I suppose, in some sci-fi universe. The idea of The Matrix. I like that too. As though the entire illusion could just wash away, and we realize, finally, that we are beneath Georgia Guidestones limits, and struggling to contain the destruction of the flat top of the bell curve that follows.

#georgia_guidestones #uteotw



2014-05-09 • Journal • Catbus and Pancho • LR

Yesterday morning it was sunny, or, at least, I looked outside and didn't wear a coat to work. On the way in to work on the bus I noticed a two foot fern in a clump of dirt and roots growing on the side of the Seattle Lighting building. I couldn't figure out how it could grow there. My first meeting was scheduled about five minutes after I arrived in my cube, and I had to present a complicated plan where I morphed a project I'm responsible for into four separate projects and multiple releases for the main project. I'm not the project manager, just the business analyst and engineer for the project, and so presenting something like this to the project manager has a great opportunity for stress and disagreement. My PM on the project was in full agreement, though. Regardless, having a meeting like that first thing is disorienting. I had meeting after meeting, and by the time I got a break to take a walk, it was 2 o'clock. It was pouring down rain, and I didn't wear a coat to work. I needed to walk, though.

I decided to see if there was an umbrella at the drugstore across the street. I decided a flimsy plastic yellow pancho would be better, so I bought that and started on my walk in the rain. I walked along the waterfront and purchased a kids fish and chips at Anthony's. The woman at the counter was kind of grumpy. After 2, they don't fry the fish for the street counter there, they have to order it from the restaurant. I drank some unsweetened black ice tea from their fountain in my kid's cup, and after I drank half, filled it up again with Coca Cola while I watched a modern TV show with no sound that had Buffy's boyfriend Angel (forget his name). Eventually the fish came.

I took my fish, a cup of ketchup, and a cup of tartar sauce down to the art park. They are installing a giant head on the edge of the park in an exhibit called Echo. It is all fenced off, but there are still these eyeballs you can sit on with a notch across the cornea. There is a drain hole so that the seat doesn't fill up with water. I tucked my yellow poncho under my legs and butt, and sat on the eyeball in the pouring rain. Nobody was in the park except for occasional drenched joggers. I ate my fish and walked back to work.

Work was uneventful after that. I sorted my email and set up some meetings for today. I caught the 120 home, along Delridge. It is the first bus on the way home, and I usually take the first one, especially on a game day. The Mariners were playing. I sat in the back of the bus on the side. An older man with paint on his shoes sat in the very back, and an anarcho young couple covered with tattoos and piercings sat on the opposite side. The young woman, about 18, seemed extremely tired and stressed, and huddled against her lover. She had bright red lipstick which contrasted with her almost dread, shaggy, yet longish brown and blond streaked hair. They held hands. The young man stared straight ahead the whole time. The older man was annoyed that the window in the middle of the bus kept falling open, and he walked up to close it again. It was kind of cold. He kicked my feet accidentally as he passed and apologized, as I did too. He sat back down. Several conservative-looking people queued up to stand near the exit in the middle of the bus, not wanting to sit at the open side seats in the back, or between the anarcho couple and the older man.

A young woman and her son sat under the window, and several times she tried to close it. The bus was filled with tired and quiet people, and we trundled down Delridge dropping off people. At the middle of Delridge another couple got on. They sat in different seats across from each other. As the woman got on she shrieked and ran to the back of the bus and picked up a transfer. "We can use this. This is great." To the older man, "Is this yours?" He said yes, but said he didn't need it. The woman talked fast, like she was on speed about all of the wonderful things they could do with the transfer, but her companion in the seat across from her, who seemed pretty straight and clean, said he didn't want to use a stolen transfer, and he just wanted to go home. I don't think they were lovers or anything. She just had a wild trip in mind. She started tapping stuff on her phone. Perhaps she was syncing up with somebody on the other end of that transfer.

The only bus route I've been on that has an advertisement of blood plasma sales is on the Delridge route. A man says that he donates plasma to help his friend's baby, and he gets up to \$280 per month to do it as well. I glanced at the sign as I put on my pancho and stepped off the bus into the rain. The rain subsided, and I continued home, past the auto repair shop that replaced the brakes on my minivan for \$180 cash. They had an old Hudson, Corvair, and T bird parked in the front of their lot.

#bus



2014-05-15 • Subject • Circle • LR

I read yesterday about a simulation model of the universe that some physicists created. It started 12 million years after the big bang, and it went through to the present. The simulation looked surprisingly close to what we see through the Hubble telescope. The site that was reporting about the simulation said that the fact that the simulation came so close to our observed reality verified our understanding of the universe. No. It verifies that the math and models that we have of the universe are consistent. We built those models on observed reality. One thing about math is that the good stuff is elegant. As an example, physics with calculus is pretty elegant and simple. Physics that only uses algebra is messy (and unfair to the poets that believe it is easier). And, although the models are obvious and verifiable, all you need to do to mess everything up is assume that Euclid's Parallel Postulate is not valid. BAM! You get curved space. It reminded of Carl Sagan's book Contact where they receive plans by extraterrestrial radio on how to build a machine that lets them travel through the universe. They find the entities that sent the plans, but those entities have no idea who built the highways they traveled on. The entities were interested in pi, and thought there was a message in it. Finally, a circle was found. This goes a couple of ways. *Of course* our models reveal our models. OTOH, we have *circle*, a simple song.

#ouroboros



2014-06-17 • Dream • It's Going to be OK • LR

I was in the ocean. It was dark and murky. There were no fish. I could see some rough, white stone poking through. I kept looking and it slowly came into focus. It looked like an underwater graveyard with stones. As the light dimmed and got brighter, I saw what looked like the nose on a skull. It then faded back to stone. The stone was bare, but as I watched, a bit of algae grew over the stone, and then more and more grew until there was waving sea grass all over the stones, and it started to get a little brighter. As I watched, broader seaweed covered the stones and started waving back and forth. I saw a flat creature that was clear like a jelly fish. It had tendrils like a jelly fish that went out horizontally from its side. It floated around kind of like a jelly fish, tilting in the current with the tendrils waving very slightly. In the center a blue trapezoid formed so that I could no longer see through. It breathed slightly, and it looked kind of like a neuron. I heard a voice say, "It's going to be OK". An octopus swam by, and its arms churned around themselves. The octopus then tilted towards the surface and I saw bright yellow lights like eyes underneath the arms, as though the octopus body was a hat and the tentacles were hair.



2014-07-30 • Journal • Not as strong • LR

Last Sunday I could very well have been napping under a tree in "sky park" while my wife slept at our house, exhausted from her treatments. I see decay, sickness, beauty, and fortitude in humans. I see more fortitude in Yvette than in anybody else I've known, and it reminds me of how strong and persistent humans can be. But mostly as I perceive the world, I am sad about what we have lost, and how we have taken care of the planet, and how my wife's battle with cancer has taken its toll on her. When I see a luxury car cut to the front at the off ramp, I think about the entitlement that the driver must feel to do that. Or, perhaps, like my father, the driver thinks that only sheep wait in line. And I believe that this is why we will foul our beautiful nest no matter how much we protest, because those in power act like this; humans in power act like this. And here is my son. He went fishing with his uncle and cousins. And I remember going fishing with my grandfather, how he patiently taught me, and how he tried to live within reasonable bounds: building a solar heated pool with his son in the late fifties, for instance. The last time my son went fishing, it was with my grandpa, who my son is named after. The last time I talked to my grandpa, as he was dying, I couldn't hug him because Yvette was on chemo, and the doctors warned us to keep away because of her weakened immune system. I said goodbye as my grandpa sat alone on the bed with a tear on his cheek. That was the last time we talked. I think about how we could have all fished with our grandfathers for thousands of years if we had taken care of this planet, and I imagine that this will be lost to my son when he is a grandfather. But I do see beauty constantly, and my heart is open to that beauty, to the sky. And, like Yvette, I fight, but few are as strong as her. I am not as strong as her.

#grandpa #yvette



2014-08-22 • Journal • Pancreas • L R

My mom went with Yvette yesterday, and here are her notes:

"Yvette's CT showed no tumor masses in her liver and her blood counts look good. There is a metastasized breast cancer tumor in her pancreas or (more likely) on the nearby lymph nodes that are impinging on the blood vessels. He knows it is metastatic because the tapping doctor managed to get a sample for a biopsy. That means, of course, that it can be treated with the same drugs already being used. The stents appear to still be working. Dr. F isn't certain what might be causing the fluid build-up. He suggest there may be a different kind of imaging that will show details more clearly. He prescribed the hormone treatment because he thought it might enhance the effectiveness of her chemotherapy. He also said he would confer with a radiologist about using radiation to shrink the impinging tumor. He also said he would speak to the doctor who taps the fluid to see about putting a drain in her abdomen to remove some that accumulating fluid."

The brain tumors appear stable. There are two very tiny new ones. He will speak with Dr. L about how and when to treat those."

#cancer #mom #yvette



2014-09-05 • Memory • Body Lift • LR

Yvette fell out of bed for the first time in early September. I couldn't lift her. She seemed OK. She was breathing fine, but I couldn't wake her to get her into the bed. I am unclear exactly when this was, if it was before or after she went to the hospital for the two weeks. I suspect that it was just before. I called Shana, and she said she would come over right away. Ernie had also been staying with us and helping out with Yvette, but I think he had left for the week to go to work.

Shana showed up, but we still couldn't lift Yvette, even with the both of us. I had purchased a hydraulic lift table that I used to install the dryer on top of the stack in the bathroom, and we were able to hoist Yvette onto the bed

with it. We both thought it was kind of funny and weird to use it to lift a human, but Shana has a practicality and sense of humor that made it not very awkward. We got Yvette back into bed and comfortable and Shana left.

#bobo #ernie #shana #yellow #yvette

Comments:

2020-09-05:

Sean convinced Bobo (and paid him a significant amount of money) to go through all of his old books and other stuff that was overflowing in his room. It was all collecting dust, and Bobo doesn't use any of it, but he did want to keep it for his kids, so Sean had him box it all up and put it on the back porch.

The original plan was to put all of the stuff up in the attic, along with all of the other items for Bobo I have stored, but the books are heavy, and so I figured the front part of Yellow the Hut (YTH), the part that usually goes over the cab that is forming the roof of the under-carport shed, would be a great place to dedicate to Bobo's books and Magic cards. U-haul called that space "Mom's Attic", now that I think about it. Wow.

I recently got Betty back from Sean's son, as he and his dad decided they would rather travel the world in a sailboat. I had pulled out the emergency travel cases that had stoves and accessories for a long road trip, and had stored them in YTH, so they blocked the way to Mom's attic. There was another set of cases I used to store in the attic that had the Aladdin lamp before I converted it to electric. (I am going to put it back in the case today There was also a collection of camping supplies from our trip in Betty in 2012 that were stored in the big blue bins that I wanted to put Bobo's books in. Finally, there were two bins full of Yvette's painting supplies that she had been using to paint the interior of the house, including glow-in-the-dark paint she used on Bobo's ceiling. Before I could store the books, I had to remove all of this stuff, wrapped in memories.

After I had cleared the path to Mom's attic and reclaimed the big blue containers for storing the books, I unpacked the cardboard boxes. In one of them I found a set of picture albums Yvette had made for Bobo every year from his birth onward. I think one was missing, 2012?, but I put them up in the real attic along with his other items, also in big blue containers. I think I purchased the containers for moving, from Lowes back in 2007... not sure. The containers are quite large, 50 gallons, so they hold a lot of books, most of all of the books that were previously in 15 or so cardboard boxes stacked on the back patio. I had purchased a hand truck just to move the books, as the last hand truck I purchased for when I installed the new dryer on the porch, broke. There is a weird connection with dryers, here, as the two dryers inside the house were both purchased or fixed in September during Yvette's 3-day walks. I wheeled one of the bins around to YTH full of books.

I managed to heft the bin up into place, but as I wheeled the second bin back, I realized that I was tired. I figure that I will injure myself when I'm tired, as my muscles don't all work the way I expect, so I'm particularly careful. I got the bin into YTH, but paused, as I couldn't figure out a good way to crouch down inside YTH and still get the bin up in a safe way. It was starting to get dark, so I couldn't see that well. I paused, looked down, and saw the yellow lift. The bin was already resting on it. I reached around to the right and found the handle and raised the lift. The bin slid right into place.



Figure 34: Yellow Lift



2014-09-18 • Journal • Ramp • LR

email update



Sorry it has been so long between updates, but, really not much has happened in the last couple of weeks until yesterday. Perhaps some of you don't know about what happened earlier, so I'll fill you in a bit.

Yvette has been fighting cancer for many years, and although it has metastasized to many different places, she has successfully fought it with chemo and radiation. Last October, we believe, the damage to her liver (from the chemo we speculate, not a tumor) caused the blood to back up from her stomach to her liver and rupture blood vessels in her esophagus. The constant blood loss caused her to be so weak that she was in the hospital for ten days a few weeks ago.

When she came home from the hospital two weeks ago, she couldn't walk without a walker. Me and the generous cabulance driver managed to get her in to the house. We decided that we would wait a couple weeks to see how she did with the help of physical

therapy. She is getting stronger, but cannot walk up or down the steps to the house. We tried one time last week, and she collapsed on the first stair.

Yesterday I talked to her nurse, and she said that it was fairly urgent that we get her in to drain the fluid that was filling up her abdomen. I can't call a cabulance, because she can't go down the steps. Going down seems to be more difficult for her than going up. I called the doctor, and the doctor said I might be able to get her in later that day. So, I decided to build a ramp. I actually scheduled the procedure before I even had the materials for the ramp. It was kind of extreme. Luckily, they weren't able to see her yesterday, because it took me longer to build the ramp than I thought. I had the ramp built by 11:10, and we made the 1pm appointment. (One unknown was if we could even get her into our minivan, but it turned out she could.) They drained 9.4 liters of fluid from her abdomen.

Her doctor consulted with some other doctors, and they believe that the cause of the fluid build-up is because of tumors near her pancreas that are pressing on blood vessels. He is recommending, and Yvette agrees, that we

should use radiation to shrink the tumors near her pancreas, and we are meeting with a doctor next week to plan this.

Finally, since we now have the ramp, she is able to resume her chemo treatment, and I'm taking her in on Saturday. This particular treatment is semi-targeted to her proteins. It is like Herceptin, but it carries a chemo payload. It makes her tired for a couple weeks, but it is nowhere as bad as some drugs she has taken.

Many of you have offered to help. For now, I'm kind of at the center of this, as we figure out what her health care looks like mid-term. Today was a big step. It is difficult for me to ask for things, because what I really need is somebody that knows all of Yvette's medical needs, has the ability to act on her behalf, can stay with her all day, and take care of her. This is something that not many people can do. I can do it, and my mom is helping out a couple of days a week. I have nurses calling me, I need to know all kinds of medical things... it is difficult to figure out how to ask for help, even if it were possible. Do know that I am very thankful that so many have offered help. I'm also sheepish that I built a ramp, because that is something that people definitely could have helped with. I just didn't have time. I built the whole thing in less than 24 hours for an appointment that we had to make.

#yvette



2014-09-20 • Journal • No More Treatments • LR

Yvette decided that she does not want any more treatments, radiation, or surgery, and we are going to work to find an appropriate hospice care provider.

She is asleep, now, but she asked that I share this with you.

She is strong, and feels like Yvette to me.

#yvette

Comments:

2018-08-13:

I sent out above in an email. The night before was Friday. Yvette realized that she couldn't write her name. She showed me a piece of paper from the physical therapist. I am a bit fuzzy on details. I did drive her down one time to Swedish for chemo and she decided she didn't want chemo after all. (It may also be that this was the trip that I made the ramp for, and she decided she couldn't do anymore draining.) Her doctor came down to the van to confirm with her after I found him. I'll have to piece the sequence together some other time, but first she decided no chemo. She still wanted to continue pursuing the surgery to make it so she didn't have to get the fluid drained from her abdomen. It involved some kind of bypass in her liver. When I wrote this, though, it was Saturday morning. I had asked her to think about what she was doing, and I reminded her of her desire as far as a living will. She stayed up all night thinking about it. When I woke up she said she wanted me to get her two breakfast burritos from McDonalds. That was her way of saying she was ready to leave.



2014-09-22 • Subject • Divine Web • L R

This is part of a letter/email that I wrote to Linda, Yvette's friend.

The click of life is our individual piece of consciousness, our ability, as humans, to perceive the universe as we do. Simply being aware and being able to watch what we see unfold is an honor. Being able to participate is an honor. I also believe that there is a chance, although I will never know, because I can't know, that my participation in this web of life will help fix chinks. A chink is like decay, a pothole, a flawed piece of DNA that exists in a generally magnificent web, but as humans we cannot identify the chinks because we are the web, inside and out. We do not know what decay, a pothole, or flawed DNA is. My moving through the web might possibly fix a chink in that web. I

believe that there is an aspect of something we participate in that has that power, to self-heal the universe through our own participation. Not in any kind of traditional sense... that is... I'm not fixing a chink by doing anything in particular, but my movement, with a particular kind of tuning, will self-heal the universe. The tuning is prayer. I resist any kind of idea that we can *know* the divine web, the web as meant (*is*) without chinks, and I might be heretical in believing that chinks exist (because *is*), but at the same time I know that the best weave, the best systems decay, and I allow the smallest bit of faith that my participation might fix a chink. And, while I will never know if I actually do or not, it is an honor to have the chance. It is an honor in the face of the extreme size and existence of the universe, that among all of this, I can be aware of it. But back down to the subject. I am able to experience Yvette's life, her rage, her love, her everything, her letting go of life. I experience my own emotions. I experience every bodily fluid and the difference between the outlook of doctors and nurses. I watch and experience the explosion of civilization because of oil in the last 100 years. It goes on. Click? That is all I have. A thin thread of life from my umbilical cord to my mother, stretching out roughly 100 years, perhaps much less, but at this point, over 50 years, certainly.

Yes, control is illusory, but I can try and figure out *where* I am in the web that I'm experiencing. If there is only one thing I get from that, it is that I won't necessarily travel in a circles, but, rather, I can actually explore and experience more fully in my life, and my prayer can be used to greater effect. I escape arrogance because I don't believe I can ever know if I fix a chink; however, I also know that if I have an open heart and pray when I am able, that it is more likely I will fix a chink.

I have a large support network that is almost idle right now. Ernie, Yvette's brother is sleeping in the next room as I write this. My mom is coming over later today. But there are dozens of people asking to help right now. I talked to Yvette about who she wants to spend a day with. I have a list. I'm going to contact everybody on that list and have them work together to visit Yvette for a day and arrange for visits during two hour periods in late morning and late afternoon. I discussed this with Yvette, and she thought it was a good idea. I've been holding off until Tuesday, as I need to understand some immediate needs first (choosing and transitioning to hospice and getting that down).

#mountain climbing #oil #yvette



2014-09-22 • Journal • Who To Write To • L R

I have been preparing for this last part of Yvette's life in the form of a private journal. My assumption for the decade that I have been preparing (she was diagnosed in 2004) is that I will be lucky to survive my grief and disorientation, and could use help. My interest in using a journal goes back to 1985, when I took a class on private journaling. There is this problem with private journals, though, in that the model I hold up is more like what Captain Cook used. Captain Cook's audience was The Admiralty. Now, he used his journal to help himself as well, solving scurvy for instance, but a consistent audience like the Admiralty is very useful to keep the content less inspired by one's psyche. "Inspired by" just means using the journal for Id (Freud) purposes or justifying things for Superego purposes. Now, for me, it doesn't mean the subject *isn't* my psyche. That is certainly part of the web of existence I observe: lens AND subject are wrapped, infused, or made of psyche. Like Cook, though, mostly I want to know where I am in relationship to the journey. But who to write to? Who is the audience besides myself? I read quite a bit to Yvette, but some of this stuff gets dark and scary, and in many cases it drives us further apart.

#the admiralty #yvette

Comments:

2023-09-06:

I might have thought that my journal was a preparation for Yvette's death, and the emotional despair at the time, but it seems to me that there was much more to it, particularly as I look at it now all the way through. Circles are that way. One journey ends, another begins, but there are other ongoing journeys that a journal maps.



2014-10-06 • Subject • Yvette, Bobo, and Memorial • LR

email letter

I want you all to know that Yvette was extremely happy the evening before her death. We threw a book party for her and 30 people attended, and were able to tell her about the book, tell her they loved her, and say their goodbyes. I heard afterwards that she smiled in response to many people as they let her touch the book and talked to her. She worked on the book for many years. She has been writing ever since I've known her.

I'd like to share something Yvette wrote in 2010. She would answer questions in her journal asked by famous authors or people. They would as questions.

December 28 – Achieve. What's the thing you most want to achieve next year? How do you imagine you'll feel when you get it? Free? Happy? Complete? Blissful? Write that feeling down. Then, brainstorm 10 things you can do, or 10 new thoughts you can think, in order to experience that feeling today.

This was Yvette's response:

I think less and less in terms of goals and achievements. My overarching goal is simply to stay well, so I can nurture and love my family, my garden, life and the world itself. But this is an ongoing process, something I keep achieving moment by moment – it will never be completed. There's something, though, that answers this question. I want to finish my book so I can read it to Bobo. So he can read it himself. How will I feel? Proud, I think. Afraid he (or other readers) won't like it? Satisfied? I'm not sure. It will feel good to stop thinking about this story, get it out of my head. I think the only way to get the feeling is to write it. Separate from the satisfied feeling of completing the story is the absolute bliss if somebody likes it. Are there ten other ways to get this feeling right now? If there are, I haven't found them.

Early the morning of the book party she was in pain, but I did eventually get the pain under control. I suspect something got blocked in her pancreas, as this has been when she has had the most pain in the past, and matches what she described. I worked with the hospice nurse to provide a dosage that kept her from having much pain through the end of her life. She went to sleep at 11:30AM, after the difficult morning, and woke up at 7:30PM for the party. At 8:30PM the party was over, and she started snoring. She did not wake up again that I know of. I checked on her several times during the night.

Bobo is taking this well so far. The principal and a social worker from his elementary school both visited us yesterday. Bobo told the Principal that he wanted today to be just like any other day. He also told her that he was "OK. Daddy and I knew it was coming." Bobo is stepping up into a role that he envisions he will have with Yvette gone. He is being more cooperative and talking about what kinds of cooking he will do. With Yvette, Bobo was kind of like a fellow puppy and also she was his Mom. They fought like that. With me it is more like he is being a junior alpha wolf to my alpha wolf, and I'm also his Dad. I am taking the next two weeks off from work, and can spend lots of time with him. He is my biggest worry. Do know that I will do whatever I can to make sure he is solid and safe. At this point, as he told his principal, he just wants things to be as normal as possible. I just try and be there with him so he can talk without their being pressure.

Me? I can feel my grief catching up to me today. I have been preparing for this for years, and have processed quite a bit already. I cry when I see the tartar sauce in the fridge that Yvette used that last time we had fish and chips with Kirk. I will be OK. I just need to spend some time in Sky Park and get my head in order. Do know that I will get help if I need it. I've talked with seven social workers in the last few weeks. I am talking to quite a few people about this experience, and have made new friendships and connections as part of this.

Yvette is at the funeral home. There is no viewing or ceremony. She is being cremated this week.

I found some help for the Memorial service, but don't expect any announcement on the exact date for awhile. Do know that it will be at Lincoln Park in West Seattle. That was Yvette's wish. We are planning for 200-300 people. It will be big and fun. Yvette and I sat out in the sun for a couple hours after she got out of the hospital and planned it all out.

If you haven't already provided it, or you think I might not know it, please reply with your physical address so that I can send memorial announcements.



2014-10-06 • Memory • Wash of love and asdf • LR

At 5AM the morning Yvette died, and I was half-awake. I felt a wash of everything that was Yvette and her love flow down the hallway over me. I thought maybe I should go check on her, but decided not to because I had checked on her at 4AM. I thought about writing down the experience because it was so interesting and intense, but decided not to; rather, I just laid in the flow and felt it, and went back to sleep as it washed over me. As I drifted back to sleep, I was wondering if Yvette knew that I had experienced this flow of love. I texted her on my phone (in my mind). I could see the green screen of the phone as I texted my question and I got a response from her "asdf". When my alarm went off at 6:30 I checked on Yvette and she had stopped breathing.

#asdf #yvette



2014-10-11 • Subject • Yvette's Memorial • LR

email letter

I have received so much love and support the last two months, and I wanted to thank all of you for that. I feel lost right now, and my interpersonal skills are suffering. Things are getting better though, a bit. I was able to go out and see a movie with Bobo yesterday. We had a fun day together, and he seems to be less depressed. I don't really need anything. I'm just trying to run through exercises that I know will help. I've had quite a few dry runs over the last ten years. I'm fairly well prepared for this... as much as one could be.

The announcements should be going out towards the end of next week, and there will be more details about the ceremony and celebration. Yvette wanted it to be fun, sacred, and open. My email below was short on details, but the announcement will make this clearer. I mainly wanted you to know the time and date for planning. If you know somebody that wants to attend the memorial, please do share the announcement individually. Do not publish this, though, only share it directly with individual people. If you haven't already given me your street address, and would like a memorial announcement, please provide it.

#yvette



2014-10-12 • Subject • cat time • L R

I will resist connecting the threads, as it will likely tarnish the truth. I'm mainly putting in a rough order to match the perception of the white/blue/green diagram, but this is one pass, and not very polished or designed.

In Yvette's last two weeks of life, she was hallucinating significantly because of her brain mets. She saw graffiti on things and text ads. As an example, she saw REI printed on her blanket. She also saw Donny Darko pre-tracers coming out of people. She told me about the pre-tracers like a secret confession, as though she felt guilty and slightly happy about peeking around death's corner and being correct.

I talked to Yvette's mom on the phone in late 1986. She said that she had met me in an area of space, and I knew what she was talking about from a visual meditation I'd had in January of that year. We talked about how she knew Yvette would meet me, and how good it was that we had met. After Yvette's mom died the following year, I continued to communicate with her mom. The communication was distinctly two-way, but not necessarily around words, more like prayer.

I allied with Yvette's mom. She was always there, and I understood and accepted my charge. There was a duality to my life with Yvette in this way. Yvette and I were bad together. We conspired together. My mom would send

us Easter presents and we would light them on fire. We stole our neighbor's Spiegel catalog out of her mailbox. (That Spiegel catalog theft still cracks me up.) We drank too much, thought we were better and smarter than almost everybody else, and ran through times where we were certain that any structure of meaning was a tool of the consumer and religious machinery of propaganda and control. This meant that it was perfectly sufficient to just get drunk on cheap home-made alcohol, watch Star Trek NG, and have roaring, wonderful sex. The woman we stole the Spiegel catalog from once told us that she could hear absolutely everything through our bedroom wall, and we really didn't care in the least. Mostly, we were young together. But, I also was bonded with Yvette's mom in a pact that I didn't fully understand.

Yvette and I lived our lives together over the coming decades, learning about all of it and transforming together into something less raw. Our love grew between us, and wove deeper around us with those we knew. We picked up spiky interpersonal, emotional, and knowledge artifacts, certainly; we certainly did. I'm not really going to make a moral decision about young vs. older. I'm not entirely sure I believe it, and anything I could say now would instantly be invalid. I do know that in our middle-age we didn't completely understand the darker logic of our younger days. In particular, one time when Yvette and I were drunk in a park, we thought that it made sense that if somebody wouldn't buy us a beer if they could afford it, they deserved to die. The logic of this statement was completely beyond our comprehension a decade later. Know that we ran wide and outside together. With every dark insight or experience, though, there was one equally as powerful in light. We lived so many lives together. We both really believed that we did. We felt that we got ten normal lifetimes or something along those lines, we lived so much. Time would compress so that two months would seem like a year at times and two years seemed like an entire normal life.

In 2004, ten years after we stopped using birth control, Yvette became pregnant. About the time that Yvette conceived, before she knew, she purchased a painting of two cats dancing. She thought it represented something significant and large in our lives together. Yvette and I always had varying views on the painting. I thought the black cat represented a looming threat. Yvette thought it was a painting of magical promise. After Yvette was first diagnosed with Breast cancer later that year, I felt vindicated about my interpretation, but Yvette wasn't convinced. After 2004, although I could still feel the presence of Yvette's mom, I no longer could communicate with her.



In early 2005 I had a dream about time. There was a ball of white light that represented a singularity of time in 2004. All of our lives together came from that point. Time actually flowed from before and after towards that point, and because of this, awareness of 2004 faded in either direction in our experience. This was represented in the cat painting, but in my dream the painting was geometrical with the what ball of light, the singularity of 2004 at the top, prior to 2004 as a blue region, and after 2004 as a green region that overlapped. The green time actually started after the singularity, as though there was a gap in time, and blue/green shared a bond until towards the end of the green period. I stuck the diagram on the back of the cat painting and forgot about it until today. I turned over the painting and found my diagram.

Although I lost the ability to communicate with Yvette's mom, I still felt her presence until roughly 2009. This does happen to correspond to our learning that Yvette's cancer had metastasized to her bones, but memories like this are unreliable. I know I haven't

felt Yvette's mom's presence since roughly 2011, and can think back on how long it has been, but in my experience it often takes active perception to determine, so unless you listen, you don't hear the sound. So, I'd say that Yvette's mom left some time between late 2008 and 2011. I'm guessing later in 2009, though, because I had made it to where I needed to be.

Between 4AM and 6:30AM, the morning Yvette died, I was half-awake. I felt a wash of everything that was Yvette and her love flow down the hallway over me. I thought maybe I should go check on her, but decided not to because I had checked on her at 4AM. I thought about writing down the experience because it was so interesting and intense, but decided not to; rather, I just laid in the flow and felt it, and went back to sleep as it washed over me. When my alarm went off at 6:30 I checked on Yvette and she had stopped breathing.

I did not feel Yvette's presence after she died. I "listened", but she wasn't there. It was like an abandoned warehouse with the production line just stopped, as though something had swept all of the workers away instantly. It was very

lonely and disconcerting.

A childhood friend of Yvette and I have been emailing back and forth over the last couple of months. I initially contacted her to see if she had anything to say to Yvette at the end of August, when I thought she was dying. I read what she wrote to Yvette, and Yvette's breathing changed, so Yvette heard me. When Yvette died in October, her friend told me to just respond with "asdf" if I received her email, but I didn't have to respond beyond that. She just wanted to know I was there, but wanted to respect my approach to grief, and understood I might not feel like writing.

The day after Yvette died I was walking with my brother Dave. I still had not felt Yvette's presence. We had had beers and sandwiches at Super Deli Mart, and walked through the pea patch. People were baking pizzas in an outdoor wood-fired oven, children were playing in the paths, and there was a live acoustic band. A young boy playfully did a karate stance in front of us, threatening a boy behind us. We wove through the people and started up the hill towards our house. David made a joke, and I saw Yvette as a bright smiling white round light up and to the right. She was happy about David's joke and our walk through the pea patch.

Yvette moved behind my right shoulder later that day, and I could feel her there like a bright, radiant light. It was constant. I was bathed in this light, her smile and joy. I felt her consciously, even when I wasn't listening. I couldn't see the light, though, like I had initially. I just felt it, and if I imagined it, it looked the same. I wondered if I would feel this for the rest of my life or not. It was a bit heavy, even though it was intensely reassuring and beautiful.

On Monday the 6th about 5AM I was semi-awake and I saw a cell phone text screen. I was wondering if Yvette knew that I had experienced the flow of love and Yvette-ness the day she died. I texted her on my phone (in my mind). I could see the green screen of the phone as I texted my question and I got a response from her "asdf". "Message received", I understood. 2019-01-01: I must have shared this with Yvette's friend, and that was why she said to just reply asdf to her email.

On Tuesday the 7th at 7AM I felt Yvette leave the area above my shoulder. I involuntarily thanked her as she left. I don't know what I meant. Was I thanking her because the constant light was too heavy? Was I thanking her for our life together? I don't know, and one makes me feel guilty, of course. It has that monkey's paw thing, though. Would I change it? Would I will that Yvette stay here over my shoulder? Could I? That is irrelevant, because regardless of interpretation, I knew that thanking her was goodbye.

The evening of the 7th, as I was laying in bed, I saw an image of Yvette. It wasn't exactly a presence. It was her in the past, a picture of her when she wasn't sick, and the picture or sound bite corresponding to the picture said "I Am". And that was the last experience with Yvette that I've had.

I have set up a small area where I honor Yvette's mom and Yvette. I am getting rid of almost everything else involved with Yvette. I've given her jewelry to her girls. I have a watercolor the Yvette made for me in 1987 of fish as flowers. It is my favorite possession. Mostly, though, as I move forward, Yvette and her Mom ended in time together for me in the present, and I'm no longer involved. I'm open. This can change. If anything, I'm always open to experience, and am honest to myself about it, but I suspect I've passed the Green frontier to the south.

#asdf #yvette



2014-10-20 • Subject • Yogurt Ramp • L R

I woke up, decided it was a bit early, and tried to go back to sleep. I was part successful. I had a vision of a greek yogurt container sitting out on the countertop in the kitchen, and thought in conscious reality, "Oh, no, I left the yogurt out." I did have yogurt and cereal last night for a late dinner last night, so it was possible. But, no, I didn't leave the yogurt out. My vision was incorrect.

So, visions are residual memory, much like dreams, and they aren't reliable, just like memory. I have been going through thousands of pictures and papers of Yvette and my life together and previous lives of Yvette's family.

An envelope of pictures of and surrounding Yvette's mom's life was kept by Yvette's aunt, which was passed to the woman who her aunt wrote *out* of her will. This package included some pictures of Yvette's godmother (and Yvette's mom's best friend in childhood and adulthood) that were in Yvette's mom's camera when she died in 1987.

Her aunt wrote Yvette *in* her will, excluding the one person who had taken care of her as she got more frail and senile. Yvette flew down to help her aunt a couple times, and we spent quite a bit of time on the phone as her previous caregiver tried to re-insert herself into her aunt's life at the end. I was on the phone with her for hours all together. One time I heard the beep that the conversation was being recorded, and she said, "Oh, I guess you know, now."

I never talked to Yvette's aunt. I keep my wallet in her husband's kangaroo (just like the one referenced in pulp fiction). The caregiver/relative of the aunt sued us when Yvette's aunt died, as Yvette's aunt had left Yvette her money and house. We really didn't care at all about the money, so we didn't challenge or respond. We were only trying to help at the time, and the senile ravings of her aunt made us feel that helping was needed urgently. I think now that her caregiver/relative was just helping, and there was no substance to any claims of mistreatment... well, nothing that wouldn't come naturally, and with kindness, after taking care of a senile woman in her end days. [It is awkward writing this without using the person's name. I should have picked a fictional name right off.]

The caregiver/relative softened over time, as Yvette flew down for the funeral and we didn't challenge the law suit. She sent the package of pictures to Yvette with a kind message.

It is possible that Yvette put some of these pictures into scrap books. But there are several other major stores of these kinds of pictures. I pulled a few of the pictures of Yvette's godmother that were in the camera, and I'm going to mail them to her [2019: I have no idea who "her" is]. There were stores of pictures that Ernie, Yvette's brother found in Yvette's mom's belongings when she died (it seems to me), and these were separate from several slightly different stores that Yvette got from her dad (all of the pictures). Yvette had her own pictures. I'm guessing there were six distinct, large stores of photos that were from Yvette's mom's side of the family all told. Yvette culled out the best, documented them in the scrap books, and I'm giving most of those to her brother (who shuttled or sifted through these quite a bit himself when he buzzed around the west coast on his Yamaha 650, not in the state where he could archive pictures).

I'm keeping a handful for a small shrine for Yvette, her mom, and her dad when her dad loved and cared for her mom. (I've written about this before, but Yvette's mom and I had a pact that I care for Yvette. It is something that approaches a religion for me, but now that Yvette is dead, that is all over. All I have is a shrine that honors this, so it isn't that I have any ill-will at all for Yvette's dad at all. I just have focused the collection around Yvette's mom.) I also put a single raw store of pictures in our attic crawl space for Bobo. It is fairly wide, and includes things like Yvette's footprint at birth. I'll put it near Bobo's time capsule that we made for him at his birth for when hew was an adult.

And this is just about the pictures associated with Yvette's mom's family. If you took all of Yvette's party creation supplies, holiday celebration accourrements, books about writing, scrap books, and every single paper by every person Yvette ever loved, you would have three quarters of Yvette's possessions. The rest are books and objects that represented ideas (religious and light tweaks of remembrance). My Nana (grandmother) was the same way. She had everything I ever wrote to her. My sister is this way too. Ahhh... but this is a story about yogurt.

I've been anguishing over my reaction to the pictures and papers. From my perspective, three quarters of what I am is now gone. The real tether is gone. Yvette and I were together for most of my life, and almost all of my main psyche transformation. (Sounds super fancy, but I just mean that what I consider myself, what I've worked through and became, I did with Yvette. Yvette was the first person that I knew loved me in a way that I consider love. Others may love me, sure, but with Yvette I felt it. I remember understanding that one time, and it blew me away, both that she did, but that this was so unique.) Well, of course, I'm still me, and if she is most of me, or wrapped through my psyche to the tune of three quarters, then it isn't as though she is gone. Oh, right... yogurt.

So, I've been thinking about all of this, and I had the vision of the yogurt being left out, which wasn't true. The yogurt is in the fridge. This yogurt is some that I bought for Yvette because her sugar was spiking so high it was hard to control. (Again, we don't know for sure, because she intended to go on hospice for weeks... we just wanted to get the TIPS procedure done, so she couldn't officially go on hospice until she had that.) I believe that her pancreas was being shut down and pinched by tumors. The tumors were on her scans, and she had already had some stints put in (and again) to help pass various needed digestive fluids. This also caused her the pain at the end is my speculation. Anyway... I found this greek yogurt that helped with this because it didn't have a lot of sugar in it, so I bought several containers.

Yvette loved the yogurt. My mom made some stewed plums from our tree one time. Bobo loved them so much that

he wanted me to make a ton. I told him whatever he picked and pitted, I'd stew, and he picked a *huge* bowl of them and pitted them.

Yvette's memory went towards the end. She would reach for luscious discovery and try and express it. I would ask if she was hungry, and she would say yes. I'd ask if she wanted yogurt, and she would smile and say yes... "but... do you have..." and she would reach to find the memory and I'd offer, "Stewed plums?", and she would smile wider and say, "Oh, yes." I'd put a spoonful of stewed plums on top of her yogurt, and she was so happy.

I'm still eating the yogurt, but eventually the yogurt will either be all gone, or it will be too old. I guess I could keep the yogurt in the fridge, part-way eaten. I could keep it there for years, but it wouldn't be edible after another month. The yogurt I eat? It is already part of me. I don't see why I should have to keep half-eaten containers of yogurt in the fridge forever.

True, if I freeze-dried it so I could put it out on display, I could remember how Yvette loved the yogurt with the plums. I do love that about Yvette, that her nature of completely enjoying something in the present was so simple. She loved the simplest things. She got great joy out of helping a child when she volunteered or eating yogurt and plums or going for a drive to SeaTac with the three of us.

When I built the ramp and got Yvette in to drain the fluid in her abdomen for the first time after she got out of the hospital in September, her doctor scheduled her to go back on chemo that very evening. Unfortunately, they couldn't get her blood analyzed in time, so we had to come back the next day. That night was when Yvette decided her mind and body had been pushed to far, and she didn't want to continue chemo. She told me about her decision in the morning, and that she wanted me to cancel the appointment. I told her I was going to measure her blood sugar, and she said, "Why?". I knew what she meant. She then said she wanted two sausage breakfast burritos from McDonalds. These really are her favorite. I don't know why she likes them so much, but she always has. She is easily pleased.

To make things more complicated, like the yogurt in the fridge, all of my memories will morph and change. Yvette is part of me, most of me, at this point, most of my intentional and learned psyche. This will change over time. Taking a freeze dried snapshot of the yogurt in the fridge doesn't seem like it is interesting or useful. Further, what I think about the yogurt, the meaning, will change. (OMG! I left the yogurt on the counter.)

Still, it is quite possible to run a trace, run an analysis, on the silliest of visions.

#yvette



2014-10-24 • Subject • Horse and Crow • L R

It has been exactly three weeks today since Yvette died. It is Friday, and I've worked full-time this week. I got a pay check as well. I didn't think that would happen as I imagined this over the last ten years, as I imagined the time after Yvette's death. I didn't count on the love and support of my family, my friends, and those that I work with. I somewhat took for granted my friends and family, but because of some very bad experiences with work in the past as I've struggled with Yvette's cancer, I particularly didn't count on work.

Yesterday was bad, quite bad. It caught me off guard. I logged on to my insurance website and took Yvette off of our insurance policy. There was a pull-down for why on the web form with an option for deceased. I received an email with a templated "we're sorry for your loss" from the insurance company that confirmed that Yvette had been removed. I had to get Bobo off to school, and I got very angry. True, he wasn't taking the need to leave on time seriously, but I was disproportionately angry in a way that I haven't been in awhile. I indulged what I thought was a necessary need to demonstrate my anger and threw an apple at the fireplace hearth, where it exploded. Bobo admitted later that day that it was epic, but he also knows that I was in the wrong. He told me that I could never scold him for wasting food again. On a side note, Bobo apologized for his behavior twice that morning on the way to school. I didn't apologize until I picked him up later that day. He acted more mature than I did.

Grieving for the Yvette that has been fighting cancer for ten years, the Yvette whose last two spoken words besides yes, no, and OK were "owwww" and "shit", this grieving is not so difficult. I thought this was Yvette. I knew she and I had been through a lot, but I figured I knew this deep down, and Yvette was all of Yvette.

After I got Bobo off to school in the morning, I got on the bus to go to work. I could feel Yvette as she was before she first got sick (pancreatitis) in 2002. In 2002 Yvette had gall stones that blocked ducks in her pancreas. This was also the year after her most drinking year in 2001. She worked for a start-up that drank whiskey as the propped code, and she would participate. One time I got a call at 2AM from her crew mates. They had gone out for drinks after propping code, and Yvette had had a few too many martinis. I had to scrape her off of the sidewalk and into the car and drive her home with her concerned and drunk colleagues standing by in the splotchy, wet light of mercury vapor street lamps.

In 2002, Yvette and I had absolutely no comprehension of health issues at all. We didn't even care about the health plan at work. I asked Yvette to pick a doctor, but she wouldn't. I chose a plan that was inexpensive but required every procedure to be approved or referred by a primary care physician. For myself, I picked a doctor from the directory that was closest to my house. This was my only criterion, and the result was that I got a doctor at a strip mall in Tukwila that specialized in drug tests for labor forces. We couldn't check into the emergency room without being charged 50% or something like that.

Yvette had increasing attacks in the six months prior to getting sick. She would have intense pain and couldn't work. Eventually the pain would go away, though. I got a call in the late fall when I was working at a start-up in Redmond. She said that she needed me to come home and help her. She has only called me like that twice. I don't remember the second time specifically. I drove home and she was in extreme pain. I looked through our medical papers and found out where my doctor was, since I knew we needed a referral. Yvette hadn't picked hers, but I figured using mine would work (they resisted, but my doctor did work as the referral).

We had to go back three days in a row. Each day Yvette got sicker and sicker. One particularly grumpy doctor challenged Yvette: "Is there blood in your stool? Is your stool black? Is it black like my shoe?" Yvette and I used "Is it black, black like my shoe?" for years afterwards. She really was so grumpy she was mean.

They couldn't figure out what was wrong with Yvette. Her belly was very distended and she was in intense pain that radiated to her back, so her symptoms were confusing. Was it a back problem? Of course, Yvette had no baseline at all, since she hadn't seen a doctor, so there was that. Each day we rotated through a different doctor at the strip mall. Finally we got this short, older doctor that had a nose like W.C. Fields. He figured it might be pancreatitis and got us into the hospital.

They put Yvette on morphine for the pain and she couldn't eat or drink for several days. The blockage resolved itself and a few months later her gall bladder was removed and it was full of tiny little gallstones, smaller than normal, perfect for blocking pancreas ducts.

Bobo was born in February of 2004, and Yvette was diagnosed with breast cancer in November 2004, so 2002 really marked an end of time for us, one end.

On the bus yesterday I could feel Yvette as she was before 2002, carefree, her and I together. Yvette made a mix after the discovery of her metastasis that had Peter Case's Horse and Crow on it.

As usual, when Yvette shared something personal like this, I don't think I completely got it at first. I did yesterday, though. On the bus I completely got it. I could see and feel Yvette as she was before 2002, and our carefree love. I could see the way her skin, body, and hair looked. I grieved for this Yvette and I cried for much of the bus ride, my tears welling up while I willed the tears go back down.

#yvette



2014-10-25 • Subject • What Bobo Read at Funeral • LR

my mother was a amazingly strong person. she fought a incredibly strong disease and almost won a couple times over. were most people would have failed within 5 years she fought for 10 she battled for years until she passed of course its sad a amazing person has fallen butt she wouldn't have wanted us to mourn her death she would want us to celebrate her life i want you all to know it is okay to mourn but celebrate her life to! she started a fight lets finish it donate do relay do something to find the cure

Sunday, 2018-08-12 14:35:43 - This is exactly what Bobo wrote on his computer and I printed it off for him.

#bobo #yvette



2014-10-29 • Dream • Sculpture Fire • LR

Dream:

I was working on a sculpture. This project had my attention when the fire broke out.

My house, or the house of somebody I knew was on fire. My brother (or Yvette's brother) knew what to do and ran inside the house to rescue the occupants. I tried to help from the outside of the house. The house was low. The roof came up to my chest. The roof was an angled, flat roof that slopped down away from me, towards the back of the house, with the highest point of the roof running along the longer front of the house. Much of the house must have been underground. I saw a baby's feet through a sheer curtain covering a window. I was shouting that I could help, but there was no answer. I pulled on the baby's feet, and was able to pull the baby through the glass and the sheer curtain. The baby was completely naked, dead and cold. I could feel the baby's cold skin in my hands as I held the baby, which must have been less than a month old. I thought I saw the baby purse his lips, but it wasn't true, just an involuntary action after death.

Comment:

The only time I've ever touched a dead person was Yvette. Her belly was still warm, and I wondered if she was really dead. Her hands and feet were really cold as was her head. Her head was the strangest. The only other time I remember seeing a dead person was in 1978 when I went to the funeral of my sister, Katie, I think, who died at birth. I think her name is Katie... that my mom named her.

Comment2:

This is the first dream on my new journal. I'm on a new journey now, a different world.

Comment3: My pet name for Yvette was baby. This is the main commitment I'm going to make for new about the dream. The baby was Yvette. BUT, the baby was Yvette in my Self, part conscious and part unconscious mind (basement room, the roof was chest high).

#yvette



2014-10-30 • Subject • Back in • L R

Yvette offered to return this morning, and I let her. She came in from the right, above my head and curved in along an arc through the side of my skull and behind a warm spot on my cheek, through my right side and down my left leg. It was a simple offer on her part. I was unsure if I wanted her in me. She wasn't forceful at all. I closed my eyes to consider her offer, and she just slipped inside me. My right side of my body feels warmer and more alive. I've been singing the Eels song Friendly Ghost for several days now.

#yvette



2014-11-12 • Subject • Medusa • L R

I made some good progress on the journal software. I have figured out how I want most of the pieces to look. It is a pretty unique system. Everything is a single program on a single file that runs on your local machine. It doesn't even have a user interface. You just point your web browser at it, kind of like how you point your web browser at a wifi router to configure it. Sharing is active, which just means that you share specific items and set what comes through.

I'm working through an understanding of Medusa as an archetype inside of my psyche right now. This particular personification I ran across two years ago when considering the destruction of my journals. She was a dirty-blond-haired woman who said I would destroy everything if I destroyed my journals. That is how I first visualized her.

Yesterday I asked her who she was and she said Medusa. This does seem to fit pretty well to me and my trepidation about the old journal entries. They map very heavy terrain, and I have a strong desire to start fresh. Now that I know that Medusa is not necessarily a bad thing, and may be a feminine aspect that I have rejected or repressed (I've been told by another friend that Athena might be involved as a counter), I am listening, observing, and remaining open about my intent with my old journal entries.

Work was rough last week, very rough. There is a particular cycle that I've been through in the past (quit or change jobs) in relation to grief over Yvette. I am at that point in the cycle. I have set myself up for a crash with my previous reactions and behaviors that were triggered by my belief in her eminent death. I didn't believe I would get past this point. But I am past it. This week is going much better this time.

#history #medusa #yvette



2014-12-04 • Subject • Bobo's Dream Loch Ness • LR

Bobo dreamed there was party at Loch Ness. A bunch of unidentified people and some family was there. The monster was visible. There were tons of dogs that were in cages, but they got out and were running around. People eventually figured out that a frog let them out. Bobo told me upon reflection, "At least it wasn't a weird dream like before when I shared chocolate pudding with a dog."

#bobo #dog



2014-12-17 • Journal • Back and Forth Emails • LR

Sean and I were emailing back and forth yesterday. We spent one night together and I feel like I'm in love. Besides our messy and young dates over thirty years ago at the Puyallup Fair, Auburn Drive-in, D&D and even a hay ride Christmas caroling in Sunn's Dad's truck, we don't know much about each other. Plus, both of us have changed. ?? And that was over thirty years ago. Sean pointed this out, that we didn't really know each other, and that maybe if I knew her better I wouldn't like her because she was brasher or snored. Yvette and I stopped sleeping together years ago because she snored. I was having a very difficult time emotionally as it was, and I wasn't getting any sleep.

I was thinking about this and how I wanted to sleep the night in Sean's arms, and I remembered how I used to manage to sleep in the punk rock house (Phlegm House). I would enjoy the sounds. The sounds would just flow through my head and my head was no longer there separately. I could go to sleep even with a band practicing in the other room. I was only about fifteen feet away from the living room where they practiced.

I've been having trouble sleeping in general. I wake up between first and second sleep. But last night I decided to try the trick I learned at the Phlegm house. I realized that the way it worked was your attention, your fondness was in one direction or the other. If my attention was on my own thoughts, it kept me awake. If my attention was not on my own thoughts, I slept. This part is obvious. But what isn't obvious is that if my attention is on sounds outside of my head, this is essentially the same thing. I took my ear plugs out, laid in bed and listened to the sounds of the street and the furnace, and I went back to sleep and slept well until my alarm went off.

#sean #yvette



2014-12-19 • Memory • White Album Letter to Sean • LR

Listening to the White Album has brought all kinds of memories back to me. I remember one of my most intimate times with you was when we went to play D&D for the second time... was it Nite's Birthday party, perhaps? The dungeon was a Coke can. "It is a shiny surface" "Hit surface with my axe" "It bounces back" stuff like that. We were stuck in the dungeon for an hour or so and I got tired of it. You and I sat in a corner and I just ran my fingers through your hair and our faces were close.

We went to the King County fair ourselves one time. I remember going in the Rock-o-plane with you and flipping upside down. We had a lot of fun. I was driving my Dad's 77 GMC 4X4 on the way home, and you put your head on my thigh as we drove back. I was really starting to fall for you by then. This was six months after the hay ride. Sunn and my Dad talked to me at some point after that, and I stopped seeing you so much.

We went out a few times a year and a half later, but it was the first six months that I really had a crush on you. I'll call it young love. I listened to the White Album all the time back then, all the way from before I met you to afterwards. At the hay ride in Sunn's Dad's truck, with hay from my Dad's ranch, we all rode in the back and sang Beatles songs, most of them were the White Album because I didn't know many other Beatles songs at that point. I thought quite a bit about you and our intimacy over the next two years because with my next girlfriend, JA, there was none of that. We went out every week or two to a movie, but there was no spark, no real kissing, no making out, no intimacy of any kind. So in real life she actually married and took a last name of Frost. No joke. So you were what I thought of when I thought of love songs. You were the closest thing to that until late in my Senior year in high school when I started going out with Riddle. You, Riddle and Yvette are the only women I've had sex with. Anyway... the main thing is that the White Album came to remind me of you, and in particular, our brief, light, young love, our intimacy together. So all the love songs or songs had a story with you in them, you were what the songs were about. It wasn't that I was constantly thinking about you in that way. I didn't love you after the first six months, it was more of an awkward interest and a longing for our previous intimacy. The songs just had you in them because you were my only experience with something that was like the songs, so you got to be the character *in* the song. The whole album reminds me of you and the surrounding time.

Riddle took two songs off of the White Album from you. She was a huge Beatles fan and sang Rocky Raccoon and Blackbird to me while playing the guitar at her parent's vacation home in Canada. She also stopped by to try and steal me away from Yvette a few years later in Eugene and sang me Johnny Too Bad (like The Slickers version). She tried to kiss me and I just turned my head. Blackbird is kind of neutral, and since you pointed it out to me this week it is almost all yours again. Riddle will probably have Rocky Raccoon forever, though. She sang that song well. She thought it was a pretty funny song and enjoyed twanging it.

The only other song that isn't yours, is Helter Skelter. I recited that while Yvette gave birth to Bobo in between pushes: "When we get to the bottom we go back to the top of the slide..." And push!!

So, there it is. This is how come you are so much a part of The White Album. Also, I think, it shows that our love goes back further and deeper than we might have thought a week ago. That is how it feels to me.

#riddle #sean #yvette



2014-12-21 • Journal • SDM Refugee • LR

I dropped Bobo off for a play date with a friend and walked down to the deli at the bottom of the hill where I live. It is a regular old quickee mart kind of place, but they have beer on tap and there are tables throughout the store where you can drink beer. They also sell all kinds of sandwiches.

I ordered a roast beef sandwich with lots of veggies on nine grain and an imperial IPA. I sat on a high table between the wine and the Red Bull and listened to the radio station that they always play. I have this game I play where I can have a third beer of they play Rush when I finish my second beer. (I only had one beer today, but, believe, me, if Tom Sawyer came on it would have been two.)

Tom Petty came on with Refugee

There was a 55-year-old man talking to a younger man about 30. He was explaining his theory of women in his life:

"I only have so much energy before I die. I could try dating, but I've already done everything. There isn't anything a woman can teach me." Right after he finished explaining this Refugee finished and Depeche Mode Strangelove started playing.



2014-12-22 • Journal • Bath Salts Christmas • LR

For Christmas I decided to give everybody bath salts made from epsom salt and mint from my garden that I dried. Sean and her son took the ferry over from Bremerton to meet me for lunch, but I was way too early, so I stopped at Walgreens on the way to buy some bows that I could stick on the top of the jars of my bath salts. I found some perfect tiny bows, all kinds of colors. There were ten or so people in line and only a couple of clerks. A woman waited behind me and mentioned how there wasn't enough help in the store. I smiled and nodded. She realized she wouldn't get me grumping about the wait, so we had a little small talk. She had a white knitted cap and whitish grey hair that was pulled back underneath the cap. She looked roughly like my demographic and age.

I was in a good mood because I was going to see Sean, and nothing was really getting to me. A black man got behind us and started talking to a homeless-looking white guy with a big gray and black beard about how whites had butt-fucked the planet. The bearded man responded affirmatively. The woman, now beside me gave me a look of disgust and fear. She said, "I wish I had my gun." The black man continued talking about how everybody was buying, buying, and consuming everything, and that it was gluttony. The woman started talking about how disgusted she was, and I said that, well, the man did have a point. She gave me a surprised look and she stepped back a tiny bit, but, of course, she had to step closer to the black man that was behind her, so she stopped.

I continued that we had seriously tilted the ecosystem of the planet in the last 100 years, and we should be ashamed. She said, "Well, it wasn't just whites." I said, "No, we all share the blame." I held up my two bags of tiny bows and said that I just wanted to give people some presents they could enjoy. The black man and bearded man had stopped talking and were watching us. The woman's eyes and face got darker and darker, and I could see her getting angry. She snapped, "Are you going to buy those?" when a register opened up.

#uteotw



2015-01-01 • Subject • Bad Things and Happiness • LR

Although I think of Guy McPherson's entry "Only Love Remains" weekly, sometimes daily. what I do know is this: we are all scared of what we are doing to the planet and what will happen, regardless of how we try and alleviate the pain, regardless of how we reassure each other. And, so, I need to remember that my place is not to remind people of this. We know. We are afraid. We are ashamed.

The human mind, particularly within the context of society, is pretty resilient, and as such, doesn't face this kind of stuff well consciously. There are all kinds of mechanisms in place. I can think of a couple examples, one real, and one from a movie, that show good and bad aspects of this.

First, there are times in human history when entire countries did horrible things to humans and the Earth. Horrible things. I've always puzzled about this. How could that have happened? How could the people go through life doing that? I know that they were normal people, just like me, and it didn't make sense. The reason is the way we are forced to look at life daily. Tyrannies work like this. Conscription works like this. Most economies work like this. People collude together to feel good in the day, while, at the same time, understanding that they are doing something horrible. I do it. We all do it. Why? Because it is impossible to live otherwise, for most people. So we have to continue as though things are OK. We might put the responsibility for what we do on the shoulders of some benevolent force, or, perhaps we just figure that we need to eat today, so the fact that we are killing humans or changing the planet humans rely on, is secondary. Decent argument, really. [An aside here. Carlin's bit about the planet being fine, it is humans that will suffer is right on. She will be fine. OTOH, Guy McPherson (and Carlin's) speculation that humans will disappear... I don't believe that. There may be less than 500 million, but we will survive as long as mammals live.]

The other example. At the end of Melancholia, the woman creates a house of hope for the boy when there is no hope. A fantasy that will alleviate the boy's fear. This is all that can be done, and it is a beautiful thing about humans, that we can take care of each other in this way.

How Will You Receive The End? From the Movie "Melancholia" spoiler alert!

What I have yet to figure out, is what I can do to alleviate suffering, and at the same time not contribute to the fake circus world that enrages me. It does no good to just say "No Anger!". Anger is useful. So, forgive me, I'm working through it. I have some ideas, though. I think I know what I can do to help. Please understand that I can't do this in the context of the day-to-day reassurances. The lolcat is out of the bag for me, and I just can't do that.

#uteotw



2015-01-31 • Dream • Rubber Glove Lizard • LR

Yesterday I had the distinct feeling of a large shift. I didn't know what it was. I felt strong, and my level of anxiety about the future plummeted for no good reason that I could think of, at least at the scale I was feeling. This is particularly interesting considering my current work environment.

Last night I dreamed that I was cleaning a drain and found rubber bands in it. As I was pulling out the rubber bands I noticed one of the rubber bands was actually a long worm. It wriggled around as I pulled it and tried to go back into the drain. I felt a tingling sensation on my fingers and looked and saw that the work was a parasite and bits of it were crawling into my skin. I dug at the bits with my fingernails as they wriggled deeper in to my skin. I understood that the worms would infect my heart.

There were two worms. I put on rubber gloves and thought, "well, I should have done this at first, I knew better." I then pulled the worms out of the drain, but they turned into lizards with no tails. (I'm pretty sure I pulled their tails off, but it is possible that my memory was tainted by analysis. Regardless, this is interesting.)

I plugged in worm, parasite, and lizard into my phone app, and these keywords have a consistency around selfdestructive behavior and transformation:

Lizard: I actually used the word grounded yesterday to describe what I was feeling. Grounded came up as a meaning of a lizard in dreams. There are other more basic need associations like sex.

Worm: In general related to something unpleasant and a transformation, but tapeworm itself is related to health. I recently scheduled my first physical in 5 years and have lost ten pounds in the last month, for instance. Sean asked me to.

Parasite: Life grows by my suffering. I'm doing something self-destructive. I only drink on average four pints of beer a week now. Beer affects my connection with Sean. I have also moved beyond the pain of the last decade.

#lizard



2015-03-08 • Subject • More Hell-oi in Winter • LR

Our demise just comes from lack of personal and cultural memory, not deniers. What I mean is that we don't think that far back. Isn't that an odd reaction, right? Normally we think that we need to think about the future. But, consider this: from 1984-1992 I had no money, no credit cards, nothing. Often I had no car. I either lived in places without power and water (just something I liked to do... I didn't have to, but it gave me some privacy without having to spend money, and I liked Thoreau and stuff), or I lived in an apartment or house with other people.

Sometimes there were as many as eight permanent residents in the house. Rent varied from \$50/mo. per person (step van) to \$200/mo. per person. Rent was always the majority chunk of money. The best was when rent could be covered in one paycheck out of two per month. I think mostly it worked that way. At one point I realized that fats were the expensive part of grocery shopping. Beans and rice were cheap. Getting a piece of smokey fatty meat was expensive. I also remember loading up on 19 cent per pound hindquarters in 1989. I spent about a year and a half living rent-free, either sleeping in my truck or on a porch, or in return for potatoes and glop (thick soup I used to make from... anything and everything).

I worked for close to minimum wage or was a student during this period, and I thought this was normal for most people that had jobs. The vast majority of all my friends had the same level of income. During this time period I remember being puzzled by things that people bought. How can somebody buy a Latte vs. drip? How can people with regular jobs afford to buy a new car? One distinct memory was that I saw the credit card bill of a friend's room-mate on the counter and it really puzzled me. How could this person afford to ring up \$250 worth of stuff, much of which was eating out. Oh! Eating out. The idea of spending \$40 eating out (I think that is about right for, say Oregon Electric Station meal and drinks for two back in the later eighties.), that idea just blew my mind.

Oh, and utilities. Much of the time I had baseboard heat, as this is what apartments have. Electric heat can be expensive. One time I shared a duplex with the landlord's handyman. His girlfriend stole my hair dryer. This was the winter of 1983/1984, and it was very cold in Olympia. It popped the freeze plugs in my truck. The electric bill was \$240 for one month. Now, utilities are a small fraction of my take-home pay, but utilities are huge. You really can't drink much beer in the winter, even though you want to. Is it true? Did I make more hell-oi in the winter? I think so.

Hell-oi

I used to take bags of sugar and burn barley in the oven to make "beer". The burned barley was just to add color and taste. I wasn't trying to ferment it. I'd then add 5 gallons of water, heat it up to boiling, cool it down, and mix it all up with bread yeast. I think I just fermented it by having loose lids on the top of wine jugs I don't think I even did the balloon trick. I also had a plastic bucket with an air lock, but my memory is I didn't use that. The fermentation with the sugar was pretty quick, at least with bread yeast, so when the bottles stopped hissing and foaming, they were done. Just screw down the tops. The first batch tasted like hell, so we called christened it hell. The second batch we tasted and said oi, so it was oi. The third batch was really bad too, so we called it hell-oi.

Anyway, my point is that when I went shopping with Bobo just last week, I didn't blink when he put 5 packages of these fancy banana snacks into the shopping basket. I was just happy that he was participating in the shopping. I have three quite operational gas vehicles right now. Now, it is true that I take the bus most every day. This is a PITA, since I have to get Bobo to school. My utility bill is a much smaller portion of my budget. My level of consumption is huge compared to when I was young. Further, my tolerance for cost is pretty big. I no longer struggle with understanding why somebody would buy a latte, since I do it all the time.

I'm kind of running out of steam, here, and I haven't made my point. I guess I'm pointing out that the entire world, mostly, at least the audience for these words, has the same kind of warped vision. The kinds of sacrifice we all need to make are along the lines of the difference between my economic view when I was young and now. It is a scale of 1 to 10. We all need to share houses and get rid of our cars. We need to be shocked at the cost of a latte. In fact, it can't even be in our range of acceptable behavior. Like in Tortilla Flat, we need to consider negotiating for that bag of sugar to make hell-oi and grab a handful of barley from the bakery off in return to sweeping it off the floor.

I will try, but I still have an iPhone, I still travel, I still buy latte's. I still have vehicles. I don't want to give up my little camper van. Plus, my memory is currently tweaked, as I've participated in the looting of the planet since 1992. You can't even take the "nice" European countries as examples. They plundered the world in ways as evil as anybody, then settled down in a nice economy with education and secured economic connection. Germany's electrical grid change is fabulous, but it will need to be maintained, was extremely expensive, and I don't see it as solving the broader issues. The flow of oil and commerce with China is staggering. Anyway... I participate in this. But to my broader statement, I don't think that the people reading this, or the people that have the luxury of caring about climate change and what they can do, have a memory of how it was before. I just used my story as an example, but the memory has to go back much further in time to be sustainable. And even at that, this means that we have way too many people on the planet. I can't go anywhere with this.

I do like the idea of intensive urban gardening right now, and if I can get bees as part of this, I think that is pretty cool. I don't think this will solve the above issues, and, further, it will consume the planet to create it, but it will be living plants and pollinators. I think that is worthwhile, even if it doesn't solve anything immediately, and even if I still have lost my memory.

#bee



2015-03-18 • Dream • Hand-in-hand • LR

I dreamed that Sean and I wanted to go on a trip and we decided to go to a very remote location where there was a lake.

To get to this lake we had to go through some really burnt and desolate black ground with rail road tracks running through it. We had to be careful of the train because it would kick up dust as it went by. Seems like we had to travel forever through this wasteland and finally got to the house which was in the middle of this beautiful lake property. I stepped into the house with Sean to see it was built in the Japanese style, very open and bright and airy, and then turned around to tell Sean how beautiful it was and she was walking in hand-in-hand with Yvette. I guess my face reflected my surprise because Yvette said "You said you wouldn't mind me coming along this time". The feeling that I had was that Yvette didn't have long so I shouldn't complain. I smiled and said "of course". I felt that I should be gracious. We all walked through the house into this area that was surrounded by cattails and the water just glistening and it was so beautiful. As we walked Sean held Yvette's arm so she didn't stumble. After a while I started to feel more and more bothered by that intimacy. I finally turned around and looked at Sean and Yvette and realized there was only one bedroom in this place. Who was going to going to sleep with who? Not have sex with, mind you, sleep with. Was I supposed to sleep on the couch? Would Sean make me sleep in the bed with Yvette or would she have to? It just became so complicated in my mind. I turned to Sean and said I had to go. Sean looked a little startled and said why and I said I just can't be here. Sean said there's no way to get back. I said "I will walk" and picked up my bag and opened the door to look back at Yvette and Sean. Sean looked very startled, but she didn't move to stop me, so I walked out and shut the door, took a big breath, and started walking - that's when I woke up.

#sean #yvette



2015-03-19 • Journal • Sean's Arms • LR

When I am in Sean's arms, all of my thoughts leave. I feel like I disappear. I think this is good. I am usually too present. I get paid to be too present at work. I am present with my son. I am present with Sean when I'm not folding into her and disappearing. I can feel myself quivering out as I think about this, and how my presence at work takes a toll on me.

I described this to Sean one time, and how it was very fragile. I explained about the mountain climbing idea and what led to it. Sean talked about Dennison and how they had met. This was in early January. I knew that if I was careful about the way I kept my mountain climbing journal, that I could have this, and that it would not only be reassuring as I disappeared, but it would ensure that Sean and I continued to have the kind of love I felt.

I just picked up Dennison's book. He talked about a web of life much like the web of life I experienced as part of my mountain climbing vision/trip. I need to remember to climb and to write in my journal. I need to feel that web of life, which is now in brilliant color as I learn about human connection from Sean. I know that the life Dennison is talking about is much more than this, but feeling this with Sean is a huge start.

Just now, right here, is the first entry I've made in my journal with all of the main features working, like pictures and tags.

#sean



2015-04-06 • Dream • Big Ford and Torn Fences • LR

I was walking through town under an overpass, and there was a large green Ford truck, as big as a semi-tractor, parked under the overpass. It had garbage in the cab, but it was mechanically complete. I took pictures of it with my phone. I thought Sean would want to see the pictures. First I took a copy of the back of it. It was like a very large pickup, and there was Ford imprinted on the back tailgate. As I wandered around the side of the truck, I noticed a man move inside the cab. He watched me as I took pictures of the front. The front had the engine visible like a farm

tractor. I experimented with my phone being horizontal or vertical to get the best picture of the engine and decided on vertical.

I then continued walking and figured I would cut through some fields. I could see half-finished houses and abandoned projects between each row of fencing. I was able to slip by several fences by finding holes. I would then cross the grass and rubble of the construction project or building, and try and make it through, but I was having trouble with finding a place to get through. I could see the top of a building being constructed, the uncovered plywood sheathing on the top of the building. I wandered down the fence line. I tried to get over a low part in the wire fence, but I couldn't make it. There were layers of fencing (reminds me of the cat fence) as well as other abandoned items that were caught in the fence. One of the items was an irrigation device that was painted to look like a dog's head. It was a long valve or sprinkler.

As I continued to walk the fence line I ran into two men that were singing a harmonized Stand by Me. They were also looking for a way through the fence, but they weren't really too worried about it.

Related:

The Terminator Kitty is Not your Friend

#dog #fences #field #ford #hole #house #overpass #phone #sean #tractor #truck



2015-04-26 • Subject • well-ordered structures • LR

The well-ordered structures of dreams and self,
House, walls, attic, windows, hallways,
I see the flaw of word-metaphor mind,
Dawdling around each night, visiting,
With tame chunks of containers of insight.
No! It isn't like that, I know.
I want to turn those nice compartments into bloody flesh,
With runs of veins and arteries and glistening gristly meat.
Light, radiant light of my lover layering me like honey with mine:
Yellow and orange, blue and white - black sands and sunset.
I'm a quivering, electric mess of perception, I.

#yellow



In 1985 I lived in Fremont and practiced calligraphy, With the intent of writing technical documentation of my Z-80 homebrew project. I had another project where I was going to make a CPU out of garbage using homemake Telays, but that was ill-concerned. now, providing a tactorial on how computers work by starting with a Nana NAND gate made out of home-make relays would be possible, but a full CPU would be harder than a full movie adaptation of Don Quixote where I play all the parts and raise, shear, and spin wal from sheep. I'm a true hacker, and as part of that I believe I can destroy ugly with a hack What happens to human flow of writing and Ideas when constraint by pen strakes? FB posts? I'm currently working on a journal soft ware application that has similar intent. Is it possible to hack youth concious ness with journal soft ware? The the very least, it will be revealing. This post is an example. What will I write when constrained? If the journal forces categories, tags, and no ability to share without specific article exports of steganographic images, what happens!

Figure 35: Journal Entry

#fremont



2015-05-16 • Journal • Shell Rig • LR

I saw somebody take a picture of the Shell rig sitting in the harbor as I was riding home on the bus from work last week. I asked her when she thought that the army would be a regular sight protecting the rig. She said, "Oh, because of ecoterrorism?," and I said "yes", but it is more than that. We are in a bind, right? We live in the U.S. We know we run on oil; people die and have died for our flow of the black oil. Some will become increasingly militant about what is happening, and target stuff like the oil rig. I think that is kind of misguided, personally. It isn't just this country, of course. We are being passed by other nations pursuing our same course, wealth from cheap energy. But it is turning. We have crested. The waters will recede.

There is a war. And everything leads to Leonard Cohen this week...

"Come on back to the war and let's all get even" that is annihilation. The fix is to STOP.

He wrote that the year after he wrote Hallelujah.

What pisses me off the most is that the boomers, Cohen included, had this in their grasp. We could have stopped.

Nobody puts it better than Hunter S Thompson.

It is hard for me to accept that we don't STOP. I fucking love this experience, though, that I have been able to see this, this experiment. And, finally, I don't know. I just have experienced what has happened so far, and I'm certainly limited in understanding the future besides within my own framework. It sure seems to me that there is a whole lot of pain gonna rain.

Reminds me of Willie...

"Will be heavy as lead on your mind"

#bus



2015-05-18 - Journal - Mad Max: Fury Road - LR

I went to see the new Mad Max movie last weekend. I have been waiting to see it for thirty years. Take an intense sequence, from, say, Road Warrior, the second movie, and make it two hours long, and that was Fury Road. About a half hour into the movie I realized that it was an extended dream sequence, a representation of our collective unconscious, our fears, mostly, splayed out across the wasteland. You could see Morlocks from The Time Machine, for instance. Our fears about what humans will do in times of crisis are fairly traceable. It was a symphony within the media and rules. I enjoyed it immensely.

I met a friend at the ferry who is quite knowledgeable about collapse (environment and economy), and we had an animated discussion all the way to the movie on the bus about those topics, mostly. The movie was at Pacific Place. I've been there before to watch movies, and usually it is like this tunnel and I don't notice the shops. The area down there is packed on the streets, a combination of intense wealth and extremely skilled panhandlers dotting four square blocks, but if you go over just three blocks to third avenue it is a wasteland again, the corridor of halfway houses and medical clinics pushed up against the old Bon's ass. Macy's just hangs out there huddled without the right demographics, slouching towards Pacific Place.

I watched the first Mad Max movie the same year Thunder Dome came out. I was sleeping on the porch of a friend's house and working in Bellevue. Eventually I got a room in the house. I'm not sure which month it was when I watched Mad Max, so maybe I had a room and my foam pad by then. I was in transition from my collection of high school electronics, so my room was half books on the Z-80 and scifi, breadboards and solder. I had moved out of the cabin from the previous year. I went alone to Mad Max. This makes sense. The house was filled with hippy-like girls from California (south and north), mostly, that was the prevailing air. I was good friends with one and the rest kind of looked at me in an untrusting way. I got really drunk on my 21st birthday that year, the only time I've actually passed out from drinking too much. I figured drinking tequila was the thing one did when they turned 21. Another friend of mine told me how when I passed out the girls (not my friend) said, "Shouldn't you do something about your friend? He's your friend." Anyway... nobody joined me to see Mad Max.

I drove my Mazda b2000 pickup to see the show. It was 99 cents or something similar, a second-run movie house. I was very open to the show. Back then everything I saw was a glimpse at the truth, whether it was Stop Making Sense, Brazil, 1984, The Terminator, or Mad Max, rich years for movies in 84/85. I really let Mad Max get to me and when I left the theater all I could see was that the world was like the world of Mad Max. The movie was true. I was so emotionally affected by it that I lost my pickup for two hours. I just started in a crisscross pattern, sweeping the surrounding blocks, watching the way people acted at this theater on North Aurora Ave and realizing it was just like the movie: the aggression, the fear, the hatred, the small pockets of intended love.

I let myself get obsorbed by the dream sequence of Fury Road. What struck me as I left the theater is how the elevators are strategically placed so you have to snake past the stores rather than efficiently exit the building. Further, the concentration of wealth and consumption was off the charts, absolutely dripping with consumption. It was a bees nest of people sucking the acquired nectar of the hive, consuming the spoils of the Earth and workers, transforming the peak of human effort and century-old oil bubble into a textbook marketing case study. It really got to me as I followed the crowd around and down. Let me tell you... People leaving the movie didn't appear to be in the mood to buy a designer purse.

When I finally escaped outside I made my way through the crowd. The crowd at the crosswalks are very aggressive. I walk downtown quite a bit, but the crowd did get to me. A very expensive BMW, shined and black nudged up close to me as I was expressing my emotional reaction to the concentrated consumption and wealth to my friend. I was able to wave my arm across the hood as I described how the wealth was just dripping in this part of town.

My friend and I made our way over to third, passing our friend Macy's place, bleak, dingy, and made our way to 3rd and Virginia. Virgin Mary, where the desperate and crazy get help at glass doors with remote locks and security booths. A bus that I knew stopped there seemed to drive through, and there was security tape all over the block. I decided that the stop might be closed, checked my phone, and we had time, so we walked south down third to the next stop. This was for the express (C), so the stops are spaced out. The next stop was closed as well, so to be sure we walked a half mile to the downtown business district. It was kind of eeire with the foil of Mad Max and Pacific Place throwing our experience finding a bus stop in relief. We caught the bus with just a couple minutes to spare.

#uteotw



2015-05-19 • Journal • Wild Horses • L R

Bobo and I ate dinner while gazing out the back door listening to Sticky Fingers. He waved his fork around a bit to Wild Horses. We could see the breeze shaking the leaves. It is warming up.

#bobo



2015-05-20 = Journal = I feel happy = LR

I just said good night to Bobo. He said:

"You know what, Daddy?"

"What?"

"I feel happy."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I just feel really happy."

#bobo



2015-05-23 • Journal • Mud Chain • LR

This was one of the ways I was trying to prove identity, by chaining hashes:

```
Looking at 04b83748a759b3f4a24331174c85bcbaacac8703, which is number 17163
Looking at 81496da7ae096ff4e83470f10d71ca7e07c1c012, which is number 17164
Looking at 9ac42e41bde1b12108d7ea75c150a94b389ba62a, which is number 17165
Looking at c4800802ea9a12dd13b70db8c38e5a82f3704c5b, which is number 17166
Looking at 22b1b79729dd2a992e756d16ef445fbad1c43d47, which is number 17167
Looking at 9e6d03231b08dc8f143e25f790ce07e54b348c05, which is number 17168
We found the mud all the way up to top mud at 9e6d03231b08dc8f143e25f790ce07e54b348c05
cookie-2:~ john$
```

#history



2015-05-30 • Journal • Natural Born Killers • LR

I've been somewhat uptight on the weekends for many months. I went to Super Deli Mart today, and for the first time in about a year I felt comfortable again, as though I could drink that extra beer if Rush played. I had some kind of fabulous IPA, I don't know what. It was sunny. I got Bobo his favorite sandwich, soda, and chips. He wanted today to be "perfect foods day", which includes a Cheesy British for lunch.

I sat down with my sandwich and beer and listened to Jack FM, which for those of you unfamiliar plays user requests, but it is particularly good. Something by Cyndi Lauper was playing as I stared out the window and flashed back on my time in the cabin. It is sunny today. The flashback extended to Taos in 1986, and I thought how we were sitting on a quivering leaf of destruction and promise.

A guy that looked kind of like the main guy in the 60s movie version of Flowers for Algernon drove up in a BMW convertible. He asked if he could sit down at my table, which was really a pretty small table, but Super Deli Mart was packed and there was no other space. We both looked out the window over the parking lot in the sun, and he mentioned that it was almost summer. He went on:

"June 21st, right?"

"Yeah, I think so, same day for winter."

"I remember because of my pagan background," he said.

OK. We have now broken some preconceived notions at this point.

We continued looking out the window and I asked him if he had ever been to Taos. He looked shocked at first. I think he had some preconceived notions of his own. He thought and couldn't remember. He acted kind of quick, like he was crazy or on speed. I'd vote for slightly crazy. The people that acknowledged him were all slightly damaged; the comfortable, but bordering on posers that visited, avoided him. He must be a regular.

He gave my question some serious thought, and we established that he had been to Albuquerque and Santa Fe. I asked him if he remembered Oliver Stone's movie Natural Born Killers, and he brightened up a bit more and said yes. I told him that where I stayed in Taos was right across the bridge where they got married in Natural Born Killers.

We talked about how travel was more difficult after 9/11. I told him the story about how I got in trouble at the airport one time for joking about a stuffed animal being put out that a TSA agent had cut me off. (I didn't know she worked for the TSA). She told me she worked for the TSA, and did not find my jokes amusing. It turns out I sat next to her on the plane as well. Yes, right next to her. I did keep my mouth shut on the plan ride.

He told me a story about the post office, and how he had a run-in with a clerk there that made him get a doctor's appt because he forgot to put his glasses on before the vision test. As he was sitting in the waiting room wondering what to do, another clerk asked him to come over, said the other clerk was on break, she had heard what had happened, and she would make it all OK.

He got up to get another beer and I left with Bobo's sandwich, pop, and chips.



2015-06-24 • Subject • Rip Van Winkle • L R

We have quite a few stories of being asleep and being woken up: Sleeping Beauty, Rip Van Winkle come to mind. I was looking at Rip Van Winkle, and noticed there is the story of the Seven Sleepers, which is interesting because I always get Sleeping Beauty and Snow White mixed up. But, then again, Snow White *did* go to sleep because of the poison apple. I also have a theory about the animus and the dwarfs that I figured out with one of my dreams that puzzled me for years. Oh my, the wonderful things you will find along the dwarf/animus search... Me? I'm a man, and it does seem that my search lies in medusa/anima. It does seem to fit the tyranny of the patriarchy, right? The dwarf is a small man underground: beard, sweaty, digging... not feminine. Medusa? Perhaps the White Goddess herself, the bitch mare, Nina Hagen on the shore, thumbs down in Seemann/Rammstein/Apocolyptica, or Sophia from Proverbs, remnants of the old matriarchal god that told Yahweh to wake up and get wisdom (and he did, particularly in Jung's analysis with the story of Job). Do men get powerful imagery that is external, that a man can barely navigate vs. an internalized dwarf, is that their anima? I think that this adds some weight to the idea of six thousand years of the tyranny and oppression, the great sleep.

This wasn't really meant to be so much about Jung, but I ended up here. What I really wanted to write about is Glen Campbell. (!!) In 1983 I saw him play on a talk show. I had become increasingly in love with and obsessed with The Moody Blues, and I was very surprised to see him perform Question on a talk show. I found a clip from a show in Phoenix in '83. I believe he was waking up, discovering something about himself that he wanted to share, and became attached to the song. It seems very out of character for him. You can tell in the clip that the song went on and on, just like how it does in The Moody Blues song, and it couldn't have been an audience favorite is my guess. The song was thirteen years past at the time. I think he experienced a tunnel back to '67. I, myself, have been experiencing flashes back to '83-'86. So, the question is... damn! The Question. I am emerging.

Glen Campbell ~ "Question" 1983 LIVE!

C. G. Jung's Answer To Job: A Half Century Later

#white goddess



2015-06-25 • Dream • Honey Badger Cat • LR

I was in a waiting room. I'm not sure if it was a house or a business lobby or a hospital or what. There was a long vinyl bench seat on the right side against the wall. A woman was standing in front of me with a tan knit shirt with a very loose weave. Kind of like a fishnet stockings but not sexy in that way, and hung more like a sweater. It looked a little bit like chain mail. She had shoulder-length hair, blondish brown. Not dark. For awhile that was all I could see, but I went around her. A man was sitting on the bench waiting with a cat. It was a tuxedo cat, but longer, and shaped kind of like a badger with a very fluffy fur. The cat woke up and stretched out to me across the man's lap. I then saw a nurse push the bare leg of somebody with her finger to see if the person was dehydrated. The push left a small dimple, so the person was dehydrated. The man stood up, and his face took up most of my view. I said, "Is Yvette a honey badger cat?", and the man got a big smile on his face (it was a handsome face, kind of like Hugh Hefner), and he said, "Yes.".

#cat #yvette



2015-07-23 • Journal • Dental Gulag • L R

Sean is afraid of dentists for a good reason. Because of this we went to a clinic at UW that specialized in those kind of patients. The odd thing was it was kind of creepy. We called it the Gulag. It had this constant sound and weird chrome pipes coming out of the top of the building.

Comments:

2019-01-01:

They shut this place down last year.



2015-08-06 • Dream • Boxes of Beads • LR

There was an outbuilding on some land I was living on. It was about 200 square feet, like a very small house. Sean was also on the land, but I didn't know where she was. I went to the outbuilding, laid down, closed my eyes, and waited. Sean kissed me and I opened my eyes. She smiled in that way she does like the picture at Kalaloch. The building had been unused for awhile. I left to do something, and when I came back Sean had changed things around. There were two beds in the center of the room with a quilted blanket on top of both, individually. There was a small porch in front, and Sean had brought over several decorated cardboard boxes. I recognized the boxes as past projects and ideas that Sean and I had. One of them had particularly colorful patterns painted on a back panel of the box. The panel was upright, like it was a display box. Inside the box was a bunch of colorful beads, some strung together.

Sean was talking to a man with a clipboard in the yard. He asked her if we lived, essentially, on a piece of land with a bunch of huts. She said yes, and I nodded in agreement. Sean pointed towards me and said, "The inspector is here." I looked at the man, and his clothes were a bit tattered. I asked him who he worked for, and he mumbled something unintelligible. I asked him why he was inspecting us. I asked again, and he started walking away. I realized that he didn't work for any governmental body, but I couldn't figure out what he was doing there, or why he was faking being an inspector. There was nothing on his clipboard, it was just a collage of colored paper.

#kalaloch #sean



2015-09-21 • Journal • First version of current • LR

A version that looks quite a bit like 2019:

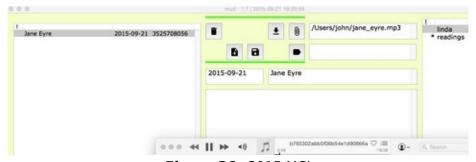


Figure 36: 2015 MCJ

#history



2015-09-27 • Journal • Diamond Hoe • L R

Me: "I think my cooking is so good it's over powered." Bobo: "No it's not. Your cooking is like something nobody would ever make, like a diamond hoe. Your cooking is like the diamond hoe of Minecraft."

Me: "I'll take it!"



2015-10-16 • Journal • Thanks, I guess • LR

I just told Bobo: "I'm really proud of the way you face the world."

His response: "Thanks, I guess."

He is completely secure in his identity and self-worth. His confusion about what I meant outweighed the fact that I was proud of him. That is my take.

#bobo



2015-11-26 • **Subject** • **Cistern and CB** • **L R**

I remember eating steak at Doe's Eat Place in Greenville Mississippi in Summer of 1983. They had an oven as you walked into the restaurant that cooked the steaks. The place was *hot*. We sat in the back room, and the floor tilted slightly. There was a big blower on the wall, and the preacher that was giving us a tour of the Mississippi river told us that it was a "swamp cooler". It blew air across the top of water to cool off the room. It worked, but it was humid.

Imagine building a hut that is mostly underground, but had a giant cistern on top. I'm not the best engineer at this stuff, but if the force went mostly outwards (I'm thinking VW suspension here... how the wheels move out with weight), you could support quite a bit of weight on top. Cheaper land might be an advantage, as you could build in the side of a hill. The hill could help fill the cistern with water. Between the earth, the water, and the sky(air) blowing across the surface of the water, you could cool this hut quite well, and, of course, have plenty of water. Use solar energy (possibly passive) to distill the water that evaporates and capture it for drinking in the summer.

Likely you would want to build this out of something that could deal well with water, like concrete or a hybrid using the earth dug from the side of the hill.

I calculate that a 400 square foot hut, 20 feet by 20 feet with a four foot deep cistern on top would hold 12,000 gallons of water. With some additional permaculture capture, you could irrigate as well. That is roughly 100,000 pounds above your head of water. 50 tons. 10 full-sized pickups parked on top of your house.

Likely there are many laws against this *right now* for thousands of reasons, but having the engineering plans available somehow seems useful. It is one of those chicken/egg deals. Are you considering collapse? Who is enforcing what you build? Also, I have water and something that can't be moved. Kill me, and you have water and something that can't be moved, and you are a human occupying that space. Try and sell the water, and barriers to entry are three shipping containers, some concrete, and a lot of digging. Lots of people out of work? Digging is possible, and they have water, and if somebody tries to take the water, at a minimum, they have shovels in hand.

It is possible you could build something like this. I'm looking at the specifications for a standard shipping container of 20X8. I bet you could coat three of those, cut out a hallway, bury and brace correctly, and they would support 50 tons easily.

As long as I'm going off so far, the other idea I have right now (related) is communications. My main thing is encapsulating data in a way that you can verify identity out to friend-of-a-friend for the purposes of spam. Spammers will completely mess up any good effort unless you wall it or spend a lot on security. But if you could use light encryption to simply prove identity and relay messages, it might be possible to build the equivalent of a spamresistant CB radio. I'm thinking it would be useful to get people to help dig that hole, secure some containers, and hit the vandals with shovels.

#hole



2015-12-10 • Subject • Macro Level • L R

Bobo asked me last week if I had a choice between seeing things at a macro level or a micro level, what would I choose? I immediately said macro level, but I've become even more convinced.

I haven't taken antibiotics in at least thirty five years that I'm aware of, certainly not as an adult on my own. I've only been to the doctor a few times. I do go to physicals and checkups these days. I went in 2009 for the first physical since high school, and again last year.

I think of my body as a microbial community. I will try and tough many things out, particularly at this point. Allergies are related... Yes, I know there is decent science behind this, but I also know that doctors are leaning this way already. I'll know when I need antibiotics.

Back to the question. it is related, because I also believe that at a micro level we make mistakes. It is the macro perspective of a system that should both concern us and reassure us. A concern might be that a system is generally self destructing because it is fundamentally unstable. It reminds me of the science fiction convention where the participants held up a sign and chanted "The Ringworld Is Unstable!". On the Ringworld itself, there are many specific concern. Live lives within small ecosystems that change as the Ringworld falls apart (with a small group of people trying to fix the instability at a macro level).

At a micro level I can do things like point at silver bullet tech (LFTR, hydrogen cars, etc.) to save the system. This is fallacious thinking outside of the macro, system level. The most obvious is asking questions like where the energy and resources will come from to build this new tech.

This happens on the positive side, that is: "This behavior causes all of our problems! I saw it in a movie and on FB!" (pick your FB evil of the week.) I know... it goes against the general guidance that we all should just do our part and everything will be better. It is true that this is all I can do, mostly. My point is that micro-level thinking is often just feel-good thinking. Don't get me wrong. It is required to think of things like this personally in order to make things better, but it is pulling the wool over your eyes to think of this only at a micro level. It is too *easy*.

Have you ever been at a project meeting and the n00b comes up with 10 great ideas? They are often valuable ideas, but they are isolated from the bigger problems at a macro level. Back to bacteria. We could go through a list of bacteria in the body and tag each as good and bad and start an eradication. Understanding the body as a system is very difficult, so it is easier to just show that E. coli is bad and we will kill it, and ignore the broader system. Notice that this example shows why you can't simply just make personal choices about micro things and incrementally improve the system.

But back to the reassurance. There are balances in the system. As an example, if something takes resources, it costs money. Now, we may be subsidizing this with taxes or topsoil, but eventually the costs will be rolled in, or should. So, from a systems perspective, micro contributors to the destruction of the planet from a resource perspective have gotten to the point, not of beauty, but of collapsing the environment that humans need to thrive. This means \$\$ and raw power struggle (boots and blood). It doesn't seem that reassuring in smaller time periods, but as George Carlin says about the planet, it is a self adjusting system. That is what she does. She might shake us off like fleas, but she will adjust. That is a long timeline, though. I was reassuring, right? I just meant that the salmon or beef will cost \$160 per pound is all, while soybeans will be \$10.

I guess another thing to realize from a systems perspective along these lines is we are all being played by marketing and public relations. If something *seems* like it has spin, it probably does. Micro items are great for this because they let people avoid the broader problem.

At this point I'm a pessimist at a macro level. I do try and think about what will be needed, though, in order to have a system that will work in a better way. It is funny, because I am an optimist in many other ways. I'm kind of gullible. I don't think I have a really big point, though. I won't make that n00b mistake and propose a micro solution. I am not arrogant enough to propose a macro solution. I've probably said enough already. There are people that analyze at a macro level. I follow them.

#uteotw



2015-12-22 • Journal • Deep in Mud SHA • L R

One idea I had for a journal embedding signatures into images (steganography):



Figure 37: steganography

#history



2016-01-08 • Subject • RCP 8.5 • LR

I watched this wonderfully delivered story yesterday that compared determining the speed of a cheetah to predicting climate change. The idea was that a lot of money was spent on modeling the cat but it couldn't compare to simply measuring the speed. When somebody measured the speed of the cat, the organization that went through all of the modeling protested and excluded the data from the person who measured it.

The point of all of this was that there are several different paths (RCPs Representative Concentration Pathways) in the IPCC model that vary based on future emissions. RCP 8.5 is extremely bad as far as humans go, along with other mammals and life forms accustomed to the current climate. There is an entire group of intelligent sounding people that believe we are on the RCP 8.5 path, from the data so far, and this is the whole point of the cheetah story.

I'm thinking about all of this and noticing that Bigsite is trying to sell me thread on my FB page because I bought needles for my sewing machine yesterday, illustrating the tight integration. True, it is probably just a cookie I picked up, but, still, I don't like it much. I also notice a new trend in ads that make you think that celebrities have died, but they haven't really, as well as fake stories about a wonderful silver bullet tech that will solve all of our problems. Click bait.

#uteotw



2016-01-17 • Subject • Old Friend and Stories • LR

I started working backwards from requirements. I know many people that are important to me, that are part of my web of existence, conscious and unconscious. I have no hope about our human endeavor at this point, but what do I want to do that is worthwhile? I'm not good at hobbies any more. I need something to work towards that is tangible and worthwhile on its own. Note that I don't assume this is broader than myself. I may not have hope in our human endeavor, but that doesn't mean that there is no hope. How do I know? I still can have my own opinion.

I am meeting an old friend today. I first met him in 1994, and he and his family are important to me, and to my life on this planet, my existence. The last time I was alone with him was cleaning up after Yvette's memorial. He and I packed up the garbage cans with leftover food, paper, and other discarded memorial activity in the rain and dark with a single LED lantern. Another old friend of mine that I first met in 1978 was parked on the street to assist with hauling and cleaning as well. The three of us were the last people at the memorial. It got me thinking.

Many people tell me I should write. In 1991 my writing teacher at community college saw me in the library. I was studying calculus, and finally getting the world of spinning triangles and surfaces. I had not been in his class for a

year, but he remembered me and told me to make sure I wrote. He meant that I should write during my life, that I should work it in or focus on it, or anything, just write. I didn't, really. I worked with computers, as this is my primary skill that makes money. I don't think that was a bad decision. I don't want to write a novel. I'm sure I could, but I don't see the point. I don't believe that a construction of mine matters.

But here I am, living in the time of the tail end of our oil, coal, and gas bubble, towards the end of my career. I am in love with Sean, now, who I have known since 1980. Do I just keep the house clean and tend to my son? Do I help my aging parents? I know I want to do all of this, and enjoy my time with Sean, but what else?

I have quite a collection of skills in IT. I have also spent quite a bit of time creating journals and communications software. I have tried to use this, as I think this is one thing that might help people. But, the thing is that people can use this as they wish, and there are plenty of alternatives. Mostly people don't care enough right now to change. This does play into my pessimism.

This morning it came to me in a bit of an emotional flash that I wanted to write about all of the people I've known that are important to me, that I like, that have helped me, and who I have helped. There are privacy issues with this. I'm not going to tell the truth about people I've known publicly. At the same time, I know that people I write about would want to read about other people in my life.

I know quite a bit about tagged information structures. This is pretty much hypertext, the web, and before that hypercards on the Mac. I know about transportable formats, encryption, and identity. Any writing I did about my friends I could certainly share with my individual friends. I could share all of the writing with my lover, as I share everything with Sean. But if one friend wanted to see writing I did about another friend, then only that friend should be able to determine who can see the writing. Perhaps some friends don't want to share at all. Perhaps some friends wouldn't mind if I shared what I wrote about them with everybody else.

So I have some requirements for a form of writing, and it does require some technology, namely identity and encryption. If I manage the keys, I could simply give somebody a zip file that they could read. Initially every friend could read their own story. I could ask who they wanted to share with, and make sure that only friends that they specifically allowed could read about them. This way people can share to the extent they feel comfortable, and I can still write a tagged work. Since *only* my friends with keys can read anything at all, I think it is OK to allow the tags. That is, if my friend Michael sees a tag for Sunn in his story, my memory, that is fine. I am way more respectful of privacy than most of the world right now.

#michael



2016-01-18 • Subject • Sports • LR

One of the ongoing discussions I get into with Sean is the idea that large sports teams, where a *huge* amount of economic activity is generated, from flying people around to parking at games to advertising, etc., is worth it because it brings people together for a common cause. But, it isn't really common. We all have our own teams. We are all entertained (mostly). She got me this Seahawks shirt to wear. She points out as we go places how her own shirt sparks conversations with everybody. I reluctantly agree.

I guess the conclusion is that people want to come together, but they really need economic activity for it to feel comfortable? But we all live many miles from each other anyway. My neighbors are OK. I could tell some stories of what has gone on over the years, but we get along with a lot of spice. I've participated in a couple of the King of the Hill style meetings on the sidewalk. My next door neighbor decided I was an anarchist after the last meeting, and I don't think he meant that in a community building way, you know, like we were rooting for the same team. He makes his living in construction, big metal, big concrete, big holes in the ground, and has several large GM trucks. I don't think he believes I'm on his team. Me? I think we are roughly on the same team, but I can't convince him of that. He thinks he is on Sean's team, though, and she intends to get him to fix our driveway in exchange for baked goods.

I fully enjoy scaled down sports like minor league hockey and baseball, for instance. I've been a few times. I enjoy peeing in a trough at Cheney stadium. I guess my issue is that all of this... everything, is part of the economic

engine of industrial society. And, you can say, no, we live in the information age, but the reality is that the resources that went into the 20 or so different personal computers we had, and the phone every couple of years are *way* more damaging to the planet than any Grumobile.

What would the alternative be to big sports? In my perfect world would we rally around getting CO2 to 350 PPM? Hey Steve! How's it hanging? We dropped 20 PPM last year WOOHOO! But, of course, if we actually *did* drop 20 PPM, with the situation we are in now, it would mean a recession worse that 2007. Our conversation would *really* be about how to get some free wood and how to skirt burning regulations to heat our houses, or something along those lines. "I heard the burn inspector was on 24th Ave today. Better remove your external pipes." Who knows, but you get the idea... We are in a pickle.

We are in a pickle.

#uteotw



2016-02-04 • Dream • Sean's Dad's Grave • LR

At 3:50 AM I saw an incredibly bright light in my mind. It was radiant, like it was an entity.

I also dreamed I passed a park and I saw Sean's Dad's grave. It had a headstone and many pictures of him. It made me cry.

On the headstone I remember some of the words. He wrote it to Sean:

I'm sorry I lied in 51/2. But, M/ people did.

There were a lot more words. The M/I realized was shorthand for many (in my dream). I don't know if that is really shorthand for many or not.

#sean



2016-02-12 • Subject • Smart Phone Contract • LR

I've been trimming down and simplifying, trying to find the 80 percent constraints... perhaps even 50. By that I just mean that much of what I am used to is expensive. How much does it cost if my phone is exactly right or all bananas are unbruised in a bunch, or I have my own domain for my email, or I get everything *now*? An easy way to start is to ask the question if I'm paying a premium for it. Quite specifically, my smart phone contract is up, and I think I can get by at about 20 percent of the cost if I go very cheap with a pay-as-you-go plan on Android. Do I really need to hit 10GB, 5 beyond my throttle cap, because I can stream music that I already have on my player and watch random videos... Gus Van Sant's version of Burroughs' Do Easy for the thirtieth time? Probably not, and it is a good example, because, well... Do Easy. "You can hit a circle four inches square at six feet, can't you?" I'm running through all of the things. I do have to be aware that ads make things not so free, and my activity is being packaged and mined. So what? Here I am.

#phone



2016-02-28 • Journal • Three Legged Goat • LR

Sean and I went to have a cup of coffee and pick up some of her favorite beans at the Dancing Goat place in Oly. It was a relatively insane errand because the rains came in a rush during our journey. People being cautious and others not being cautious and crashing their cars, caused the freeway to be backed up for most of the way.

We got our cups of the famous coffee blend and enjoyed our coffee on the side patio in front of the sculpture of the dancing goats. We kissed in the sun. We discussed the issue of the three legs on one of the goats, the female goat.

I know the goat is female because there is an udder. This negates my original theory that it was simply a joke about a third leg on a male goat dancing. It is a puzzling sculpture.

There was a serene duck pond in the back with pavers around the side. The grass was only a single kind of grass, uniform color, no weeds, rolled in and/or tended with chemicals. There was a single pair of mallards floating on the pond. The landscape struggled with the runoff from the street, as it made the earth path on the edge of the pond soggy. It was nestled in between boat storage places and industrial-looking buildings. We were careful to walk on the pavers, as it seemed that we would slide into the pond otherwise.

I looked up into the bushes from the vantage point of the far end of the pavers and saw a pair of Nike shoes. I proclaimed, "Look! Free Nikes!". Sean and I both admitted that we quite likely would have gladly checked them out and taken them in our younger days. Not these days, though. I found a Nike hat a couple years ago on the sidewalk that smelled like it had been in the possession of a homeless guy for a few years. I washed it twice and kept it. I was wearing it a couple months ago and was complimented for it. There was some street name for hat that was used in the compliment, I forget. It made me feel good, though.

Below the shoes was a suspicious twin plastic case, which I pointed out to Sean, and then she saw the hypodermic needle below that. Sean is a nurse, so when she decided she didn't want to touch the needle and called 911 to report it so a kid didn't get it, I figure that must be the proper procedure. I would have probably picked it up with a leaf and brought it in to the coffee house for the staff to deal with or just told them. I'm thinking Sean's approach is better in the interest of making sure the right people deal with it.

911 said they would send an officer out, and Sean said we would wait to show the officer the needle. We kissed more in the sun and glanced frequently at the street waiting for the cruiser to show. I was thinking about the punk that the Oly PD strapped to the roof of the cruiser who died in the journey to the jail, and my new role as a fully participating and respectable member of the Oly community. Sean took pleasure in using the phrase, "We are waiting for the fuzz" several times with customers and the staff as the staff shut down the place at closing.

Forty five minutes later no officer had showed, so Sean called 911 again. The operator got detailed instructions on how to find the needle and said there was no reason to wait around. We heard a siren a few minutes after the call. I know where the station is because I bailed a housemate out of jail there in 1985. I imagine it hasn't changed location. I felt a sense of urgency in getting into Sean's car and driving away when the siren started.

Of course, after all of this time sitting around and kissing and drinking coffee and waiting for the fuzz, I had to pee. But where to pee? Not the seclusion of the bush next to the artificial pond, for sure. The coffee shop was closed. (The idea of going to the largest common area in downtown and following the signs to the public restroom is a pretty hilarious idea.) I remembered that there was a bathroom at Bayview market, so we set out in that direction. I hadn't been there in a long time. The last time I was there my friend was detained for suspicion of stealing cigarettes, but luckily we were visiting from Eugene, so it had an Oregon tax stamp on the pack.

I found the bathroom in the far back corner in the same location as I remember in the eighties, but it had a code lock on the door. I went up to the deli counter and confidently asked for the code to the bathroom door, which I was freely given. I bought some water for me and some zero sobe for Sean and left, briefly considering a website where one could share bathroom codes.

#sean



2016-03-15 • Subject • Yet more Ezra • L R

I wrote about the Velocity Conference vid here I'm sure if you have worked with me since 2009, and I thought you might grok it, I've sent you this link at least twice.

Remote utility computing is the idea that we are simply taking applications running on a rack of servers in our closet and putting it into a data center. What struck me was that the big idea of "cloud" after watching this video, was that cloud was not about remote utility computing. The big idea of cloud was convention. Cloud requires convention. This just means that whether you are provisioning storage, defining firewall rules, or setting up a

shopping cart, you can place this in the cloud using an API. This video breaks a production system into bootstrapping, configuration, and command/control, all of which can be done via an API using cloud providers. The original cloud providers didn't build out their infrastructure to provide as a service. They had their own applications to run, and conforming to a convention made sense. Our world of cloud is a side effect of that efficiency, that convention, sprinkled with remote utility computing.

What remains when infrastructure is created with convention? At this point configuring infrastructure from detailed convention is a common practice. Centralized servers that are provisioned at every layer of cloud is how most big things run, now. The idea is good. Repositories of convention using a combination of code and configuration are available for the majority of system components. What is left is the difference between convention and the unique needs of the business. It takes analysis to figure out where a business is. It takes communications skills with stakeholders and sponsors. It takes design skills to figure out where the business wants to go. It takes familiarity with the tools available to bridge the gap between where the business is now and where it wants to be.

I have watched this unfold since 2009, and have focused my attention on design and analysis instead of operations whenever possible, as I could see that analysis would remain after conventions were adopted to translate infrastructure and applications to cloud services. Operations is primarily convention. When one operates infrastructure, all that is really required to be understood is configuration items that change in well-defined ways, the health of the system, and the procedures to restore to a known working state. These considerations are becoming increasingly canned.

There is even a trend to outsource design and analysis to third parties. I think this is a dangerous trend, because the interests of third parties likely do not align with those of the business. There is a flip-side to all of this as well that is even more critical. If a business controls and owns the details of where they are and where they want to go using conventions that facilitate expression of their systems into operating infrastructure using details like integration points, needed metadata, convergence times, availability, RPO, RTO, capacity and performance requirements - as many specific configuration items as is useful - those businesses are able to operate their infrastructure in any number of ways, on-premises or off.

My final point is that cloud does not necessarily need to mean that infrastructure is provisioned in the cloud. Using the same ideas, and an awareness that physical security and environment is more difficult to control, distributed infrastructure could be managed from cloud in the same way, using the same kind of conventions. What I mean by that is that many of the technologies involved with cloud are available to manage individual devices. In a way this is the beautiful combination of connectivity yet resilience. We see this with products like SCCM, but we don't normally think of cloud being reversed in that way.

#work



2016-04-15 • Memory • Papa, Lathe and Sawhorse • LR

Mama and Papa took care of an extended family of kids who had no place else. Sean was one of them. Several times I visited Sean at their house when I was in high school. One time I went there with Sunn, and I played D&D. It was a horrible dungeon (I thought), as it was a coke can. No matter where I went I would slide back down, and there was sticky brown stuff in the bottom. It was the last time I played D&D. I went to sit with Sean in front of some bricks, and ran my hand through her hair. I don't know what year it was, perhaps 1981? Sunn drove me by their house once in 1985, and everybody was watching a Hitchcock movie (Sean remembers it as being Rebecca, but I don't remember.) I called Sean, but she said she thought it was better if we didn't see each other. That was the last I saw her until 2014. I don't remember ever meeting Papa during any of my visits.

In 2016, the house that I had visited Sean at was long gone. Mama and Papa had moved to the Kitsap Peninsula. The steps to their house were rotten, and Sean asked if I could help out with the steps. I brought over some wood and tools, and fixed the steps. Papa was pleased, and took me around the side of the yard to show me some machinery he had built that was made with technology from 1,000 years ago. One was a sawhorse, the other a lathe.



He showed how he could clamp wood and how the spindle on the lathe worked. We then went inside, and he told me war stories where he would swim behind enemy lines and do war things. He told me other stories about his younger days, but I forget most of them. I will always remember the sawhorse and lathe, though. I will also always be grateful for how he helped and supported many I have known, including Sean.

#sean #sunn



2016-07-27 • Fiction • Cigarette • L R

"It doesn't matter who I am." Gordon took another drag on his cigarette. As he removed it from his lips he made a slight popping sound as he brought more air into his lungs behind the smoke. "Why does it matter, Judy?" He held his breath as he leaned over and tapped his ash into the empty soda can on the table. He blew the smoke out at an angle towards the ceiling. "Tell me, does it matter if people I barely know understand what it is that I think? Me? What I eat? What shows I like?"

"I think you're a grump," Judy muttered as she exhaled, smoke seeping between her teeth and curling around her upper lip.

#facebook



2016-07-28 • Fiction • Iris and Geras • LR

Iris is dressed in a white and blue layered, full-length dress with thin, flowing fabric and a circle of small yellow and white daisies around her head. Her dress moves in the breeze. Geras is dressed in fabric pants, black boots and a tan, buttoned shirt. They are on the beach in the late fall. The sun is out, but lower in a sky filled with (clouds.)

Iris: The key to the ocean and sky is in your exposure, your vulnerability, your complete trust.

Geras: I've learned to be careful. This has served me well in my life.

Iris: Your shirt, open your shirt. Place the point of this dagger over your heart, with the handle straight up in the air.

Geras: I will not.

Iris: You must. There is no way forward, otherwise, only decay.

Geras: There, as you ask.

Iris: Geras, nobly born, as I shove this knife in your heart, surround the point with your life and turn it into rhodon petals. Let the ocean rush in through your chest, exploding to sky, over mountains, the red petals painting the horizon and filling the air with perfume.

Geras: A red stream of blood flows out of me and around the knife, swirling around the blade, the hilt. The metal transforms to petals.

Iris: Yes! Yes! Yes! Nothing can harm you. You are ocean, mountain, sky, blood red stream, life, perfume, brilliant light.

#blood #dagger #heart



2016-07-30 • Journal • Blood Hair • LR

Across the street a woman with blood red hair down to her back stumbled out onto the landing of a three story apartment complex. She had a "What fresh new hell is this?" look on her face as she surveyed my passing bus and other traffic. She was dressed in blue skinny jeans and a pink shirt with the tails hanging out neatly. Her face was unblemished, white, with just enough blood showing through to avoid a goth appearance. Behind her was a bearded, unkempt man clutching a small dog to his chest that watched her as she left the landing.

#bus



2016-07-31 • Fiction • Watery • LR

Lyder had wrinkled, tan skin and mostly grey hair that hung greasy and uneven to his neck from under his stained fedora. He held on to the ceiling rail and leaned in to talk to Sagan, who was sitting on the aisle seat with his backpack and sleeping bag against the window. Lyder had spent the night under the "Against" rock in the "Adjacent, Against, Upon" art installation. "It is too hot. It is muggy," he offered to Sagan, who he hadn't seen in months.

"Get rid of that leather and you'll cool off."

"Yeah. Nope. Not coming off."

Sagan's eyes were droopy and watery. The inner part of his lower lid was visible like the eyes of a basset hound. His hair was all white. He had an old shirt that was cut to look like a vest over a thicker long-sleeve shirt that draped over the loose jeans that covered his thin legs.

"I have shnapps in my bag. I'm getting off at Genessee. Wanna join me?"

"I don't drink any more, and I'm broke."

Sagan pulled two dollars out of the front of his pack and handed it to Lyder. "Here ya go. Grab a soda and meet me back at the park. Are you hungry?"

"I haven't eaten today, but I'm not hungry. I'll meet you."

Sagan beamed, "I like shnapps."

#bus



2016-08-01 • Journal • Be the Ball • LR

I was walking through Myrtle Edwards park last week. It was around eighty degrees and sunny. Various gaming companies and other dev/IT folks gather there for small BBQs, inspirational speeches by the CTO, and are often playing some kind of outdoor Frisbee variants. As I walked past I noticed they had some kind of ball they were hitting around to each other using a long stick that looked kind of like an oar with a stumpy paddle face. There were quite a few party-watchers eating hot dogs, burgers, and likely some meat-like patties, standing on the side while three men tried to hit a baseball between them. I could hear the crack and then the ball would fly towards one of the other men.

I continued walking past them, past my favorite purple hollyhock, the sound, and the wild roses, as I went further towards the grain elevator. The Olympics overshadow the ships waiting for grain, anchored at dissimilar angles. At this point in my walk I have a very difficult time returning. I did return, pivoted on the asphalt walkway, and walked back towards work.

As I returned, the three men were still there playing this game. One man was trying to hit the ball with the paddle. He kept on tossing it and swinging it, missing, and trying again. One of the walkers asked what the game was, and it turns out that the men had invented it. The walker observed that it was a cross between Lacrosse and Cricket, and the men agreed. The one man was still struggling this whole time to hit the ball.

As I passed the man I shouted out, "Be the ball!" A few seconds later he connected with the ball and it flew over the heads of the men towards the train tracks. "See!" I said, and the man saluted me by pointing his paddle-stick at me and nodding.

#walk



2016-08-09 • Journal • Alone • LR

I feel peaceful tonight, like I've been on a long journey, a road trip, where 500 miles of the day's journey was across a desert and the rest was through busy and strange freeway merges and chaos. I'm sipping a cool drink and watching the sun go down beside a pool at a cheap motel. Nobody else is there. That is how it feels, peaceful like that.

I am alone in the house. It is quiet. Sean tells me that I need this, and she is right. She means I need it for days on end. When was the last time? When did I have that? I can't remember. I've taken days off, but days on end? Without other voices? Without others that I sold my ideas to? I can't remember.

Could it really have been 1986? Maybe. I did spend days alone. I watched the sun come up over Taos from The Mesa, up over the mountain, dim to rim to full light. I practiced mind tricks to meld with the tanker truck reflection and make 100 miles go by in what seemed ten minutes, a way to stay awake. I watched the red tail lights sing out as the night came on, bright, red, alive, and followed them through to the next open stretch of road on my way to Eugene.

Where is this place where it is quiet, really? The mesa probably isn't that quiet any more. The band of hooligan witch anarchists that steal from the others on the mesa or the vets blowing shit up or the sounds of goats would disturb me. Slab City? Certainly not quiet. I could brave the Teklanika and sit in McCandless' bus, but... no, too many pilgrims, too many mosquitoes.

Sunday I rode the ferry back with Sean and returned alone. I missed the bus up the hill and decided to walk instead. It was about nine o-clock, not quite fully dark. I saw four people total on my walk, all the way from the ferry terminal and across much of my neighborhood. Two of them arrived at their house in a small truck and were unpacking from a day of outdoor sporting activity. They had a small pug or bulldog with them. The man didn't even notice I was walking up the hill, but the woman gasped when she turned around with her arms full of equipment and saw that I was between her and her house.

The other two people I saw were just kids getting off at the bus stop at the top of the hill. They jumped down, pivoted and moved down the walk, bouncing back and forth in a slow weave and then they were gone. They didn't know I was there. Most of my walk I was alone. There was no sound except for cars going by, and when you are walking, particularly a route along secondary streets, the cars are just background rushes that come and go with light, that is all. I could see the giant, flat video screens through the windows of the houses, but no people

As I sit here now, I remembered the line from The Cure song Other voices:

"But I live with desertion And eight million people"

That seems true to me. Where is it quiet in the world now? Where there is fear and entertainment that seals the noise in, encapsulates it, mothballs anything new that might come out and bite me like an anarchist witch on the mesa. So this is the silver lining to the drone city: I can be alone.

#mccandless #uteotw #other_voices

Comments:

2022-01-11:



2016-08-19 • Subject • Leaving Las Vegas • LR

Looking at my OD trending feed, wouldn't it be kind of funny if Bush jr. decided to take up sculpture after painting world leaders and himself in the shower, and he was the one who made those statues?

I dreamed for hours last night that I was looking for a word. I talked to different people in my dreams. It was the scan of all, the index of all interesting things in a particular IT shop. I kept on coming up with CMDB, but it wasn't that. There was another word. It wasn't Knowledge Base, for sure. It bothered me when I would wake in between dreams and I would go back to sleep and dream the same in the dream, asking, puzzling.

My head must be in a particularly weird spot. I was laying back in my coffee and sleep drizzle and thinking about communication on FB and had a vision:

I saw a picture of a television. It was about the same size as the TV in Videodrome where Max's head goes into the lips of Nicki, same style, same vintage. I imagined communication on OD as though it was an interactive TV show

where I had to participate in whatever the show was on the channel. I had to be with the cast as I talked, and play by the rules of the particular show, and that was how I talked about things I wanted to talk about with my OD friends. At least, that is how it is intended to work, and since OD controls the feed, it works much like that.

One final thought for today, that I'd like to share with the TV, I suppose it is the dark freedom channel that only two of my fb friends that I am aware of ever tune into. Leaving Las Vegas is about love and freedom. She never betrays him, but loves him. She understands that living or dying is something that is his choice to make. Rarely are there love stories as pure as Leaving Las Vegas. Anything different, as in, I will give up my personal identity for you, or what I truly feel is important to myself, is a lie, at least for those basic things. I'm not sure one can really love if there is no core identity. There is nothing to compare the poles with, nothing to base the attraction on. It is all fucking projection if there is no core. Without a core we wisp this way and that buffeted by ads and other people's TV shows. That doesn't mean that the focus of my orbit is not around the sun, nor that I don't experience the love on par with ocean, mountain, and sky.

Did you know that the author of the book Leaving Las Vegas committed suicide two weeks after shooting the film? Whole Year Inn. Oooo... what TV channel could this possibly be broadcast on.

There is a temptation as I realize this kind of stuff to create a technical solution that cuts through this, but it is too late, just as we are at the tail end of an amazing burst of fossil fueled growth with all of its relative leisure and destruction. I have to just love, and allow that people have decided to do this with their freedom. I am not the one to say, "you must stop drinking now!". The *only* way the final beautiful scene in the movie will happen is if I just let go of that shit and love.

#videodrome #identity #leaving_las_vegas



2016-09-03 = Subject = DNA = LR

What are you going to do with your particular set of DNA today?

We are not aware of all words, since a touch on a human baby's face by the mother has no words, yet it will affect the human for life; and, likewise, what we consume and how we pollute have long range implications for other mammals in particular, but also reptiles, insects, and plants, of course.

So, besides operating your particular DNA car with associated experience, what are you going to consume? What humans, mammals, and plants are you going to touch? What words are you going to set loose? Will you utter the most beautiful haiku that changes *everything*? Will your insecurities consume you inside your crumbling shell of defense? Will you persist in your insatiable need for validation? Are you going to rail against this or that for causing you your particular form of grief or struggle, or is your intent forwards and outwards?

What persists? Look forward 400 years. Perhaps your DNA will persist through your children. That touch (or smack) on the cheek will echo and reverberate through time.

What are you going to do with your particular set of DNA today?

#dna



2016-09-04 • Journal • Betty Nightmares • LR

Day one of the DNA operations report:

I hauled my DNA vehicle down to the corner deli. My son promised to do one final practice run to school today if I got him a sandwich, cookie, pop, and chips. He recently spent three days digging out sod in the front yard so my lover and I can plant a garden instead of grass. My conscience is clear.

The are back to playing jack FM instead of playing the sports out loud, which I greatly appreciate. They leave the screens on with uniformed, gaming figures making their sports moves in silence. I heard some Phil Collins,

Supertramp (oooo... Chris McCandless), and Blue Oyster Cult, also that song "cool on christ" whatever that one is. My DNA decided it wanted to pursue pleasure and avoid pain, or at least my meat representation, so I had a Black Raven Nothing But Flowers beer with my roast beef sandwich: eating the cow meat.

I texted my lover back and forth. She is getting her hair cut today for the first time in five years, at JC Penny, if I got the text right. I drank two beers. The second beer was Weihenstephaner Fest Bier (Oktoberfest). OMFG, that is a good beer.

As I arrived back near my house, my recently unemployed neighbor, Steve, walked across the street with a beer in his hand to my neighbor Joe's house. Joe is retired. He bought his house at the bottom of the market in 2010. He asked my lover one time if she would pose for him in a swimsuit. He had a bright red shirt with white hearts all over it. I walked across the street, waved hello at Steve, and said, "Nice shirt, Joe!".

Joe said, "My girlfriend bought it for me on valentines day."

I waved goodbye to Steve and Joe, gave the food to my son, and posted this. What is next for this DNA vehicle? Well, laundry, cleaning, and Betty planning. Betty? My lover, Sean!, last weekend, she conquered some nightmares she has had since she was a girl. I told her how working on Betty brought back bad memories, and she encouraged me to face those and conquer my own version of nightmares.

#dna #mccandless



2016-09-16 • Journal • Day One • LR

The waterfront had a distinctly different edge to it today. I saw one Manson looking man with a bloody mark in the middle of his forehead that was playing his threatening part. He sputtered something political and aggressive at me from his wheelchair when I told him that I would not give him money.

On my way back to work I saw two crows perched on top of the wings of the eagle over the PI globe. It seemed to me that this was "day one", that it had arrived, that we were on our way down. Later I found out that the homeless sweeps were happening, and this might be the change. Of course, the fact that the shipping industry is losing many billions of dollars and Hanjin is bankrupt is affecting the port as the pretty people jog and stroll around the homeless. No coal trains today.

#walk



2016-09-18 • Subject • Energy Machine • LR

My dad sent me a link to one of those silver bullet tech ideas that was quite appealing. There is this guy that spent his life recreating Tesla's ideas about power, or, at least, the interwebs believe that his work is based on Tesla. It seems like the idea is "reactive power". The thumbnail is that power generation and power supplies kick back energy that can be captured, and this works into the conversion rate. I think there is also a component of draining down the kickback energy so that it is reused by either the generator, or, in a different application, a more efficient power supply. Through some investigating afterwards it seems like Tesla was indeed obsessed about this kind of energy and Einstein saw it or ignored it or something... It is weird stuff, part of solving EMI is how I understand it. You can find the vid here.

My mind began to wander a bit in two odd directions. Let's say this is true; just assume that this is true. The details of it remind me quite a bit of John Galt's energy machine in Atlas Shrugged. Now, in Rand's story, this was squashed because of a culture of protectionism and mediocrity, I suppose, is how you would describe it, so the true engine of wealth and success went on permanent strike. I don't see the world like that any more. I see parts of it, but the overriding story that I see is one of humans being adapted for fear and true design by compartmentalization. By this I mean that humans could not survive and think about what creature would eat them or how they could possibly survive the winter at Jamestown. Chicken Little and Gloomy Gus have no place. I call it "true design" because for

me that means: "Where are we now? Where do we want to be? How do we the there?" It seems to me that we compartmentalize easily to avoid the hard questions like this, particularly when the answers are: "We could well get eaten. Most of us will die." We have sex more when we are able to compartmentalize hard questions into the endeavors of planning that don't interfere with our televised reality.

I have to admit that my maladaption theory of humans came from a horror science fiction writer; I kid you not. Thomas Ligotti. I have a few books of his, but the only one I've read is The Conspiracy Against the Human Race. I keep his others on my old Kindles that I never upgraded because I like the idea of a lifetime of books stored on these two devices without whatever intense analysis that Bigsite planned in their V2 firmware upgrade. (I am that paranoid or something...)

But let's set aside my weird ideas of humans (or not weird, if you are me), and think about what it means if there is a man out there that has been pushing an intensely efficient electrical generator and power supply design for 30 years and *nothing has changed*. Let's also observe that it is identical (or could be) to the device that powers Rand's band of Elon Musks... the equivalent of the going-to-mars crowd, you know, where Bezos goes too. Gates is *not* in that crowd, nor is Buffet.

Is Mars the equivalent of the Colorado colony in Rand's story? Is it the Rand story of perpetuation of mediocrity in a form of government collusion that kept this power device from being used widely?

Here is the second tangent: I've been reading quite a bit on the interwebs about the idea that we are living in a simulation. I saw this first in the 2016 Isaac Asimov Memorial Debate: Is the Universe a Simulation? It has come up lately as well, as some analysts at Bank of America supposedly think this too. I always thought, PKDs Gnostic observations carefully set to the side, that The Matrix was really a metaphor for our consumer-based society and the interplay of ads and marketing (with compartmentalization thrown it... it is abuse and looting of that human flaw).

But what if the simulation we live in has fragmentary stories that persist? We would get the great flood, energy devices, Armageddon, etc. The simulation likely wouldn't work the way *our* simulations work. We have to do some extreme extrapolation.

Anyway... I'm confused about how to use paragraphs. I desire to split up the information, but it is somewhat arbitrary in a long social media post. I think I'm done for the day. And, I don't believe that silver bullet tech will save us, since we are in population overshoot on the old tech. I don't believe we are in a simulation, either. Nor do I believe that tech like this would remain unused if it was viable. I don't believe in a persistent soul, either, no form of persistent identity. (To me this means my experience of death word will be "becoming" and not "observing".) In other words, I think we/I are SOL, but I am thoroughly enjoying the experience.

My lover is coming over today. Soon she will be here always. I must log off for now.

#big_site #cathr #dad



2016-09-29 • Journal • Happy, Happy, Joy, Joy • LR

The rooms in my house are literally partitioned by function, but they also have an overall distinct emotional feel as I move between rooms. I imagine this is related to a house and rooms being your overall self and various aspects in dreams.

A couple nights ago I was walking down the steps to take out the garbage, transitioning from the bustle of evening chores and well-defined emotional and historically layered partitions. As I entered the night air, I could see the stars as well as a wisp of a cloud that I thought might be the milky way at first. I had an overwhelming and unfamiliar feeling of joy and well-being. It caught me by surprise, and I had to think a bit about what I was feeling.

Yesterday evening Sean asked if I thought of her as a happy person. She told me that people in the past said she was always happy. She described it in a way that made me cautious about the word happy, so I told her no and she made me clarify. I said that she found joy in many things, but she was not always happy. I would not say she was a "happy person". She asked if I liked her, and I said that I did; if she was not my lover, I would hang out with her and listen to what she had to say, and do stuff as friends would. She asked if I thought she was a curmudgeon, and I had

to say that, yes, she was sometimes. She pressed me more, and I said that while I didn't think of her as a happy person, my experience of her was that she found joy in things frequently, she was open to seeing the beauty, she was curious, she was connected with people and the world and found joy in this.

My neighborhood is transitioning from a bit of a scrappy area of the relatively dispossessed to one of ponytail, privileged joggers and dog walkers that will not make eye contact with me. My neighborhood is gentrifying, but in a homeowner kind of way.

My next door neighbors are not like that though. One is an old, grumpy longshoreman and biker. I waved and said "Hi Ray" the other day, and he gave me this derisive noise and continued on into his house. My other neighbor, Steve, works in construction and just got fired a couple weeks ago for a bad attitude after ten years at the same construction company. Neither neighbor is happy, really. I don't think anybody would characterize them as overall happy people. Steve does find joy in many things, though. Ray, not as much. I think he appreciates an excellent rebuild of an old truck or motorbike and would find joy in that. That is part of why he thinks I'm a hack (and am) because one time he was trying to tutor me on fixing up an old truck and from my response he realized that I didn't give a fuck and told me so.

When I think of happy, and why I don't like the word, I think of this new crowd of people that are coming into the neighborhood and how they actually do seem like happy people. Mostly, like Ray, they avoid eye contact, particularly when I'm in the driveway sawing a board or working on Betty. I find them annoying, though. I find the new neighbors annoying. There is something about their kind of happy that I don't like.

I was watching my feed today on OurData and I realized that the perspective seemed to be who was self-satisfied and who found joy in particular things. That kind of brought all of this together for me. If a house is the overall self, are you happy in your self? Do you jog around, essentially in your house? I am one to talk, because I have been asleep for much of my life, barely experiencing this world. I have experienced the sky (the actual sky) since 1986. People? Not so much. I've been pretty much wrapped up in my self. I have not been self-satisfied, though. I think it is fair to say that for most of my life I have been unhappy.

I've also been wondering how I can live knowing that humans appear to be flawed culturally and likely structurally (the way their psyches compartmentalize). I read a book six years ago called Conspiracy Against the Human Race that argued that our brain, our psyche, was optimized to think short term and be happy about it. We were selected against long-term thinking and hand-wringing about the animals that might eat us or where we would get food in a year. We evolved from small mammals and had a very precarious time of it. I don't believe in the Star Trek universe, or anything like it.

I allow I could be wrong, of course, and try not to let my pessimism rub off on my son, who does happen to hate Star Trek. Last night he shared this video about the feelings and vision of gamers of the particular game he loves, League of Legends. The video had a theme of working together with a small band of people conquering various monsters and either living or dying. It also had a recurrent theme of "They can't take this away from you." Meaning that everything that was good was taken away except for this game and the thrill of battle with monsters and unbelievers.

In the end though, I can never be self-satisfied. If I turn this back on my relation with the joggers, I find them annoying because I am conflating joy and identity of self. They are not me. They can jog around and act self-satisfied with their own house (metaphorical or literal), their own lifestyle that was marketed and consumed, the YupSportFour with the bikes and kayaks and Thule on top. See? I am having a difficult time *not* overloading my reactions here. This is what keeps me from having joy in things (often). Let them continue to destroy the ecosystems for vertabrates. It doesn't only go for the joggers. I see self-satisfaction from many different types of people. I think it happens as you get older.

I read in a book about dealing with borderline personality disorder that one exercise was to thoroughly enjoy the food you were eating rather than wolfing it down. I think there is some consistency here on what joy is vs. happiness, and why those words bother me. Happiness is related to your idea of self and how you project your version of your house. Joy is how you are open to stuff outside of yourself, your version of your house. We are not self-contained, or are not meant to be that way. So, see? I'm undermining one of the main premises of Conspiracy Against the Human Race, in that an extreme version of compartmentalization could be borderline personality disorder.



2016-10-11 • Memory • Back pack • LR

I remember backpacking in the Sierras with my grandpa when I was eight. All of my male cousins and uncle went too (my mom's dad and mom's mom's sister's husband and kids). Grandpa rolled his own pack. It was a canvas bag he strapped to a wooden frame.

We went fishing with the flies I made, that he had showed me how to tie. Of course I wanted to use them on the trip, even though I am sure he told me they wouldn't work well with a regular rod.

He packed in steak that we cooked over our own campfire. My cousins and their friend tossed hamburger wrapped in aluminum foil on the coals of their own campfire that was much larger. They called it Hamburger a la foil. My grandpa was thoroughly disgusted with their cooking technique.

#grandpa



2016-10-14 = Subject = Politics = LR

This election campaign illustrates the cultural war between urban and rural citizens in this country. Hillary Clinton is painted as a smug, privileged person who can't possibly relate to the struggles faced by rural citizens. I can see the point. I'm not so sure that Donald Trump is the solution to that, but he seems to tap into the war well.

I suppose I can be smug sometimes. I am urban, and I do make more money than most. It isn't particularly accidental. I have been highly motivated to find jobs with good insurance and salary for most of my peak earning years. Just like it has been for centuries, the money, the economic activity, is in the city. I simply have followed the money to the city. That is how I deal with the global supply chain and the economics involved with sucking the planet dry, fueled by cheap liquid fuels. I'm not proud of that. I'm not smug about that part, actually. I do try and minimize my own personal sucking, so I take the bus and do the typical urban liberal feel-good stuff. I challenge my rural friends with a true well-to-wheel comparison of resources used. I have a pretty good idea about how the global supply chain benefits those in rural communities, and what will happen as collapse progresses.

I was a Boy Scout. I loved the book My Side of the Mountain. I appreciate the skills that Heinlein lists like merit badges on what a competent human should be able to do. At the same time, though, a pragmatic analysis of how to obtain food and water in the system that exists leads me to the city. All of this, the whole fantasy of rural independence will crumble. Oh, don't get me wrong. Perhaps I will be able to secure a small cabin somewhere with a metal roof and watch the sun and industrial civilization set one last time with my lover. I would like that. But, for now, I feel that being on the same power grid and water system as Bigsite headquarters and sharing in the desperate cling at intellectual property and the remaining liquid fuels is a good tactical move right now.

#scout



2016-10-17 • Subject • Self • LR

I was thinking about the Kesey speech at UC Berkeley, how he talked about the pyramid of information flow, and that it does not flow from the point out, from the microphone at the podium out to the base of those at the auditorium. He used a broader term, though, the "American pyramid", but what he is talking about is somewhat universal.

We do need strong leaders in a time of crisis, or even in a time where stuff needs to get done. I know exactly how effective a committee usually is, or any meeting with more than a few active participants. But Kesey isn't talking about that, exactly. I think he is on to something.

I've noticed in IT that much of the knowledge is buried in small pockets in a mature shop. A handful of people know the intricacies of what is connected where and who needs what, and what happens when this or that breaks. At the place I'm at now there were a couple major staff and management purges and then reduction in benefits, and then

an introduction of fairly inflexible, ham-fisted policies for the workers. I get it that they are struggling to keep things profitable. I really have no complaints... nothing that I don't accept. The small pockets of expertise are disappearing. The people that aren't purged are leaving. The remaining staff relies more and more on what vendors tell them to do or they simply buy all new products... again, leaning on vendors and consultants to implement. We will see how that works. Certainly it is expensive. Whether or not it would be cheaper to attempt to keep the old staff and use good management techniques and benefits to retain the staff, I have to admit, is not clear from a financial standpoint.

I can see extending Kesey's idea to IT. For awhile I had this idea of a form of communication within IT that connected the siloed resources. I thought of it like small lights, nodules on root systems... I even registered a domain called ITRootBall to create a product around it. (I was actually kind of depressed and crazy at the time, as I have been for much of the last 15 years or so... I made it. But the idea of a communication product called ITRootBall does seem pretty wacky to me right now.) Social media doesn't work, not the kind we tolerate or use. Tim Berners-Lee has talked about this a bit, and I think he has some good ideas about data on the Internet.

As I face the next decade of my life, I wonder what could be used? I have no hope for the current form of industrial civilization. I don't think humans have the psyche that is needed to survive in current form. While I have thought that there was something flawed in the human psyche for awhile, particularly since I read Ligotti's Conspiracy Against the Human Race, I have not seen anything that pointed at the nature of the problem in a way that could be solved. I was thumbing through The Apocalypedia by Darren Allen yesterday, and ran across his page on The Fall. He lists the fall as 12,000 years ago when self and ego became part of the normal human psyche.

The pop culture version of ego really bugs me. Freud and Jung wrote some very insightful works, and what most people mean by ego doesn't fit well. Regardless, though, I can see Allen's point. But, back to Kesey, using his pyramid idea. The microphone also originates at the idea of self. I am considering these people or those people or that tree or these ideas. There is an error in relation, or could be. I think the ideas are related.

Sean said something the other day about how what she wanted to do would help others get out of collapse. She was talking about knowledge of seed propagation and subsistence know-how. I fully appreciate the value of that. Personally, the next ten years seem to be almost insurmountable. But, to bring back the IT perspective, which I know pretty well, often somebody just has to say we will do something no matter what without a good understanding of how it will work. We simply make a decision on technology, roll it out, and the business/Firm/IT will find a way. CO2 emitting fuels are only used for key infrastructure or public transportation, for (instance.)

This whole post is kind of a let-down, because I have no answer, and no opinion on what is needed. I think about it. I suspect that the way information flows, really flows, or really *should* flow, as Kesey saw, is related. I can see that the way our psyche's are treated and work in our culture are likely at fault for our current situation. I also suspect that art is the most likely form of changing the minds of many people in a way that breaks through the walls of confirmation bias and current lines in social media. It might be music or writing or performance or anything... But an intellectual dialog about politics using the platform of a podium will not work. (Note that I am completely humbled and impressed by Michelle Obama's speech, and, yes, as a friend pointed out, it reminded me of JFK.) But modern consciousness and intellectual tolerance is not prepared to deal on that level. Perhaps that will never work because of the very same issue about the microphone and pyramid that Kesey talks about. Does it rely on the idea of self?

#cathr #consciousness #identity



2016-10-22 • Subject • Crows • LR

I read this morning that September was another record month for warmth for the planet over 136 years, which means that 11 of the last 12 months were record temperatures. This is NASA data. I am not sure what is more interesting for me, watching and participating in computers and electronics from the time of tubes forward, or what 3-4 billion gallons of oil consumed every day by humans is doing to the planet.

One thing that is not interesting, it is more grating, is seeing ads of people looking at their phones to see how many eggs they have in their fridge when they are at the store. I watched one sitcom in the last, I dunno, decade, and that ad is what stuck. I am trying really hard to remember lines that were funny from the show. I did laugh a bit.

I enjoyed snuggling with L more, though. I enjoyed Star Trek thoroughly a few weeks ago. It was the one where Wesley lets some nanobots loose on the ship. The ads are not fun, though; they horrify me.

We sure have wasted our attention and routed the absolute amazing power of the billions of gallons of oil every day into the strangest stuff. Speaking of Star Trek, if we had focused on sustainable energy creation and food instead of the moon shot or arms race, etc., we might have made it without collapse. I don't think humans will ever disappear from the planet. We may turn into various mad max or HG Wells time machine versions of humans, but we will survive in some form.

I've been in a variety of conversations lately about money and oil and human population overshoot. It is all the same conversation. Our convenience, the luxury of me sitting here posting, drinking instant coffee, all of it comes from money and oil. I would be tempted to say that oil is the currency, but it isn't quite that because intellectual property and laws (as well as guns, capital) govern the world. We are run through a kind of collusion and history. Take some of the wealthy, eco-friendly European countries. They got there through empire: past trade, aggression, etc. They own stuff around the world.

I've had a conversation along these lines and been told, "well, the sun will go out eventually too." We are talking about the entire world running on 3-4 billion gallons of oil a day. This is tangible. It is happening now. It cannot continue, and there is nothing that can replace it to scale in time to prevent collapse. Further, it is entwined with power (ability to make others do what you want).

I am not sure why I feel compelled to post about this. I take quite a bit of time on this. It feels (to me) like I am watching somebody dying on the side of the road and I want to help, but don't know what to do, and am just trying to see who else sees the person. It is worse than that, though, because the people that do stop and say things like, "why don't you call an ambulance?", well, I just tell them that that won't work. Now, they don't hear me because they have already moved on, but still, I'm not very productive. How could I be? I have no answers, no plan, well, besides the obvious mantra: "Where are we now? Where do we want to be? How are we going to get there, exactly?" I have a reasonable idea of where we are, but I don't know where humans really want to be, nor how we would get there. "World peace" is not really a goal. Do you mean nobody hurts anybody else? That is how we get our oil, our money, our food. Are you really saying that is where you want to be? Are you OK with what that means? Really? Do you expect there to be a transition to this, or will it just happen instantly? How will you make that happen? Do you think humans are even capable of peace? See? I'm not very productive.

I mean it about being very interested in all that I've experienced. I am not arrogant enough to think that the environmental damage we are creating will have any geologically long-term effects. And, yes, over time the sun will change. I suppose that I don't see the reason that humans are so pleased with themselves and their progress.

I like crows. Turtles? meh

#crow



2016-10-23 • Journal • Words • LR

"It is" like tricking The Matrix to write about truth with words. In the beginning was the word? Sophia (wisdom, I say truth) fused, disappeared, and became Word (logos), and we were... are... fucked with The Matrix, unable to see out with words. It is a twist on the PKD scenario of "man in world" as "brain in jar". Words act as a barrier, a container, between the fabric of dreams and our conscious reality. Poetry and art can reveal truth, but only by reminding us of what we already know, for we are the fabric of truth inside (and out).

#pkd



2016-10-25 • Subject • Zanzibar • L R

When I was in Junior High in Auburn (Cascade) there was this guy that would post these fictional political rants about "Might is Right" and the Zanzibar government/country. I found them fascinating. Sunn knew about all things in the

world, at least from my perspective, and compared to what I knew; I knew very little. He would explain different things to me, teach me about electronics and music and politics... he did... and theater. Sunn was really bothered by the posts and said that, no, Might is not Right. He said it with some urgency. I didn't get why he was so bothered. I knew it at a basic level, I suppose, perhaps an abstract religious level, that it wasn't good to just take things; however, I was a bit simple in my analysis, in that it seemed to me that people did just take things, as did countries.

I thought that whoever posted this had just made it all up. When I transferred to a private prep school from Auburn High, I decided I would post my own series of fake political rants. I did post a few and had fun. I first met L, come to think of it, about the same time as I was posting those fake political rants.

So, I'm sitting here drinking coffee and considering that interesting period from 1910 or so until 1929. There is a flurry of occult and alternative religious interest in this time. Most significantly, to me, is that W Y Evans Wentz published the Tibetan Book of the Dead in 1929. It seems that 1910 plays into this timeline as well for him. This is also the time of Starlit Mire and Austin Osman Spare's illustrations. One in particular is this picture of people in the mud and a star that says: "Be silent, though that slipped! The mud that caused they fall still mirrors ME". Psychic TV did an entire song quoting this book, by the same name. I am interested in the concept of "falling in love". It was brought about by the Rumi poem and a conviction that we are in the middle of collapse. How do you love as you fall? It is that simple. More interestingly, is that how we learn to love? By falling? Rumi's poem seems to say that, if love is the wings that make us free and soar.

Along the way of my morning web jaunt, I noticed there is a book by Ragnar Redbeard called Might is Right that was published in 1910. Sean, it turns out, knows the guy at Cascade that made the Zanzibar posts. She is still friends with him. I remembered this and asked her if all of the posts were from the Redbeard book, and she said yes.

Saturday, 2018-08-11 09:15:52 - An old friend of Seans, John, knows most of the people related to the Zanzibar posts. Also, his friend Mike was the one that drove me to the hospital when I got hurt preparing for the Miss Auburn pageant at Cascade, likely with Ross.

#cascade



2016-11-04 • Subject • Diamond • LR

I forget when, but at a certain point I could feel when I was starting to get sick from a cold or the flu, and I would rest instead of simply figuring I had to double my coffee intake. It was surprisingly late in my life, and it helped me not get as sick, and sometimes it would keep me from getting sick at all. In a similar way, I realized the dull, faint headache of not drinking enough water. Again, it was surprisingly late in my life, and it helped me feel better, generally.

I lost my glasses a couple weeks ago. I'm sure I'll find them again, but it was time for an eye appointment anyway, as it has been a few years. Sean recommended I get two pair of glasses this time, which was a great suggestion that I followed. I resist getting the granny tether that goes around my neck. I'll probably get one of those, or, perhaps, I will finally stick to the rule that I need to put them back in the case when I take them off.

I walk every day along the waterfront, but when I picked up my new glasses I took an alternate route through Belltown, where I worked for the mobile events transaction startup, and then followed Lenora down to the elevator, just like I used to do on my walk. Simply experiencing the scenery from that time, the feel of the street, the emotional memory, made me physically ill. I know that I enjoyed my job there. It was one of the best gigs I've had in my career. I got to build out a whole datacenter and transaction processing and analysis software that used most of my favorite tech, like Chef, Splunk, and Syslog. I could replay the entire stream of mobile payment transactions and end up at the same state, or tweak the rules to add a different metric for analysis: diamond bullet.

If work was so good, then whey did the emotional memory make me physically ill? Well, that is quite obvious to me, and likely you, but still surprising. When I'm in the middle of the "new normal" all doesn't seem that bad. It is kind of like the deal where if you lift a calf every day, eventually you'll be able to lift a cow, well, until you reach a certain limit, I suppose.

The interesting part is that I can take my new perception and think back to different times in my life and test for emotional memory. Do you remember those boxes in science class where you had a stick you would poke in through holes to map out the shape of an object inside? Well, it is kind of like that. With my new perception of past emotional memory, I poked at various spots in my past, going all the way back to my childhood, and I found a surprising number of times when the emotional memory makes me physically ill.

Here is the challenge for me: having this perception is a great skill to have, but how do I keep from falling into a new normal where I am emotionally ill? Is it possible that it is like drinking water or knowing when I am starting to get sick? I sure hope so. I'm working on that part, trying to get a benchmark, a foothold of perception in the present that will facilitate my well-being.

By well-being, I'm not talking about being happy. I don't like that word. I'm not talking about a range of healthy emotion, all kinds of emotion. I know that is natural. I will do many things in my life, face many situations, including situations as challenging as I have faced in the past. What is my water? What is my rest? When and if I can detect this "bad" emotional state coming on, how do I self-correct? Yes, there are books on this, heh... not books for me though. I'm stubborn. I'll figure it out, surprisingly late in my life.

#computer stories #walk



2016-11-24 • Dream • Back of the Train • LR

There was a company Thanksgiving party for the company I worked at. I attended, but wasn't hungry. I had come in later after running some errands and went to the lower levels of the building that was closer to where the food was. I found this small, thin cardboard toy that would show a film as you pulled the film through. The film was only a quarter of an inch thick. As I watched the film, I realized that it wrapped around the long lines of people. I sat beside the line in an alcove as the people progressed towards the food and I watched the film. Eventually a three foot pile of tangled film was beside me as I tried to feed more and more film into the toy film player.

I decided it was time to eat, so I went to find the end (beginning?) of the line. As I went down the landing of one flight and turned the corner, I noticed that one of my fingers had a bump on it that was a tiny bit sore, and my finger was dirty. I figured it was from running all of the film through the film player. I found the end/beginning of the line, and stood along a wall. Shana, Yvette, and Ernie were standing there. Yvette was next to me staring forward. Ernie was happy to see me, but I don't remember talking to him.

Shana passed me an email note. It had a thread on it that I read on the paper. The first message said, "I've seen the ad. How are you *really* doing?". She was referring to my last email. She had put another link she thought I would find amusing in one of the emails. It was on the paper, and I tried to tap the paper with my finger to see if it would open.

Glenn walked back, but he left again. I shouted after him to stay, but he kept walking further down the aisle of the train car (or bus). [At this point, it seems we were traveling on a train or bus and Shana, Ernie, Yvette, and myself were lined up along the back with some others that I didn't recognize.]

Yvette and I talked briefly about how I was doing. She was wearing her black sweater, the one she got from J Crew in that one winter we lived on Royal in 1989/1990 (The Winter of Yvette De Metz, as the painting that Taylor said.) Her hair was black, shoulder length, and she had bangs. (This doesn't fit 1990. It would have been more 1995, I think.) I don't remember what I said, perhaps I just gave her a summary without words.

I asked Yvette, "How are you?". When I asked her, I really wanted to know, but I was also aware that I had been quite focused on myself in the conversation, and I was a bit self-conscious that I was asking her.

Yvette said, "I'm ok." She paused, and then added, "I've given you a metaphor that I think will help you." As she said this her skin went tight and worn across her face and showed muscle and her skull, but then it went back to how she looked in 1995.

#vvette



2016-11-28 • Journal • Starting Overish • LR

I write best when there is something really difficult to describe; for instance, I wrote about a guy I saw in the elevator at work for a couple of pages. He influenced me, affected me, and even inspired me in a way, simply because it was a slash of life. It cut through the typical dreary, mind-numbing and banal surface of a corporate elevator ride. What I don't know is if it would have burned into my brain as well as if I hadn't written it down. That is one of my theories about keeping a journal, particularly for dreams. The act of writing bridges the unconscious parts of your psyche to your consciousness. Is that slash, that rip, always there in the corporate elevator?

I also think that words as puns and metaphors gain extra dimensions when mapping dreams. Many of the times I've written down dreams I've noticed puns or extra meaning that I realized later. It is possible that this is limited to me or people like me. Perhaps not all brains work that way with dreams. Maybe images or even smells show more variation than words. I'm not sure what the equivalent of word puns there are for images or smells. I think it is possible I have experienced image puns, or, at least images that were metaphors. I'm not sure how, exactly, you could have image puns without metaphors.

I have had a journal and related journal software since the end of 1985, when I took the class on Literature of the Middle Ages, which was mainly Chaucer. I have written endless iterations of software, particularly when I've struggled to make it through a difficult time. The pitch, the frenzy of the activity is usually pretty high. I'll pour hundreds of hours into it. I'll create an entire operating system just to make sure I have software that will work. I wrote a version in 1994 in Visual Basic. Since 2005, most of my efforts have been in RealBASIC (Now Xojo).

In December of 2012 I started getting wrapped up with OurData protests, and my efforts became somewhat scattered. I worked fairly constantly until fall of 2013 and then abandoned my various projects and worked on solidifying. By solidify, I mean I archived all versions and made sure I had backed up all of my software. I then quit writing and working on the software until the summer of 2014 through until late 2015. This version of the journal software that I'm writing this on is from the summer of 2015. I pulled it out of my archives yesterday morning because I felt compelled to write again and I wasn't happy with the options out there (again), so here I am starting over again, doing another round.

Sean plays quite well into this round. I was explaining how the encryption keys could be embedded in the URL, and this would make it easy for people to encrypt their journal. She told me that like most people, she didn't really care if OD harvested her profile or posts. She enjoyed my passion about it, but she was not that interested in running any different kind of software for social media. She did decide to use SMPHR as an easy way to share writing, and this is a bit of a half-step, but for her, personally, the motivation is more just because I'm posting there rather than OD, and not an interest in the privacy aspects. [2019: I suspect this was Semaphor, a product made by the Spideroak folks]

Sean also encouraged me to dive into my project and writing today, to take a day to myself and do whatever I wanted. She reassured me that I was not crazy when I did this. I've developed the idea over the years that it is a bad sign when I work on projects like this, that I'm deceiving myself or escaping. There is also a tendency I have since I was a child, to destroy stuff that I create because it isn't quite right and I'm ashamed of what I've done. I want to destroy it and never see it again. Between my concern that my projects cause me emotional difficulties and this tendency, I go in broad circles of effort.

There is something to the escape idea. I've certainly hidden behind projects like my homebrew computer. I suppose that it was a relatively tame way to escape as an adolescent, and it did give me a toehold into my career in IT. For that matter, my various web tech and journal obsessions have helped with my career. Most notable was my main server and network admin site (which I sold, but the new owners put up all of my old articles). The homebrew computer even resurfaced when I was having trouble in 1990-1992. I met Sean in the winter of 1980, the year that I breadboarded the first homebrew computer version, the one I built in a file cabinet.

I've often had the feeling when I go through these cycles, that I've been squeezing really hard, and when I relax I have traveled quite a ways, and the distance gained is beneficial, yet exhausting. Certainly this is true for work. I have increased pretty much all of my GNU/Linux skills off of the job, as well as web work, security, and general programming. There is still quite a bit of destruction and wasted work, though, or, at least, it seems like that to me. Did I really need to put a few hundred hours into interfacing an Odyssey 2 video game to a solar panel? It was interesting, but it does have a whiff of insanity. There I am back to that doubt again.

Today, though, it reminded me of another thing that I've struggled with. Would Sean and I be able to stay together and have the kind of love that we do if I hadn't been through all that I've been through? If she hadn't? I recognize different terrain I've been down and failed at. I've learned quite a bit about myself, other people, and what is important to me in life. I could turn this same idea towards work. I would not be the kind of person I am at work if I had simply kept my management job I had in 2000 and continued on. Starting over and over again and pushing at all areas with my personal technical and writing efforts has helped me do the job I have now.

I could come up with a bunch of truisms to close, but I won't. It is quite enjoyable to see years of journal software that I've written be useful after a half day of modifications.

#mcj #ourdata #sean



2016-12-03 • Dream • Happy in Her Outfit • LR

I was in a fairly gritty (intense, desperate, scrappy, hard-bitten) place emotionally. I had just killed somebody. I don't know the situation, but I was in a bleak apartment and was driving away from the apartment complex in a beat up Toyota Tundra. I saw Yvette standing beside her red car, Pippi, the Hyundai she used to drive. She a black beret, black sweater, red scarf, short black boots, black skirt that came down just below her knee, and bare legs. She was quite cute and happy in her outfit. She smiled at me, the way she would smile in real life when she was so happy that she could hardly stand it, just a huge smile with her eyes that squinted a bit because her smile took up so much of her face.

She was happy to see me. I thought it strange I saw her, since I thought she was dead. I also thought it would be awkward with Sean. Yvette got in the driver's side and let me into the car. The door panels were missing and I could see foam inside the doors. In the center of the dash there was a hole, and a bunch of plastic and metal pieces were moving around, animated. Some of the pieces giggled and made cute noises when you put your fingers in and moved the pieces around. Yvette tossed a piece in, and it started another round of cute noises. I tossed something in as well. Yvette was so happy and pleased with the bin of pieces. She shared that joy with me in my dream.

#yvette



2016-12-04 • Subject • Devolve • LR

I have had this happen before, when I got tired of my own words, of all words. As I sat in the darkened room this morning drinking my coffee I let all words go and all that was left was a purple light beneath a grate, that is how it seemed in my head, a vision.

I read an interview with John Searle. It isn't a surprise that writing is needed for civilization. The interview with Searle gets at the advantage of meta (building within by referring to other components within... a concept in law, for instance, might refer to several pages explaining it, and a judgment might refer to that concept among others).

We also built our civilization on oil. Perhaps you could say that written words allowed us to extract and use the huge amounts of fossil fuels. The meta of this is part of what obscures how much oil runs everything we see: the plastic, transportation, paint, the coal behind the datacenter, the oil behind the alternatively powered datacenter, and the concrete and machinery that goes into hydro.

We built bootstraps for computers and bootstraps for compilers and languages and GNU.

I am writing this on Ubuntu 16.04 (yes, I upgraded). Now, there is an incredible stack of software, from the C libraries on down. We have accelerated nests of these meta domains: Written language, Oil, Software. Really, these three feed on each-other as well. And, I don't think it is working well, as we are moving past population overshoot as well as serious ecosystem and resource depletion.

My only point is, "Why do I write?". I don't mean for work. I feel like I'm required to play that out. Yes, I can write, and do, sometimes, but more and more it seems like this is all the same thing, that the problem with insight is as

much from writing as from oil (and software), and I devolve into... I don't know... I just devolve. Like overshoot, though, I am too far gone... I know a lot about the meta in machines, documentation, oil.

So... I'm tired.

#civilization #stallman



2016-12-07 • Subject • More Meta • L R

Replacing a worker by a robot is another meta deal. The amount of tech, resources, and even labor behind a robot is significant. Oil, words, computers... It starts with detailed division of labor, right? Language is needed for that. I read recently that CEOs surveyed figured humans would be more and more displaced by robots. What is the opposite?

One thing in my personal life that I've experienced is that when I relax between pushes (getting a degree, starting a website, writing an alternative social platform or journal system, rebuilding a Rambler down to the engine and front suspension), I get much advantage in knowledge and ability to work. There is no reason not to use that knowledge, and for a brief period I am able to pause in peace. I can't really say the pushing is bad. There is wear, sometimes, on my brain or body, depending on what I'm doing. Some things drive me further from my ability to reliably tolerate a job, mind-wise, if that is considered wear. Hoisting around the engine and digging the concrete pad when I was working on the Rambler caused some wear and tear on my physical body. I don't sleep as well when I am pushing on intellectual projects.

Is the opposite of building and building, meta on meta, is that collapse? The interlocking workings that form the structure of civilization, at least our civilization are fragile. One thing that I find interesting is how we seem to have less and less time for actual engineering and design. This is required for persistence. I had a conversation with a friend about his work, and he talked about how there was very little time to document and do true engineering/design/architecture. His team, mainly himself, just built tools to solve particular problems at the time, figuring, likely correctly, that by the time they needed documentation on the tools they created, those tools would be irrelevant. I think he would agree that requirements for tools are useful, at least for significant tools; however, it does point at the idea that words as a weave, engineering documentation and analysis, etc., are not able to keep up with the pace of meta at the top of the pyramid. Is that scheme? I'm thinking it isn't exactly a scheme, it is simply the nature of too much meta.

Constraints, as in Ruby on Rails, can help. The problem is getting used to the system and learning the constraints. The Linux kernel is a fabulous example of something that scaled relatively well over, what, 25 years? Would it have survived without Torvalds? What would GNU be without Stallman? These two people created the majority of computing software out there, all built on meta on meta, but guided by them.

And, like everything else, more and more I need to rely on an organization to give me one thing (Ubuntu or Apple) in order to use the software. It is difficult for me to spend the time I need to maintain a GNU/Linux distribution like I did with LFS. Instead of compiling myself, I am apt to use a package manager in Ubuntu.

So, we have meta meta, on oil, words, and computers. Constraints work, but are still complicated to learn and abide (oddly). On a personal level I have to rely more and more on the full stack of an operating system that is maintained by somebody else. But what about my question? What is the opposite of meta meta?

In 1986 I was determined that I would only use computers for tasks that they might be used for in Chaucer's time, modeling what endeavors were real based on the stories of the the pilgrims in Canterbury Tales. My idea was that we had corrupted our humanity with computers. I don't see that I'm far off, here, or at least, I don't see that my ideas today are that different. Even back then a journal worked in their world. I imagine accounting systems would be useful. Is this sufficient constraint? How would that work?

#chaucer



```
09:05 -!- Your current nickname is michael
09:05 [Users wwwc]
09:05
       [ michael]
09:05 -!- Irssi: wwwc: Total of 1 nicks [1 ops, 0 halfops, 0 voices, 0
09:05
      -!- You are channel founder on www.c
       -!- michael | michael@router| has joined wwwc
-!- julia [julia@router] has joined wwwc
< michael> whois julia
09:05
09:06
09:06
09:06
        -!- julia@router.wwwcollective.com [julia@router]
       -†- nickname : julia (julia#2)
-†- realname : No Name
-†- idle : 182 minutes
09:06
09:06
09:06
            fingerprint: 4478 6B76 235C CFC2 2725 9F7A 1A59 8748 F947 677C
09:06
09:06
        !- julia@router.wwwcollective.com [julia@router]
       -!- nickname : julia (julia)
-!- realname : No Name
09:06
09:06
                        : wwwc
09:06
            channels
09:06
                         : 57 seconds
09:06
        -!- fingerprint : 3843 7DE6 E0F2 F6AA EEBD 47A8 B175 9DCD 26CD 1640
         julia> lol you are checking up on me
09:07
        michael> yeah... is your fp still at bluespinters?
[wwwc]
```

```
29:50 < julia> I was with a group of people that my brother hung out with at his local neighborhood bar. They had decided to show "the little sister" a good time by taking me to Mr. Luckys, and I was drinking a great deal, mostly frozen daiquiris, margaritas, mixing my alcohol and getting more and more boisterous. I had taken a shine to a guy and was chatting him up (seems to me he wasn't really interested, but was being polite - or scared of my brother, who was a REALLY aggressive, mean drunk).

29:51 < julia> Anyway, I wasn't taking a hint from Mr. Polite. I was standing at the table, smiling up at him, the world in a warm, fuzzy haze, and SHE walked by. REALLY pretty. Blonde hair, freckles, big boobs. VERY tall. Well, really tall to me, probably 5'9" or 10". Her name, I remember to this day, was Reggie. No shit. Reggie. She was the girl that was dating Mr. Polite, as I came to find out. Not 6f yet, but potential 6f. She was built like a fucking farm girl brick shit house. It would have been one thing, in my magical world of spinning happy, if she had walked up to me and said, hey, we are dating, back off, monkey woman. That would have been ok.

29:52 < julia> However, she walked by , and to get to him, she bumped me with her shoulder, and said, "Back the fuck off, bitch". Bumped me hard enough to make me stagger. Now, I was wearing boots with high heels (remind me to tell you of my grandmother who beat a guy at a dance with her high heel shoe). I went to one knee, and it hurt my knee. Bam. It was like I was possessed by a part of Satan Hisself. I stood up, considered taking off my high heels (you can not maneuver with heels very well, no matter what they show in the movies, but they are expensive, man) decided to keep them on, and bumped her back. With my shoulder. With ill intent. Hard enough so she staggered. Keep in mind, at this time, I was (as I am now) 4'41 and a half, and weighed, in honesty, 100 pounds. I was little. Little, and fierce.
```

```
michael> What about your grandmother and the high-heeled shoe? I don't
                       remember that.
          julia> I'll tell you later... so...
09:55
           julia> She put up her hands, palms out, and pushed me. I pushed back.
09:56
                    She called me by a name, I can not recall,
09:56
           julia> and I laughed at her, saying, really? Thats all you got? And
                     started to turn away.
09:56 \langle julia\rangle Yeaaaaah. Apparently, she had never gotten into a fight with
                    hous, unlike myself. She came at me with her masty artificial nails that probably would have given me some sort of flesh eating bacteria if she had scratched me, slapping the back of my head, and when I turned, at my face, grabbing at my hair. My hair was down to my waist, then, it was really thick, and she
                     was trying to grab a handful. I let her, my brothers would do
                     that all the time, and I do not feel it. I took it as a awesome
                     opportunity. Because she was flailing around like she was
                     covered in burning hot tar, and had one hand tangled in my hair
                     , it left her face wide open. So back went the arm, into the
                     face went the fist. BAM. She screamed like she was being
                    murdered, and dropped like a stone. Perfect! She tried to cover
the top of her head, stupid. When you cover your head, you leave
your ribs and abdonen unprotected. Pointy toe boots, ribs, WHAM
                     WHAM WHAM. Uncovered her head to cover her gut, head kick,
09:57 < gordon> really... i got rid of the keys. I'm truly sorry about that.
[wwwc]
```

```
10:03 < julia> She did not help herself any when she heard it, and came
                  shrieking after him, calling him all sorts of names. The cops
                  caught her up, handcuffed her, and took her away, last I
                  heard, she spent the night in jail via the ER. I broke her
nose, busted her lip, two black eyes, and one cracked rib. I
                  came out with one long scratch on my arm that I was afraid was going to fester and give me rabies but turns out it cleaned up fine. The cops uncuffed me, the bartender asked if I was ok,
                  I told him it was really very lovely of him for getting me off
                  the hook, and he told me he was off work - did I want to get
                  coffee?
10:03 < julia> Oh, you bet I did. I didn't start drinking coffee until I was
                  28. however
10:04 \langle julia
angle Anyway, the next day, my brother and his cohorts , at the
                  neighborhood bar, all cut me off. I had to drink shirley
                  temples from then on. No one would serve me after the story
                  they told about me at Mr. Luckys. And my brother? Still
                  laughing about it.
10:04 < julia> Ah well.
```

[wwwc]

#mr luckys #sean

Comments:

2023-08-24:

I forget what social chat this was, but it was some alternative chat platform that I set up and did screen captures on.



2016-12-14 • Journal • First Light • LR

I installed the first light in Betty today. It uses GU 5.3 pin socket LED bulbs that put out the equivalent of 50 watts. It is running off of the solar system I installed last month. Eventually the panel will be on Betty's roof, but for now it is on the car port roof.

#betty



2016-12-22 • Journal • Morning Betty Entry • LR

I knew that I needed to work on Betty to help my mind and body, but it takes awhile to get rolling on it to the point where I want to again, and I want to do it well. It has been 5 years since I worked on her much, beyond just ten minutes or so. She is certainly a luxury, in that it is a mid-point age of oil pursuit, but I am wired in over the years with wrenching.

#betty



2016-12-22 • Journal • Lunchtime Betty Entry • LR

I have, what... 8, 9 hours left in the day? I wonder if I focused if I could get the electrical system live... hook the battery back up?

#betty



2016-12-22 • Journal • End of Day Betty • L R

I managed to get the right-rear blinker to work. This was a bit challenging because I have both a new turn signal and a rear-mounted fuse panel. This means that all of the wires go forward to the dash to power the switched connections, and another harness goes back from the dash to the rest of the van.

#betty



2016-12-24 • Subject • Early Pies • L R

Early Pies

Sat 24 Dec 2016 05:15:01 AM PST

I have failed at writing about this in the past, and have never been satisfied with either my journal or references to either the time I delivered pies in Springfield that one morning or the time I bent the pushrod. I remember both of those times quite vividly. This is my attempt to express this.

Three times converging over three decades, bracing flash of caffeine buzz as the sun rides up the horizon:

Delivering pies in Springfield

Bent pushrod

Tooling molds

Delivering pies in Springfield

After walking the entire city of Eugene for two months in the summer of '86, I finally got a job delivering pies for a local baker, Dave's Pie Shop. I was new to the city, so I didn't know where anything was. I needed glasses, so I couldn't read the road signs from a distance. I marked up a map with symbols with black and red markers to find my way around to all of the stops throughout Eugene and Springfield.

6AM on the pie route with a Chevy van painted in bright yellow and orange colors, "Dave" on the drivers side door, and "Mrs. Dave" on the passenger side

Old wooden cases hold the fruit and custard pies in the back of the van, No racks, just homemade cases lining up on the floor.

Travelling around the back valley, Behind Springfield, behind the Kingsford charcoal yard, Behind miles of cut logs, the sun warming the valley in mid summer.

Pull two cases of five pies each from the very back Vibration, sun, pavement A hotel diner delivery

At this time in the morning commerce is buzzing. Drivers in trucks and vans deliver what is needed. Tourists, students, 9-5 workers and consumers are home. The ribs and plans are laid for the day.

Turn, smile at a delivery man returning to his truck

"Good morning," as he nods, and the entire morning, all of the vibration of the outside of the valley nods with him. The ribs and plans are forming, forming, and good morning, bracing. It is an honor to know him and be acknowledged, be part of the web of ribs and plans.

Forward twenty years

Bent pushrod

All major repairs on my 1963 Ramber American, Ruby, must be done early in the morning, as my son needs my attention during the day and evening. My wife works as I care for him, and I only have the Rambler during the day. My head is in toddler mode, where I haven't had a decent nights sleep for two years and wake up early, even though my son has started sleeping better.

Ruby is stuttering and steam is coming out of her exhaust, so I decide to replace the head gasket.

3AM, freezing Steam-breath, trouble lights Tools laid out Blue nitril gloves Strain on the ratchet Nut loosened from stud Cold metal Oil Carb off Tools back Intake manifold off Another nut, one by one Wrench, nut, parts in baggies, steam breath, rap-knuckles-blood, working under the hood; rocker arms off, pry the head off with a slice-tear and rest on the concrete; scrape the head and the block

The truck deliveries are starting. 5AM. Buzz of the morning as the sun nudges into the edge of the winter night in darkness just below view.

New gasket and sealant, head back on, torque down

The rhythm generating among all who have ever wrenched, melds with all delivery drivers, echoes through the morning - 6AM, 7AM, through the sun as it brings the black to blue, stars dimming, the web, the ribs and plans, the engines the push them forward, the oil energy pulses like a throbbing vein returning blood to the heart of industrial civilization. Torque down... torque

FUCK

Bent pushrod. The pushrod wasn't set correctly under the rocker arm when the head was torqued down.

The rhythm collapses, not worthy, shame, incompetence

Forward ten years

Tooling molds

I got rid of Ruby when I moved to my current house. I sold her at a garage sale along with most of my tools. The man who purchased her showed up a couple days later with a truck and took my spare 196 engine and other parts I had collected over the previous three years. I always thought of it as a form of cleansing, something that I would do a few years later with a 1968 GMC.

I'm working on my old Ford van, Betty, and needed a special tool that was only made by one company. I researched the company and discovered they are based in the US, and negotiated with Ford to take over the tooling for parts that Ford no longer manufactured. One thing that filled me with rage about the history of AMC and Chrysler is that Chrysler destroyed all of the old molds so that parts became quite difficult to get for AMC models, particularly Ramblers.

I triggered on the flash of optimism I felt about the company making parts from the old Ford molds, as well as the smell and inverse muscle memory of working on Betty these last few days. Once again, as I tried to describe with this writing, I am both connected and humbled.

#rambler #ruby #yvette

Comments:

2023-09-05:

This looks best in a web browser as HTML



2017-01-01 • Subject • Vim insert • LR

I've been working on this for at least five hours. I wanted a simple way to insert a journal entry. This does it, if I put it in my vimrc file:

```
map #9 O<b>^R=strftime('%F %r - %A')<CR></b><br /><CR>
```

The ^R is ctrl-v ctrl-r while in vim. I suspect that I could use a instead of ^R, but this works. Now if I just hit F9, I get a new entry.

#history #tech #vim



2017-01-01 = Journal = New Year = LR

2016 was the best year of my life.

I was reading some of the reviews and comments about the FreeDOS release, and noticed a reference to Second Reality by Future Crew. I completely forgot about this, but I used to use that to test performance when I was working on DOS/Windows 3.1 systems.

Considering that 2016 was the best year of my life, I figure for 2017 I should do the same exact thing I did in 2016. The closest thing I can come to it that is succinct and still useful is "Kiss or Kill". Exene Cervenka shouted this out in a song "We're Desperate". Kiss or Kill is the answer to everything being a wreck. Quit wasting time on circles of evaluating the right approach; do it, full-tilt, and honestly, and don't look back for approval. There are no adjustments after the fact. Whether people kiss you or kill you is not part of consideration beyond common sense.

#kiss or kill

Comments:

2021-01-30:

2020 was better for me than 2016, so 2020 is best at this point.



2017-01-02 • Subject • Sharing • LR

When I was a kid and I would read a book or watch a movie that was extremely interesting and along the lines of what I was experiencing or thinking, I didn't expect to find anybody to share it with. I was happy just knowing that somebody wrote it, so my experiences and feelings were OK to have. I need to remember that as an adult as well.

#child lessons



2017-01-07 • Subject • Kesey Purpose • L R

Like Early Pies, my story wanders between a few times, but starts with pie and includes vehicles.

I took the bus down eighth street in fall of 1987, on my way to my job baking fruit and custard pies in downtown Eugene. My head was full of somewhat angry and worried thoughts. As I got off the bus, my head swarming, I walked next to this man with an aviator cap and a huge smile. All of my worries dissipated and I was left with silence and peace. I looked up, surprised, and the man laughed. He looked like Ken Kesey, and since I figure that is possible and makes sense, I decided that he was Ken Kesey.

I walked towards the pie shop, considering how blissful I felt, and how Kesey had drained my head. I glanced down at the sidewalk and saw a manhole cover with the word "Illumination" on it. I had never noticed that before, despite walking that route a hundred times.

In 1986 I quit my job and drove a friend to Tucson. I had \$400 cash and all of my belongings packed in the back of my Mazda pickup. My friend had a brother that had a quarter acre on the mesa in Taos, and he said I could park there. She went with her dad to Europe as I drove to Taos. I was inspired to drive back to Eugene to focus on "communication". I didn't know exactly what that meant, but I had mapped out six different major forms of human endeavor, and communication was my next step. This was my main reason for leaving Taos: communication.

When I arrived in Eugene my funds were down to \$200. I was sleeping in the back of my truck, using the bathroom of a friend of mine and hanging out during the day in his apartment. A couple blocks away there was a yard sale with a Honda CB200 for \$150. I bought it with my remaining cash, and decided to take it for a drive. I checked the oil and took her out to River Road, as I knew it was flat and I could go fast. I got her up to 70, and she kind of floated. I realized that my tires were barely touching the ground. I advised myself to decelerate slowly. I could feel she was not stable. I lived. I haven't ridden a motorbike more than a couple miles ever since.

I told the story of my Honda to a friend yesterday, and he related a similar story of internal safety narrative while riding a motorcycle. The speeds were significantly different, but he described the voice of calm wisdom, like "a gentle old cop making a soft arrest". I asked him what he thought of the part of his psyche that advised him to slow down, and he said it was like a dialog with himself. I told him a bit about Martin Buber and his ideas. I learned about Martin Buber from Ken Kesey. I imagine, that like Marshall McLuhan, I will never really understand Martin Buber, but I do think his ideas seem important and true for me.

I imagine that Martin Buber might have something to say about the way that I'm writing right now. Who is this for? In some ways this is a dialog with myself, I suppose. As I write this I am aware that I am planning on posting this on a public web site. True, I'm only providing the link to friends, but anybody in the world on the internet can read what I am writing. I wonder, too, about getting rid of the comments or other feedback directly on the article. What does that do? How does that change what I write?

Ken Kesey thought that writing was a form of sales, and this discouraged him from writing. When asked why he wrote (Gordon Lish, 1963), he told a story of an accordion he found as a kid that had been hidden in a tunnel on his parent's farm. Inside the accordion was a note that said "What the hell you looking in here for, Daisy Mae?". Kesey said he wrote in that spirit. Later in life, he regretted not writing novels during the 28 years between Sometimes a Great Notion and Sailor Song, but I think about Kesey and the purpose of writing quite often.



2017-01-08 - Journal - card tournament - LR

I went with my son to watch him play a card tournament. The last time I watched him play it was in June of 2014 and I read a compilation of interviews with Ken Kesey. I thought it was interesting timing. I was going to read more of the interviews, but, instead, I listened to an interview with Philip K Dick.

#bobo



2017-01-11 • Subject • The exponential aspects • LR

How we got here, after our 6,000 years of patriarchy, is not really that mysterious to me. The exponential aspects that are in play, the way knowledge builds on knowledge in meta-meta-meta to create amazing things, with extreme resource usage that is invisible, seems quite clear. The warnings about this particular round seem to go back in earnest, and broadly, for fifty years or so, exactly the center of our oil-fueled growth. The mechanisms of bread and circuses seem clear as well. What I don't understand is what new things I am blind to. I am built on the current round, immersed in it, both the oil bubble and the years of patriarchy. I can't see what is on the other side within the framework of values and cultural cruft that forms me, nor how we will get there.

#uteotw



2017-01-14 • Journal • The Mud That Caused Thy Fall • LR

I seem to forget the best lessons quickly. At the end of 2013 a friend of mine took me out to a trendy sushi restaurant in Belltown. He bought me drinks and dinner. He scrawled his business plan on a napkin and made his pitch to hire me. I had worked for him twice in the past. He knew about the difficulties I was facing in my personal life, and he expressed empathy about my situation. Part of it was that he was concerned about me as a friend, but another aspect was that the role would be stressful, and he was, rightly, worried about my state of mind in the present and how I would handle myself in the future.

I told him that I realized that I was doing exactly what I should be doing, that everything that I used to think trapped me in responsibility was, in reality, part of the core of human life. I was experiencing something rare. I was experiencing life more fully than I had in the past. He was impressed by my attitude. I'm not sure he got it entirely. I wasn't tweaking my experience story for a silver lining or pulling the wool over my own eyes to get through. I truly believed, then, as I do now, that I was beginning to wake up to human experience. I was beginning to feel attached to that experience and able to participate.

I did fall in 2005 and 2009, both with the initial diagnosis of my wife's cancer and when it metastasized. By fall, I mean I became depressed and more and more incapable of functioning well at work. This reminds me of some artwork and associated words: Out spake a Star: "Be silent, thou that slipped! The mud that caused thy fall still mirrors ME".

#yvette



2017-01-16 • Subject • Taboo on High Weirdness • LR

One thing that has bothered me at an ever increasing pitch is the taboo on high weirdness and talking about systemic problems. High weirdness would be PKD, William S Burroughs, Robert Anton Wilson, alternative Nag Hammadi interpretations, Gnosticism, Genesis P-Orridge, and Aleister Crowley as examples. I'll even throw in Carl Jung to the mix, as he often threads through these folks. Systemic problems would be the implications of exponential growth,

self-reinforcing feedback loops, mostly related to climate change, but also other resource issues. Guy McPherson provides a good introduction to various parts of this, although he is more pessimistic than I am.

Lately I've been interested in the idea that this is related. A year ago I thought that one correlation was that PKD's Gnostic idea, and his general reality within a reality fiction, was a convenient way to deal with the clear irrationality of civilization. That is a pretty fine bridge right there. To be clear, here, I'm accusing PKD of fabricating his world to deal with a much worse reality.

Time goes on, and as it does, the narrowness of social media interactions and apparent necessary banality reveal that something is afoot. Even Carl Jung is increasingly taboo. Tool wrote much of their album Aenima around Jung. Peter Gabriel's Rhythm of the Heat is based on a real-life Carl Jung experience. And, then there is the whole Police Synchronicity album. So, it seems to me that at one point, not so long ago, there was significant intellectual activity around high weirdness.

I've also observed that people generally don't investigate that far. More and more even a link to an external site off of a social media platform is too much to accomplish, let alone searching on a topic. The depth of intellectual shares is almost like a PKD scenario, with an isolated living space with piped in music and only radio communication. It is so narrow that it may be a computer simulation or a dream. Part of this is the social media platform itself as it filters links to external content and high weirdness. There is an aspect of the tools themselves defining the way we morph our collective unconscious and conscious activity. It has the feel of a PKD Gnostic or Matrix scenario that needs to be broken out of.

The high weirdness scope is expanding as well. There are some outlets, but even sex and drugs have become one dimensional, as have alternative politics. Our discourse is becoming narrower in all areas.

I believe that we are in the middle of climate change that is exponentially growing because of feedback loops like the reflection of the sun from ice, methane calthrates, and others. I don't need to enumerate these. The exponentially growing part is what to be really afraid of, as it does not model history, easily, until you are too far up the curve to change. But why are so few people interested in this? Few people are aware of the details of feedback loops, and even if mentioned, they don't really want to look closely. Yes, I know a few people who explore and openly discuss thse things. Mostly, though, people reset back to the narrow, which means that they do not look at things from a systemic view, but, rather, individual tasty bites of clear action that can be packaged by the social media machinery to sell t-shirts and make people feel good.

Information about a system, though, is almost infinite. I've struggled with this at work as well. I work on a fairly complicated system and try to document the broader things about it in the context of what the system does now, what we would like the system to do in the future, and how we want to get there, as well as operational documentation. Most people want a single page of operational documentation. That is, how to do I start the app, how do I reinstall it, what does it do, what servers does it run on, how do I back it up, and how do I recover it. They don't want to deal with definitions of availability or scalability. Does this seem familiar?

My point is that people's attention is too stretched by the stream of media and advertising to take much time with high weirdness, just as it is too big of a task to take on the details of climate change and socioeconomics. The combined information load is simply too much.

I need to close this out, but I'll put this right here. It is an interesting collection of ideas.

#facebook



2017-01-18 • Journal • Saigon • LR

Something happened between '93 and '96, something horrible, something that I forget. I try and run a trace, but when I do the only beacon I find is Tool's song Sober. It reminds me of Herr's words, "Sitting in Saigon was like sitting inside the folded petals of a poisonous flower, the poison history, fucked in its root no matter how far back you wanted to run your trace." If I had to guess, it is that I made a mistake in my life. Likely I made a series of mistakes. I graduated with my math degree in '93, tried to make a go at writing software, worked as a manager at

a computer store for a year, and then went to Washington where my career in IT started in earnest. There is an extreme amount of pain buried in those years; I know it, but I can't figure out what it is.

#saigon #tool



2017-01-21 • Journal • Wandering • LR

Sean went to Bremerton to spend some time with Rob, and we went to Super Deli Mart right before she caught the ferry. I sat with her and drank a beer while we waited for the sandwiches. She left as I was eating mine. Jack FM was playing. I listed to the music and started thinking about the day, the inauguration protests, and the general situation of civilization, but the music had an anchoring effect as I heard a pop song come on from the eighties. The song rested between the aisles of the store, the wine, the tiny cans of stew, and fake cans of WD-40 with bottoms that unscrewed to store your stash. I imagined the song playing through the decades with all of the people walking through the aisles, worried about the problems of the day as The Romantics' What I Like About You played in the center for all of the people walking by.

I finished my beer. I have a game I play at Super Deli Mart. If I hear anything by Rush playing, I'll have a second beer. I was considering this, wondering if I should have a second beer, and Ramones' I Wanna Be Sedated came on. How could I not have another beer to that? I drank the beer and walked back to my house in the sun smiling. As I started up 34th a father was playing with his toddler on the sidewalk. As I approached, the toddler got very serious and pointed at me. He said something unintelligible repeatedly at me as I got closer. Finally, when I was standing right in front of him he looked at me with his arm held up and his finger pointing at my face. I nodded at the baby and said hi. I glanced quickly at the dad to acknowledge him and continued home.

I decided it was a perfect day to work on Betty's wiring. It was warm enough that my fingers wouldn't get too cold. My homemade truck bed cover was resting against Betty because I had taken it off for my greenhouse project. I remounted it on the back of Kalis, my pickup, and started work on Betty.

The wiring is a huge project, but I'm taking my time and getting all of the right parts. I have some experience rebuilding other vehicles and camping in them, so I have a good idea of what I need. As an example, for curtains I got some black marine vinyl and Velcro. This will keep the light out and also make it so people can't tell if somebody is sleeping in the van. I can roll up the curtain when I'm done and stick it below the window on another strip of Velcro.

I decided that my yellow cable protection plate was too bulky, and it would be better to just run the wire through braided plastic split sleeving. I stared at my wires in prototype stage, all of the ends of the harness uncut and terminated with wire nuts so that I can lay it all out first. Where to start now? I got the rear lights to blink, but what next? I decided that I wanted to start the engine next. The current wiring gets power from the solar system, so I would need to turn over the engine with a different battery. For grins I think I'll use L's old battery from Punkin.

The problem is, though, that to work on starting the engine, I need to get at the regulator. It is tucked down in the front of the engine shroud. I was able to remove the front without taking out the radiator. I decided to replace the regulator.







There was another small switch. I thought maybe it was a relay for the starter soilenoid, but it turns out it is just a horm relay. I thought it was interesting that it was a Littelfuse Inc with Autolite on it as well. Spider nest!







#betty #kalis



2017-01-24 • Journal • slow dance • LR

I went up with Bobo on Sunday to the Yu Gi Oh tournament. I brought my kindle, but really couldn't read. I would rather just watch the people and let my mind free flow. The same thing on the bus, my head is so full I just want to stare out the window. Yesterday I even looked at the red lights from the tail-lights of cars like I have off and on over the years. I just enjoy red glowing lights. The specks of light from the fluid in my eyeballs that creates the particles that look like a slow dance are another thing I can watch for an hour at a time.

#bobo



2017-01-25 • Subject • always in confusion • LR

All the hundreds of things creep in to displace time. If I trim it down to just the smallest items, for instance the most minimal journal, I can have minimal keystrokes to launch the journal with alias key, But it is so easy to never finish and let the hundred things take over, always in confusion.

#eddies



2017-01-29 • Subject • Meta • LR

I had a bit of a bummer epiphany yesterday, or maybe it was a relief; I haven't decided yet. I realized that everything in our civilization nested and accelerated. Things are made from things. Loans are repackaged and sold (mortgage backed securities). Oil makes stuff from oil that makes apparently alternative products. Software stacks rely on many different libraries. Rule of law relies on a stack of organizations and written language. A locomotive engine has a large array of technical parts and costs many millions of dollars, as does an airplane. Each part has its own design and supply chain, down to the mining of some rare-earth metal and the logistics and computers to route it. Even the tech involved behind this post relies on multiple frameworks, cloud providers, and underlying infrastructure.

It is not sustainable at any level. We are breaking down in many different areas. It seems to me that my entire world view of progress was simply not true. I can see how this growth happens. I cannot see any way to change it. No, I'm not just talking about climate change or peak oil/resources. I'm talking about the way we do everything. At the core it is detailed division of labor. It is the industrial revolution. But it is also memes, metadata, and the 3,000 ad messages we see every day on average. Everything simply grows and doubles.

Part of my issue with this is the number of holes and vulnerabilities that this model makes. At work I have witnessed the replacement of a large system that was key to our business simply because we lost all of the engineers that knew how it worked and couldn't manage the analysis and engineering to improve the existing system. The existing system was one of the top two software products in that industry. We should have been able to make it work. But

with above, I'm starting to see that the way we are abstracting everything to get by is unmanageable. You could say that the "cloud lifestyle" or agile way is how to deal, but I resist that. I counter that we are simply solving immediate problems and doing the same kind of thing with the large system we replaced where I work, but at a smaller scale. We just don't notice as much because bits of the product are simply tossed.

The supply chain behind that locomotive can break down in many different places. Oil? Well, we seem to be doing OK, but that is *huge*. That isn't even really my main point here, but it is an example. The ecosystems of IP agreements that are behind the phone you are using are monstrous.

The really crazy thing is that I've seen much of this happen in my life. And you know what we needed for most of it? Computers and transistors. And I have no idea about what would be different. Everything I think about lives in this world. I have a robot cleaning my floor now. The amount of work behind that robot is pretty staggering. And you could say that this is progress, but if you really take it apart a bit, you see the holes I mention above. The parts wear. The tooling changes. I seriously doubt the robot will last longer than five years and I will have to buy a new one. So here is a huge chain with a dead-end. Yes, the robot code will be re-used, yes all builds on the old, but the data itself that runs all of this is growing at a staggering clip. And, we can't stop.

I thought of some technical ways through. That is, if I knew that all of these meta-meta structures in different domains were fragile and would collapse, then what tech would be useful? I thought maybe a simple data structure like key-value pairs might work, but it all still is through the same world view, a world view that I think is flawed. My world view. If that all makes any sense.

#uteotw



2017-02-17 = Subject = Odd = LR

What was the bell curve of humans going up and resources used like at the time of The Canterbury Tales? I'd imagine it was still on the left. What about Dostoevsky? We are probably in the left shoulder. Proust? Ah, now, we are further into the shoulder, starting to ramp, shoulder-to-shoulder with Alfred von Schlieffen whose operational plan for WWI, motivated by the Battle of Cannae, was not followed and led to the suffering of the Western front. Oh, my, now, we at the face of modern industrial civilization, climbing faster up the ever-steepening grade.

Transistors, computers, and plastic, though, along with the engines started during WWII, this is what made us really climb, "blasting, bursting, billowing forth, with the power of ten billion butterfly sneezes." We had to build on things that built on things. We needed an entire factory to make #10-#12a standard bolt widgets which were used in another factory. We needed global companies that simply manage the logistics of moving shipping containers around. We needed the cold war and the moon shot. We needed enemies.

What surprises me is that my life hits mid-point between now and the left shoulder. The current limit of one human life spans all of the way. Of all of the many generations of humans in 200,000 years, I am here on this curve.

As I walk around now, I see this in everything. I might look at the door handle on a Ford, for instance. Yesterday my two million dollar bus broke down on my way home from work. A friend told me they cost that much. I don't doubt it. The bus ... just... stopped. All of the lights went out. The driver attempted to reboot it. The post codes flashed on the alpha location signs and the door solenoids clicked in sequence. After all seemed regular again, the driver tried to start the bus, but it wouldn't start. We all got out and I waited and caught another bus, thinking about the supply chain behind this bus and how the smallest circuit board or memory chip could cripple the entire bus, and how our economy was all like this.

All looks like this to me, now, and I expect to watch it fall apart as key items needed in this pyramid are missed, as we struggle with disruptions to the supply chain from weather events, and as we use up key resources, desperately trying to build an alternative infrastructure, an alternative pyramid using the mechanism of the same pyramid as it crumbles.

But, interestingly, I seem to have made it past some kind of stage in facing this. It all seems inevitable, like the answer to Fermi's paradox that all complex civilizations fail before they make it past the great filter of space travel.

Seriously, I was quite happy yesterday, so happy that it crossed my mind I was dead and sent a chill up my spine. Isn't that odd?

#uteotw #fermis paradox



2017-02-19 • Subject • Attic Crawl Space • LR

Up in my attic crawl space I have two large padded travel cases that I put together in June, 2014. They include parts for my Aladdin oil lamp, extra chimneys, mantles, as well as the lamp itself, nestled in customized foam. I also started re-wiring Betty that summer in earnest, along with the solar panel. I had to review my Bigsite order history to establish the timeline on this. I thought that it was 2012. According to my Bigsite order log, I have cycles for every year from 2009 on that are similar, if I include the '68 GMC and Yellow the Hut. Here I am still finishing this. I am truly making progress. I grok the pieces, the 15 ohm resistor that sits across the idiot light that hooks up to the "I" blade on the alternator regulator as well as the resistance wire to the coil.

Up in my attic crawl space... The big things are like icebergs, only the tip is visible, and what is below is what sinks ships. It is quite likely that any conscious thought is a lie, or perhaps merely misleading. I've noticed in a couple of situations when talking with people that were difficult, that it is not fruitful to simply face the person and ask questions or respond. It is better to pivot away from the person and look forward with them, noticing what they notice and talking with them as though you are beside them and aligned. I suspect that this is how I need to treat this idea, these two padded travel cases. It will require contemplation. It will require me to pivot.

#aladdin



2017-02-22 • Journal • ignition switch • LR

I got the ignition switch in today. The wires are routed into the engine compartment, and the top is closed. I still have to put the 15 ohm resistor in parallel to the idiot light and mount it, but I am much more at ease with the progress. I was worried that I would forget where some of the wires went.

I've also been focused more on where I want to be in the future. I want to light my Aladdin lamp as a kind of contemplation of the last 120 years. I want to watch the sunrise with Sean on the plateau in Eastern WA. I want to listen to the rain fall on the awning in the rain forest.

#betty #plateau #sean



2017-02-25 • Journal • fuse panel in place • LR

I can picture what is left to do on the wiring. I have the fuse panel in place, the secondary harness mounted, and the tail section of wires is draped to the back. The ignition switch is in. I have the 15 ohm resistor ready to solder across the idiot light. I don't have the T11/BA9S sockets yet, but I do have a 57 bulb soldered in. The ignition and charging circuit works, and is outside the engine compartment. I need to protect that somehow under the drivers seat. I figure I just need to keep it from getting bumped, which shouldn't be too hard, plus it is under the seat. Yes, still focusing on the contemplation part of this.

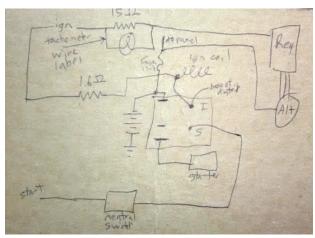


Figure 38: ignition wiring schematic

#betty



2017-02-27 • Subject • Blue Dot • LR

The future drums in my head in the present as I work on the wiring in my '67 Econoline van. I see myself parked on an acre of inexpensive land in an abandoned tract housing development that never happened in Eastern Washington, or perhaps in the rain forest in Western Washington, someplace near the ocean, someplace on the coast.

I see myself lighting an Aladdin mantle lamp like I used to have in my cabin over 30 years ago, and honoring the 100 years that the lamp exists, spanning the age of oil. I can imagine a Sagan-like Pale Blue Dot litany that runs through the Beatles and the Apollo program, all run on oil.

Fermi's paradox is solved by the great filter, and we are... lonely in this universe. And I'm back to Sagan again... and his "mote of dust suspended in a sunbeam."

What if the litany was now? It doesn't mean that I can't express this with my voyage to my piece of abandoned suburbia and Ford American climax as I illuminate the camper with the light from my lamp. It doesn't mean that I can't offer the prayer of contemplation for all we created, all we did. But what if the litany was now?

What if there were circles, echoes, such that I could start now? What if my prayer happened as I scanned my ORCA card? Perhaps I'm wrong. Perhaps collapse is a ways off. Perhaps we will pass the great filter to a Star Trek future of peace and food replicators. I think this works either way.

#betty #fermis paradox



2017-03-01 • Journal • 6 in parallel • LR

This is my second Wednesday I took off from work to work on Betty's wiring. I got the headlight switch, headlight wiring, front running lights, and turn signals installed today. The wire routing is starting to take shape. I put in a blue LED bulb for the brightness and green ones for the turn signals. I'm not sure if I can use LEDs for the dash lighting or not because they might not draw enough. I'll see this weekend. I received my 6 2 ohm resistors in the mail today. The idea is that it if I put 6 in parallel... 12=1/3(I) so 36 amps max at 12 volts difference would flow through the resistor between my battery bank (solar and auto) max. My solenoid can handle that... the ones I got from A cheap. BUT, the voltage differential will rarely be that bad, and still only shortly. They are 100 watt resistors, but since there are 6 of them, they should be fine as a way to make a gentler bridge between the battery systems. I'm not aware of anybody else doing this, but I like the idea of being able to jump the van battery with the solar system. The rear turn signals and running/parking lights work, but I'm not sure how the brake lights fit into it yet.



2017-03-02 • Journal • can't be fixed • LR

The metal ends of my test leads broke off yesterday. I have an old analog Simpson meter, the same kind I learned electronics with in high school, and I wanted to replace the leads with the exact same ones. I got this set of leads in 1992 as I worked on my homebrew computer. I found a set. They are NOS, and cost \$50, likely about what I paid back then. There is another set for \$3 that is the new version. These, though, have a particular feel. I wrote about cycles around cars here, and in a way my electronics are similar. There is certainly a thread through this of going back to try and fix something that can't be fixed, but I think there are multiple truths in this as well. I am breathing that future time when I light the lamp in Betty, actually breathing; I can feel it.

Bruce Springsteen - My Fathers House

#betty #dad



2017-03-04 • Journal • Remove the Lower Pan • LR

The gas gauge works, as do the brake lights. I had to remove the lower pan to get at the brake switch. As I write this my whole body hurts from crawling around and working on the wires, but it feels good at the same time. I listened to music on my headphones while I wired. Inspired by her picture in this video, I listened to Joni Mitchell and remembered how I used to play Joni on the tin whistle. I want to play again. I don't know what happened to my old tin whistle that I played on since 1985.

#betty #joni



2017-03-08 • **Subject** • **Turtle Soup** • **L R**

In 1987, Belinda Carlisle released her recording of Heaven is a Place on Earth. Roughly a decade earlier she was a drummer for the Germs. I often try and imagine what that must have been like for her watching Darby crash and then taking off with the Go-Gos.

Babette's Feast also came out in 1987. I watched it around that time. Like most, I celebrated the joy portrayed in the dinner and felt the expense was justified, showing the puritans what life is worth living for. This morning I was curious about what kinds of criticism have been formed about the film over the years. Mostly it seems that people find the lesson in taking joy from expensive things, indulging themselves, abandoning their litany of tight rules, is a positive. One of the more interesting things I found out was that Babette's Feast is one of Pope Francis' favorite movies. Whoa! There is something more here that I must be missing.

Pope Francis' point was about Babette herself bringing joy to the villagers with her winnings. Last night I got the wires off of the floor in the van I'm rewiring. For months it has been a nest of tangled wires as I got the other ends hooked up to the engine, tail lights, and other electrical bits. My mission is to take L for a drive in the sun. I decided to celebrate this milestone with a glass of wine. I sat down and opened a bottle of wine that I received as a token of appreciation for helping a friend move. The wine was spectacular, up there with the best wine I have tasted. I sat in my living room savoring the wine and resting in my victory over my wiring project.

As I was sitting in the darkened room in the far corner, my son came in and asked if he could have some hot cocoa. There was a small tin of holiday cocoa mix in the cabinet. I said, sure, and he went away to prepare it. A few minutes later he returned and apologized to me, saying that he didn't mean to be rude. I don't know what he was referring to, perhaps our loud exchange of words the other day as I tried to get him out the door on time to go to school. I told him I knew he was a kind person. He thanked me for that and went back into the kitchen to finish making his cocoa. He then asked if I would like the last cup of cocoa. There was one left after he made himself some. I still had wine, but I recognized the offer and said yes, please. He came back a few moments later and asked if I would like

chili powder in my cocoa, as that really added to the flavor he though. I said yes, and he *skipped* a bit back into the kitchen, happy that he could make me some cocoa. It was delicious.

Babette's feast requires a bunch of meat from a real green turtle, not a mock turtle. I can't help but be drawn into the litany of rules for sustainability in reaction to that; however, I probably would like that soup just as I like that glass of wine I had. But, Pope Francis would contend I'm missing the point. I would like to share some Turtle soup with Pope Francis, Darby Crash, and Belinda Carlisle on December 6, 1980. That would be worth a turtle, I think. I did feed my son oatmeal this morning for breakfast, though. He was slightly grumpy about it.

#bobo



2017-03-22 • Journal • Key Man • LR

The bus was crowded. I got on in the front, hoping to tuck myself in between the crash guard and the rear of the driver's bulkhead, but it was a newer bus without the gate. I held on to the post. More people piled in and a woman with tight, sporty, purple clothes leaned with her back against the flat part of the bulkhead, where the route maps are displayed. She was too tan, and had been too tan for too long. She was getting the kind of skin that a smoker gets, but I doubt she smoked as I would be able to smell it if she did, so I figure it was sun damage.

At the last stop, before we got on the viaduct, an older, tan man with sandy gray hair got on. On the right side of the bus, in the front, there is a storage container with a sign on it that says not to place anything on top. The man squeezed through the group of people huddled next to the bulkhead and plopped his bag on top of the storage container, covering the sign, and pulled out an old clamshell phone. I noticed the emblem of a pay-as-you-go service on the top rim.

The woman in purple bounced between three men as the bus stopped suddenly. I told her we could share the post. She tried to hold on, but she couldn't figure out a way to turn her body that would work with her phone and her purse. She looked up from her phone, glanced at the people around her, and said, "Well, I'm not falling far." She continued the rest of the trip like that, slightly wedged between the bulkhead and the backpack of a man to her left and middle.

The man with the sandy gray hair had a black bomber jacket and almost skinny black jeans, but not quite. His hair was cut short, and his neck had no stubble or stragglers. He had two full-sized pieces of yellow paper filled with names, most of them crossed out. I looked out over the sound and watched the ships and the tunneling equipment.

I heard a beep, pause, beep, beep, and looked up to see what it was. It was an older electronic sound that I hadn't heard in awhile. A couple of those standing near me looked around as well, and eventually figured it was the man entering phone numbers into his phone using multiple presses for alpha characters. He was going through each name on his yellow sheet of paper and entering their name and number on his phone and then crossing it off. There were at least a hundred names on the two pieces of paper.

The man continued this for the entire route. He likely entered twenty names by the time he got off. He got off on the third to the last stop, near the YMCA. As he walked by he hunched over. His backpack was heavy. It looked like it hurt him to hoist it to his back. He slowly lifted himself upright with the pack as he started down the walk towards the Y.

I wonder what he was doing?

#bus



2017-03-28 • Subject • Eye of Providence • LR

Friday evening Bobo and I were talking, and he said he wanted to spend time with me during the weekend. He said it would be a good weekend. Sean is gone, visiting her dad, so we have the weekend alone. I felt a rush of emotion like I haven't felt in memory, love for my son, and glad that he is reaching out to connect with me. As I felt that, it

started to spread to my whole world outlook. It was unfamiliar to me. I worked on Betty, some small items, the tail-light cable bundle and the license plate light. As it got darker, I still felt bliss. I felt very open and in love with Sean, Bobo, life, everything. A candid thought broke through, "I sure am glad I wasn't like this when Yvette died." And the implications of that slammed me, "Aha! Yes, exactly." The thing is, as I ran a trace to find out when, exactly, I was different, when I was in love, I couldn't remember a time as fully in love as I felt Friday evening.

Oh... I remember brief times in 1986, like that one time Rhett, Sigg and I were messing around in the 7-11 parking lot, giving rides to Rhett in the shopping cart from Safeway across the street. A couple of *real* punks (not half-hippy, half-arty, half-nerdy, half-boyscout, half-chaos-goth(just Rhett) punks) decided we needed a lesson. Rhett and Sigg wisely walked away while I confronted them. They shouted back, "Come on, let's go!", but I continued talking with them. I walked with them up to a curb where I had my back to traffic. One of them said he could push me backwards in front of cars, and what did I think about that. I said he wouldn't do it. He asked why, and I said it was because I loved him. I meant it. I was in love with everything at the time. It was brief, though. I got a job at the pie shop and although I had flurries of love it faded slowly and I forgot about it.

Oh, yes, I have done things like the full love I'm talking about, felt some emotion, but not like on Friday. I have generally discounted that kind of love, is my guess. And, I do love. I love Sean more intensely than I remember loving anybody. Sean and Yvette... so that is extremely difficult to navigate. Sean has been incredibly patient with me as I talk about Yvette. I loved, was in love, still love Yvette, but this is what is so messed up, I was closed off in my time with her. That is what my trace shows. I have been this way for most of my life. From a broader perspective I haven't loved. That candid thought was the key. I needed to be closed off, ever since I was a child. At Yvette's memorial I remember all I could think of saying besides the two poems she asked me to read before she died, was "I'm not really here." I meant it. I don't know where I was, but I was not at the memorial. I was a ghost of some kind. I do remember walking in the rain and wind to where her ashes were. That is an experience that is burned in. I remember the final cleanup in the dark and rain with Michael and Sunn, my two long-time friends, dumping food in the garbage with Michael and Sunn with his van packed to the gills with supplies from the memorial, parked on the street.

Yesterday morning I still felt the love from the previous evening. The song Days by Ray Davies/Kinks was playing as I poked around videos from the director's cut of Until The End Of The World. I then got angry about an article I saw about some Harvard scientists starting up a geoengineering plan, and BAM! the love was gone, and I still haven't got it back. It is so fleeting. As Phospherescent lyrics go "I know love as a fading thing, just as fickle as a feather in a stream." Ah... as I remember that, and remembering how Yvette and I saw Phosphorescent live, I can see a glimmer of it coming back to me. But, I was permanently disfigured, as I learned in my trace, early on in my life, as a child. I believe that. Yvette and I tried for a decade to have children, and had given up. The fall before Bobo was conceived I remember Yvette finally saying she had given up, and was OK with it. I said that I would like to have the chance to raise a son, to break the chain. And that all fits with the Phosphorescent music video for Song for Zula, how she is in an abandoned part of a zoo, breaking her chain.

Phosphorescent - Song For Zula

I was thinking about all of this in the shower. I was thinking about how one line of thought destroyed my love yesterday. It sounds all weak, I know, the idea that anger about geoengineering destroys my own love. I wondered how I would find it again. I knew I needed to find it. I have also been thinking about what it is that I can do, what can be done? What does the world need from me? If I can't stand geoengineering and yet I still believe we are facing collapse, what can I do? I thought about finding love, standing in that more, now that I knew what it was, and could recognize it. Was that what I needed to do in the world? I saw a black and white triangle with a fuzzy edge and an eye inside. It came through with the same kind of velocity that I got when the thought came through "Aha!" when I thought I was glad I wasn't open when Yvette died. The eye was slightly animated. It glanced back and forth the tiniest bit. I thought, yes, that is exactly it. That feeling that I'm calling love, that I have found, and can't run a good trace to at all in my whole life with any consistency, that is what is needed. This symbol must be related.

I was determined to find out what the symbol was after I got out of the shower. I didn't recognize it besides the dollar bill. It turns out that the symbol is the Eye of Providence, so, ummm... quite a start to the Day(s).



2017-04-09 • Journal • First Poem • L R

I was reading an article by Bill McKibben this morning. It had been recycled on social media and a friend of mine liked it on her feed, so I saw it in my feed. It rang true, to a certain extent, but it reminded me something that my teacher in ninth grade said about a poem I wrote, my first poem. I still remember it. I read it to the class.

Amongst the vast, immeasurable space,
Lies the microscopic human race.
Among the stars so very old, Whereabouts we stand so proud and bold.

Our wars and conflicts that we deem To prove our nation rules supreme, Are futile against the conqueror of all That makes great men and empires fall.

The greedy and corrupt men who rule Are the devil's only tool To destroy and plunder heedlessly, Producing complete anarchy.

Unless we start improving our ways,
The devil will reap our faults and in his final phase,
Will gnaw on our fears and devour the crust,
Leaving our bodies to rot in the dust.

My teacher said, "Why did you chicken out?". I asked him what he meant, and he said, "Nevermind."

I didn't understand. I thought it was a great poem. Now I see the incongruity between the beginning of the poem and the end.

Bill McKibben is interviewed in one of my favorite documentary/interview films about climate change, Cross of the Moment. McKibben's conclusion in the article I read this morning was that although the situation was quite dire, coming together was the answer. We needed a movement (or movements) to solve the problem, perhaps a movement like 350 org. When I read Bill's story of what he has done, how he has realized that there are no silver bullets that will solve the problem, and that the platform of industrial civilization he is working in *is* the problem, and yet he still distills the answer to "what can I do" to one of social action, I see a similar kind of cop out. It is not possible for somebody to propose a viable solution, as the viable solution cannot be propagated within the very problem itself, industrial civilization. Star Trek can't happen because of the great filter. This is why I appreciate the stance of Guy McPherson, more of a hospice and a disdain for smoking hopium.

This is a very difficult decision to make. Every muscle in me, every urge, wants to take constructive steps, to solve the problem, to be part of a groundswell of people that create a new world using the platform of industrial civilization to transform. I get weak, cave in, come up with another silver bullet, but then self correct again. So, in a way, I am the kind of person that McKibben is criticizing.

#cascade #collapse



2017-04-10 • Journal • Frogs • LR

I live in a part of the city that was built for Boeing workers, mostly, during the war effort in 1942. I can look out from my back yard and count eight or so houses and see their yards. For a few houses, I can make people out in their kitchen windows. The houses are packed together pretty well, originally 650-800 square feet in size, and most have additions in the back. I've heard there are pieces of scrap lumber from Boeing that was used for the extension on our house, that was added in the sixties.

I went outside this evening, and there are frogs croaking loudly, hundreds of frogs, it sounds like. It surprised me. I don't remember hearing frogs like that before.

#frog



2017-04-23 • **Journal** • **Science March** • **L R**

Science is in the air, right? Many people went to the marches that were sponsored by the Nature Conservancy. I browsed around the site and couldn't find much of substance. The substance, really, has been written about for fifty years by scientists. Watching all of the hard stuff be whitewashed over by climate change light is difficult for me. Like any good social media campaign, the conclusion is something that is both light but also not easy to argue with. From the Nature Conservancy site:

"The data are stark, consistent and solid — and not a little scary. This rapid rate of climate change is unprecedented throughout recorded history, and impacts have already reached many Washington communities.

But together we can turn climate-change threats into opportunities — to adapt, work together and foster a clean, green future. We can make changes at work and at home, teach our children to respect and protect natural resources and always continue to learn more. We must advocate for local policy to reduce carbon pollution, advancing Washington's innovative leadership in climate-change action. Together, it is our collective responsibility to stay aware and engaged — with action that is backed by irrefutable evidence."

For me, science means experiments, data, models, theories, repeat. I expect that most real science can be elegantly described by mathematical models. One thing that fascinates me is that the single best scientific model done on the issues of humans on the planet was the 1972 publication called Limits to Growth. Their model still appears to be tracking, but, unfortunately, tracking at the worst track.

Considering science is a good thing. It can form freedom from a certain perspective. For instance, it might be in the advantage of the State or the Church to form a cage with stories. Science can break out of that cage with knowledge. This is the core metaphor in the 1984 Apple commercial and the garden of Eden, and I think that the marches yesterday reflect this.

The thing about science is that the form we see now is mostly born from industrial civilization, and is blind to *scale* and a realistic perspective of the present. A good example of this is we consume 4 billion gallons of oil a day. By "blind to scale" I mean that there is a tendency to look to scientific solutions that solve the problems we face, but there is no consideration of scale or how we get to this envisioned world. I have certainly been susceptible to this error. It is referred to as the issue with "silver bullet" tech. (David first taught me that idea.)

Another problem is that because of funding and background, certain scientific findings are squelched. I think that is the minor problem, actually. "Silver bullet" tech and the popular appeal of such is a bigger issue. In my mind the barriers to implementation of the silver bullet tech of science far outweigh the control of funding.

I think of engineering as the way that we implement technology developed by scientists. This isn't that far off. The scientists often have contempt for engineers because the engineers take shortcuts. They might model atomic attraction as a spring, for instance, in order to use their kit of known equations. Scientists, on the other hand, might anguish over the fact that statistically there are parts of that iron bar that don't necessarily even exist at that location. Both are good perspectives. Both are needed.

Another aspect of engineering is considering the systems behind and connected to a particular technology. For instance, a scientist might prove a model for a new kind of energy creation, but a systems engineer might wonder where, exactly, we will get the fuel and how to distribute the energy.

From a systems or engineering perspective, our current situation is not something I can see a way through. In my version we are in collapse right now, and there is a desperate effort to hide this. The narrative from the Nature Conservancy has the language of hiding your head in the sand, yet, at the same time, appears to be alarming. How could it be otherwise if there is no possible solution to our predicament? As the bit on HBO series The Newsroom so accurately put it, we could have changed 20 years ago, maybe, changed enough to head this off. But, now it is too

late. What really makes my stance unpopular is that I feel that it is exactly the kind of feel-good media spins like the Nature Conservancy action yesterday that let us get to this point. And, for that, I really just need to shut up, right? I have no solutions, and your positive action is part of the problem. What an a-hole I am, or as my sister-in-law so aptly put, I can be a bit of a "cold, wet washrag".

#uteotw

Comments:

2021-04-17:

Ye Tao at Harvard has some mitigation ideas and other plans that might actually work. They pass most silver bullet tech tests.



2017-04-29 - Journal - RedNotebook - LR

The problem with laptops in general is that rarely does the power work right to simpy open and close the lid. At least, I haven't been able to do this well with GNU/Linux or Windows for the hardware I've owned. The only thing that works is Mac OS on a Mac laptop. It has worked for years and years. I just want to close the lid and walk away.

I've been running for months with Ubuntu on my Mac Air, but, finally, in frustration, I restored Sierra. You press option r or somesuch and boot, and it magically restores over wifi. I have no idea how it makes the wifi connection, but it does/it did.

The second problem I have is how to get my journal running. I am a big fan of RedNotebook, which runs fine on GNU/Linux, and even Windows, but for some reason it is difficult to get it to run on Mac OS (Sierra). I tried for many hours before figuring out that MacPorts could do it. There is even a Wine version (Wine Is Not an Emulator) with the Windows version included, as though that is better. RedNotebook is pretty much a python script that uses pyyaml and pygtk.

I have other problems I need to solve, like how to keep the journal secure but useable wherever I happen to be writing. I've solved all of that, but it is not generally useful, nor something I feel comfortable sharing; however, if you are interested, you know where I am.

But... on with it. Today is a big day for me... day one, so to speak... yet another day one, a day of starting, a day of finishing. Betty is ready in most ways. I have to work on the windows. I have some black vinyl that was used for boat upholstery that I want to attach velcro too. I can just roll it up and velcro it below to store. Besides that, she is pretty much ready to roll.

That's it for today. I've been typing quite a bit getting all of this working, iterating down to something simple and common.

#gnu_linux #rednotebook



2017-05-01 • Subject • Codex Seraphinianus Wake • LR

I was eating leftovers from a bowl, hunched over my copy of the Codex Seraphinianus, browsing the pictures and text, and it reminded me of a software development toolchain. Then I thought of oil and industrial civilization. These are normal pyramid thoughts, nothing new. Various parsers and tools build up a full compiler that then compiles itself and the tools themselves. Oil builds tools, builds more machinery for more oil, builds cities, etc. Then I thought of Ken Kesey in his speech at Berkeley, and how he said that people thought that information flowed from the peak of the pyramid, with the microphone and various personalities and famous people broadcasting information outward, and he said that information doesn't really flow that way.

If information doesn't flow out that way, then how does it flow? It reminded me of Alan Watts when he talked about time, and related it to a boat in the water and a wake. The boat is *now*, and we weave our way back into the past by

considering the wake because it is comforting somehow, easier than just being here in the now. But I'm resisting this idea. It doesn't seem broad.

What if time was exactly backwards? We would have a million small geneses of ideas. Perhaps one idea was like Jed Clampett discovering oil, and everything that happened after, the house in Beverly Hills, everything, was the wake? But the wake happened in the *now*. Ha! Take that Alan Watts. You can't go past the boat in the water, right? If time is backwards all you experience is all of the millions of wakes. You have your own wake, of course.

In the case of Codex Seraphinianus, Luigi Serafini took in all he had seen, and like some kind of art-encyclopediagnosis, in three years it appeared. Luigi had seen wakes of other boats and in turn created his own wake with the genesis of his book.

Here is where it gets interesting. Our current president is a wake. The destruction of ecosystems is a wake. Turn this on its head by shifting the meaning of the word. What died? We are observing. Perhaps that is too clever to be useful... I'm not sure. Still, language is interesting that way. We are in the wake of something that is gone. The genesis is gone from our observation in most cases.

But, it is still true that great artists, philosophers, scientists and even robber baron industrialists made huge waves. Here we are. This is kind of beautiful, really. Yes, there is destruction. We see the waves crashing, the bits of plastic in the ocean, the change of the planet we live on. Oooo... it is tempting to throw some surfing in here, some kind of metaphor, or perhaps the harmonics of the Tacoma Narrows bridge. But... no. My only point is that we are here in the wake, the waves, because of great things in the past. Shouting out, "I hate that wake!" really doesn't do much good.

It has always bothered me that here I am swimming in industrial civilization, or, perhaps easing into an information age that is driven by oil and coal, mainly. Everything I think is interesting, everything I do, it all comes from the wakes that buffet me around. I am almost instantly a hypocrite when I criticize a wake. As is said in the Starlit Mire:

*The Madness of the Mud

Out spake a Star: "Be silent, thou that slipped! The mud that caused thy fall still mirrors ME"*

But back to reverse time. All wakes have a genesis, then, various points of beauty or ugliness that caused wakes. Talking about the quality of this wake or that wake is meaningless. All we can do is create a wake, and this is personal and now. In a way this comes back around a bit to Alan Watts.

#industrial_civilization



2017-05-04 = Journal = Sun = LR

I almost always go for a long walk in the afternoon. I've done it since 2002, and I need it to be able to go to work every day and stay half-way sane. Usually I walk as far as I can and head back, but every once in awhile I'll stop early and just watch the water or people.

Today the sun was out and it was uncharacteristically warm. I got a shortbread cookie and an iced coffee and sat on the edge of the grass hill near the art park. The hill was covered with people sunbathing. I sat between two women who leaned with their backs on the grass and their legs draped over the concrete edge that marked Boeing's sponsorship of this part of the park.

Everybody on the hill was still, under the sun, as bikes, tourists, joggers, and mothers with babies in carriages bustled by. Some ships moved slowly across the sound, but most were anchored, waiting for grain or containers or maintenance. After a few minutes I felt part of the still crowd of sunbathers.

I sat there for ten minutes or so, enjoying my cookie and coffee. I felt safe with the still sunbathers. They were on the right side of things. I wasn't particularly aware of what I considered the wrong side of things, but I knew that I was hanging with those in the know, as if they had some kind of ancient Egyptian sun magick they had acquired from the shop that sells Mogwai.



2017-05-08 • Subject • Until the End of the World • LR

There are a couple of convenient ideas in UTEOTW: one is that writing can fix the wounds of technologically-assisted narcissism, and the other is that we are here on this planet, in this story, for artistic expression with others, specifically, playing in a band. These two ideas are woven in the story until they become the same, thrown into relief by the aboriginal women who bear children, heal the wounds on the planet perpetrated by men, and bury the dead.

The ideas are appealing, just as appealing as the idea of Gnosis and Phillip K Dick's alternative realities in opposition and confusion: Ah, yes, we are in *the wrong* reality, the one ruled by the bad god, the vengeful god, it all makes sense, now. Or, alternatively, BAM! a beam of pink light transfers the true fabric and reality to the recipient human in a beam of pink light.

The reality, though, is that we are in the middle of unsustainable, exponential growth. All we see is part of this, and proposed solutions are ways to feel good and perpetuate the growth. I will wring my hands about what to do, but there is nothing to do. As appealing as the ideas of art and magic are in their approach that is necessarily unmeasurable in effect, I have no faith in them to heal the fabric of the ecosystems that we are unravelling.

This does come back to mountain climbing, that old metaphor of mine, that I can't know the fabric. All I have is life, a click of life as quick and insignificant as the click between two fingernails. The metaphor works, though. I can see different parts of the mountain, the rock, the plants, the valley below, the river, the ocean. I move through the fabric with knowledge of the metaphor and fix chinks in the web through my own movement, but I will never really know if I have or not, or even what the nature of a chink in the web is.

I have no knowledge, no Gnosis, no faith. But, it is an honor to climb, to have a click of life, to live, to even have the chance that I will fix some broken chink in the web, even if I don't know its nature or if I will. That is all.

#pink beam #uteotw



2017-05-10 • Subject • Mass • L R

Our experience and emotions move in circles, not identical circles, and not exactly concentric; there are orbits, intersections and chance encounters that bring opportunity and escape for the attentive and diligent. Some orbits are ingrained for decades, a lifetime, but the heavenly bodies can be removed with a single thought, at least briefly, allowing the soul, the mind to spin off course until the pull of mass is dim.

#mass



2017-05-14 • Dream • BB Fetish • LR

I dreamed that Buckaroo Bonzai was a tech fetish fantasy, a wonderland of technical solutions that could save the world. I was upset by this in my dream, as I felt I had fallen for it. I also considered PeeWee's playhouse (the movie) in my dream and compared them. PeeWee's world is a world of toys. It too is a wonderland that saves your mind from the horrors of the world, and, in a way it saves the world as well if one believes that the horrors are in your mind. I dreamed I woke up and wrote in my journal (RedNotebook) and then posted this on FB.

#rednotebook



2017-05-18 • Journal • Shit Themselves • LR

I was in a nasty mood yesterday. I got off work precisely at 5. Yes, I watch the clock for that time. I pushed it to 4:58 to make sure I could catch the brief flurry of 5:05 busses. I knew I wasn't in the state of mind where I could catch

the regular bus I take in, the C, the one that goes through the neighborhood that reminds me more and more of the concept in The Matrix that people need the world to be comfortable, but a little messed up. Besides the fact that housing is affordable (which isn't really the case at Alaska Junction), the well-to-do and the upcoming well-to-do want that grit, but not too much grit. True, I'm on the **bus**, so it is packed, mostly, with the upcoming well-to-do, the millennials with their earbuds in. The truly well-to-do will drive in to work. I can sit on that bus shoulder-to-shoulder, squeezed in, but not quite as squeezed in as a Tokyo subway, as I hear. I get to sit on the way in, because I am the second stop on the route.

I saw two 120s in a row. This bus goes down Delridge. Delridge is a bit too much grit, for those looking for the juicy steak in the Matrix. Housing is very affordable. When there are notifications of people stalking young girls on their way to my son's school, they are walking close to Delridge. There is a high percentage of plastic tarps over the roofs. The bus is not as crowded, usually. People aren't often smelly, though, because it doesn't go past the shelters and down SODO like the local 21 goes. People do talk on the 120. Only about half have earbuds in. It is noisy. Mostly I like it, but I admit that sometimes it can be a bit threatening to ride on. I got on the furthest 120 and walked strait into standing-room only crush. This is a bad bus to be standing on, as the drivers are often aggressive, and there is a higher percentage of people with groceries and luggage and fighting couples. I realized that the 120 had been lapped it was so slow. I chose the wrong one. I asked the driver if I could get off, because he was still stuck at the stop from a red light, and he grumpily let me off.

A C came. 50 or so people rushed from in front of the building, with a small flurry of people scanning cards. I scanned my card (you only need to scan your bus pass for the C. The other buses you scan inside). What has been getting me more and more is that these people, particularly the ones on the C, and even more so the one that goes to Admiral, which is even more ritzy, they don't smile or look like they are enjoying themselves at all. There is rarely talk at the bus stop downtown. It is a reminder to myself. As long as we are on this ecosystem-crushing train wreck of industrial civilization, can we at least enjoy each other as humans? Kiss, talk, do something with those around us outside of our safe circles of consumer establishments, work and home? The bus was already standing room, so I would be squeezed in, likely with the six people that squeeze in in front of the door so close that your nose will trigger the sensor that keeps the door from crushing limbs.

I snapped. I blurted out loud, "I would rather cut off my own head than get on this bus. You rats. You are all rats." I surprised myself. I did not get on the C. I thought to myself, having again internalized my outburst, that I would rather sit next to somebody that shit themselves two days ago than get on the C. I saw the 21 local come. I got on and there was even a seat next to the window, so I could watch the scenery down main and through SODO. I calmed down. We stopped at Main, near where the big Christian homeless shelter is. People were smiling, glaring, forlorn, on drugs, but the thing that struck me most is that they were talking to each other. I looked around the bus, and only about half of the riders were jacked in with their earbuds or headphones. People were talking.

At the next stop a man wearing worn, dirty sweat pants and a Seahawks stocking cap pushed a woman in a wheelchair onto the bus, flipped the seat up, and buckled her in to the bus in front of me. The woman had short, straight, thin black hair. She had the crushed facial features of an addict, and slightly damaged speech, a little long on syllables with a slight rise and fall in tone as she talked that indicated some brain damage from her drug use. Another man in a bright visibility vest knew the woman and said hello to her and a cautious "What up?" to her companion.

She smelled like she hadn't bathed in weeks. It was sharp and I felt the reflex to throw up. I thought it would be rude to open the window, so I just sat there looking out over SODO, turned a little bit more than before. We stopped for a train that was passing, a freight train with double-high containers. Her companion said that it was the Sounder, but it wasn't; however, five minutes later, when the train had passed, the Sounder did come. "Wasn't I right? Am I good or what?" he beamed. She nodded, as did the man in the bright green vest.

The woman explained to the man that they had just had lunch, and the chicken nuggets she had were extremely spicy. She talked about the chicken nugget lunch for another five minutes until they got to their stop.

#bus



2017-05-22 • Journal • Now • LR

I put up all of the writing that I managed to save since last July on FB BR. Sean asked me to save what I wrote for her, so I did, which is the only reason why I have the posts I put up. I was surprised by the volume. I seem to be obsessed with people, if I go with the word cloud. This is understandable, as we are in population overshoot at this point. Also, I happen to live in the city and jam myself on a bus to go into downtown and then walk along the waterfront and through the park every day for my exercise and sanity.

There are some other recurring themes, but I'm not sure how good it is to rehash them. Kesey was convinced that most writing was a form of idea advertising. When one writes, one tends to pitch a version of ideas. From one perspective that makes total sense in a way that is not dissuasive to writing. Kesey, if I remember right, held William S Burroughs up as an exception to this, in that Burroughs still wrote new things that were not just a marketing platform for the writer's ideas. I see quite a bit of marketing in my writing. I do know that I have a difficult time writing long form for just myself. My personal journal is short form, stuff that I need to remember.

I have hundreds of pages of journals that I kept from 1990 through 2013. It will take a small project to restore them, as they are embedded in a couple of different forms (I think the last form was in a Wordpress DB stored on MySQL). I have other journals, fractured journals among various home-made apps from that time. I also have a new flurry from 2015 through last year that I am not sure I will ever get back again. I didn't want all of them, though. I used to share the old journal entries quite a bit, some via email, quite a bit on OD. There is a common thread that the more baroque my journal structures are, the more fragmented, the more I am struggling. As I pieced together last year through last week, I noticed that I appeared to be struggling quite a bit from December through March. I don't exactly know why, and I don't particularly care. Here I am. Now.

#burroughs #kesey #ourdata



2017-05-23 • Journal • Railroad Crossing Dance • LR

Along Alaskan Way, the street that runs along the waterfront in Seattle just on the other side of the railroad tracks, drivers in their cars were becoming more and more aggravated by the train that blocked all of the crossings. The backup extended for a mile, from the final crossing just below the Space needle to the Viaduct. There is a tunnel that routes trains under Seattle near the Viaduct, and some drivers did abrupt, jagged u-turns in frustration to cross the tracks further south.

It was hot. The honking and collective impatience from the drivers glaring from behind their wheels made it hotter. Students from the arts college, trying to get back to class, stood smoking and scowling, impatiently glancing up and down the tracks for a sign of movement.

At the crossings the red light alternated back and forth with the warning, "clang, clang, clang", constantly, spaced out at every block up and down the street. This added an anxiety to the impatient atmosphere. The train was still not moving. A group of 5 girls, about 10 years old, was stranded at a corner on the track side of the street with their adult chaperone. One of the girls started dancing to the clanging bell, and before long all five were waving their arms and weaving around each other in dance, jumping and laughing.

#walk



2017-05-24 • Journal • Luscious • LR

Oh my... yummy... luscious thoughts today as I found a new piece of tech that I always thought should exist, but hadn't found yet. It is RFC-5848, for those of you that are interested in such things. RFC stands for "Request for Comments", and it is how standards for the internet are created. I fully indulged my new-found RFC. I got out my tiny yellow Moleskine notebook and my brass space pen and wrote on it in brief flurries during the day. I'm writing this in Rednotebook, which, for those of you that keep journals, is where I ended up at after many years of experimenting with different kinds of journals. If there was a secure way of passing individual messages that

was simple and scalable, Rednotebook would make a decent front-end. It stores entries by number days in text files formatted in YAML and named by the year and month. It wouldn't take much to monitor those files and send changes, based on the hash of the day, to various syslog collectors. If I lose my job for some reason, perhaps I'll make a python program to go with Rednotebook to that end. But not now. I need to water our roses and do other things, watch the madrona tree across the street. It is my favorite tree. I cut down a small one near my cabin in the eighties and burned it in my wood stove.

But... ROSES. Oh my... yummy... luscious thoughts. Sean and I picked rose hips from our walk on the Seattle waterfront from the wild roses, and we planted all of the seeds in tiny bins, and one came up and we grew it, and now it is eight inches tall. Wild roses. I can't help but sing the Kylie Minogue and Nick Cave song when I think of it, and I am tired of trying to sort this from that and what is appropriate to say anymore. All of it flows into emotion, memory, life, electricity, death, love, and I don't care anymore, I just want to see the roses bloom another year, roses I grew from seed Sean and I found on our walk together. I look forward to that year, another year.

Kylie Minogue - Where The Wild Roses Grow #sean



2017-05-25 • Memory • Urban Onion • LR

I was laying in bed. The house was silent. I heard the faint noise of a fan in the room. My main computer, the one that is usually on, is a Mac mini from 2010, so it is very quiet. As I listened, thinking it might be a computer fan, I flashed back to Olympia in 1984, when I worked at the computer store selling CP/M microcomputers.

The store was in an old building downtown that had been refurbished. It had high ceilings and beautiful arched windows. It was quiet in there, just the sounds of the Kaypro or Morrow PC fans. Next door was a restaurant called the Urban Onion. I ate there once as a treat. It shared the high ceilings, but there was a full wall between the restaurant and the computer store. Even in the restaurant, there was quiet, both because of the high ceilings, but neither the restaurant nor the computer store was very busy.

The rhythm of a computer sale was different then, the usage and interest was different. We would mainly get writers or small business owners, either people wanting a word processor or spreadsheets and databases. Most used the computers to write with. We didn't network the computers we sold. People saved their work on floppy disks. One floppy disk could hold the mother of all spreadsheets or a years worth of writing (180 double spaced pages, if I remember right).

I would poke around the store, work on the inventory, and every half hour or so somebody would wander in. Usually they just bought a box of floppy disks, or maybe a printer or modem. A couple times a day somebody would be interested in a new computer. There was quite a bit of competition at the time, but I was pretty good at selling the PCs. I genuinely wanted to help them, and I really did think that the CP/M computers were better for the money. (It turns out I was probably wrong, as 1984 was a bit late to buy a CP/M computer.). I sold to about half of the people I seriously talked to.

And as all of this flashed, the sound of the fan in the present and the sound of the fan in the computer showroom with the high ceilings, as I bridged these two times, it seemed like we were arriving again, or at least I was. I'm coming down again, on the other side, and we all are. This makes me happy, that perhaps, again, somebody might wander all day with their notebook, tired of writing with their typewriter, and thinking how handy it would be to have a computer that made it so easy to correct the writing. Perhaps we slow down a bit on the other side.

#olympia computer center



2017-05-28 • Subject • Interesting • LR

[&]quot;You are more interesting than the collapse of industrial civilization."

[&]quot;Really?"

"Yes. No shit."
"Oh, honey."

Her eyes welled up with tears. She knew it was true, because he didn't say things like that just to be nice.

#sean



2017-05-28 • Journal • A trip to Shoreline - New Sky • LR

My truck is not drivable right now, at least not on the freeway, so I needed to take the bus with my son to his yugioh match in Shoreline. We took the 21, which becomes the 5, almost an hour and a half ride with no transfer. My son fell asleep next to me, his head against the glass of the bus, in the sun. It took all I could not to take his picture. More and more I see what is meant by the idea that pictures capture somebodies soul in a way that is harmful. We had to walk from Greenwood and 145th over to old 99 (Aurora). On the way we saw this a park. I walked down, dropped my son off, wrote a bit, and came back to the park with a burrito in my backpack.





I saw a woman that looked like a rougher version of Joan Jett in the park, without makeup or hair, just kind of punk and wiry and skinny, with tattoos and a cigarette hanging out of her mouth. Her (apparent) son was on the front half of a skateboard, and she was instructing him while smoking. This is not your typical park. It is underneath the power lines... yes, down by the power lines.

^ That version has the couches. "Not the kind you want to sit on, but the kind you want to sleep on." He also tips his hat to Sister Ray. OMFG that is a good version of Sister Ray. I've listened to it several times. THE NOISE!

But here it is. Sky. As I came up on the clearing I was excited about the possibility, and it was good SKY. Sky provides guidance. I don't believe in that kind of stuff, so don't ask me to explain, but I pay attention when I find places. Here are the places so far: Taos - The Mesa, in particular, on the other side of the Rio Grande, on the other side of this bridge

I imagine that Taos is *the* sky of skies, but also the sky in the park on Lincoln street in Eugene fares well, as does the sky up 99 just Northeast of Brooks for Barbering/Dari Mart. The sky in San Jose is good, particularly near the Egyptian Museum, as is Sky Park in West Seattle, just west of South-worth pool. Sky park has faded a bit lately, I'm not sure why. BUT, I stumbled on an unlikely bit of sky. Central Market has some fine produce, at least in Poulsbo, and it is near the best point of the sky. I sat down on a bench, ate my burrito, and thought about my mission in life, corny as that sounds. But, that is what sky is for, solving those kinds of problems.







The walk along the power lines goes behind typical 99. I saw a woman who was heavy, 200 plus pounds and middle aged, about my age, with a very tight shirt on with a Psychic TV symbol on it. I returned back to the card tournament. It was two-for-one burger day. I got a couple mushroom burgers and saw this old Datsun. The bus back was standing-room only. Towards the end of the first leg (we took the E to C route home), I saw a guy in a Donny Darko shirt.







#walk



2017-05-29 • Subject • Purple Heart • L R

I got to stay with my great grandma when I was a young boy. I called her GG, my Nana's mom. She had her own apartment in Walnut Creek, a suburb of San Francisco. Her apartment had a small kitchen, painted yellow, and a cuckoo clock on the wall that fascinated me. We would play Yahtzee to pass the time. I enjoyed playing the game with her, but I don't know that I've played it much in my life besides the two or so summers when I spent the night at her apartment. She would show me her penny collection and got me started on my own. I collected for many years, but I lost interest around the time I left home. GG had a light pipe sculpture that look like fat fishing line with

different colors coming out the tips. I watched it for quite a bit of time, and her eyes sparkled as she explained how it worked. She was tickled that I had never seen one before and that I found it so interesting.

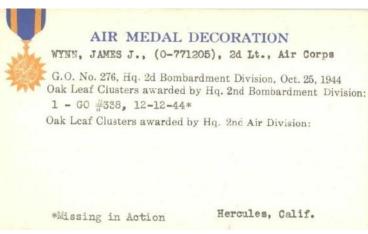
For dinner we would go out for buffet with her girlfriend, who had a Dodge Dart. They both had hearing aids, and the noise of the turn signal canister bothered them. They talked about how they had repeatedly brought the car in to the service station to fix the noise. The mechanic would replace the canister, but it didn't do any good. It didn't seem that loud or different to me, "cli-clung, cli-clung, cli-clung", but I was just a kid. Many years later I would chuckle as I imagined these two old ladies bringing their car in repeatedly to fix the sound.

Between the living room and the bedroom was a small hallway. There was a small triangular area at the end of the hall, tucked between the side of the bathroom and the kitchen, open to the living room, and it had a very old writing desk. On the desk and above it, on the walls, were many pictures of her son and his medals. She didn't talk much about Jimmy, but I asked her who he was, and she explained. She had his purple heart in a box, and she took it out to show me. She asked me if I knew what a purple heart was. I told her I didn't know, and she explained it was for soldiers that were wounded during military service.

I looked up Jimmy recently, and found this:

James was killed in action in WWII. He was shot down by fighters on Nov 26, 1944, while flying a B-24 'Scarface' #42-95007 near Deckbergen. The mission was to bomb an oil refinery at Misburg, Germany. During the mission the group was attacked by German fighters and a total of 16 aircraft were lost. His Bomber group, the 491st, was awarded a Distinguished Unit Citation for persevering, despite half of its bombers being destroyed during the raid. The Germans buried Wynn near the crash site with his fellow crew members. After the war, his remains were moved to Fort McPherson Cemetery in Nebraska where he currently rests with his fellow crew members.





#gg



2017-05-30 • Subject • Captain Cook • L R

There is this torture I do to myself with domain names. I'll come up with an idea and I'll look for the domain name. I'll register it, and form projects around it. Now, it is true that I've made quite a bit of money on domains and my web publishing efforts. I figure all in all, since 1997, I've spent \$30,000 or so, including a Sun Enterprise server, software to create tools, hosting, and domain registration. I've grossed about \$70,000 on ads and sales of domains. OTOH, I likely have eight thousand hours of effort that I put into my sites over the years. That is roughly minimum wage in the eighties, right? That is OK. I thought I was part of a revolution in communication, and in a way I was, but the revolution is over from my perspective. It is mostly entertainment, now, and a bigger version of the eighties Prodigy service (walled communication). It is as though we started out with some train tracks that were collaboratively built

by the travelers and now the country is full of consumers going to Wally World and tossing out their trash at the feet of a native American public service spokesperson in full headdress, with a tear in his eye and 500 people in line to take a selfie with him.

I've changed my view on this over the years. Today, at this point, I think people are stretched to the very end of their capabilities, like the saran wrapped face in the movie Brazil. It isn't exactly that people are too lazy to dig in, they simply don't have the attention. This is a key point, but I'm being sloppy, here, and losing the original thread of torture. Torture... and domain names. So here is the real torture I do: domain names persist to guide my activities. For instance, I am fascinated by logging and analysis of logs (syslog, Splunk, etc.). I registered LogIntegrity because of this. It is my favorite idea, currently, as well, and I recently discovered a form of syslog that has integrity (RFC-5848). I will loop on this, as I own the domain and feel like I need to do something with it. One piece of this is that my dream for a decade was to make a living writing for websites. I got close to that dream, I had it. At one point I was pulling in enough revenue to live off of. I wrote for six or so websites at once. But, my life changed. Now, I will say that I became a better, more alive person, a human better able to grok human experience, the epiphany of mud and sacred, all because of how I was forced to face life. The propensity lingers, though, the propensity to raise up another web empire, and because of this the name of domain names I own play into what I do.

Back to stretched... The attention of people is stretched. I read (and believe) that the average person in typical western society gets 3,000 ads a day. There is this video, 1177 BC: The Year Civilization Collapsed (Eric Cline, PhD), that is over an hour long. A friend tried to describe it, and it sounded quite interesting. I have wanted to watch this for a couple of months, now, but I haven't gotten to it yet. Why is it that so many things have pushed this aside? I'm listening to this as I write. It really is fascinating. I just turned it off so I could concentrate on this article. What are we facing, though? We are facing the results of exponential growth of everything. There is nothing left, no attention, nothing. ADHD? It is systemic in our culture. Remember how people would snicker about how people were addicted to their blackberries? Everybody is like that now, for the most part. And, no wonder, with 3,000 ads a day (marketing messages).

I have received a variety of guidance the last two months, from the new sky yesterday to the eye in the triangle (all posted). It has been difficult for me to navigate through this with the baggage I have, the torture. Captain Cook, my teacher used to say, wrote for the Admiralty. That was his audience. He didn't write for fame or his websites, funded by ads. He simply wrote for the Admiralty. He also wrote to keep track of things on his journey for the success of his voyage and future voyages. My teacher's point was about the audience of a proper journal. The topic should be "The Good", and the audience is "The Admiralty". Sometimes it is right there in front of your face. Yes, indeed.

#the admiralty



2017-05-31 • Subject • Jay Forrester • LR

I know most people would rather gouge out their own eyes than consider the math involved with collapse seriously; however, Jay Forrester did, he did for a *long time*, he was criticized for it, he persisted, and he is quite respectable. He wrote Limits to Growth, which you can find here. There is a decent write-up of what this means in summary, here.

*"As pollution mounts and industrial input into agriculture falls, food production per capita falls. Health and education services are cut back, and that combines to bring about a rise in the death rate from about 2020. Global population begins to fall from about 2030, by about half a billion people per decade. Living conditions fall to levels similar to the early 1900s.

It's essentially resource constraints that bring about global collapse in the book. However, Limits to Growth does factor in the fallout from increasing pollution, including climate change. The book warned carbon dioxide emissions would have a "climatological effect" via "warming the atmosphere"."*

That is from a 1972 published book, with work started in 1969.

Here is the punchline to Jay Forrester. He felt that we should stop growing. This is the thing that nobody can face with the way our modern economies actually work: we can't stop growing in a planned way, as it is not politically possible. This likely alienated him and kept his work from being treated seriously.

Go Seahawks!

I sound like a broken record, I know. But this is new to me. I was curious about who was behind Limits to Growth. I knew it was MIT, but wasn't sure, so I looked it up and was somewhat surprised at how respectable he was. His students wrote the book, at least, some of the people were his students. Volkswagen foundation funded the book. The modeling was done using systems analysis of Forrester. It is crazy how good the model actually was.

#ltg #uteotw



2017-06-02 • Subject • Better Helpful Than Right • LR

I have a couple of bits of advice that I keep with me. In fact, they are currently on my desktop wallpaper at work, as I have been dealing with some quite intense issues at work and need to use everything I've learned to keep my job. One of them is "It is better to be helpful than right." This is likely the most appropriate one, as I've been working in IT for over forty years, depending on how you count the beginning. The beginning was in 1975, when I would practice database queries on a terminal with an acoustical coupled modem on the top that was connected to a Microdata minicomputer. I hated it, but my dad would exclaim, "Don't you want to know how to program?". I think I intuitively knew that queries like "list sales for october where gross < 30" were not the same as computer programming. I wanted to write a Hammurabi game.

With forty years in IT, though, especially the varied work, I usually know what the right thing to do is. Yesterday I closed out a project that I worked on the statement of work (SOW) for. The project manager (PM) is usually the person who will work on the SOW. I'm just there to be the technical hands, according to most people's understanding. The PM botched up the SOW to the point where it was almost 180 degrees off from what we needed. With an air of self-righteous anger (not the right attitude), I got the SOW fixed up and agreed to by all parties. I knew how to pin down a vendor to particular requirements. The PM was in over his head, or had too many things to deal with, or didn't really care, I'm not sure, but I got it fixed. Yesterday I took the list of things we did in the SOW, the cost from the vendor, listed what we didn't do, and sent it back to the person that is supposedly in charge, and said, "Well, if we track estimate vs. actuals on our projects, here is the estimate, and we closed out the project today, so we should know our actuals." I'm fairly certain nobody really cares. I just kind of float along doing what I think is right, and it likely is, but it is often more like I'm just making noise. At least, that is what it seems like to me. I keep it toned down as much as I can.

No, this is not humblebrag. And, really, I've come to despise that word after I've seen it used. One of my big issues right now is how this circus I'm posting on has a set of rules that require small, slightly self-deprecating posts that are not too self-deprecating. What is really enjoyed is a nice, accessible snippet that shows that you are a regular person, struggling, but quite happy, really, with occasional insecurities aired. I know what the medium requests for participation. I also know that some people like to read these longer pieces I post. My point is, though, not about my IT experience. I am sincere that being right is not always the best thing to be. Being helpful, or, at least, the appearance of being helpful as people wade through the muck of their mission, is often more important than being right, and I have much experience in this regard, as it is very easy to be right at work.

I was thinking about this as I read about the Paris Accord and the Pittsburgh mayor. I saw a sign that a bunch of mayors were holding that said cities4climate, or something along those lines. So, first off, this is Pittsburgh. Do you have any idea what role Pennsylvania had in oil historically and in the present? Do you have any idea what kinds of industries are rooted in Pennsylvania? I do. Trump is more correct in his statement of allegiance to Pittsburgh than most realize. My son often talks about this. He feels that climate change will happen, is happening, and it is better to spend our money on mitigation. That is, the oceans will rise over the next hundred years, and famine will happen more extensively than we can imagine (maybe we can with the new analysis of 1170 BC... thanks David). We need to assume this and prepare rather than prevent. My response to him is that only controlled implosion will stop what is in motion, not just from climate change, but because of population overshoot and resource depletion. I can't see how we will stop severe ecosystem and climate degradation with anything currently considered. The deal with the mayors spinning this to their own political advantage, as though California's array of silver bullets could help, is ludicrous. From one perspective, my son's idea that we shouldn't spend money to try and stop it is right on.

Another perspective, though, and this is where my experience in IT is important. I may know that a project will fail for particular reasons that will play out over a couple of years, but after I broadcast my reasons to doubt the direction a couple of times, it is more important to be helpful within the world of the project itself. I need to facilitate the technical implementation, even though I see that over time we will be at the same place or worse. And this fits exactly the same with the discussion of climate change, in a way, but to tell you the truth, I am ending up at a different place with this writing than what I started with. I thought that "being helpful" was from the perspective of the mayors banding together to support the international agreement (Paris Accord), even though it seems like this is an effort that will yield nothing of use. Here is what the Pittsburgh mayor said, parts of his announcement:

"We are improving the efficiency of buildings; using smart infrastructure to reduce emissions; supporting new mobility solutions like bike share, bus rapid transit, and shared rides to reduce our reliance on personal automobiles; and has world class innovation happening by the likes of the University of Pittsburgh, Carnegie Mellon University and many industry partners."

Smart buildings, mobility solutions, and industry partners? That will change the course of massive ecosystem destruction as we use up 4 billion gallons of oil a day? So, my original idea is that the mayor is trying to be helpful. Perhaps I'm right, but perhaps I'm not about our trajectory and the futility of the Paris Accord, and, even, my cynical idea of who the accord benefits over the short term. But, isn't supporting it helpful? Ugh... Well, sometimes I end up on a path to nowhere on these writings.

#computer stories #dad #hammurabi #microdata

Comments:

2021-01-30:

I wonder about the "better helpful than right", still. I've started thinking about the global supply chain as an incredibly complex and deep mechanism that is kept alive by this idea. Billions of helpful cogs, taking steps and being helpful, regardless of how "right" those steps are.



2017-06-03 • Journal • Madrona • LR

I sat down, still, looking out the window beyond the plum tree in my front yard at the large madrona taking up much of the sky. From behind me rushed my past over my head as I crouched forward. A hurricane explosion of dust, victories, particle board, pain - worn, jagged metal parts, worry, rain and clouds blasted by me and then calmed, tiny eddies of leaves and paper scurrying off to the side of me to rest on the wet, worn asphalt.

#eddies



2017-06-04 • Journal • Owners • LR

I was reading a Washington Post article that presumably talked about how Trump had done something horrible and disrespectful with his tweets today in regard to the London attacks. First off, the site now lists a motto as Democracy Dies in Darkness. I read Trump's tweets. I didn't see what the headline referred to. Now, I'm certainly not the POTUS, but my dirty little secret is that after a couple beers, if you catch me at the right time, I might possibly say out loud most things that Trump says sometime in my life. That doesn't mean it is correct nor that I would alter my outburst with some self-filtering and thought, it just means that I suspect we aren't all as PC as we claim to be. Perhaps I'm just a closet alt-right, though, and should be skewered for wrong thought. Not sure. My filtered and reasoned responses, particularly those that have been tempered and nurtured over the years, I will stand by, and are likely more in line with accepted, mainstream thought. Not all though... But, I wondered who was behind this newspaper, so I searched for it and found Bezos.

About the same time in my searches, I found a movie published by Youtube Red called The Thinning, which is about high school students taking a test because of resource constraints and overpopulation. Those that failed the test

were killed. It got me thinking a bit about my own take on overpopulation. This was tainted, though, by the Bezos thread. I combined them. Meet the new boss. Same as the old boss? I didn't watch the whole movie, just the trailer. The idea is you can subscribe to Red to watch it. I would bet a case of expensive fine alcohol that one of my demographic is expected to enjoy that one is supposed to leave the movie horrified at any kind of government intervention in population. You know, like how we were all horrified by China's one child policy (but it worked).

This reminded me of some writing of Aldous Huxley. He writes about everything above.

#aldous_huxley



2017-06-05 • Journal • No Man's Land • LR

I watched Wonder Woman with Bobo on Thursday night. For some reason we got to see a preview the day before release at a theater that normally seems to show older movies. Bobo had texted me at work and asked if we could go out and do something that night, and suggested we go to dinner and see a movie. We found a place with pub food, but fancier than normal, because it was in Admiral, after all. He had Sprite and Fish and Chips, and I had a pFriem Belgian Strong Blond with a steak salad. (I've had some very good pFriem beers before, and this one was exceptional.)

Bobo has started breaking the ice in conversation with, "So, how's it going?" He is a two out, in that he will listen carefully, ask clarifying questions, and without requiring encouragement he will volunteer something from his own recent experience. Less and less does he use it as an opportunity to lobby for his current interest. We had a relaxed dinner talking about my life and his life, the food, and generally became closer and our relationship got some friendly slack. It has been a rough week, with lots of ups and downs, and Thursday was a good anchor.

I enjoyed Wonder Woman, as did Bobo. I was browsing around the news. Ugh... I have yet to find a good web news site. I get it that ads run things, but the sponsored links and auto-playing videos are not very pleasant. I read one article, though, that made me go, "Huh, totally missed that." I get that a lot. It was the idea of no man's land in the movie. Only Wonder Woman would go there. Only a woman could go into no man's land and save the villagers beyond the front.

I read about Huxley, more, this morning. I read some of his biography, and read about what his son did until his death, fifty years after Huxley wrote Brave New World–REVISITED. I love the concept of that front, that battleground where nobody will go because of tactical issues, pressing, real issues that face us every day. In a way I have carved out my own front in my view of the world. I can't see beyond the math of exponential growth. There is pain and suffering all around. There are certain rules I've learned about behavior that I see play out. Really, this is somewhat scientific, right? I have a theory, I watch it unfold. I'm aware of confirmation bias. If I measure light as a wave, sure enough, it is a wave. I can't see across the interim time, the fifty years or so. Just because I am entrenched, though, and can't see a way out, doesn't mean my son might see a way through, or some other person with a completely different, outside perspective.

#aldous huxley #bobo



2017-06-06 • Subject • Walk in Back • L R

Normally when I walk people don't generally look at me. Sean says I often have the look of the guy in the movie Falling Down. I make eye contact if available, but usually the people that make eye contact want something from me, namely money for their vice or simply food. Sometimes, though, I will walk in back of somebody beautiful, one of the chosen of our society, often a beautiful woman, but sometimes a beautiful man. When I walk in back of somebody beautiful the whole world brightens. It changes. All of a sudden I am the center of attention from the other proper planets, beautiful people that aren't quite as beautiful as I am (as I am the center of the solar system). What that must do to somebody's point of view!

I am merely talking about the cultural ideal. I don't want to be one of the chosen, the beautiful. I'll wear my olive drab shirt with an occasional colorful paisley, but either way I'm a bit off. I know what to do if I need to fit in: get a better haircut, pay, wear an Arrow shirt. (Arrow shirt is a bit dated, perhaps a linen bowling(ish) shirt?) My hair should be a "business cut" as my friend calls it. He told me to always ask for that when it was an Asian stylist. Often I just shear it all off at one inch. Not that I will be beautiful, but at least regular people, people without an urgent vice, people who don't necessarily consider me a mark, these people will make eye contact then. But, really, as I get older, more and more I enjoy my planet spinning off, away from the sun, to the darker parts of the solar system where people, raw from human need, shine brighter.

#walk



2017-06-07 • Subject • Instant Coffee • LR

I can get two 7 oz glass jars of coffee delivered in a specially made box that protects the jars from breaking with an air gap formed by cardboard. The coffee isn't bad. It doesn't have the aftertaste that a plastic jar for half the price has. It is a global company, and I figure they are buying medium grade beans from anywhere they can. They leverage supply chain consistency and market variations to keep the cost of the actual coffee crystals down. Still, though, I have two heavy glass jars, two plastic lids, sealing plastic seal, all delivered to my front doorstep for less than \$5 per jar.

I remember thinking about how I got an engine stand one time for \$50. I knew the scrap metal was shipped all the way to China, made into an engine stand, and I then bought it for \$50. The amount of metal in it, the weight, made this whole idea seem so unlikely. I have a 12 ton press I used for pressing in/out the parts of my drums/hubs on my van, and the same thing crossed my mind. How can this work?

This morning, as I was considering the instant coffee, I remembered that *it can't* work. The global consumer company is making money on their cloud services, mainly. Perhaps they can make some money because of the state of the supply chain, but if you follow those coffee crystals all the way down to the amount of water, soil, and natural resources used to bring the coffee to my door, it is a negative number. Governments subsidize this, mostly, as does civilization in general, using up what is available. That explains it.

There are better people than I to bring oil into this equation. But a hundred years ago you could generate *a lot* of economic activity at every level at a high ratio. That is, you consider powering the supply chain and everything that goes into instant coffee, for instance, you still have money left over. I suspect that it has always been negative if you consider resources, etc., but it wasn't as bad. Oil has less and less of a ratio, now. That is, perhaps 1 gallon of oil would generate 16 times that amount of economic activity based on oil. (I'm getting bogged down here, but it seems like the unit of economic activity is likely oil, not dollars, but this is puzzling me so I'm going to run with it.) Oil ships the beans. Oil roasts them, creates the glass (from sand?) I could sell a gallon of oil for, say \$2. If it is virtually free to pull a gallon out of the ground because it just runs out on its own, I suppose that is the key thing, right? It is getting close to costing \$2 to pull a gallon of oil out of the ground now. Ugh...

I'm going to give up on this, but there is something here, I think. I don't really care that much. It just bothers me when I think about my coffee. I need to take a shower and get to work.

#collapse



2017-06-08 • Journal • Blank Page • L R

Most of the time I write like Richard Bach describes:

"I do not enjoy writing at all. If I can turn my back on an idea, out there in the dark, if I can avoid opening the door to it, I won't even reach for a pencil.

But once in a while there's a great dynamite-burst of flying glass and brick and splinters through the front wall and somebody stalks over the rubble, seizes me by the throat and gently says, I will not let you go until you set me, in words, on paper."

I am changing, though.

Sean read my post yesterday about not posting easily consumable stuff and asked if my posts would just be maudlin. I had to look up the meaning of the word. No, that isn't it, but it is also true that I haven't come up with what it is. I just know what it isn't. It is not what people want to see on OD. I am in love. I have a beautiful son. I enjoy many beautiful things. I feel icky sharing that stuff, though, because of the like mechanism. I feel like I'm being trained.

The long form is stuff I write in my journal. I do know I'm on the right path when I experience the "blank page", the empty space with the next idea unformed, unknown, the empty space that I have yet to wander through, and the fear that I can't fill it. None shall pass! I know that I need to face the blank page, and tease the version of me, the part of me with a story into filling the space, and write without fear of the blank page.

#mcj



2017-06-10 = Journal = Baking Pies = LR

Yesterday, around mid-day, after having several seemingly low-key interactions with coworkers and bosses and bosses' bosses, and, believe it or not, bosses' bosses, I thought to myself, "I enjoy my job." I know it sounds a bit melodramatic, but it is rare that I will completely say that. I enjoyed my job in 2011. I enjoyed my job in 2000. Let's see... 1988... I'm not sure it counts much prior to '88, as in '86 I would have done *anything* for a job. 7-11 and the cannery wouldn't hire me... True, I was in Eugene, OR in '86, and the economy was not the happiest there.

In 1986 I didn't know what work was, really. I don't mean from the perspective of muscles or boredom, I just mean that I missed the context and seriousness of it. When my boss at the pie shop implied that he would fight an L&I claim if I said that my sore elbows were due to lifting the filling buckets from the sink, this was my first indicator of the seriousness of work and the implications. And, yet, 1988, as a pie baker, remains... I will list, as my best job ever: stirring sugar into cornstarch and salt in white plastic buckets, the sun coming through the top windows of the shop, forming pies that went into the 40 year old rotating oven.

I have had a reorg at my current job as many years as I've been there, and even more rotating bosses. I sit in an empty area of 18 cubes that used to be full. I've been there five years as of July 2nd, and mostly work with people that live and work on the East coast. I'm OK with remote and online interactions, though. Humans still weave and express even though you don't get to see them in person. It is just the spectrum that is brightest changes, as though seeming somebody in person, say, is purple light, and words all run at orange, and the traces of hierarchy enforcement are green, and voice calls are red, or something like that.

But yesterday I can actually say that I now enjoy my job. While there is still fear, still some mistrust, the balance finally switched. Yes, I think that is it. The biggest problem is around fear and trust. As for fear, many times it isn't work at all that leads to fear. It is my own baggage. I have often had an urgent reason to work, to keep my job, and a valid reason to fear and mistrust, but all-in-all it is mostly in me. As Burroughs says, the only mark you can't beat is the mark within. What is the opposite of that? Just let the mark within erupt like a boil around the hair follicle of work? What a disgusting metaphor.

So, I like my job.

An interesting bit I read this morning about global dimming. Global dimming is interesting because when we do hit the first part of that curve down in collapse, likely because extraction of oil costs as much as the value of the oil and this isn't hidden by pyramid credit schemes, we. get. hotter.

#work

Comments:

2023-08-24:

Some recent data on global dimming



2017-06-11 • Fiction • Organization for Recovery and Normalization Generators • LR



The sign for Organization for Recovery and Normalization Generators was stenciled in orange paint on the concrete traffic barrier: O.R.N.G. Wade glanced at the cracked screen on his phone and compared it to the numbers above the abandoned drugstore across the street.

"This must be the place," Wade muttered as he stepped over the chain draped between the rebar on the barrier and rebar on the broken wall beside the stairs. The chain caught his foot behind him as he placed his foot on the first step. "Crazy entrance. I'll kill myself before I even interview." A row of solar panels of varying brands lined the lip of the roof, camouflaged with bits of concrete and plastic to prevent theft. They were tilted at a narrow enough angle that from a distance it appeared to be the roof.

As Wade progressed down the increasingly dark stairwell, the air smelled moist. The walls had green algae, which was uncharacteristic for this part of the country. Wade turned around three landings. As he approached the fourth the stairs ended, and there was a single metal door next to a hole in the wall with the wires leftover from a card-reader hanging out. The door was unlocked, and Wade entered a room, dimly lit with a yellowish-orange light.

"You must be Wade. I'm Krill, and this is Joan. We are glad you were able to make it. Sit down here for a moment, and we'll talk in a bit. Would you like some water?" Krill had short, black, curly hair and a baggy shirt that looked like it was made out of canvas. He gestured at some broken plastic cups sitting next to a carboy that was upright, half filled with water.

Wade was thirsty, but he shook his head no and smiled faintly, "Not right now. Thank you."

Joan and Krill left Wade alone in the room. There was a long table against the far wall with a dozen computers, tops off, motherboards and cables showing amid red, blue, and green lights. A tabletop fan blew back and forth over the top of them, and the alternating whoosh combined with the steady rush of the power supply and CPU fans.

Wade knocked. He heard a muffled "Come", and he opened the door. The room was brightly lit with harsh white light. Behind a desk in the corner furthest from the door, with his back to the far wall, a man sat with straight reddish-brown hair with slight bangs, but parted above his forehead. His hair fell about midway down his neck. He stood up from the desk as Wade entered. He had a long-sleeve blue shirt on and an undershirt showed through below his neck. He wore khakis that were creased well without wrinkles. He had thick, round, black plastic glasses with a slight ridge where the arms attached at the rim of the glasses in the center. He walked across the room with his hand outstretched.

"You're Wade, I'm guessing."

"Yes. Glad to meet you."

"Please have a seat," said Taylor, gesturing towards the chair next to his desk.

"You know we only pay minimum, and post unification at that, right?"

"Yes, I know that, I don't need much."

"OK, then. Do you know what we do?

"Yes. Well, I think so. This is messaging headquarters for recovery, right? You need somebody to install and run the remote machines?"

"Basically, yes."

Taylor got up from his desk slightly and leaned towards Wade, "But what do we do?"

"You gather and consolidate the remaining data that is recovered?"

"Not exactly. We take data that exists from pre-unification and break it down in a way that can be reused and we transmit it. We combine it with other actively gathered data and send it to other organizations for recovery"

"I don't know much about breaking down data. I just know how to run systems and do some minor coding."

"Do you know BASH?"

"I can get around, yes."

"How about Perl? I have to warn you that we don't have any access to the old Internet archives, nor CPAN. We do have some modules that we recovered."

"Yeah. I know enough. I might have to fiddle a bit."

"Oh, we do have the man pages."

"I should be fine, then."

Krill leaned back a bit more in his chair. "Well, there isn't much more to it than that, really. The bigger problem is transmission. There are few direct routes to send the data over. I came up with a way to transmit that is simple, but it still takes quite a bit of tending. You might have to add a remote machine in between after you bring up the original, which means you have to set up an entirely new validation ID. Here is a sample script, can you read this?"

#history #tkitty #tkitty_story



2017-06-16 • Journal • Pike • LR

I walked through Pike Place market around 2 the other day, to buy a sweet red bean pastry from Mee Sum bakery. The market is increasingly grotesque. The people float between two poles. The privileged pick at the bones of post-peak industrial civilization, desperate for authentic experience, while the dispossessed, the insane, the addicts, pick at the waste from the tourist activity for a meal, a fix. I fell into a bad trip; the people horrified me. I made my way to third and as I passed a bus stop shelter I wondered how long I could stand the large city. I have my plan, my reasons to stay, to work downtown. Just as I passed the shelter, a man came out from behind it, turned towards me and yelled "Get out of town."

#walk



2017-06-17 • Subject • Magic • LR

When Bobo was a baby, I would work from home to help take care of him and Yvette as she recovered from her mastectomy and the chemo that followed. We would go for walks in the afternoon, either with him in a stroller or in a sling in front of me. One time we walked by the elementary school, and it was empty except for three boys playing the card game Magic. I told Yvette that I wanted Bobo to have that kind of childhood. I didn't want to limit his time or freedom in that way. I hoped that someday it would be Bobo playing that card game after school.

A few weeks ago Bobo lost his screen time rights for entertaining shows and computer gaming through the end of the school year, because he wasn't doing his homework. This happened via mobile text, as it has been an ongoing threat that came to fruition, but Sean talked Bobo down by the time I got home, and all was fairly calm. Bobo was resigned to the punishment. The following Sunday I was out in the workshop and he came in and asked if he could have just an hour of computer gaming time. I said no, and no again, and no in no uncertain terms, and there was yelling and anger on his part. I managed to remain fairly calm, which is somewhat new for me. While I never hit him or shame him, I do yell and get angry, often, at least I have in the past.

During the hubbub he broke the patio door, so I worked on fixing it. He came out, tears in his eyes, with a plate of scrambled eggs. He asked me if I wanted some, I said yes, and he handed me the plate, said he was sorry, and went back inside. After an hour or so, I had fixed the door and things seemed normal again, but he was still very sad. He

explained that he had been watching a show on game design (one of his loopholes is educational, and game design kind of counts as educational). The show discussed an online multi-player game he played when he was nine and ten years old, and it brought back memories of when he first started gaming and memories of his mom, and this is why he wanted to have the hour of game time, to relive that game. I wouldn't cave, and didn't give him the hour, but I felt that it was appropriate to tell him the story of when his mom and I would walk with him and how I hoped he would have the freedom to play games after school like those kids. I stressed that I still wanted this for him, but it was also important that he do his homework. He then cried, and I put my arms around him. For the first time ever, he sobbed, heaving sobs, in my arms, with his arms around me for a solid minute. He felt better after that.

Not long after this, Bobo started getting interested in Magic again, and he asked if he could go to a Magic meeting at a nearby gaming store yesterday, but the cards he ordered didn't arrive, so he canceled his plans. Today Bobo said that he wanted to go to a different meeting where you got enough Magic cards to play as part of the fee for admission. It was at the same gaming store, only five miles away. When we entered the store, there was a line of ten or so people waiting at the register. Two of them recognized Bobo from his elementary school he went to last year, and they shook hands kind of like a cross between a high-five and a biker shake.

I picked Bobo up five hours later. He was still with one of the two friends that was there when I dropped him off. They shook hands again on the way out, and C was bubbling with stories about how good it was. He told of how the guy at the sandwich counter had complemented Bobo on his outfit (all orange), and Bobo ordered an orange soda, a sandwich, and some kind of orange desert. The counter guy put it on an orange plate for him. Bobo said the gamers were friendly and fun. He plans to go every Saturday, now.

#bobo



2017-06-21 * Subject * Concert * LR

I went and saw Bobo play at a concert last night. He plays bass in his middle school orchestra. I posted a couple of vids with his permission. There are volunteers from the Seattle symphony that help the kids. One of them fixes musical instruments, and fixed the school's bass that has been broken for years. Bobo's music instructor, the conductor is very passionate about his job, and holds the students to formal standards of conduct and dress.

I enjoyed the concert, the whole thing. I could hear the centuries behind the music, and it became more than my own forced participation when I was a child and learned the piano, or how I remember the torture of almost every school concert of either my son or my own participation. Last night I took a brief break, and let myself follow the music.

Music, this is one of the core pieces of Wim Wender's Until the End of the World (UTEOTW). At first it seemed like a bit of an easy point in the movie. I don't trust the perspective of the narrator, kind of like how I don't trust David Byrne's art. I *know* David Bowie is layers on layers, most of the time messing with his fans, or at least innocent Beatles-type fans like myself. For that matter, I don't trust Paul Simon anymore, and Bob Dylan has contempt for himself, even, at many points as he descends or ascends to wherever he is now, or what fragment of identity. But, all that aside, the narrator's or the director's point about music in UTEOTW is more and more convincing, that perhaps music together is why we are here.

I enjoy that particular approach to the question of "why am I here?" Music is tangible, a dance, colored ribbons fluttering and spinning up from the air and wood of the orchestra. In UTEOTW it was a mishmash of whatever they could find: a couple of didgeridoos, a harmonica, piano, drums. Wender's girlfriend, the leading role sang at the party at the end. And, the narrator says, the narrator that I don't trust completely, he says that music is why they are there. Now, he is writing this story they are in. That is one thing about the movie, in that they are in the second version of the story he wrote. And, it is even more complicated because Wim Wenders and his girlfriend wrote the screenplay to UTEOTW together. And there is the ending revolving around written story vs. images that I won't get into, as it is a spoiler. Hopefully you too can watch the director's cut, all five hours of it at some point.

#uteotw



2017-06-23 • Journal • Lingering in the Stairwell • LR

I recently restored my old journals. They go back to 1990. My previous journals were paper, and it was easier to destroy them. I remember burning them in 1987. There was also a set that I never did pick up after turning them in, the stuff I wrote at the punk house during my Chaucer/Journal class in early 1986. That class, that professor taught me the idea of journaling, with subject, journal, memory, dialog, and dream entries. I see all of the iterations over the years of things I have created to share journal entries, various web sites, etc. I could probably spend two days just explaining what happened along those lines alone. I was able to restore the web of sites. I had four sites with an interwoven story in 2014... all of it taken down from public viewing, but at least I can see what I wrote.

This week has been pretty transformative. I don't know all of the pieces, but I know that I'm changing. I'm not sure what to actually do. I suppose there is that advice of Carl Jung in his psychological commentary of the Tibetan Book of the Dead that westerners are always trying to do something with insight. What is the converse?

Stairwell Clearing

#mci



2017-06-25 = Subject = 1279 BC = LR

I was thinking about David's vid on the collapse of 1170 as far as a timeline, and thought about what would be involved in creating the building I work at. It is 32 stories and is part of the "certified green building" program, I forget which, but it conforms to some kind of green requirement. I was just going up the escalator and looking at the walls and the tone of the metal sheen at my feet, listening to the hum, and thinking how it could be built from scratch. For quite awhile, now, I've been thinking about exponential growth fueled by oil, and what it actually means. I thought, well, the cost to create this building would bankrupt all of civilization at that time.

How would that work? Well, it would have to be an effort prior to collapse. That would put it at when Ramesses II came to power about 100 years prior, 1279 BC. What does the building include? Computers, motors, escalators, steel, plastic... that is probably enough right there. So, I'm in way over my head at this point. Mainly I'm thinking about the pyramid of knowledge. How would you reconstruct the pyramid? Let's say there were 100 million people living then. The first problem is how to feed the people. I imagine that the majority of the existing infrastructure and people existed, mostly, to feed people. There is language. There are numbers. There is agriculture.

More about the rules for this. Any language from 1279 could be used. Likely a combination of languages would be needed. The interesting thing is that the effort to capture enough knowledge and present it in a format to build the building in 1279 could very well bankrupt current civilization. Why? Well, where exactly is the knowledge? The Library of Congress? The "Internet"? The way a particular formulation of the element tantalum, purifying it first, and then combining it in a way needed for a capacitor, this likely has associated patents. Perhaps the initial tech was developed for the Apollo space program, maybe a university is involved, and some company now has the patent, or related modern versions of it, and licenses it. Remember Eisenhower's caution about the military-industrial complex? I don't want to derail this too much, but I suspect that much of the cost of my idea comes post WWII, in the way that knowledge around manufacturing and technology is stored and used.

To write this "book"... it would have to be paper, but let's say that you only had to write enough to create a machine that could read a datastream on a set of optical disks, circa 1977, you know, those ones that were the size of a record that had a full movie on it, laserdisk... they even released the X Files on laserdisk. We would focus on that, first, and then the rest of the knowledge could come after. So, there would have to be optics, precision lasers, semiconductor fabrication. I imagine that metallurgy and related tech, with only 100 million people, and considering the amount of people and resources used for agriculture in 1279, that it might well bankrupt the economy of the time just creating a device that could more read and process information well enough to build the other portions of the "1279 BC Building Program".

This is really fun, this line of thought. I'm thinking about the general collapse of information in IT. There is this idea that we have iterative processes to deal with changes that are so fast that we can't sit down and document what we want to do. In the context of this writing, I can see that this is a natural outcome. The only way I know of to deal

with the levels of information at this point is to use key-value pairs and grind on the data to get knowledge. That just means that rather than describe a house with furniture in cats and everything else in one big structured wad, you break off stuff like house3=hasanimals (kind of a tag for house3). house3_animals=cat, house3_furniture=chair house3_furniture=table house3_cat=spotted vs something like:

The problem with the full structure way is that you end up having to change everything around if you haven't thought of everything. What happens if you have been using this for a year and you need a striped cat? Anything that relies on the way cats are described with only spots has to be modified to deal with stripes. With key-value pairs (KVPs), you just add in house3_cat=striped without having to change any of the other information that has been identified. I am not very good at some of this, in that the mechanisms of ID are difficult for me. For instance house3 is a particular house and I need to associated other values with that house. As I understand it, this is somewhat overloaded in the key (house vs. house3). Perhaps somebody better than I at this can explain/correct, but this is the general idea I have on why information is currently not scaling well, and how we deal with it today.

But back the 1279 BC Building Program (9BBP). Much of this is instructional, particularly for this laserdisk information bootstrap device LIBD. You can make some assumptions *after* the LIBD is built, but before then most concepts will be quite foreign. Math, principles of scientific inquiry, and a knowledge methodology along the lines of the KVPs would be needed. You also need a way to morph the knowledge base for the people building the LIBD, something like commentary next to the authoritative original. This reminds me of how I suspected that law and IP was a prime holder of current knowledge, combined with industrial repositories. Breaking open all of this to create the entire 9BBP is quite daunting.

LIBD=a device that can read a set of 300MB capacity disks of 12 inches in diameter. It would be able to build on itself using KVPs and self-modifying streams of comments. (Molybdenum is called Saarkstooth in Assyria)

How long would it take to build LIBD from paper documentation for people on the 9BBP? How long would it take to create the paper documentation in this time? I can only relate to the way documentation is created now. We would need professional teachers for both docs. What would the LIBD doc cost to create? You would probably need to include graphics representations in addition to words, but it doesn't seem like that is to difficult an add-on if you can read a laserdisk in the first place.

I suppose I'm just going to end here, because I'm pretty sure it would bankrupt 1279 BC civilization to build LIBD in the first place. (I just mean that it would take so long and take so many resources, that the governing body could not maintain itself long enough before collapse.)

#ouroboros

Comments:

2021-01-30:

I was not aware of triples at this time, nor ontologies. I had heard of some of these ideas, but something is brewing.



2017-07-05 • Dream • Giant Warehouse • LR

I dreamed last night I was visiting a giant warehouse that a thousand people were living in. There were two rooms that were enclosed towards the very back, but that was all. A young man that lived in one of the enclosed rooms had an old-fashioned radio, and showed me how he could turn it on and it would broadcast throughout the entire warehouse. People slept on the floor, mostly, in tiny spaces with bathrooms spread about, ten or so "camps" per bathroom. The whole place had recently been purchased, and the people who were squatting for free had to leave and renters were coming in to pay for the camps. (It wasn't a named a camp in my dream, but that is the word from the cross-border dream labels). I was looking for a place to rent cheaply, so I was touring the warehouse now that the owners were kicking out the squatters. There were long, bare, rows where it had been cleaned up. There were three foot walls sticking out alternately down the rows that formed the tiny camps. I was worried about getting athletes foot in the shared bathrooms, but then I figured there was a shower at work I could use (there is, actually), so I could just sleep on the ground in any of them, and shower at work.



2017-07-09 • Subject • Green Day • LR

I watched the Green Day / Bohemian Rhapsody vid. Oh my, has social media turned it into a "see, everybody is complaining, but things are awesome" spectacle. I admit it is beautiful to see.

Think about all of the glorious pieces in this, the LPs playing on all kinds of equipment, even eight tracks, reel-to-reel, the woman from the first Black Sabbath album in the Dookie artwork - the logistics of getting that many people in that space, singing together without it turning into Altamont. And, yes, Altamont, that is where the wave broke and rolled back, to reference Hunter S. Thompson.

There is a twist on the George Carlin bit: "The air and the water will recover, the earth will be renewed. And if it's true that plastic is not degradable, well, the planet will simply incorporate plastic into a new paradigm: the earth plus plastic. The earth doesn't share our prejudice toward plastic. Plastic came out of the earth. The earth probably sees plastic as just another one of its children. Could be the only reason the earth allowed us to be spawned from it in the first place. It wanted plastic for itself. Didn't know how to make it. Needed us. Could be the answer to our age-old egocentric philosophical question, "Why are we here?"

And, there is the scene in Until The End of The World, as I wrote earlier, where the narrator thinks the music they are making is the reason they are here.

I had an eerie brush with some writing I did in the past that predicted some very particular ways that the future would unfold. There are a couple of ways to see this. I resist the idea that I can predict the future. There is an error in logic in this like the wake and the boat analogy (or perhaps dog and tail). I prefer to think that the seeds of the future grow in our past, as though we are creating the monumental present, right now.

We created what happened at Hyde Park in the past. It can't be taken away: just like plastic. Finally, we answer the question why we are here, but it could be simplified. We are here, strung out and through the past that created us. There is a similar idea regarding limits if you follow this completely. The idea is that particles don't move through space continuously, and at particular moments, frozen in time, nothing exists; the function that describes reality from a certain perspective, in a way that we hold to be a basis for physics, collapses.

Carlin's idea about plastic, Thompson's observation about the wave of the sixties, and the instantaneous idea that all of humanity might possibly be here simply to create that scene at Hyde Park, with the scary woman on the Black Sabbath album on the Dookie artwork (of course) looking over; accept that, and the beautiful present sparkles through one tip of one wave, in the sun.

George Carlin on The Environment

#uteotw



2017-07-09 • **Subject** • **About Tkitty** • **L R**

Tkitty started as a lark during a fairly dark time for me. I was working at the supplements store and we were using WarmSW's IM to communicate with each other. For a long time I had the default cat, but at one point I put a red laser in the cat's eyes. A coworker mentioned that it was scary, and I told him it was Terminator Kitty. We chatted some more, and he started calling me tkitty. I joked that tkitty.com was available, and he double-dog dared me to register it, so I did. Eventually this became a story about a kitty that went back in time. I had this idea of combining some of my favorite movies: C.H.U.D., The Terminator, and The Burbs, and tkitty would wander through these. For years I had also been interested in journal software in general, and dream analysis in particular, and started weaving all of this into a story.

My technical wandering and obsessions then led me to identity on the web. I sent WebIDs to all of my friends, hoping that I could write in a more private way, one that wasn't harvested by FB. This continued to be woven with my

interest in journaling in general. Eventually I built out a variety of sites that worked together to tell a story and serve as my blog.

What is this now? Well, each page is served up by a small javascript stub that verifies the html on the client web browser via the WebID. If you click on the colorful icon in the corner, that is a WebID. True, Tim Berners-Lee cares about this, as do a handful of other people, but it is not used much. Part of the problem is that you need an ID to publish, and there is an assumption that you need an ID to read. The biggest challenge is how you get people to actually handle their own identity (private key). My idea is that I can use the same ideas to cloak the pages mildly and prove that the author of the page is indeed the author. Now, in a true WebID system, I would have friends that would add me to their friends. That is, I would need to get somebody from Solid to say they knew me, most likely.

Perhaps Solid will take off, perhaps not. I did figure out how to get a form of client-side auth, and I do have a valid WebID. The project itself can speak better about it than I can. I need to work more on the story, the writing. I have quite a few interesting dreams to work in. One problem I have right now is that it is hard to read the whole story. The story actually starts with The Wrong Mission, but it is hard to find in the interface. I have some work to do in my spare time to tweak this and put other content specific to the site itself, as I've figured out some somewhat unique ways to create static content using Wordpress. In the end I feel more like I am creating the note in Kesey's story of the accordion.

"When I was a little kid, there was a stream that came down from the hill at our place and would have cut across our yard, but years before, somebody went out there and covered this stream with stone, and mortared the stone together so that it left a hump down through the middle of this yard, as if it were left there by a seven-hundred-pound mole. And when the stream dried up, my brother and I - he was in the third grade and I was in the fifth - we went down to the end of that tunnel and walked through it, lighting our way with torches. We found an old accordion under there. It was a great find, and we brought it home and tried to play it. But it wouldn't play, and we found we could get into it by opening and opening this screw and lifting the top off. We got in to all the valves and bellows and everything, and there, stuck in a corner, we found a piece of paper, a sign, and it said WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU LOOKING IN HERE FOR, DAISY MAE? Well, I achieved some kind of satori right there - knowing that somebody had sometime a very long while ago gone in there and put that sign in that accordion, and he's betting that someday somebody's going to come along and find it. A mystery for people to wonder about. Well, that's what I want for my books." ~ Ken Kesey, from an interview with Gordon Lish in 1963

#kesey #tkitty #webid



2017-07-10 • Dream • Epinephrine Pills • LR

I dreamed I worked at a place that I also lived at. There was a medical clinic in the basement that I had never been to. before, even though I had lived there a while. An announcement was made that everybody had to show up for allergy evaluations and receive their allotment of epinephrine pills.

I went down to get my allotment, but the receptionist couldn't find my name on the list. I told him to look me up by email address. He said, "Your name is Agatha?". I said it was an anagram of my name with my last.

The receptionist then gave me a handful of blue gel pills. The epinephrine pills were the larger ones, and there were ten or so of those. The smaller ones were the size of BBs. The pills all kind of stuck together, and I put the mass of them in my pocket.

#basement



2017-07-12 • Journal • Ferry Wind • LR

I don't know why the wind was so strong on the ferry today, but between the wind and the speed of the ferry, it took my breath away as I faced it from the bow. I dropped my son off for a trip with his grandparents, and returned

home, peering out over the waves at Arbor Heights arching down to Fauntleroy creek, with the arch back up to the heights at Myrtle with the water towers (I'm not sure what those heights are called).

I needed the wind and the feel of the ocean rushing under the bow. There were tiny white caps, not much. As I was savoring the blast of air and sound, six white birds flew a foot over the tops of the waves. I thought of all of the steel of the ferry, the history of travel on the ocean, and felt like the entire situation I was in was rare and spectacular. It really is.

#ocean



2017-07-15 = Subject = CB Radio 2017 Design = LR

Jacob,

This is what I have so far. I'm on a really old PC with no NIC, so I can't use the full system, but I have my CB radio, and Kor's old translator works fine. I know you and the rest of ORNG need something a little less clunky, and I told you I'd work something out. I promise I'll try it, networked and all, after Krebs gets his satellite connection working later next year. Please let me know what you think on your channel. I look forward to reading your reply when you have it set up. I can at least calculate your channel and read it at the library in Taos.

Here is the design:

To listen to the "radio", all that is needed is a recent web browser of any popular type. Just like in CB radio, anybody can listen. Unlike CB radio, though, each message is signed with the message and a UTC timestamp, so it takes a special kind of setup to transmit. If you trust the WebID, then you can trust the message. This will keep out opportunists, or, at least, it is easy to filter any message injections by your ISP or any other party.

The channels are the unique to the broadcaster, calculated by the md5 hash of the concatenated modulus and exponent of their WebID. For instance, my channel is 080fbcb35cfbd0580815fcd0d394b6e2. This should be applied to the homepage in the WebID. This is just to obscure, not protect.

All links are relative to the channel only, not the authority or scheme, to use the technical terms. This just means that I could have a channel on any number of hosts for redundancy. Now, the WebID works by the person controlling the path in their certificate, so at least my channel should exist there, or you couldn't see my card. For instance, my own WebID is at http://mudhut.club/cards/richardwell/card#i. This is a key part of the security of WebID, but, of course, the private key is needed to sign documents. Going with WebID to guarantee security means we don't have to reinvent anything. It doesn't mean that I would loan money to somebody with a particular WebID, but it does mean I can verify that the information they have signed comes from them.

There are several levels to the obscurity. The actual HTML is mainly just a javascript routine that pulls from a channel directory of the same name and way of calculation, based on the certificate in the root. Yes, I know you must be thinking this is too complicated, and I know you like the design principle of KISS, but it really is elegant in my mind. Everything is set up to only operate within the constraints of the WebID. This also lets the system inter-operate with anything that Tim Berners-Lee might come up with with Solid or any other related projects.

-Rich

#designs #webid



2017-07-16 • Journal • Knight and Maiden • LR

I was looking around the house today. Sean brought in many new things with her. She spent much of her life in the SCA, and the artwork she hung on the walls is of knights and maidens. There is one that is particularly important to us, a painting called The Meeting on the Turret Stairs, that is in the living room. We have always felt like that picture was of us. There is another picture that somebody dedicated to her; he only knew her by her SCA name, and

dedicated a drawing of a red-tail hawk by the first name of the long version of her name, Désirée. Whoever drew it is a good artist.

I was thinking about what knights did for maidens, and the first thing that came to mind was they kill dragons. The maiden says, "go kill that dragon in a far-away land", and the knight just goes off and does it. It might take years, but he comes back victorious or dies trying. That is how the story goes.

The other evening I gave up on my story I'm writing for the tenth or so time. It is messed up, convoluted with the years. I struggled with it, held on to it all the way down, through the bumps and curves, and back up again. Any story I write is wrapped with tech. It is my form of optimism. Sean talked me down (or up), and I am working on it today. I'll finish Richard Well's technical design for his CB radio.

It made me think of the maiden and knight tale. Sean asked me to go kill a dragon, and the dragon is me, that part of myself that destroys what I start. It might take years, but I will kill the dragon and save the town.

#sean



2017-07-18 • Journal • Let it go • LR

I had a small run-in with my boss at work. He is a nice guy. I respect him. He treats me well. But, still, I had a run-in with him, and it ate at me all day. Sean has been away, taking care of her father, who recently had a stroke. I talked to her, and she asked me if I was able to let it go. I couldn't lie, as she would know, so I said no, but I would try. She suggested I go down to the corner deli, have a sandwich and a beer, and just "let that shit go". I did. She understands me, and is good to me.

#beer #work



2017-07-31 • Subject • Ten Years, That's all we got • LR

I was browsing around yesterday, and saw this Guy McPherson - Human Extinction within 10 years. First off, I am not so sure about 10 years. I find it hard to believe in actual extinction that quickly, but I will say that I respect Guy McPherson, and I will say that it appears we are in the crux of an exponential curve, so the path could quickly thrust upward along the arm towards perilous change.

Patti Smith-"Birdland"

A large part of his thesis involves what happens immediately after the major grid/infrastructure collapse, mainly the meltdown of nuclear power plants. There is also the immediate bump in temperature due to global dimming. Finally, he is considering the temperature band we need for the majority of our food crops at scale. Still, I find ten years short. But let's go with that anyway. What would you do? Are you doing it now? I just asked Sean about it as I write this, and she says that she would do exactly what she is doing now if there were ten years left. I am as well.

One interesting bit is that you see Pauline in the interview. This was done at the end of 2016. The interviewer asks why his wife is taking pictures if "none of this matters". Guy corrects him that Pauline is his partner. Pauline has some vids posted where she is so adoring of Guy in the way she looks at him, that I figure they are in love. Guy doesn't talk much about that, but he does regret that his change in lifestyle, the mud hut, hurt his family and kept him from doing what he loved... teaching at the university.

#patti smith



2017-08-02 • Fiction • Quit and Tired • LR

I left Tkitty today... for good. I am so tired. I am tired of my own words. I have no energy, no juice. I went out to the mesa and sat for hours on top of my pickup canopy and watched the shrubs and dirt and the Taos mountains as it

grew dim. I've had this fear before, the fear that this will not change, that I won't get my spark back, the fire that makes me code and write. I have my journal, yes, I'll always have that. I have Kor's source tree, and I told Jacob I would do something with it, but I just don't have anything right now. What if this is it? What if this is some kind of snap where I am adrift from now on? My head feels empty, like it is filled with air and bouncing around in the air. My identity is thin, a bubble of soap film. I'm not sure why I cared about all I cared about at tkitty. This feels kind of like what is described as a good thing in various religious books, right? Loss of ego or something. Ego, what a misused word. I just mean loss of the internal day-to-day entity that is always TCB in the moment with the Id under and the Superego over is all. Without the ego to get stuff done... there is just air with the Id puffing and blowing and moving, but what moves? Superego? Oh... good luck. I just want to stare at the dirt and the sky. No judgement.

#tkitty_story



2017-08-05 = Journal = White Rabbit = LR

I left work sharply at five to meet an old friend for beers after work. For some reason, I'm not sure why, I was whistling White Rabbit as I left the inner doors. A woman from accounting looked up at me as I exited and turned left into the men's room and her to her right into the women's room. I swear she had a frown on her face because she thought I was whistling at her or something. I've had that happen before when I've wandered on my walk whistling. Some women think it is a wolf whistle and glare at me. It is true that few people wander around whistling anymore. I'm not sure why, but I whistle; I sing out loud; I have since the summer between fourth and fifth grade, when I want to summer school. I felt so alien, but I would wander the schoolyard comforting myself by reciting and singing the record that went with the Disney movie Johnny Appleseed.

White Rabbit

Grace Slick Vocals Isolated - White Rabbit

The Real Johnny Appleseed: Alcohol, not Apples

It was hot today, and I had already been on a decent walk, so I decided to walk up third avenue. As soon as I got to University I started singing White Rabbit aloud, as though it was a mantra to get through the craziness. Third avenue has been increasingly horrifying to me, but today, as I sang White Rabbit out loud, it was fine. It fit the song. Nobody noticed, either. I could sing White Rabbit all day walking along Third between University and Lenora, and nobody would notice, particularly at 5:15pm on a work day.

Bigsite has pushed the freakiness of Third a little further south, it seems. The freakiness is compressed between Wild Ginger and the Virginia bus stop. It runs a streak all the way to Pioneer Square as well, and third is pretty much continuous, but Bigsite has definitely moved the show south a bit. There is another new large building going in that is replacing the building near Lenora on the west side, across the street from the old barber shop I used to go to. As I turned on Lenora I stopped singing, as it was quieter, and walked toward First. There was a man raving next to the phone company building, and a woman walked away from him and across my path that looked scared by his raving. He was acting pretty insane.

I turned onto First from Lenora, and it struck me that it was just as insane as the strip on Third. I still didn't sing White Rabbit, though. I met my friend just past Bell street.

#sphere #walk



2017-08-06 • Journal • Finger Divine • LR

They have this deal with UNIX-like systems where you can put a .plan file in your home directory. If somebody wanted to know what you were doing they would finger you. Seriously. For instance, I happen to have a minimal .plan file that nobody sees. It is just for my own entertainment:

\$ finger divine Login: divine Name: divine

Directory: /Users/divine

Shell: /bin/bash

On since Sun May 7 10:19 (PDT) on console, idle 89 days 23:07 (messages off)

No Mail.

Plan: I'm writing in my journal

I've been thinking about this quite a bit lately. I have a plan, now, one that fits into my understanding of our predicament. I also have some encouragement from Sean, so I'm starting to feel confident in pursuing the plan.

I've been told that I should write by many people, ever since I was in community college. That should be part of my plan. I also have a large amount of knowledge about publishing on the web, as well as some ideas about message integrity and keeping a journal. In addition, as I've navigated the waters the last fifteen years or so, I've managed to find my anima, recognize her/myself. I also have 1,000 pages of journals and various rants that I've written over the years as I have struggled to make sense of this.

I came close in 2013 to deciding on a combination. The problem was that it was way too easy to harvest. In addition, in 2013 I could not risk *any* leak of what I really thought. Translated this just means that I had to maintain my image as best I could so that I could keep my job and insurance. Some of this is an irrational caution. Some of it is based on real events. I have a constant vacillation on this that was further complicated by shame that I was not spending my time correctly in 2013.

My journal entries are scarily, eerily interesting. From my perspective, particularly looking back, they were not only very useful at the time, but they predicted the future. I don't believe this was magic or anything, simply that I already knew what was going to happen before it did. This is one of my ideas that I think came from a class I had on journaling, that the action of keeping a journal for present events and circumstances can reveal things in a way that is similar to how you can get insight from dreams using keywords. Consciousness and words form a bridge of some kind in either instance.

Here I am in 2017. What is my plan? After all of the above words, how does this relate to a plan? For some reason, I need vehicles and frameworks to transport my ideas. This has some benefits. For instance, I can fictionalize my journal entries using various perspectives of those writing. I can also use the story. In a way similar to the dream analysis and traditional journal (Captain Cook), I get *more* by fictionalizing it.

Likewise, I can use my ideas about signing HTML as part of the story. This gives me some reflection. For instance, I can set Richard off against James in an IM session. I posted an entry for something that happened to me yesterday evening. I chose James, but perhaps I might make it Jacob tomorrow and embellish it. Perhaps I might take bits of it for tkitty. It doesn't really matter what I think. I don't even think that I as an identity is reliable or means anything. That is part of what is happening here as well. It is not fruitful for me to come up with some kind of authoritative narrative.

So what is my plan? (Yes, I'm laughing here, because this is so much like conversations I've had with Sean, where she will actually follow me down every single rabbit hole and as patiently, so, what are you going to do?)

Here is my .plan file:

- Divvy up journals and fictionalize into Jacob, Richard, James entries.
- Write tkitty, a true story of highly improbably mischief, as a way to weave the three characters and discuss journaling, identity, and technology.
- Use and explain tech that I think will be useful in the coming few decades. Primarily this means creating and presenting data in a way that is persistent and resistant to hijacking. It should minimize outside resources (uncontrolled cloud resources needed to render, etc.).

Unfortunately, this does not travel through the feed very well, so you likely have to click on my profile to see updates and progress or bookmark the pages. I'll post occasional links.



2017-08-07 • Subject • Dominant Culture • LR

I get Richard. His ideas about his cryptographic splinters, as he puts it, both address his struggle with the dominant culture, but also provide persistence past Guidestone Point. I don't think Laura understands just how embedded everything she is doing is in the dominant culture, one of frameworks built on frameworks, built on oil, built on computers. Richard is correct, but I'm not sure how he is going to make money. I suppose he was vested enough that he can retire, but one infected, broken leg, and he could burn through that money in a few weeks.

I read recently about the idea of culture jamming. It turns out the original idea involved subverting media culture. In a way, that is what Richard is trying to do, but it doesn't gain much traction because he is doing that withing the very same culture. How do you get traction? I once heard something about the formation of the Grand Canyon, that the earth just rose around the river, creating the canyon. I don't think that is true, but I like the idea. Really, in the context of Guidestone Point, I don't know that any river could make it, but I think it likely serves a good pattern for effort. Lay it down. Go where you need to go to lay it down. Let the world come up around you and form the canyon. I do like that guite a bit.

#richard



2017-08-09 • Dream • Vacuum Roller • LR

I dreamed I was ordering Thai food at a restaurant I hadn't been to in awhile. I resisted calling it "shitty thai" like I did when referring to the Thai Food place I used to eat at with the Cotelligent crew. I ordered number nine like I used to at shitty thai. The checker said, "Ooooo, that is a good one.", but I realized my mistake and said, "Oh, I didn't mean to order that one, I just want bibimbap.", and ordered number thirteen.

I bumped a vacuum cleaner that I think must have been mine, but it was in a side-room of the restaurant, while I was waiting for my bibimbap. The roller of the vacuum slid out of the front of it, and I realized that it could run on the oil from the number nine they served at this place. It ran on the oil from crab, lobster, and shrimp.

Hernan showed up and said that he had sold his land on the mesa, and I was miffed that he hadn't sold it to me. He purchased another plot of land and all it had was a room and a TV. He went on vacation there to get away from his family sometimes on the weekend.

#hernan #mesa



2017-08-10 • Dream • Looking for a Wrench • LR

The driveway butted up against a carport which was messy, which butted up against another outbuilding outside of my house. I had lowered my truck suspension, either by making it a 2WD when it was 4WD, or by lowering it in other ways, and the canopy looked really odd. When the work was done to lower it, it was damaged slightly, or, perhaps the old truck when it was higher had dented it.

I was looking for a wrench. It had a many hexagon-like side to it (polyhedron?). I thought maybe Bobo had been playing with it and lost it. I rifled through the furthest outbuilding, and one of Bobo's friends said, that, no, it wasn't there. He showed me a wooden tray full of colorful rubber toys that were about the same size. They had rubber spines like sea urchins sticking out of them.

I drove the truck out of the drive and backed it back in. It made a slight scratching sound, as it was now lowered.



2017-08-11 • Subject • elegance • L R

Quite a few things come down to, "Oh, shit, it doesn't scale!". Or "Whoa, this is too much now.". I've wrung my hands about this in a few different domains of experience and application. There is also the idea of elegance. As Coco Chanel put it, elegance is refusal. That is perfect. There are groups of people who refuse to do the stuff that is wrong. They know it is wrong. It is not elegant. As an example, Tim Berners-Lee knows that walled gardens of information on the web are wrong, and he should know. Guy McPherson knows that everything comes from the same engine of industrial civilization and is based on oil. Tim Berners-Lee thinks of linked data and identity in elegant ways. Guy McPherson: love and pursuing a life of excellence would be his form, I suppose. He gave up on his perfect model, the mud hut. He assumes collapse, so he and Tim are at different stages. True, in 2014, Tim pretty much said good luck to y'all, but he is back at it with Solid and some cash.

There is a sneaky end-run for the elegant approaches by those that refuse to participate, or endlessly bang their heads against the mass approach that doesn't scale, and is not elegant. That is, in the end it all becomes a circle anyway, just like the book Contact by Carl Sagan. In the end, you arrive at the elegant solution anyway. In the case of linked data and identity, here it is: JavaScript is used more and more because the walled garden servers can't do it all, but it has a limitation of single origin data that can only be widely circumvented by a standard of identity that necessarily comes from the perspective of the single web browser if it is to be used between sites. For Guy, it is simply that we are in collapse and only love remains.

#collapse



2017-08-12 • Memory • Walking, House, Chairs • LR

When I was in sixth grade, around 1975 or so, I visited a friend that lived nearby the elementary school I attended. It was supposed to be a sleep-over. We had a good time watching Star Trek cartoons and sneaking in to his big brother's bedroom to look at the cool stuff he had. We played basketball, and I thought it was kind of fun. He taught me how to make milkshakes by mixing sugar and vanilla into regular milk in a glass. All was going just fine until his mom found out I was taking penicillin for strep throat, and she freaked out and called my mom to have me picked up. I decided to go for a walk after this, and took off up a dirt road. I walked quite a ways through the woods. I saw a tractor, trees that had been cut up, stumps, and abandoned cars. After a half hour or so I decided to return. I had lost track of time. The freedom of walking away invigorated me. I could have walked for hours, but I knew I needed to get back. As I reached the asphalt again, my friend's mom showed up in her car. She was quite unhappy. She asked me why I would do something like that, walk away, when I knew my mom was coming to pick me up. I had no answer for her. I didn't do it out of anger or anything, I just wanted to do it. I didn't see my friend much after that. That was the first time that I remember the feel of a long walk, and I didn't walk again until much later in life.

Skip forward to the summer of 1990. I started taking long walks after I went back to school at the local community college. I realized I needed to walk to get through the storms in my head and in my life. Late 1989 until 1992, when Yvette got back from Wyoming, was a particularly rough period for me. I felt more and more isolated. Taylor and Yvette started spending more time together during this period, and eventually they made their Wyoming plans. Yvette and Taylor called the Winter of 1989-1990 "The Winter of Yvette De Metz", and Taylor made a grim painting of her standing in front of a Camellia with no leaves. The plant was the victim of some aggressive pruning, just branches sawed off into small stumps spreading out in forked patterns from the trunk.

Yvette was not happy, I realize now, but I was oblivious at the time. I felt isolated as well. It didn't help that I spent all of my spare time studying. I found my classes, particularly math and economics, extremely difficult. I would go out on long walks off of old 99. I found a route that started near the corner Dairy Mart. It traced a ditch and power lines, sharing an asphalt bike path for a ways. I often find the bike paths. They are best, because they let you get some miles in. The bike path passed a field between the housing developments, where I would stop before returning. The sky there was open and reassuring, much like on the mesa near Taos or the park near Lincoln St. Market. I don't

know what it is about sky, but it has always been reassuring. It offers advice when I'm stumped. Between walking and good sky, I'm covered.

I kept walking until Yvette got back from Wyoming, and then I stopped walking so much. We got a car, we had fun together, we married, and I graduated from college with a math degree. I was hired as a manager at a local computer store. Yvette and I loved each other, but were always at least slightly distant. I gained quite a bit of weight. We moved up to Seattle after that. I would walk to Capital Hill on the weekends while Yvette worked at the novelty store, but that stopped in the fall after we moved, and I never really started up again. I progressively gained more and more weight during this time, despite the small stepper I purchased. I didn't walk much until 1998. I had gained seventy pounds over the prior eight years, and I had lost some of my strength by being so sedentary and drinking too much. One day in the summer of 1998 I decided that I needed to change. I walked from 35th and Trenton down to the water, through Lincoln Park, and back up through some brush in the embankment above the tennis courts off of Fauntleroy, four miles or so. My feet and thighs were bleeding by the time I got home. Yvette joined me on my self-improvement quest, and we walked together every morning, down to the water before work, all through the Winter and and for while after we moved to SeaTac.



I stopped walking again, likely when Yvette's schedule was shifted because of her IT work. I don't remember, exactly, but I started gaining weight, watching more TV, and eating large bowls of generic Fruit Loops. I suspect I weighed the most I ever have by the time I got laid off at the end of 2000. I took six months off and worked on the websites. I got healthier by walking on a treadmill while watching Xena and Buffy episodes. When I got a job at the Natural Foods startup I started walking again in the spring of 2002, and I've walked at least three miles a day ever since. My weight has fluctuated, but I've been healthier, and have kept most of the weight off that I gained before 2002.

When I am home during the day, whether working from home or unemployed, I mainly walk the same street I have since 2009 for my mid-day walk. The first time I took the walk it was during a break from building the plywood camper that became Yellow the Hut when I was unemployed. I remember the first walk in 2009 well. I saw a home-made jet car in the alley on the way back. It had a chain draped across the rear and a steel

loop to anchor it. There was a jet engine mounted on it that looked real. It also appeared to have normal running gear. It was a fully operational car that could use a jet engine as well, from the looks of it. It had giant fins in the rear and extra cables and gauges that appeared to be just for decoration. I also first saw the Ford F-1 with the quite convincing diesel emblem. (On a later walk I talked to the owner, and he said that the truck was his dad's, and he put the diesel emblem on as a joke.)

In the spring of 2014 I walked a different path, down the hill first, and then across. This puts me four blocks south of the other route. I discovered it when I was dazed and tired and I just wandered that way. There are crosswalks across all of the busy streets. It goes right to a park that has "good sky", in that it is open like San Jose, the Taos Mesa, or Lincoln St. Park. I named the park Sky Park. I don't know what the real name is. I was thrilled to find it.

A few weeks ago I went down the same route as Sky Park, but went further, down to the end. They are building more buildings as part of the High Point development. High Point was a low-income housing project that turned ugly, but was completely revamped in 2000. They are taking an additional strip of land and putting in several new rows of houses to add to the 120 acres of the original development. I couldn't go any further with all of the construction, so I turned up the hill. I looked into it, and priority for housing is given to families of three that make less than \$26,000 per year. There was a very small house near with the door torn off.



I peeked inside the door and half of the house, still a very small room, had two

chairs facing the far side of the room. The two chairs were perfectly matched, old, but they appeared to be fancy chairs. I imagined that a couple lived out their days sitting in those chairs, watching TV, listening to the radio, and watching their children play. They wouldn't sell as the original public housing from 1942 rose up, declined, and then was rebuilt again. Now they are gone, and soon the house will be demolished for the new development.

I walked my normal route a few days ago, on my break while working from home. I saw a restroom on the far side of the play field, which is a welcome surprise, as I've often needed this mid-way through my walk. It is a bit further down the hill, so I walked back past the small house to see if I could peek closer at the inside, but there was a construction worker in a nearby building, and I imagine it is trespassing, technically, to go inside the house, so I didn't.

#de_metz #walk #yvette

Comments:

2021-02-03:

Here is the house they put in its place:



Figure 39: new house



2017-08-23 • Subject • ummm_rant_45 • L R

Quivery gel shake here, there, shake, persistence and clarity

Tantek Çelik... he is leading quite a few efforts in the new way, a brash way with no visible socks above the line of his shoe and below his skinny jeans, the new way - like C's orthodontist. He is creating alternatives behind a group with some giants, namely Tim Berners-Lee. The Social Web Working Group along with the IndieWeb effort are admirable. For anybody at all interested in alternatives, there is much new information and progress. Tantek has a bit here on his micro blog project:

"The line is crossed when someone you don't follow starts @-replying you. We've all seen the effects of crossing this line on Twitter. It can make for new friendships, but it can also bring out the worst in people and even lead to harassment."

Oh my... exactly that. Now Tim Berners-Lee will push for identity first and complete control of posts, but the fact remains that SJWs are the new brownshirts. Be very afraid of them. They can't think, but they sure have a passionity passion. And this is exactly why I feel compelled to point out bits of sloppy social logic applied to current events. I remember one of my friends on this venue that responded to a snopes slap, "well, at least it is something positive." Hopium. Keep 'em dumb. Legalize their ability to stay that way.

Speaking of my being an assholio. I don't like large sports. I like a good minor league game, I suppose, or hockey, but I will not get in my car as much any more. I walked by the high school a couple months ago and saw a couple kids making out on the grass bank above the game and even some people in lawn chairs in front of their motorhome watching the game from the street along the ridge at the top. That brought me joy.

I truly am an assholio. I realize that now. Even the eclipse fans grated at me, and that is *everybody that I know*, right? It is the moon. Blocking the sun. Funny, I asked Sean if the eclipse happened during the day, and she patiently and lovingly asked me, "You mean, does the moon blocking the sun happen during the day?" She was right. I was being dense. There are three actors here that are involved. It isn't that the moon blocks the sun, it is that the moon blocks the sun and we happen to be rotated underneath it where we can see it. *so let's all pollute the planet a bit more* by driving underneath the shadow.

I don't care about pi day anymore. Look! Math! I don't watch TV shows. Do they even call them that? I have to purchase a minimum bundle of show channels with my ISP. I watched a rerun of Star Trek NG once that I enjoyed. Wesley released nanobots on the ship. One full show in two years. I watch vids on the Internet, though. I just don't watch the bigger budget entertainment GoT, etc. I don't care about clever toys from China, but almost everything I buy comes from China. I have contempt for myself as well.

So, there are two examples of joy above, buried in overall contempt for almost everything that the people I know have a passion for. I am being dense. I need to face it that I am simply an assholio. I will work on my private journal project because it is something that I think should exist and nobody is working on it, at least in a way I think it should work. I am freed up in a way, because my other items like decentralized Id and CB radio equivalents have quite a bit of traction by numerous people. There is only one thing that I know how to do that needs to be done. It is my own little bike shed.

After the SJW tagged me and made me uncomfortable, I did my old shuffle over to a new name on fb. (yeah, yeah, the new way is SJW-ish, argue all you want that this is freedom, but I will insist that you look up George Hanson's monologue on freedom). I then thought that people would not remember who I was, so I used my real name, but by then I had been blocked by some people who didn't recognize my new name. So, I'm back here, even though I have been tagged.

Now, it may seem that I'm down on everything. Well, that is why I am finally embracing my assholio name. At the same time, though, I see the sparkly sparkle the same as I always have, the pixie dust, as Yvette called it. I see that. I won't let that go.

#facebook



2017-08-26 • Subject • Fluffer • L R

I have caffeine and sugar in me, the combination meant to eke out a rant or complete a complicated script. As I get older I know how my brain *can* feel as I reach for words. More and more I need that sugar in there with the caffeine before that old feeling is recognizable, like I am burning out and fading, which is perhaps not so much an illusion. They say that you can actually rewire a bit over time. What causes the dimming, I wonder? The cumulative effects of all of the jets flying and the coal burning? And, yet, the theory of global dimming is that the effects stop quickly, the particles and chemicals quickly dissipate, and we warm a degree or two C. I just got up and put another couple spoonfuls of instant in my cup with another two teaspoons of sugar. I believe I'm up to big gulp status made with superjolt soda, and I wonder if more than one person will search for that global dimming bit, or none at all. ~ Tendrils. That is the word. Tendrils of caffeine stroking the lobes of my brain. Let's begin, oh my cup, my fluffer.

Take an event with structural backing, any event. If the event takes a framework of understanding, you can see a couple of different approaches to this as people participate in the streams. People point out this or that piece of the structure, why wars are fought, exceptions to the rule of the particular alarmist cultural flotsam and jetsam. "And I have for your consideration a desk used by President Kennedy. It is an oak desk with wrought iron handles. It was found floating in the wreckage near Philadelphia. Bidding starts at one thousand likes. Do I hear racist? Going once. Racist to the woman in pink. Do I hear sexist?"

I can see the cautious plodding, brilliant framework of Phillip K Dick, or Carl Jung or Aldous Huxley, weighing in at one thousand books of one thousand pages of two thousand words coming down the river on a barge, covered in three inch burlap. Plunge your hand in like a William S Burroughs typewriter in Naked Lunch and your arm will disappear up to the elbow. Participate with words as your fingers stroke the keys. If you don't watch out the ectoplasm will suck you in. The rules of frameworks are different. P-Orridge chuckles as he sees errant flies struggle in the stretchy, clingy cobweb of goo: thee burlap. Patti Smith wrote a song about it, and Kate Bush wrote a song about Patti Smith writing a song about it.

"No. I think I will touch the bobbing oak desk instead." And you poke it, like, like, like, offense, food for the day. No burlap. Nothing up to the elbow. No danger, is the advice, like a reassuring hexagram tossed in yarrow sticks, it means nothing but the desire for meaning."

When I was a little kid, there was a stream that came down from the hill at our place and would have cut across our yard, but years before, somebody went out there and covered this stream with stone, and mortared the stone together so that it left a hump down through the middle of this yard, as if it were left there by a seven-hundred-pound mole. And when the stream dried up, my brother and I - he was in the third grade and I was in the fifth - we went down to the end of that tunnel and walked through it, lighting our way with torches. We found an old accordion under there. It was a great find, and we brought it home and tried to play it. But it wouldn't play, and we found we could get into it by opening and opening this screw and lifting the top off. We got in to all the valves and bellows and everything, and there, stuck in a corner, we found a piece of paper, a sign, and it said WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU LOOKING IN HERE FOR, DAISY MAE? Well, I achieved some kind of satori right there - knowing that somebody had sometime a very long while ago gone in there and put that sign in that accordion, and he's betting that someday somebody's going to come along and find it. A mystery for people to wonder about. Well, that's what I want for my books.

~ Ken Kesey, from an interview with Gordon Lish in 1963

I find myself obliged, for these and many other reasons, to abandon altogether any idea of conceiving an artistic structure for the work or formulating an artistic purpose. All that I can do is describe everything that I remember, as best I can, as if it were, in itself, the centre of interest. I must trust nature so to order matters that, in the multiplicity of the material, the proper proportion will somehow appear automatically, just as in the operations of pure chance or inexorable law a unity ennobled by strength and beautified by harmony arises inscrutably out of the chaotic concatenation of circumstances.

~Aleister Crowley

#crowley #kesey #swa



2017-08-27 • Subject • Imagination and Cripple • LR

"What is Imagination?" First, she thought, "the combining faculty," which "seizes points in common, between subjects having no apparent connection," and then "Imagination is the Discovering Faculty, pre-eminently. It is that which penetrates into the unseen worlds around us, the worlds of Science."

~Ada Lovelace

I worked for a company one time that would buy other companies to grow. The company has been out of business for a long time, so I can write about it. I remember accounting stressing that we needed to cost items in relation to the acquisitions. Eventually I realized on my own that this was a form of Ponzi scheme, in that the ongoing operational costs were hidden as long as we continued to grow. Once when the senior accountant was being particularly annoying I mentioned this sarcastically and she looked up kind of shocked and said, "You aren't supposed to know that."

I see everything that way now. There are many variations of this. If we strip down operational costs, though, there is no way we can maintain exponential growth. There are exceptions at a micro level. For instance, where I work now they divvy up the profits at the end of the year to operate on a cash basis the following year. But, the general idea of our economy is that we grow exponentially, and this is how we are able to sustain our lifestyles.

I don't really want to get too much into oil and climate change and all of that. Oil leveraged us, or we leveraged the situation with oil. Another thing that I didn't used to get is how stuff like the moon shot or WWII helped us. It allowed us to pour money into an effort that raised us to the next level of growth from a frameworks perspective. That is, we built tech built on tech built on tech. We were able to learn how to scale, how to make complicated things operational. This is hard to do. Think of all of the startups and rogue countries that currently struggle with launching a rocket.

One thing I added to my kit very recently was the idea that written words facilitated the growth of civilization. This seems obvious to most people, but one thing that might not be apparent is that there is an argument that words caused our current problems. I find this particularly fascinating because of the story of the Tree of Knowledge (of Good and Evil). The translation appears to be that Good and Evil was actually "knowledge of everything". This is why we had to leave the garden: we ate the apple. And, during the last sixty years, roughly the mid-point of the age of oil, is when we started using computers and tracking to Moore's Law. I haven't done lots of research on this, but my guess is, allowing for various collapse cycles, that the written word also tracked at exponential rates, and you could run correlations against economic activity.

In the end I see that we simply... grow. We do it, no matter how you want to cut it up, along a graph of exponential growth. It is not a mystery that oil consumption grew exponentially. I see that pretty clearly from 1900 through 1970. It is now leveling off is my guess. We compensate to continue exponential growth by efficiency as well as technology for exploration and operations. For instance, the first oil just was right there laying on the top of the ground. Now, it is in difficult to reach locations. Words, tech, etc. make it easier to find.

I wrote about this a bit yesterday as well in a very weird post that I deleted but did save. Nobody has time to gain knowledge of the actual frameworks. Here is what I mean: you can see it in cars. Cars were not sustainable in LA, for instance, without us dying from the air pollution. We put in lots of tech that took much more oil and resources in order to get a higher concentration of vehicles. As we did this, though, it became to expensive and difficult to deal with the car from a shade tree mechanic perspective. That is, I can no longer understand all parts of a modern car.

Software development frameworks is the big metaphor here. How is coding done now? Coding is not done by closed source groups that create applications from the ground up in assembly code. One of my favorite stories is one my Dad told me about a guy named Dick Pick that created a disruptively fast system by building micro-coded information systems. He would code at the chip level by authoring code that ran directly at the gate level, TTL (transistor transistor logic) chips. The minicomputer was Microdata, and it ran an operating system called Pick. At this point in time, though, IBM and other computer manufacturers had a wealth of proprietary frameworks they were building on, but they had exhausted themselves at scale. That is, the systems were big and built on things that were built on things, and managing this over time was very difficult. Pick grokked the whole thing and sliced it down and made money because his systems were fast. He didn't write in COBOL based on assembly based on machine code. He wrote directly against the logic of the CPU. Over time micro-coding is now a thing in CPUs, and what Pick did by hand is done automatically.

Software now is done with frameworks. Not only that, but it is done with collaborative frameworks, at least, that seems to me to be the most efficient. Richard Stallman made this happen, if you are going to blame any single person, but BSD has helped too. By framework I just mean an abstraction that makes it easier to program. The idea here, though, how it relates to growth could be demonstrated by a delivery service. Say packages were delivered in a day from Seattle to Portland. The framework involves the stables to rotate out the horse every fifteen miles or so, and likely riders as well. Perhaps the package is 100 pounds? I can picture the framework of that, the grass, the water, the oats, the wood for the stables. Imagine what the framework is for delivery by jet, all of the pieces involved. I could take a single machined part on a jet and spend my entire life figuring out how to make it by hand. That single part has a supply chain about as complicated as the entire horse delivery network. That is how frameworks are involved here. I can make a call that will bring up a grid in Angular and I can start doing math on the cells and it will work in a web browser that has been improving since NCSA Mosaic at an exponential pace.

Do you remember at the beginning of Internet time how you would buy a book from O'Reilly that you would consult religiously, whether it was Perl or BASH or whatever? With twenty or so books you could handle your day to day tech life. I was at a particular stage of the framework. Perl is an interpreter, and it made it simpler to write small programs. I could add modules that did particular functions. That has changed. I don't reference my Camel book any more (Camel is what is on the cover of the Perl book). But, back to the Dick Pick thing - as late as 1993, coders would come up with things that would blow away performance of other systems because they were done low-level. Consider the demo by Second Reality by Future Crew. They wrote this in assembly code, C, and some higher-level languages. The code is on github interestingly. They had to slice through everything, grok the whole framework of rendering images and sound to create the demo.

But, over time, the frameworks win. If the world ran on Amish power, how many people could we sustain on the

planet? Again, to tear this down to components, frameworks are essentially knowledge, knowledge built on written words.

And, now we get to my latest idea that has really twisted my head. I have noticed that dense thought is not useful to people. Information is more and more local and disconnected from a user perspective. The best example of this is the social media feed. What is seen is what people like. But here is the more interesting item. What something means is related to specific local events that show up in the feed. The broader meaning of something doesn't necessarily apply. That is, say the topic is child abuse. What somebody means by child abuse is the last ten or so topics that trended with the term child abuse. They don't want to hear a long background on it or any kind of moral relativism or what happened in Greece at the time of Plato. They are talking specifically about that guy in Florida last week that kept a girl locked up for ten years, and if you mention anything about the framework of knowledge and history around that item you are wrong. In a certain way you are wrong, as the knowledge is disconnected. We live in a thin feed over the top that is governed by likes and entertainment.

I deal with information all day long. I write dense documentation that is often not read by anybody anymore. I've had people contact me years later and compliment me on the document after I left the company and they picked up the pieces, but lately I've had to adjust my waterfallish form to a lighter version with links. I am generally kind of exhausted from information. Yeah... here I am writing this. Another thing about work is that I see less architecture, less actual project management and less business analysis. I want to answer questions like "Where are we now?" "Where do we want to go?" "How will we get there?". I have been puzzled about why these basic questions are so hard to answer, and getting harder and harder. Recently in frustration I created a project plan for the related projects I was working on because my project manager really couldn't do it. In this case it was more because his boss is the worst project manager I have ever known (and every person I respect that knows his work agrees), and he is also young and new to project management. But I have seen fewer and fewer actual project plans with dependencies and milestones. Even more rare is good business analysis. One of the complaints is that by the time all of the requirements and use cases are laid out, the software has changed yet again. Oh... my... wow. Here we are.

I had a project manager that was an incredible example of good project management that I worked with. Her boss was one of the best project managers as well, and a good leader. She used to say, "Well, we aren't building a space shuttle." She actually was a project manager for the space shuttle program at NASA. Her point was that the heavy machinery isn't always needed. I think that what is happening is that the time we need the heavy machinery is getting less and less as we gain complication. What I see happening at work is similar to what I see happening on my social feeds. We are starting to work day-to-day with a vision of a few weeks instead of years. Even more importantly, though, we are starting to outsource the structural knowledge to other organizations because we can't afford to do it ourselves. We get our news by a sentence plastered on an image. We code our project by taking code from github and stack exchange. We work week-by-week in sprints, claiming that agile is no substitute for requirements, but at the same time abandoning formal requirements. Instead, more and more we rely on convention, which is what conforming to a framework does.

Do you see the pattern? None of this is scaling. Well, that isn't entirely true. We are getting the last bit of scale by outsourcing this to cloud companies. I recently looked at how possible it would be to come up with my own journal software. I concluded that because of mobile, it made the most sense to use cloud platforms built on tools that trace back to Richard Stallman to a large extent, but prior to that you can trace Dennis Ritchie and other graybeards. Go back further to Turing and Lovelace. You can dig in to the specifications. Look at the RFCs and the IETF and W3C documents. There has to be a rich background of specifications. But generally this is less and less what businesses can afford to grok, just as seriously dealing with social feeds is possible.

My issue, if you are following all of this, is that this growth is all the same. We may be able to parse all of the data with the analytics of large companies. We may be able to shoulder exponential development work and associated frameworks by leveraging an entire world of programmers on github and deal with issues on stackexchange. But we can't continue. Even if I allow that nobody has time to consider all of the angles, even if I allow an Elon Musk kind of idea that extends the growth into Al and space exploration, I don't see that we have the resources for that leap. We are still running most of this on oil.

I don't know what to do with this knowledge, but at least it is becoming consistent with the various things I have

struggled to understand about work, industrial civilization, social interactions, intellectual discussion, etc. Funny, in a way that resembles above, I don't have the energy to edit this writing. At this point I just want to paint the side of my house that is flaking paint and think about sitting in the sun in Eastern Washington in silence.

#collapse #dad #frameworks #microdata #stallman



2017-08-29 • Fiction • Poop on the Mesa • L R

I was reading in the Deadphish newspaper that you need 7 feet of loam to have a pit toilet, and the part of the mesa I'm on is all rock. I guess I can pee, but any poop is going to have to be hauled out in buckets. I have some poo powder and some bags, but I'll have to figure out something more long-term or move back into town in a cheap house or something.

#tkitty story



2017-08-31 • Subject • Wumblebright Wagon • LR

Struggling with fantasy, the constant need for something new, the next thing, some fix, a wumblebright wagon of hope and fascination. How to stop? There is nothing that is needed that is loud or bold or unique or something that is not the mere click-of-life honor of mountain climbing. So, climb. Stop.

#mountain climbing



2017-08-31 • Journal • pissingrain • L R

It rained just enough to wash months of collected human piss onto the walk; a rank bouquet rises in the warm sun. #walk



2017-09-05 • Journal • Moses Lake • LR

My attempt at staging a land purchase at Rimrock Meadows was smoked out. I found a trail as I attempted to wait out the smoke. It was a concrete bicycle trail that ended at some expensive looking houses along the lake. I took one walk before giving up and heading home that evening. My guess is an acre or so burned between the park and the housing development to the west. The park itself was highly irrigated, and from the looks of the grass and the algae blooms, my guess is fertilized and poisoned for weeds as well. The wide concrete path, which I suspect was added for fire protection in the interim space as it was quite new, was sprinkled with dog poop from the walkers. There is an older path, narrow, just asphalt that continued out of the end, beyond the green grass and disk golf, and went along I-90. The sun was dim behind the smoke, which got worse as the day went on. I considered walking this path all week long and eating an MRE on the park bench as I waited for the smoke to clear at RRM. I would have had to bring earplugs, though, as the traffic was quite loud above the path, the part where I could get some real distance in.



A semi is going by at eye level #uteotw #walk



2017-09-06 • Journal • Who Are You? • LR

I had some insight over the last few days about words in relation to monkey mind chatter. The odd thing is that it involved the Eye of Providence. That single eye appeared while I was on a hotel in Moses Lake in preparation for

purchasing land at Rimrock Meadows. The only other time I have seen it was on 3/28/2017.

I had laid down, exhausted, fading in to sleep, with 10 or so threads and conversations going on, and I became aware of one in particular that I suspected of subterfuge. I knew that there was something suspicious about the loudest one, the one that was pretending to be some kind of authoritative narrative under my name, so I challenged the voice with "who are you?" The single eye showed up in my mind and just winked, as though it was a smile of understanding or something, and all of the threads and conversations went quiet. I had received my lesson. The matrix collapsed. The pink light was delivered. The overriding frequency that Emery Brown talks about in his research on general anesthesia radiolab - Decoding the Void.

The biblical story of the tree of knowledge of good and evil seems related in that we use written language in order to build this knowledge. I believe the analysis of "good and evil" actually meaning everything. So, the knowledge of everything would kick us out of our garden. This wraps around to civilization and collapse. I have only seen the eye twice.

Love is too general a word for me in my regular conscious life, but my newly gleaned information, that the eye serves internally as conversation antimatter, is a decent clue to the nature of love: there is no word in the moment.

#eye of providence #identity #illumination



2017-09-08 • Subject • With or Without Me • LR

Alleviating human suffering, if it is done in a way that addresses a strategic view, seems like a hard pursuit to refute. This is a tough one, because one person's suffering is another's opportunity. I have flailed around with what is needed from me for many years. I've had this simplified for me in the past, of course, as I've had clear ideas of what was needed from me, or, at least, it was a relatively easy course in that I cared for Yvette. Bobo obviously has some needs from me now, and so does Sean, and I have myself to consider as well, but what is beyond that, anything?

I could say that humans are the problem, or that written language is the problem. Is that synonymous? Bobo pointed that out to me a couple of days ago when we took a walk together and got sandwiches. His said that if I was going to blame written language I might as well blame evolution, which was quite astute.

Humans are the problem or they aren't. This would include versions of some are and aren't, as it is the end result for broad metrics like destruction of habitat for all mammals for thousands of years or something along those lines. Am I the problem? Let's say that I am the problem, yet I am authoring myself meaning in a way that seems strategic (vs. just tactical, which has more risk)? If humans are the problem, then I cannot lose in any pursuit. I am useless. To use Ligotti's phrase, "MALIGNANTLY USELESS". In other words, if I use all of my grey matter to try and come up with something I think that is strategically useful, and humans are the problem, then the outcome is the same with or without me. But let's say that humans are not the problem. If I can come up with something strategically useful, no matter what I calculate the odds of it being useful, then it is worthwhile to do it on the off chance that humans are not the problem, as long as I consider the risk that I'm adding to the problem in a way that tilts the outcome, the final judgement of the question "the problem or not'.

The iterations of "humans are not the problem" are many. We might be unaware of some force or reality that makes our will irrelevant, for instance. We might be part of a natural forest fire that is needed. We might, as George Carlin jokes, simply be needed to create a new paradigm on the planet, "the earth plus plastic". We might be participating in something like a universal consciousness or collective, or perhaps even in a simulation where we cannot ever be truly aware, to have no free will in this, and so we are not the problem, or, at least the situation jettisons our normal rules about value. I am sure that there is some guidance in the Allegory of the Cave, here, or brain-in-vat, or a PKD perspective on this that I could get bogged down with, but unfortunately for me, I don't believe, I don't have faith in any of these. I suspect that humans are the problem. I'm just dealing with the question of what to do.

You could also say that these things don't mean anything from a "pale blue dot" perspective. Well, yeah, but it doesn't hurt anything to try.

Now, the trying part is tricky. I keep saying strategically focused around human suffering. I am human. We are threatened. My model of consciousness, my perspective is human. Also, the most likely version, even though I don't

believe, don't have faith, is that human consciousness is involved in something beyond what we know (normal rules jettisoned).

Now, first off, anything I do needs to be done in concentric circles. Am I OK? Is Bobo OK? Is Sean? My mom? My immediate neighborhood, etc.

Wow... that is quite a preamble. So here is the story that pivoted my priority. I wanted to get some property at Rimrock Meadows and needed to figure out where the hazardous smoke was. Pretty much the existing datasources shut down. It was a good demonstration of how data needs to be distributed and converge in order to scale. I think it also showed an area where humans are good, in that tens of thousands of firefighters are putting their lives at risk to keep the West coast from burning to the ground. Now, Tim Berners-Lee is working on social platforms (Solid) that deals with this in a good way from a collaboration perspective, but I don't see that it will go anywhere.

#cathr #yvette



2017-09-09 • Subject • Own Mind • L R

I've had several very good conversations with Bobo about my perception of our predicament and his take. I even talked to him a bit about the negative implications of written language. I have been cautious, as it is one of my goals to make sure he is not as pessimistic as I am, at least, not because of what I say. I want him to make up his own mind. Believe me, I have succeeded beyond anything I could imagine.

He is quite exceptional at responding with analysis, possible scenarios, and has a healthy perspective that will find a way through if there is a way. He even addresses the infrastructure problem (most infrastructure, chemicals, food, all of it runs on oil). His take is that we won't address this until after the collapse that we will hit with the other side of the curve of oil use. He is correct in that he figures he should gauge collapse based on the real data of oil consumption and not predicted reserves, although he agrees that it is prudent to try and predict. He has a very pragmatic approach. He figures that two years after collapse, his version, we will mobilize with nuclear energy. He mentioned LFTR. His best class is Chinese, and he is starting his second year. He is in an International Baccalaureate program and can take five years of progressively more difficult Chinese.

#bobo



2017-09-16 • Journal • bus • LR

I watched a bus this evening coming down the road on the opposite side, the lit sign listing the final destination. I could feel the connection to the past, in that direction, just as somebody riding the bus in the fifties might, with the rounder, shorter shapes and lit sign. It is disorienting to believe that there is no such continuity to the future, and even more disorienting to not feel it, as though it is dark. I can't feel anything there, ahead of us; I only feel it in the past.

#bus



2017-10-10 • Subject • Gane and Sarson • L R

One of the most fascinating things I've done in the last five years is expressing complex systems with Gane and Sarson data flow diagrams. I knew that something must exist that was better than connecting servers with lines and text when describing existing and proposed systems, and was simpler than UML. I noticed that the default Visio template for data flow diagrams was Gane and Sarson, browsed around, and found that their original 1979 book on systems analysis was available used for roughly the cost of shipping.

What appeals to me about the G&S form of modeling is that there are only three symbols: storage at rest, sources or destinations of data, and processes that transform data. The storage at rest is a square U on its side, a source or

destination is a square box, and a process that transforms data is a rounded box. There are other conventions with these three symbols that provide more meaning, for instance, you can sequence numbers for a workflow.

The original books are beautiful. They were expensive to make, as it required human drafting to make the diagrams. The book even references this as part of the process in doing systems analysis, as this was before personal diagramming tools that facilitated these kinds of drawings. The full G&S method also shows how to do explodable drawings, and this turned out to be the most invaluable item of all.

Of course, data flow diagrams (DFDs) show the flow of data; however, the implications of this and how it requires a change in perspective are difficult to understand at first, particularly for somebody used to designing with representations of physical infrastructure. I had to introduce the method well before going too deep into the diagram itself in presentations. My hope was that it would become a common tool where I worked, and the load of the introduction on a project presentation would diminish as people became more familiar with it.

To create an explodable diagram, zoom in on a process box. A process box can connect to other processes, data sources and destinations, and connected storage at rest. Note that if there isn't any data transformation, there is no process box, and so the complexity of the diagram at that level is likely something that can easily fit on a page. If you create the diagram in Visio and use a tab for each level, it is possible to reference the tab in the diagram, and when you export to a PDF it will respect those links as pages of the PDF.

I developed my own conventions for the diagram that made them easier to use, but were still close enough to G&S original that they could be used by anybody who was familiar:

Use curved lines. Square lines bleed together, and it is harder to distinguish multiple parallel lines.

Use color for the different symbols to make related items easier to group while looking at the diagram.

If the diagram is so complicated at that level that lines must cross, explode the diagram more.

Underlines means you may click on the process to explode the process into another diagram.

Place a clickable "breadcrumb trail" as navigation at the top to orient the viewer. Set aside an area of the page to navigate through the diagram with an application, infrastructure, or functional view via colors, labels, and links.

For complex systems involving multiple people and roles, use a functional swimlane diagram with clickable links to the DFD.

I found that the diagram and conventions of G&S were simple enough that I could interview users to capture their data flow, express it in a G&S DFD, and review it with the user to scare up errors in my logic. This was invaluable in one project I was on where I modeled an as-is physical paper flow of information vs. a to-be electronic storage flow of information.

#computer stories



2017-10-11 • Subject • Risk of Frameworks • LR

If you are not aware of the Eight Fallacies of Distributed Computing, it is worth a search. Here is a decent talk that is relatively recent. Here is a fascinating take on this as it applies to information management.

Another related thread I'm on this morning is the risk of frameworks. Frameworks give us much, but I think they also have some similar fallacies. These can be addressed by simplifying and accounting for the fallacies as principles when designing systems, but I have nothing to offer along those lines today. I can think of an analogy, though. Consider how oil creates industries that feed industries that distribute oil that feed industries that make computers that handle logistics to feed industries that create data centers to scale computers to process data to document systems that create the next jump in speed and size to make better plastic to include in freight train control systems to lower costs to ship product to consumers who code computer programs that track frameworks of consumption.

#ouroboros



2017-10-13 • Subject • Fire and Data • L R

I took a vacation a couple months ago to purchase some land at a failed subdivision in Eastern Washington that was originally started four decades ago. I don't know how many hands the property went through after that, but some of the land was set aside for a nature conservancy, and the rest has been sold over the years to people who park their RVs during the late spring to early fall, as well as to a few occasional full-time residents. A clubhouse and pool still operates, owners of land pay dues, and there are regular meetings to discuss things like purchasing a new fire engine or rules about ATVs and guests at the campground that operates near the clubhouse.

I decided to stage the purchase at a town about 20 miles from the development, and stayed at a hotel, figuring I could walk in the local parks and generally decompress as part of my vacation. I brought camping equipment and food in case I was able to stay on the land after my purchase. When I arrived, the smoke from the fires in Eastern Washington, Oregon, Canada, Montana, and Wyoming had flared up locally because of the intensity and frequency of the fires, as well as the direction of the wind.

The following day I spent some time trying to figure out where the fires were and what the projected level of smoke was. There were some very good websites with this information; however, they did not work well under the load of all of the attention. There were government sources of raw data that were periodically updated, various weather stations, as well as map services that were layered over the data to show the fire and smoke. The views I wanted to see often timed out or took minutes to load. It showed me firsthand what the human urgency was, the human need. I felt helpless, as I knew the information existed, I could see the services trying to provide it, but none of the sites worked well. I could see from my phone app that air quality was hazardous, but I could not predict the future or even see if my way home would likely be clear from fire if I left.

Scaling up for this kind of information creation and consumption is exactly what cloud services are for, but it also showcases some of the problems with distributed computing and information sources, as well as design. The issues with distributed computing and information sources are fairly well understood. As an example, I can see that the structure of MQTT, with its simple listener/subscriber model and lightweight client, could solve some of the issues with the flow of close-to-real-time data; client-side rendering could ease some of the display issues, and cloud services could scale up to meet demand and distribute the datasets in a way that could maximize the ability for people to use the data. Many people are working these kinds of problems.

What is particularly interesting to me, though, is how do you provide nimble design that can adapt quickly enough to the current situation? The world we are living in is stressed in many different areas, and we can expect much change and situations more desperate than my own experience monitoring fire and smoke from the comfort of a motel room with free and functional wifi. A nimble approach might be something that is not based on a a relational database; however, as Bhuvan Unhelkar observes in his book Big Data Strategies for Agile Business, "NoSQL databases are schemaless to the extent that they allow adding data with varying structures. Beyond that, these NoSQL databases need the same management and maintenance as the SQL databases... In order for the data to remain useful (i.ie., performing metrics, analytics, etc.), a schema becomes necessary. In the absence of a schema, it becomes difficult to handle the unstructured data. So, while a NoSQL database has no enforced schema, the analysis data ends up requiring a schema." pg. 292, (c) 2018, CRC.

#mqtt #ouroboros

Comments:

2020-12-25 :

I can see the roots of ouroboros here. 2019 had much to show me, fully realized in 2020.

2020-12-25:

I gave the book by Unhelkar to Trung, I believe, somebody I worked with in 2018-2019. I forgot until just now.



2017-10-21 • Journal • Mashed Potatoes • LR

I am in the middle of a job search, and have spent quite a bit of time writing and thinking about what I have done up to this point and what I intend to do in the future. This morning I was thinking about why I did what I did. For instance, I am very interested in MQTT, single-paged apps with minimal frameworks, and what can be done with standard, embedded key-value pair databases like IndexedDB. As soon as I get my mind and body back on track enough, as soon as I recover from nine years of working during the most stressful period of my life, I will program this up on my own and see how it works. Many people better than I are interested in this, sure, and most are better programmers. Almost all have better resources. So, why am I interested?

As I was making pancakes I played Manfred Mann's version of Springsteen's Blinded by the Light. [side note: the original 1973 version is available, and it hurts us, precious, it burns] I put it in the playlist twice and added my double album Wings greatest hits to fill out the rest of the playlist. I was thinking about why Springsteen wrote this song. He didn't write it to make money. He is writing about what he sees as a poet does. Why do poets write poetry? A month ago I saw somebody taking the bus on Delridge with Graves' book The White Goddess in his lap. I was first introduced to that book when I lived in my cabin, The Hobbitat, in 1984. One of the neighbors came over and gave me two sentences of a poem he had written on paper that looked like a bark scroll and said it was the start of a story with me in it. He then said that he was reading The White Goddess, and it was the core of what poetry was about. I read half of the book and couldn't get through it, but I'm convinced that Graves knows. The myth seems right. James Dickey does provide more clues in his reading of excerpts of his poem The Zodiac. There is a form of magical belief at play here, a world of myth turned real, reality as bardo-forms manifest in the street corner musician, Bob Dylan cut-up-stream-of-collective-unconscious-tapping lightening rod mechanism of purpose that makes poets write poetry, and this could be a line from Blinded by the Light.

There is something similar in what I do, as I consider everything I've done so far and how it fits together. I think that I can tap in somehow and create something, simply *express* something as though I just put a song out there. If it is worthwhile, then Manfred Mann might turn it into something big. I am not concerned with that part. I'm concerned with the original idea, the impossible poem, as Dickey puts it. In my version it is a combination of technical ideas, with the same kind of grand thinking that there must be some combination of things that is so useful it will sail past the edge of the world of oil, something that will vanquish the ugly monsters on the journey. Like a sailor poet, I look to the sky and sea for patterns and signs as I write. MQTT-IndexedDB-Jquery-JavaScript cycle around each other like a giant mountain of mashed potatoes inspired by aliens. Clear as mud?

James Dickey reads an excerpt from "The Zodiac," c. 1980 #hobbitat #mqtt



2017-10-23 • Subject • Proust • LR

I am not an intellectual. I haven't really read that much. I am not quick like many intellectuals that I respect and enjoy talking to. I am not putting myself down, I am fine with how I am, but I follow things I am interested in to the far end, to demonstrate to myself, prove that I understand, rather than as a result of being an intellectual myself. Often this means that I take way too long, from most perspectives, to reach a goal that satisfies me. The fact that I was not happy with my Z-80 homebrew until 2003, and that I tinkered with it on and off for twenty three years, is a perfect example. BTW, all of the electronics went back to Auburn High in 2007, including an oscilloscope, logic analyzer, and thousands of chips that comprised all of the variations of my homebrew computer. I was *done*. The electronics teacher wrote me later and said that all of the items had been put to good use. I have even found a new home for my homebrew computer. I got my initial taste of microcomputers from the trainer that the electronics teacher brought in in 1980. I was puzzled about it. I didn't understand it. That was the seed for my stubborn project.

It took me ten years to read The Brothers Karamazov. I re-read it over and over again, making various amounts of progress from 1990 until 2010. Funny... I had to look that up on my order history. I used to always say it took ten years, but it actually took me 20 years to read it. I read PKDs VALIS trilogy, finally in 2013. I first attempted in 1997 or so. I *knew* that it was something I needed to get through. I was asked the other day what The Brothers Karamazov was about. I stumbled. I can't even remember their names. Part of this is each of them has three names

or so. It is terribly difficult to remember. But, part of this, also, is that I just wanted to read the book as the goal, get through it, finally. I think I actually skimmed over the concluding court scene. This is my secret confession, but for my purposes, I read the book. Like I suspected, though, getting through the book proved to be important. There is something personal in that book, even though I can't name it, that I needed to face.

I follow things from a personal duty perspective, and this is part of what motivates me. I despised the sloppy math of computer science at the time, and decided to focus on a more pure version of math (the Big O form of analysis, while I get it now, I railed against at the time). History, physical anthropology, poetry, writing, social science were all much more interesting to me in general, but I had a duty, something to prove with math, so I got a degree in it. I did a minimal amount of hardcore math to get a degree, but I did get decent grades. I took the applied stuff like statistics and computer programming so that I didn't get in over my head, as I knew the abstract stuff was very difficult for me to grok.

Here is where I am at, though, and why I am posting this. For many years I have known that the next thing I want to get through is Proust. I know that PKD read Proust, and I get that the ideas are similar to VALIS from the four or so times I have attempted In Search of Lost Time. While confirming the pronunciation is like "roost", I ran into this, and I am no longer mystified by my current mission:

In August, 1922, the Parisian newspaper L'Intransigeant posed a question to a group of celebrities:

An American scientist announces the end of the world, or at the very least the destruction of such a large land mass, and in such a sudden fashion, that death would be the certain for hundreds of millions of people. If this prediction were to become a certainty, how do you think that people would behave between the time when they acquired this news and the moment of apocalypse? And what would you do before the final hour?

Marcel Proust responded:

Life would suddenly seem wonderful to us if we were threatened to die as you say. Just think of how many projects, travels, love affairs, studies, it—our life—hides from us, made invisible by our laziness which, certain of a future, delays them incessantly.

But let all this threaten to become impossible for ever, how beautiful it would become again! Ah! if only the cataclysm doesn't happen this time, we won't miss visiting the new galleries of the Louvre, throwing ourselves at the feet of Miss X, making a trip to India.

The cataclysm doesn't happen; we don't do any of it, because we find ourselves back in the heart of normal life, where negligence deadens desire. And yet we shouldn't have needed the cataclysm to love life today. It would have been enough to think that we are human and that death may come this evening.

#ouroboros

Comments:

2021-10-20:

As common culture gets dumber and dumber, I may actually be considered an intellectual these days, at least in the U.S. The zoomers, though, I have hope for them.



2017-10-26 • Journal • Fear • LR

I have been thinking about the difference between fear and hunger. I have often felt that hunger, actual hunger, is an important motivation to work. I have mostly led a privileged life without hunger. There was a time, though, where I would carry a baked potato in my pocket for lunch every day. After awhile I got back on my feet a bit more and could afford a pizza pocket at Dari Mart when I dropped off the pies. I always remember hunger. Hunger is important to have as part of my logic kit for work.

Fear, though, fear is different. I have dealt with quite a bit of fear over the last decade or so, actual fear. Fear has popped up various times in my life. I remember once when I was in the cabin in 1984 and my truck was broken

down and I was only working 16 hours a week at minimum wage (\$3.35/hr). My girlfriend had just left me, saying she would see me again in a year, that we were not breaking up, she just needed a break. I was afraid. I remember fear led to crying for just a few minutes before I cleaned myself up, figuratively. Fear is not some abstract thought. It is similar to hunger, but it disfiguring. There is no easy way through fear.

I made a conscious decision to choose the job I did in 2012. I knew exactly what I was doing, what the job would provide, what my requirements were, and what the risk was. I have had six or so different bosses and survived several rounds of layoffs by the time I finally quit. I can feel fear returning as I consider my situation; however, I believe that it was the right time to leave. I need to remember hunger, use it to temper my mettle, but let fear pass over and through me, to paraphrase Frank Herbert, do not let fear kill my mind.

#fear



2017-10-30 • Journal • Manic Chatter • LR

I drove Sean down to the ferry yesterday. Her son wanted to cook her a birthday dinner in Bremerton. There were no parking spots on the street leading down to the terminal, so I parked in front of the houses along the water. In front of one there was a box mounted to face the sidewalk, like a free library box, that was quite well made, yet had the flaws of something homemade in a workshop. It said "put an item in and take an item" on the front, and inside was an array of inexpensive but interesting trinkets, inviting the passers-by to participate in the magical world of a children's book or a particular part of a forest where pixies play. Rather than draw me in to the whimsy and connection of the offering, my thoughts turned dark. After I saw Sean off with a kiss and embrace, I walked back to my truck. A pair of locals were out walking their dogs. Both of them looked up to say hello, but they quickly turned away from me without saying anything, as though there was dried blood caked on my face. They quickly found each other, though, and talked through their light touch-points in high, cheerful, almost manic chatter as I passed.

#truck



2017-11-04 • Dream • Orb • LR

It is odd to dream about living past collapse, but that is what I dreamed about last night. I was stranded with my old boss from my previous job. We were in communication, but I believe we shared the world physically and locally as well. I never actually saw him in the dream. There was a recurring geographical feature of an inlet that looked kind of like the inlet at my grandparent's cabin that was sold a few months ago. This feature has recurred in my dreams for a year or so.

There was a man in a glass sphere that my boss had seen while he was traveling down the abandoned pier that led from the inlet one day. At the time he saw the man he was embryonic and could not communicate well. This was a month or so prior to the time where my dream took place. My boss was not around, physically at this time, but we were able to send pictures and text back and forth to each other on our phones.

I decided to check in on the man in the sphere and started down the pier. My guess is the pier hadn't been used in six months or so. I crawled down the pier on my hands and knees because some of the boards were broken. When I got to the glass sphere the man in it was fully mature. I tapped on the glass, but by the time I did he had already looked at me and we exchanged facial expressions and waved. I took his picture and sent it to my boss.

When I got back my boss had made contact with somebody else post-collapse. There was another signal, I don't remember what it was particularly, but with that there were now five living communication points: the man in the sphere, somebody else that was transmitting independently and actively, my boss, and another news/activity source. I was surprised at the amount of activity.

#boss #cell phone #pier #sphere



2017-11-05 • Subject • Wu-Tang Clan • LR

I'm reading this book about the Wu-Tang Clan and designing a better CB radio on the side. While I am sure that quite a few people are passionate about freedom in a "free as in Stallman" way, I have to conclude that people are completely OK with how things are now. People do not care about freedom until it is taken away in a way that affects them directly. People do not care about the broader systems involved until they fail. As George Carlin put it, people care to the extent that they have more bicycle paths or things appear clean, but broader systems and broader ideas of freedom do not come into play*. From what I've read people were much better at this kind of thought, in general, at the time of Abraham Lincoln (really... it surprised me... check it out).

Oh, sure, poisoned Detroit water is something we care about, but that is not a system. That is: I drink water, I get sick. The system is/was broken in this case, because of \$, and it will be fixed after yelling and \$, but it does not mean that people care about the broader systems, particularly when you have an entire ecosystem within ecosystems.

Oh, sure, we are all scratching our heads, most of us, here, my friends, about #45 getting elected. We point at kinds of people, etc. various evils, but there is a good argument that our system is flawed, and this is how he got in. It is not a one-off. Our system of how we get information is flawed. Our pursuit of educational excellence is flawed. How is it possible that we got here? Well, from a systems perspective, the broader system is rigged (as #45 took advantage of to get elected). Translated: the majority of people are having trouble feeding their families, enjoying even one quarter of the wealth their parents had access to, and the wealth of the coasts is not helping them.

We are good at silver-bullet sound bite fixes, the kind that Elon Musk might utter, or Bill Gates, or, even Bill Joy, lately. Oh, I do love Bill Joy... always have, and I have to respect the innocence of Bill Gates in his endeavors. Elon? I admire his attempt at some of the infrastructure. Or, as the Simpsons show goes, Monorail!!

One person that I have great respect for, whose perspective aligns with mine, except, believe it or not, he is more pessimistic, is currently undergoing an attempted character assassination using that classic method of sexual norms, and faked up, at that, from what I can tell. He has a fund going to protect him legally. I expect this part will go well for him. I'd mention him by name, but this platform, the system is rigged, so you might not see this post if I put his name in writing.

There is a related item, and that is the idea that things are changing so quickly that we only have enough money and energy and focus to deal with the next week or four of effort. We don't need to know where we are going, because the destination always changes. Why are we doing this? We don't know! When will we get there? In exactly four weeks because whatever we have at that time is our goal. That is BS. This is related, though, as ideas like freedom have no place. I could come up with a fully distributed CB radio, but it would require people to deploy their own towers. Why do it? Twitter exists. FB exists. There is no motivation. If a critical mass of people get censored in this gated community to the point that it is painful, there will be change, but, it will be more along the lines of "no more clean bike paths", and I doubt that will ever happen.

I was reading a criticism the other day about world3, which is an attempt at modeling the broader system *the system* of industrial civilization generally. This quote nailed it:

Only the widespread scientific illiteracy and innumeracy – all you need to know in this case is how to execute the equation y=x*e^(rt) prevents most of the people from dismissing the idea of sustainable growth at healthy rates as an oxymoronic stupidity whose pursuit is, unfortunately, infinitely more tragic than comic. After all, even cancerous cells stop growing once they have destroyed the invaded tissues.

His point was that it was a no-brainer to hit collapse with any model because of the exponential function. So, while he thought their model was flawed in its simplicity (lumping oil and phosphate rocks together), he agreed with the general conclusion.

This is very related to my unemployment stint, here, because I have bumped along some of my technical ideas as a kind of hope as I was stuck in my job. This has evolved to the point where I could build it, and it would fit my requirements for freedom, but my own stress on importance in that regard is irrelevant.

*People do care about systems when a lot of money is at stake. This isn't particularly the users, but higher up the chain. It is a fact that good systems work can make things more reliable and understood. As the system becomes

more and more complex, though, there is a decent argument that it can never fully be understood, and I will at least tip my hat to the agile, iterative point of view here.

#ouroboros



2017-11-06 • Subject • Peak • LR

One thing that has always puzzled me is the inherent inconsistency between the core issue of unlimited growth on a finite planet and surprise about the kinds of economic change we are seeing, illustrated by an article I read about how older Americans are living a desperate, nomadic life. I get it that perhaps there could be more equitable participation in *how* we deal with decline and allocation of remaining resources, but it should not be a surprise that we are facing decline.

The hand wringing over economic change reminds me of the hand-wringing over peak oil, as I so emotionally brought up at the last peak oil meeting I attended. It is the same kind of inconsistency. The steep production curve we are worried about has the benefit of bringing to an end the accelerated consumption of natural resources. We will go to great lengths to explain all of the interrelated uses of oil in our economy, and worry about the pyramid scheme imploding, but at the same time talk about the destruction caused by the frameworks within frameworks, the derivative instruments of environmental destruction.

The feedback of the steep production curves, for tight oil, in particular, for the US, will cause even more extreme economic issues. Instead of deciding how we are going to deal with required economic change, though, when we are caught up in the straw man #45 issues list on all sides. Stop. Where are we at? Where do we want to be? How are we going to get there? Go forward with detailed information and data and plan to the best of our abilities; true up incrementally and adapt through the extreme changes ahead.

There will be an insane amount of pain and suffering, so we better figure out how we will address this as humans. This article gives an indication of our current priorities. Is that what we want? Let's prove that our will, our soul, psyche, combination of DNA, is not simply a short-term benefit and long-term maladaptive cancer on our planet. Let's show that we can take care of all humans, and, as part of that, each of us needs to take on our own amount of sacrifice towards a better end. Let's show that our species can adapt long-term and assist with the rebuild of ecosystems for the life we share this planet with. It is a worthy goal.

#cathr



2017-11-07 • Dream • Million Bucks • L R

I dreamed last night I was walking back to a meeting room in a public place, perhaps a restaurant that had been reserved, or a meeting hall. I was walking with people that were joking about trying to build a car without an engine, "let's take the engine out. oh! put the engine back in." I realized in my dream that they meant that management was cutting costs, and in the pendulum of ideas, they tried to create a car without an engine. I piped up, trying to fit in, because I was an outsider, "we could build a car with one wheel," and one of the people slapped me on the back, as he could tell I understood their troubles.

We got back to the room and the mood was sour. Layoffs were imminent, and there was pressure to cut costs. I knew how to make a million dollars, but I was reluctant to speak up because I was shy and didn't feel I fitted into the crowd. I saw my old boss in the crowd, my favorite past boss from 2006-2008. I finally spoke up, "If you want to make a million dollars, all you have to do is give them what they perceive as a genuine experience." I woke up.

end of dream

The idea was like The Matrix, in that a perfect experience was not satisfying. People need things messed up to appear genuine, whether it is jeans or an alley. People like old-fashioned things, but not too old-fashioned. They want to see old brick buildings with funky electrical wires, but they don't want to wade through mud and horse manure.

They will spend twice as much as purely new construction to make something seem like genuine experience, to cover up the fact that all is gone, all has been exploited.

I share this desire, in that much of my adult life has been spent pursuing the "genuine", whether it is a trip to a small town on the outskirts or obsession with a dated piece of sporting equipment or automobile. I am becoming more and more painfully aware of it, though. It is something I am trying to see around or through, trying to accept and let go, as it is not helpful. People are in pain as they disassociate the destruction from their actions. We are all in this situation. My view is at an angle from the edge, 95% vs. %93.

One of my favorite bits is the big city consumption of the outlying areas. Oh, look, here is a genuine city! In this area it might be Black Diamond or La Conner. When I was a kid, Issaquah was like this. Perhaps it is a gloriously gated community via water (an island). There needs to be historical context to the place. There needs to be some genuine relics, museums or local festivals. Local artists with studios are good. The tweaker to ritzy looter ratio still needs to be low, though. Eventually the town is consumed as the money and interest displaces the natives.

Last week I walked down the hill near Providence in West Seattle. The skyline is packed full of four story apartment buildings, all of them built in a similar fashion and over the last ten years. But when you are in the junction, it is a collection of businesses that provide a genuine experience vs. a typical strip mall. The genuine businesses line the street and from the street you can't really see all of the apartments that have been put in, but from the hill you can. It is quite striking, quite horrifying, quite Disneyland.

95% of everything is turning into brown root beer; however, for those that can afford it, there are campgrounds for glamping in 30,000 dollar restorations of 50s Airstreams, open air markets, and dinner on a pier made with wood from a time when the ships came in and men stacked crates of goods by hand. Monetize that desire, provide a genuine (but not too genuine) experience for people during the next five years or so as we play out our final expansive run, and you will make a million dollars.

#cathr



2017-11-08 • Subject • Health Insurance • LR

OOOoooo I am in the mood to rant today. I finally got my paperwork all in and approved for my ACA plan. If any of you are shopping, buyer beware. My guess is that you should look at HMOs if you want in-depth coverage of the kinds you can get with ACA, but that means you need to be near a place that offers the full suite of services. The PPO plans looked too limited. YMMV. This is the first time I've made decisions about insurance when I wouldn't go bankrupt in three months if I didn't have the absolute best. This is the first time that I didn't need known prescriptions for cutting edge drugs that cost \$40,000 a dose in some cases. I will say that my experience so far is quite good.

But let's bring this all a bit more down to the present. I'm kind of an extreme... not sure if it is right or left, but here I am on the planet. I can help out civilization if negotiations for my effort work to my benefit. My general benefit to civilization is requirements gathering and analysis for IT, as well as translating such into well functioning IT systems. And, while it is true that no matter what I do will require me to participate in the current as-is paradigm of unlimited growth on a finite planet, the general value of what I do will be useful after collapse as well. I doubt, at this point, that IT will ever be gone if humans are around, and, even then, requirements analysis and planning is always needed. But here is my point, bringing this back to healthcare. If I have a crappy plan and go bankrupt, so be it. If I die because I don't get care for something because it costs \$500 for a yearly checkup (really, this was the cost of my last physical), then... I die. This is not the end of the world for anybody else, only me.

My point is that if I am valued as a worker, then take care of me. Sure, I need to participate in that care, I'm fine with that, but in the end, the quality of my health plan works to the benefit of my employer, and not me. How does it benefit me in context? That I can live longer to write that great american novel? Yes, I want to see my son grow. Yes, I want more time with Sean. But this is not why my employer should be concerned about my healthcare coverage. It is a sharp perspective: if you want me to help your company profit, then keep me healthy. If you feel that I am simply a replaceable cog, and there are already too many cogs available so let the cogs die young, then I'm fine with that. Yes, yes, all fine and good for me to say, since my identity is of a privileged class and identity politics is,

apparently, our favorite way to think, now, but I still have thoughts of my own. This is how things currently work in our culture. I have no *right* to healthcare. I'm fine with changing this culturally: I would rather live in a 10X10 box with my family and have universal healthcare coverage at a level that was sustainable on our planet, but I happen to live within a different system. Where I live, healthcare is not a right. I merely submit that it is in the interest of my employer, my country, to give me good healthcare in return for my participation in the wellbeing of the company and by extension, through taxed GDP, the country.

#work



2017-11-09 • Subject • Dragon and Rose • LR

Some hide scars; the death and blood never come out consciously again. Family and friends guess at the scenery from revealing, reflective eyes after a few martinis, but nothing is ever talked about explicitly.

Some reveal scars in stories, an ever-changing loose construction over the course of their life: scars hidden, scars recognizable as human, scars emerging as alien appendages.

She shows scars in her tattoos, the pain etched in her skin. They wrap her brilliant, fierce body in images that declare victory, resolution, myth, warning, and guidance.

#sean



2017-11-14 • Journal • Cycles of Trees • LR

I got a small consulting gig that I went to today. Just a one-off bit of nastiness that has bounced around for a bit between consultants and remote IT support. They needed some in-person attention. I looked at my bus schedule on my phone, and there was only 10 minutes until the next bus. I would have to wait 40 minutes for the following bus, so I rushed out the door. I needed a particular bus downtown, as my destination was near King Street Station, and I preferred not to transfer. I had prepared my USB drive with a free A/V portable app and a latency grapher, and had my Mac and GNU/Linux laptop packed, but as I caught the bus with two minutes to spare I realized that I hadn't had my normal amount of coffee yet. I had remembered everything but my brain.

This bus is a local, so it stops at every stop and comes in from the south, under the Spokane Street bridge. I noticed that the large homeless camp has been cleared out, and there is some very expensive looking fence with warning labels on it. The holes are smaller, the wire looks thicker, and there are barbs on the top that look like the kind that keeps birds out, but I suspect they are sharper. I suspect that they will mess you up as much as razor wire, but they just look a tiny bit nicer. Last year I noticed that the encampment had started creating structures with wood walls, so I figured that their time would come. The fence doesn't protect anything but a place to sleep.

I got off the bus and walked towards my gig, looking around for coffee. Now, the bus I took happens to go right by the Starbucks headquarters, and it is Seattle, so I kept my eyes open for the green and white siren. She was calling me. I saw her on an awning and went into the store, but it had a functional bakery in it, so I was confused. It turns out it wasn't Starbucks at all, just next to it. I ordered a 12 oz drip and sat down at a table along the glass window overlooking the square. I could feel the vibration of the buses and light-rail below me in the tunnel. I held the black coffee in front of me and sipped it. As I drank the coffee, I remembered the quote from the book Wizard of the Pigeons, "coffee is salvation in a cup". I drank slowly until I felt the stimulating tendrils massage my gray matter. I could feel salvation.

When I returned from the gig, I had to catch the bus further down at 3rd and Main, next to the shelter run by the Union Gospel Mission. This shelter handled some of the people displaced from under Spokane Street, I found out later. Catching a bus at 3rd and Main is always a good reminder of the real situation: I am on a coast in a booming city, and the human wreckage is everywhere. Wizard of the Pigeons takes place on these streets in the early eighties. She writes about main street and other areas along the waterfront and Pioneer Square.

The combination of events and scenes made me thoughtful. As I rolled closer to home, I watched the leaves turning yellow and falling, and thought how short a time thirty years seems from the perspective of only thirty times have these trees lost their leaves like this. I thought of the future and the past in terms of cycles of the trees. How many cycles of the trees until we have an ice-free arctic? How many cycles of the trees had we been through since we first drilled for oil? It had been three cycles of the trees since Yvette died, and thirty six cycles of the trees since Sean and I first met on the hayride.

#yvette



2017-11-19 • Journal • Face Words • LR

Friday evening Sean and I ate out at the corner store. It is a neighborhood store a few blocks away that usually plays Jack FM. There are rows and rows of bright lights that illuminate the aisles of chips, coffee, wine, and cell phone gadgets. It is a typical mini-mart, but they are famous for their sandwiches, and serve 15 beers on tap, rotating through regional microbrews as well as the regular favorites like Manny's. Many people gather there, some hang out for hours every day.

As we went to sit at a table underneath the array of TVs mounted on the walls, silently showing various sporting events, there were two kids demonstrating feats of strength by holding themselves up between two chairs, one chair at their feet and one under the top of their shoulder. We sat at the table where one kid's feet were, so he got down and I swapped out a chair for their gymnastics.

The youngest kid sat down at his parent's table facing us, observing. He asked Sean if she was a nurse, noticing her scrubs. She said yes, and he asked if she had ever seen a fireman that was burned in a fire. His dad turned around and said that his son was really tired and that they had recently watched the movie Backdraft. He made a brief apology about how one might think it inappropriate to let kids watch Backdraft. He said his son had finished up a long week of kindergarten.

The kid joined us at our table as we ate our sandwiches. I don't remember how it came up, but Sean shared that she had issues with her mother. The kid, who had previously announced he was six, got very quiet and stern about the seriousness about there being trouble with a parent. He could relate. He solemnly and respectfully said, "Did you use your words?"

"Yes," Sean said, "I have used words, lots of words."

"Did you use them to her face?" the boy asked.

"Yes", Sean replied, "I have used my words to her face."

#sean



2017-11-29 • Journal • So What • LR

It doesn't seem that cold or stormy today. Perhaps it is my imagination, but despite the supposed La Niña, the weather still seems warmer than normal. I just finished lunch of leftover cabbage, chicken, and sweet potatoes and am having a cup of coffee right at the cusp of the time I allow myself to have coffee. It reminds me of my Grandfather, and his Happy Hour at 5. He was *there*. *At five*. Drinking a martini with a few oz of vodka and a splash of vermouth and an olive.

I used much of my morning today to clean Bobo's bedroom. I didn't get rid of much, just trash. There was an old light that I made him once that had a lame solar panel on it that served as a nightlight when he was scared of the dark. The LEDs had a fading effect that was supposed to look something like fireflies. Bobo went through years of being scared of the dark and wanting a story to help calm his mind from what he was scared of. He would never specifically talk about what he was scared of... ever. I used to tell him this; we called it imagining:

"There is a field of grass. It is warm. There is a gentle breeze. You can feel the breezed blow across your cheek. Through the field of grass there is a stream. On the other side of the stream there is a bank, and you climb up the bank to where there is a tree. You see butterflies, and the flutter in the breeze and sun and land on the tree."

Or something much like that. He continued to have trouble sleeping until a year or two ago. He doesn't complain much about sleeping anymore. He stopped calling me daddy a year ago. Now I'm dad.

I have been letting my mind unwind. It is not turning out as I expected. I will say that I kept things tight for a long time during the last five years as I held on to the job I had. I have no regrets. I did walk by the building I worked in last week, and it seemed like an incredibly dark time. It was quite disturbing. It is particularly interesting because after that I walked up the hill to Swedish, near where I spent so much time with Yvette towards the end of her life, and while I can feel echoes of dark, and I know in the past the darkness was crushingly depressing, the current echoes near Swedish are nothing near as dark as passing the building I used to work at. I don't really know what the reality of it is. Was it the job? Was it me? It doesn't really matter, and any measurement of it from outside, now, will be flawed.

Another thing about that job and those years, is that I had plans within plans of being prepared for bad things to happen, both broader, socio-economic stuff, but also, of course, my family and myself.

As I have been letting my mind unravel from that time, I am quite joyful about the next adventure, the next phase of my life. This is significantly strange for me. I've generally been kind of morbid about the future. Don't get me wrong, though, I am still part of a 150 year arc of fossil fueled growth. I have to say, "So what?" (I just flipped over to the oil and gas production for the US, and both are up in numbers, which is kind of surprising, as the curve is so steep on the wells that are in decline.) Here is what I mean by "so what?". Nothing I can offer comes outside of that 150 year arc. I take so many things for granted. True, I did live in the cabin for a year, and it was sufficiently minimal, but I also had a new Mazda truck and sold computers in downtown Olympia at one point, and I had an Arco solar panel. Arco! My politics (and yours), my idea of the good life, my instant coffee, my text editor that Bill Joy wrote, this all comes from the arc of oil. Sean and I watched There Will be Blood the other night. She hadn't seen it before. I'd seen it once. I wanted her to see the beginning of our time.

Now, here is another interesting thing. I'm not sure how to reconcile it. When I read books from the 1800s, much of the texture of concerns seem similar. Where did all that oil go? Well... to the moon, literally. It created 40 or so generations of computers. It fed many wars. It facilitated Bigsite. But, of course we did that, are doing it. It created 20 or so generations of communications platforms and networks, 10 generations of telephones. I'm watching the X files and working out every day, and it is really interesting watching their arc of technology. The growth, the change from 1994 until now is phenomenal.

I was thinking just now about Paul Simon's song So Beautiful or So What. It also reminds me of the end of Buckaroo Banzai, when Buckaroo kisses Penny Priddy and there is a spark, and the aliens say, "So what. Big deal." That is the beautiful thing about unraveling a bit, letting the coils of rope unravel into the majestic snake hair of mine or perhaps just a mop... heh. Well... enough for now. After all, supposedly I'm on a break from here until next year. It doesn't seem like a rule that I have that will hurt anybody if I break it, though. So what?

#big_site #grandpa #yvette



2017-12-05 • Journal • focusing on the banal • LR

Another week has gone by since my last entry. I am focusing on the banal rather than any artistic purpose or major project. There is no crisis. I have nothing to escape. I am not possessed. Turn the camera in the opposite direction, eyes in skull, outward, clean the kitchen, watch the sun. In the last week I have led the neighbor's escaped goats back to their yard twice. The last time it was in a rainstorm. I tried to pull them by their collars, but that didn't work. They don't like their horns to be touched, either. Usually I can just call to them and they follow me, but this time they had found a strip of grass and were not willing to give it up. I was able to herd them, though. I would herd them both, but the larger goat herded the smaller goat as well, nudging it in the rear as we walked. I am on the final stretch, here, before I start my new job, cycles of tension and release, follow that thread and tighten up on that information, and then let it go. It is sunny today, clear sky, cold.



2017-12-10 • Journal • Taxi Driver • LR

Three years ago I decided to invite friends over to watch Red Headed Stranger. David and Sean were the only ones to show up. I hadn't seen Sean in 34 years. That night we consider our anniversary, December 13th, as Sean and I have been together ever since. We decided to watch Taxi Driver this year, and David joined us last night. We had a lively discussion afterwards.

My take perception of Taxi Driver is mainly around two things:

Identity is accidental in some ways. It was a flip of the coin whether Bickle was an anarchist assassin or a hero cab driver. He had a crisis of identity that propelled him into either identity. He fractured and consolidated into the other. This fits with the identity crisis of a soldier returning home, I can imagine.

Bickle wades in what he despises. He wallows in the very thing that he rages about to the point where he becomes it. This is almost a cliche. The more interesting part is answering the question why one might gravitate to what they hate?

Another bit is an X files synchronicity. I just finished watching the X files episode with Peter Boyle in it, and he plays Wizard in Taxi driver. (Wizard is also a touch point with Sean and I in the book Wizard of the Pigeons, and the identity issues in Taxi Driver and vets seem related as well.

#x_files



2017-12-12 • Dream • Cars • LR

Two days in a row, I have dreamed about cars. Now, these are dreams I'm having when I am napping. I'm fighting a cold. I slept all last night and slept most of the day until now. I am hopeful I passed the peak of the cold this morning at 6, but that might be foolish to think, because my symptoms yesterday were just a scratchy throat and some stuffiness.

In yesterday's nap dream I was in my pickup, the one I own now, in real life. It was nighttime, and I needed to pull off the road a bit before I continued. When it was time to go, again, I bumped the corner of the bumper of the car ahead of me. I didn't see any damage to the car. I recognize the street from previous dreams. (This is an odd feeling for me. In my dream I seem to be aware of past dreams. I recognize the place, the terrain. Perhaps I do have a form of dream memory within my dreams, or perhaps it is part of the dream.)

In today's dream I was driving cars, but I woke with a clear memory of the '84 Nissan that I drove in '94. I had completely forgot about that car. I slipped into the velvet of consciousness, to borrow from Stevie Nicks, and thought quite a bit about that car and how it fit in my life. It was quite similar to where I am now. I feel ready to start a new, major phase of my life, something that I have no idea where it will go. I'm not sure if you know, but if you search for what you see in your dreams along with the terms "dream moods", you will find a surprisingly good resource for interpreting dreams.

#cars



2017-12-20 • Subject • Chili • LR

I was surprised how easy it is to make decent chili. I used the smaller Mrs. Oregon crock pot (well, it turns out that Sean's dad had the same exact model, and she took it... Yvette gave mine away without telling me). I used a handful of pinto beans, as though the entire wad of beans could fit in my outstretched hand. It took two and a half dinner plates-full to sort for rocks, is my memory. When the beans were done, after several hours on high, it took up

3/4ths of the crock pot. I added two small cans of tomato paste, a couple cut up onions, and broke up a pound of hamburger into chunks and put all on top. I just let that cook an hour or so. Sean doesn't like spicy things, so I took out a large bowl for her and added a third of a plastic jar of chili powder to it. I used some older chili powder I got on sale. I want to get it from the Latino spice area next time, as that is usually cheaper than the jars. I cooked it from low for another hour... it pretty much has been cooking most the day. The big thing is to not get the beans *too* mushy. It is quite good.

#yvette



2017-12-21 • Subject • Hot Showers • LR

I quit Kor Services back in July. I don't love their vision. I don't hate their vision. I am tired. I am indifferent. I play out within my own illusions, viewing the world through cracked, gold-rimmed Elvis glasses held together by masking tape across the bridge as I cook up another batch of pinto beans. I cannot escape. There is no mind trick for escape, no wisdom, no belief. I am the product. I am the merchandise. I am an existential cat meme.

We despair that we are in collapse, that we are running out of everything, that we are destroying this beautiful garden space ship for both humans and other life, yet we wring our hands about the strategic and tactical problems of an economy based on oil, currently consuming 4 billion gallons of oil a day. We rise up and plea "how do we maintain this economy as we go down from peak?" We look to successful businessmen for a way through, and are shown grand ideas, but the math doesn't work, and we despair over the dilemma. I say that there is no dilemma here. We should be unplugging our power meters and slashing our own tires. There is no technical solution that will avoid collapse. We should be imploding as fast as possible. Yes, we will spike temperatures short-term because of global dimming. Yes, there will be much suffering, but it will be better than the alternative.

This will not happen, though, because we are born of growth, consumer perspective, and the wealth and taste of thousands of years of imperial conquest. Whether we are Swedish, North American, or Icelandic, our values are roughly the same. We criticize the "American Dream" with wide swaths of contempt, but we will not go back to subsistence living except as a publicized lark, a vacation, a symbol of holy righteousness paid for by a history of imperial conquest. There are exceptions, those who tried to design and live a model for subsistence living, who take into account the infrastructure that backs the model. Mostly this is an illusion, isolating an eddy off of a feed river of global destruction, as we desire acquired freedoms in tandem. More pointedly, "Let's all go Amish!" is not acceptable. We want hot showers, health care, choice of protein – a comfortable life filled with the arts and the leisure time to enjoy libraries and cafés. Abandoning North America to the original native cultures and the buffalo is untenable.

We cannot shake the idea that our own consciousness has a grand purpose of some kind for each of us, that there is a divine plan that includes us, that by living we are participating in the divine at the exclusion of the garden. We come from this idea, we are born into it. It is us. We are a body of God, and God is in us. It gives us a required perspective of optimism, that if only we ate from the tree of "the knowledge of everything", that all would be resolved through divine righteousness. The idea that we need to compensate for maladaptive traits of our psyche to sustainably live on this planet is heresy. And, so, all will work out as it should. This is our mantra. The most obvious form of population control, cannibalism, is, in fact, frowned upon in most societies. The divine creatures must flourish and consume the earth while clinging to hope. Ah, but this is the we perspective, not the perspective of the Conquistadors and the generals securing gold, trade routes, and resources. The sanctity of human life is an idea of the conquered. It is our idea in our pyramid of the conquered. We are conquered and we are the product. Our de facto grand purpose is to secure gold, trade routes, and resources. We have been duped into a co-opted divine purpose and agenda.

We thrash in disarray at the end of our culture's time. Where is our healthcare? Where is stability? Is it all run by boots and blood? That can't be true! We want the Christmas miracle, Scrooge caving and buying the biggest turkey. We want the Christmas miracle for all. Can't everybody just wake up and love? Again, though, the math doesn't work, particularly at this point of population overshoot. Perhaps we could have stopped at some ideal place earlier; however, it is hard to pick a point. 1860 CE? 60,000 BCE? What population and economy is sustainable? Let's say

we did all go Amish. How many people would die? 7 billion? We knew about the implications of industrial civilization in 1965. Consider the Statement by the President in Response to Science Advisory Committee Report on Pollution of Air, Soil, and Waters, November 6, 1965. I think that the answer was not palatable by the military-industrial complex that president Eisenhower warned us about. We would have had to unravel thousands of years of imperialism and give up too much to reach a civilization that could persist.

Here we are now, way beyond any form of sustainability. Proving Peter Wessel Zapffe The Last Messiah's concluding message, "Know yourselves – be infertile and let the earth be silent after ye".

#cathr



2017-12-23 • Memory • Orion • LR

I remember seeing Orion when I would walk to work in the early morning before my pie route. I would walk from Tyler street down to Broadway, to Willamette and around to the back of the pie shop. I watched I Am Legend tonight. I had seen bits of it in a mashup that talked about Self (or lack of) and collapse of industrial civilization. Sean is with her son tonight in Bremerton. I have been waiting for an evening to watch this, as she doesn't like sad endings, and this one has a sad ending, particularly the kind she wouldn't like.

After the movie I cleaned up. I walked outside to take out the garbage, and the night is crisp. I can see Orion. It is always easy to see the three stars in the belt. I love the continuity of looking up in the sky and seeing Orion's belt. I know there are other stars that are the bow and arrow of the hunter. I can kind of see them, but all I really see is the belt. I know the pattern. It is deeply reassuring.

I worked in the workshop a bit today as well. Sean's ex-husband bought a stereo at Goodwill, and he thought it was broken. It was sitting out in their garage, and I said I wanted it. I cleaned it up a bit, and it seems to work fine. It has a 5 disk CD changer in the bottom of it. I remember Sammy had one of those when he lived off of 13th in Eugene, the same place where he had a showing of The 5000 Fingers of Dr. T that Yvette and I went to. I listed to Rush on the stereo as I cleaned up. I love to work in the workshop. I found parts to move the light switch to where Sean can reach it and installed it. I have to remember to try not to give up the workshop in the coming years. I want to work a bit more on Betty in the next week or so as well. I don't think it is wise to coat the gas tank quite yet, but I do want to finish the vinyl drapes.

#yvette



2017-12-25 • Subject • Quivering Moment • LR

That quivering moment is shaky and will be gone soon - not sex, no, but it could be. It could also be 5am on a long road trip as the sun comes up in the northern hemisphere of the planet, listening to industrial music, a rotary saw blade against tin roofing forming the introduction with brass horns that announce the day. On this Christmas day it could be the quivering moment of a brilliant star and a manger with angels above and domesticated animals witnessing the birth of the savior. It might be a memory of your grandparents' manger under the lights of the Christmas tree. We could flip to the land of Tom Waits and diners, and that 5am quivering moment is bacon and eggs and coffee after a long evening of carousing, brief insight of self-loathing enlightenment, diamond bullet appreciation of a waitress's cleavage, or perhaps just the taste of coffee before all desire becomes a desire for sleep and tactics to cushion a hangover. That quivering moment is a mighty grok, gelled seams, threads and memories and a thousand parts and tools arrayed like Peter Aschwanden's diagrams in How to Keep Your Volkswagen Alive: A Manual of Step-by-Step Procedures for the Compleat Idiot. Sitting up in bed with all arrayed and brilliant - understood - is not sustainable. The picture shakes, shimmers, and collapses on itself. The moment is gone, and all that is left is a few Gideons rules tattooed on your body like Memento.



2017-12-28 - Journal - Grotesque - LR

Time for an x files log entry, I think. For those that don't know, I am getting back in shape a bit by working out on the elliptical while watching the X files. Unfortunately, I've been fighting the flu over the last couple weeks, but finally felt good enough to start up again. I was worried about it getting into my lungs if I breathed hard (and I was tired, too, of course).

A treat awaited me, as I watched the funniest x files ever (Syzygy), and the best x files ever (Grotesque) during the last two days. I thought that Grotesque was an amazing fit into the amount of time. I love the idea and the psychology of it. I can relate to it as well, not in a killing way, but various forms of transference of ideas, like when I'm writing while tracing Bob Dylan or Genesis Breyer P-Orridge threads and immersing myself in their ideas mixed with mine while I write. I am curious what you think about Grotesque... anybody. I suggest you just watch it without doing any research on it if you can. Keep it quiet. Dark room.

Syzygy... more lols than any other episode. I don't remember laughing at it before.

#x files



2017-12-29 • Subject • Hope vs. Action • L R

One person I follow suggests that the only correct option is to pursue a life of excellence, do what you love, and take action. The catch is that he also has disdain for hope, at least in the way we currently use the word. He is also reluctant to tell anybody what this means, besides the advice that it might not be the best use of one's time to be hateful about what car somebody is driving, or that they take joy in something that is furthering the destructive tendencies of our civilization.

I don't believe in a persistent soul, that is, my identity does not outlive my life. All kinds of odd things might happen to me that I can't comprehend. *Perhaps* my perception of time as I die is like Zeno's paradox of Achilles and the tortoise, so I perceive an eternity in my own degrading psyche. I am OK with that, but I do not believe that I reunite with anybody outside of my psyche. I have experienced interaction of souls outside of physical bodies multiple times, but, again, my response is that the psyche is a complicated beastie that I don't completely understand.

The persistence of a soul seems related to the idea that hope is an illusion, something that attempts to alleviate the insanity that only action addressing the current situation can resolve. It answers questions like "Why do I suffer?" This seems similar to the word faith; it has the same texture and terrain. If I don't believe that my soul persists, then it is important to question my own suffering (the same person I follow also distinguishes between suffering and pain... this is a complicates subject.)

I'm going down a bit of a rabbit hole here. What I intended to focus on with this post was answering how I live a life of excellence, do what I love, and take action. Not so much that I am answering this here, or proclaiming it, it just is starting to make sense to me how answering this question becomes more of a priority without hope or faith. This is counter-intuitive at first, at least for me. One final clue that this person offered in his latest video, is that if you have two choices, and one is harder than the other, the most likely correct choice is the choice that is harder. This seems like a good way to enter the new year and a new job. I have some ideas.

#uteotw



2018-01-03 • Dream • Receptive State of Mind • LR

I can always tell when I am in a receptive state of mind when the brilliant red glow of car brake lights at night bring me joy. I dreamed last night about the people that camp on the strip of land above 509. They have such a hard life. In my dream I was reflecting on how intense their desire for life must be to live in blue tarps and pallets. Awake, conscious, as I write this, I know that that desire is wired in. All it takes is hunger, fear, and perhaps a little love rolled in to tap that intense desire for life. We share it with all animals, although we make it a lot more interesting and messy.

#light



2018-01-05 • Journal • Metropolis II • L R

Metropolis II, by Chris Burden

This shows the horrifying reality:

Metropolis II - Hot Wheels Kinetic Sculpture - at LACMA (Los Angeles County Museum of Art #collapse



2018-01-06 • Subject • What Would BB Do? • LR

This was the post: Hi Folks, At DC's suggestion, I am starting a new thread to discuss the following: Given that we have 6 billion people in excess of the estimated 1 billion that were on the planet prior to fossil fuels, it seems likely that if fossil fuels are taken out of the equation, it seems probably that we will lose 6 billion before we are back at the likely carrying capacity of the planet. I just checked, and in North America we have less than half a billion people. There is no way to tell ahead of time for sure how that will play out, but most of the people in excess of the pre-fossil fuel 1 Billion are on the other continents. Looks like about 425 million in South America. So most of the losses will have to be on other continents. To say it will be ugly is the understatement of the age. But it seems like more of an impossible predicament, than anything that can be fixed. Given that, what, if anything, are those of you on this list doing, and what, if anything would you like to see happen on the local and national scale? Sorry for the lengthy post - but this is a weighty topic, so i hope you can excuse it, and participate in this thread!

This was my answer:

We are all looking at this through the glasses of 120 years or so of oil. This forms our world view. It goes back further with industrialization in general. I am just as suspicious of the prepper mentality as a solution or stance as I am of the silver bullet tech folks (LFTR, etc.). I grew up reading My Side of the Mountain, which, while it formed me and my values, it is still suspicious, as suspicious as the fantasy Hemingway man of the world. This will all just come down around our heads, heads that look at the world with the comfort and values of the last 120 years. It cannot be fixed. I do think that some humans will survive. Your numbers seem about right to me, 6 billion will die. Action at the local and national scale? There is nothing that can be proposed that will do anything that will not immediately be smashed as treason against the order. We are banished to cycling on forums like this, with no real action. As so many have said, even that semi-fiction Newsroom episode, no action can help at this point. But, I'm mostly agreeing with you without answering your question. Me? I come at it from a communications and analysis side. I think Henry Story, Tim Berners-Lee and crew have the right idea about distributed tactical response. Likely infrastructure for communications and analysis will be severely damaged, and we can't assume much, but here we are communicating here... We are rich in communications systems right now of many kinds. There is an awful lot of computing power right now that will still exist after collapse. Even those 386 motherboards in the landfill that haven't been melted down by children in the nineties can crunch some decent numbers. Ugh... this is becoming a messy response. Personally, I am simply imagining how humans might communicate and retain useful knowledge. I'm not sure we will see Tim Berners-Lee's vision, I doubt it, but the power of schemaless-ish analysis (key-value pairs) and electronic communication (even sneakernet is a huge advance, but I expect we will have communications networks that evolve post-collapse)... this computational power will be useful. I imagine this and write about it in a fictionalized way with enough detail to recreate. That is all I can do. I pretty much wrote myself out of any kind of back to the land prepper version, as I figure all land that can grow food will be nationalized or appropriated in worse

ways. No existing government models will stand, although we might see some models resurrected after collapse, I imagine. The scale, the pain, the turmoil of losing 6 billion people means nothing we see will remain as far as government institutions. In summary, I imagine the things that my life has given me understanding about, but I imagine how those things can be used post collapse, and write about it. That is what I'm doing. I don't pretend that anything I have is not immediately available in many forms in many places. It is more like a form of wish or magic time capsule of some kind. "Hey, tactical analysis and measurement to find untainted water is quite possible, and here is some of what was done in 2017 with KVPs and IoT." or... "Wordpress on GNU and related is a pretty fabulous content management tool... and you know your dreams have common forms in them with keywords like 'house' etc. and don't neglect Carl Jung." I intend to do this, as well, from the perspective of "what an crazy-fantastic time I witnessed". Seriously, if you can step back from the pain and suffering (different things... important to remember that pain and suffering are related but the distinction is key)... if you can step back... if I can step back, I got to participate in something pretty astounding.



2018-01-06 • Memory • Sunn's Wollensak • LR



In the spring of 1975 I was in fifth grade. I was riding home on the school bus winding from Maple Hills Elementary to Mirrormont, and I noticed a boy sitting in front of me with a small, black, battery powered reel-to-reel recorder with tiny reels. I was fascinated by it and asked him how much it cost. I don't remember his answer, but it seemed unobtainable and wonderful to be able to have a portable recorder. I moved to Auburn a couple years later, and don't remember much about the boy.

Skip forward to spring of 1978, when I was in ninth grade. My bus route was longer, from Lake Holm to Cascade Junior High. Sunn went to high school, and was a year older than me. He lived across the lake. We shared an interest in electronics, and would often talk about it on the bus. On one trip he told me he

had an old Wollensak tape recorder in his bedroom that was broken. He thought he had found all of the parts and they were in a box, and he wondered if I wanted it. Finally! I would possess my own tape recorder. I just had to reassemble the box of parts. I came up with an agreeable deal with Sunn for it and stayed on the bus to the next stop, around the lake, to pick it up.

It was the first time I had visited his house and room. His electronics desk was on the far wall to the right. I looked at all of his electronics projects and parts in wonder. What a glorious world, all of those wires and parts. Sunn made quite a few amplifiers and other linear circuits with transistors, but I had mainly breadboarded digital circuits. He explained that the Im380 chip he was using in his amplifier on the breadboard on his desk was very common. His walls were covered with record albums: Cat Stevens, Simon and Garfunkel, Steve Miller Band, and others that I don't remember.

With Sunn's help, I gathered up all of the parts. He rummaged around through the items strewn on the floor and, again, said he was fairly sure all the parts were there, but he wasn't sure. I carried the recorder home and tried to assemble it. Unfortunately, it was missing a tube. I figured out it was a 12AB5 tube and eventually acquired one, likely I ordered it through Radio Shack.

Even after I got the tube, though, it still wouldn't work. My dad had a friend and business partner, one of the people that worked on the port of the Pick operating system that he sold. The friend knew quite a bit about electronics and helped me troubleshoot the tape player. At one point he suggested that



there was simply something seriously amiss, and the circuit didn't make sense. I finally figured out that a linkage was missing, so when you pushed the play button (or perhaps record), it wouldn't slide the switch correctly on the

circuit board. I drilled a hole in the front and stuck a nail through the front of it, attached to the switch. I had to toggle the mode of record/play by pulling and pushing the nail. I would record CBS Radio Mystery Theater as well as music I recorded off of the radio.

Now it is forty years later, in 2018. I was watching an old show and they had a reel-to-reel recorder in it. In a bit of indulgence, I searched on ebay to see if I could find the same model I had as a kid. I found one, bought it, had it shipped all of the way from Georgia, and it works:



I remember the smell of it. It smells the same as I my old Wollensak. I remembered, too, exactly how to thread the reels of tape - muscle memory and smell. I bought some old tapes off of ebay as well, and one is playing in the video above, an Orson Welles narration of A Christmas Carol. I still remembered the 12AB5 tube that I searched all over for. I took off the back to find the tube, which I took a picture of above in this article. You can barely see it, but 12AB5 is visible. These instructions are somewhat unique in electronics equipment, I think. I put on a reel-to-reel of To Our Children's Children's Children, and realized that the Wollensak is mono, but the tape was stereo, so it sounded...

ummm...

fabulous.

#sunn



In the late fall of 2001, a month or so after 9/11, I got a job in Redmond at a company that intended to bring independence to individual natural foods and supplements retailers. In exchange for a POS system and a computer, stores would promise to buy foods and supplements through us. We had 600 stores signed up. My job was to deliver computers and other support peripherals to the retailer and manage the systems. They could walk the store with a Palm Pilot competing brand with PalmOS and a scanner plugin, and sync the inventory of their store at the register. It would then calculate what needed to be ordered. I started walking again on this job, as, but in roughly a year, the company went bankrupt, and I was out of a job.



I now have a new job in the same town, and today was the first day where I could take a long walk. I decided to take off in the general direction of where I used to walk, but there were many confused memories. I remembered this bridge that went over a river, and you could walk under the bridge or up and onto the street. It was where I learned that I loved California Poppies. I set out and found new paths that weren't there before and followed them down towards the large park at the end of Lake Sammamish. I ended up walking over a main road leading into Redmond, and realized that it was an old train trestle that had been converted into a walking path. I

looked at my phone and realized that back in 2002 I didn't have the luxury of following directions on an online map as I walked. I traced where my old walk must have been, but I didn't know exactly where the bits of memory played out. Then I saw it. One time out on my walk in 2002 I decided to venture under this bridge, but I had forgotten. It didn't have a path back then, it was likely still used for trains, or could be. From my perspective back then it was this portal into the best parts of the walk. Before then I had walked up and down beside the Sammamish river, but it wasn't varied. Changing direction and trying out the path underneath the bridge was a significant discovery, like Shangrila in Lost Horizon.

So today I found it again and it lead to all of the places that had flashed up in brief memories, but I thought the actual places were lost to me. It is odd how magical it felt back then when I discovered these places, and how reassuring and even magical it felt again today to find them again. I just had to go underneath the train bridge. I returned to work a different way. Because of the way the paths used the old train tracks, I could make one big circle,

mostly, from work, down to the river, under the bridge, and back around, while walking past the places I remember. I have come full circle. I feel that. My-o-my, what a circle.

#ouroboros



2018-01-14 • Subject • Data Lesson • LR

I was reading Hot Showers, about the illusion of living within industrial civilization, and it reminded me of something Sean said last night about the movie American Beauty. She was relating how our friends thought it was such a sad movie, a bitter comment on our culture, but she pointed out that Lester was happy when he died. And here, this bit at the end:

"I had always heard your entire life flashes in front of your eyes the second before you die. First of all, that one second isn't a second at all. It stretches on forever, like an ocean of time. For me, it was lying on my back at Boy Scout camp, watching falling stars. And yellow leaves from the maple trees that lined our street. Or my grandmother's hands and the way her skin seemed like paper. And the first time I saw my cousin Tony's brand-new Firebird. And Janie. And Janie. And Carolyn. I guess I could be pretty pissed off about what happened to me, but it's hard to stay mad when there's so much beauty in the world. Sometimes I feel like I'm seeing it all at once and it's too much. My heart fills up like a balloon that's about to burst. And then I remember to relax and stop trying to hold on to it. And then it flows through me like rain, and I can't feel anything but gratitude for every single moment of my stupid little life. You have no idea what I'm talking about, I'm sure. But don't worry: you will someday."

While I agree that human consciousness and the way we are able to participate in the hundreds of thousands of years of human thought and ideas, as well as this beautiful planet, is something to be grateful for, what I find even more interesting, is that this very same oil bubble during the last 150 years or so, brought us insight into the inside of stars, the mars rover, even our understanding of our own DNA. That alone might very well have been worth it. I suppose we could have gone slower, but this is where American Beauty comes in. There is so much pain and suffering in the movie, but Ricky sees beauty in death or a floating plastic bag. The movie is not about well-ordered arcs of the neighbors, but the strange combination that creates the inspiration (and foil) for Lester's year of peak living. I don't think it is that far fetched that the Grateful Dead's album of the same name is related, nor that Alan Ball produced, wrote, and directed for the show Six Feet Under. [On an uglier note, this also reminds me of George Carlin's conclusion that the reason for humans was plastic, because the earth wanted plastic for herself, and she couldn't make it.]

I have also been struggling with the idea that the planet will have 6 billion fewer people than now in 100 years. This is my personal guess. I think I will take Lester's advice and stop trying to hold on to the old ideas of Star Trek future. As we explode with data from everything, stored everywhere, the data will persist in some iteration.

And so, flowers are beautiful, as is the ocean and mountains and the poetry of Pablo Neruda. There are a million things of beauty. And we can flip perspective on our pale blue dot as a singularity into an explosion that produces plastic bags, oil refineries, and Peaches Christ. And we can meet in peace in the future, if we make it, and we will have our data lesson, as well as plastic. But, now, yowser, let it flow through me like rain.

For the Flowers, by Gary Snyder

The rising hills, the slopes, of statistics lie before us.
The steep climb of everything, going up, up, as we all go down.
In the next century or the one beyond that, they say,

are valley, pastures,
we can meet there in peace
if we make it.
To climb these coming crests
one word to you, to
you and your children:
stay together
learn the flowers
go light

#gary snyder #george carlin #peaches christ



2018-01-16 • Subject • Peak Oil, What to do? • LR

I wrote this in a response to a question on a collapse thread about what can be done.

We are all looking at this through the glasses of 120 years or so of oil. This forms our world view. It goes back further with industrialization in general. I am just as suspicious of the prepper mentality as a solution or stance as I am of the silver bullet tech folks (LFTR, etc.). I grew up reading My Side of the Mountain, which, while it formed me and my values, it is *still* suspicious, as suspicious as the fantasy Hemingway man of the world. This will all just come down around our heads, heads that look at the world with the comfort and values of the last 120 years. It cannot be fixed. I do think that some humans will survive. Your numbers seem about right to me, 6 billion will die. Action at the local and national scale? There is nothing that can be proposed that will do anything that will not immediately be smashed as treason against the order. We are banished to cycling on forums like this, with no real action. As so many have said, even that semi-fiction Newsroom episode, no action can help at this point. But, I'm mostly agreeing with you without answering your question. Me? I come at it from a communications and analysis side. I think Henry Story, Tim Berners-Lee and crew have the right idea about distributed tactical response. Likely infrastructure for communications and analysis will be severely damaged, and we can't assume much, but here we are communicating here...

We are rich in communications systems right now of many kinds. There is an awful lot of computing power right now that will still exist after collapse. Even those 386 motherboards in the landfill that haven't been melted down by children in the nineties can crunch some decent numbers. Ugh... this is becoming a messy response.

Personally, I am simply imagining how humans might communicate and retain useful knowledge. I'm not sure we will see Tim Berners-Lee's vision, I doubt it, but the power of schemaless-ish analysis (key-value pairs) and electronic communication (even sneakernet is a huge advance, but I expect we will have communications networks that evolve post-collapse)... this computational power will be useful.

I imagine this and write about it in a fictionalized way with enough detail to recreate. That is all I can do. I pretty much wrote myself out of any kind of back to the land prepper version, as I figure all land that can grow food will be nationalized or appropriated in worse ways. No existing government models will stand, although we might see some models resurrected after collapse, I imagine. The scale, the pain, the turmoil of losing 6 billion people means nothing we see will remain as far as government institutions.

In summary, I imagine the things that my life has given me understanding about, but I imagine how those things can be used post collapse, and write about it. That is what I'm doing. I don't pretend that anything I have is not immediately available in many forms in many places. It is more like a form of wish or magic time capsule of some kind. "Hey, tactical analysis and measurement to find untainted water is quite possible, and here is some of what was done in 2017 with KVPs and IoT." or... "Wordpress on GNU and related is a pretty fabulous content management tool... and you know your dreams have common forms in them with keywords like 'house' etc. and don't neglect Carl Jung." I intend to do this, as well, from the perspective of "what a crazy-fantastic time I witnessed". Seriously, if you can step back from the pain and suffering (different things... important to remember that pain and suffering are related but the distinction is key)... if you can step back... if I can step back, I got to participate in something pretty astounding.



2018-01-16 • Journal • Picking Locks • L R

Yesterday was the start of my second week on my job. I overheard some of my coworkers in IT talk about how they couldn't open a locker, and how they might have to force it open with a screwdriver. I volunteered that I knew how to pick locks, and one of them said he had a set, but didn't know how to use them. They had all tried to pick the lock, but they couldn't get it open. I said I would try, so he gave me the set of picks. I took out a couple of picks I was familiar with that worked good with wafer locks. I was a bit nervous, because three of them huddled around me to see if I could do it. I was able to open the lock, and they were very impressed and all shook my hand. The guy that sits next to me said he didn't even need coffee now, that it had made his day. I didn't think it was that big of a deal myself, really, as it was just a wafer lock on a locker. I remember that time that Sunn and I went into a locksmith shop, and there was a sign saying it was pick resistant. I took out my set of picks and opened it with a couple swipes. Anyway... pretty great way to start off my relationship with my new coworkers.

#sunn



2018-01-26 • Memory • Legend of a Mind • L R

Thursday morning I was a bit angry about some difficulties I've had with Bobo, along with some anxiety about work. I drove without music to let my head rattle out the burrs. I curved around the the same ramp between north and east freeways that I've driven for many years. The ramp is longer now, than when I first drove it a decade ago, and the merge takes a couple miles or so. I went around the hill, and Emily's Song off of The Moody Blues' album Every Good Boy Deserves Favour started playing half-way through. I don't remember bumping anything, it just started playing on the stereo in my truck. I always pay attention when The Moody Blues play. I might be in a grocery store or it might come on the radio, but it always seems to me like I should tune in and figure out what I am doing right or wrong. By the time I passed the path I walk on my afternoon walk, One More Time to Live came on, two songs later.

That afternoon I went for my walk. Much of my walk traces the freeway in a green strip along a creek. The strip is lifeless, mostly, with signs that caution that it is a critical sanctuary for wildlife. I find it kind of sad, as on one side there is mall after mall to service the consumer habits of the town, and on the other side is the freeway. Wildlife has little chance here. Further down, the path cuts north along the river leading towards the Old Raven brewery. When I got close to the bridge that crosses the river just north of the brewery, the air was dark and oppressive: no crows and rain - cold, icy rain that fogged my glasses. What was I going to do with this last rush, last push before collapse? The idea of my last push truing up against Laura Talos' budget angered me. As I stewed, One more Time to Live ran again as a background track in my head, and for the first time on my walks I saw crows, twenty of them cawing out and mobbing the leafless trees. I always pay attention when crows caw. I am doing something right or wrong. I need to pay attention.

On the way home the music was still playing and it reached Legend of a Mind on the next album in my playlist. In Search of the Lost Chord is one of the first albums I bought in the early eighties. I had no idea who Timothy Leary was when I first heard the album. I remember a conversation in college one time when I admitted I had heard the name, but didn't know who he was, to great disbelief by my classmates. One guy with a mustache that looked Ray Thomas (who died a few weeks ago, RIP), got quite animated, got up, leaned towards me and said "Turn on, tune in, drop out!". I read an interview with the Moody Blues where they admitted that they, too, were unclear about what an astro plane was. One of them claimed that they actually thought Timothy Leary sold rides in a small plane and they zipped around the bay area.

I remember when I was unemployed in Eugene, Sigg and I went out to pick raspberries. I listened to In Search of the Lost Chord on my headphones and imagined the House of Four Doors being the raspberry plants to entertain myself as I picked. I only made ten bucks. Sigg made more. We got beer and burgers afterwards, spending most of our money. That is hard work, picking fruit. We picked strawberries and cherries as well.



2018-01-28 - Journal - Bzzzzzphhttttt - LR

I worked quite a bit on my publishing software, hacking up wordpress for James. I have the day to myself, but I have not been able to shake the depression I felt after reading Limits to Economic Growth. Did I not know this, face this already? The guy that wrote the article has put a full book up here, and I read some of it today as well. You would think that I would like it that somebody put my various thoughts into one article so succinctly, but I had the opposite reaction, and fell into a depression. I went out to my workshop to drink beer and listen to Germs. I don't know what it is about Darby Crash, but he always makes me feel better. The air is cold outside, crisp and cold. I can feel joy welling up as I simply accept this, finally. Is that what it is? Acceptance?

Germs (MIA) Complete Anthology - FULL ALBUM #Itg



2018-02-13 • Subject • Unicorn Dreams • LR

We are our own greatest threat, and it is boring stuff that it is made of, this threat, the real threat. I'm thinking "made of star stuff" from Sagan as I say that. It isn't AI, it isn't Aliens. It is simply the engine, our economy, our civilization, and rather boring beliefs of hope and optimism that will destroy us. It would be better if it was an evil lord of some kind that we could resist, but it isn't. And there is no real blame. We are all from this same ooze, the ooze of post WWII, the period when American Motors Corporation rose and then declined as boomers demanded GM V8s.

A couple days ago an executive where I work gave me a book by Peter Thiel. This is the same executive that I told Sean was a unicorn before I took the job. I didn't mean it in a criticizing way. I like him. He just has that unicorn optimism. I had beers with him and the team, and he gave a small speech where he actually mentioned the idea of "unicorn money". [We have beer taps and hard liquor at work. It sounds odd, like some kind of startup deal, but there is a social aspect to it that works well. It is a positive. The company I work for is incredibly sincere and generally positive.] Another thing that this executive has said a few times is that we are going to "J curve it". My first impression of this executive not only seems to fit, but he is proud of this characterization.

What I wanted to post about is a couple things. First of all, I have started to be a little less guarded with my personal dire opinions at work. I told this same executive, call him U, that I believed that 6 billion people would die in the next 50 years. Further, that I would be happy to read his book he gave me, but my perspective was not particularly receptive. I continued that I hoped it would shift my perspective, as mine is kind of dire. After I told him this, I wished I had clarified that I think world population will hit 2 billion in the next 50 year. Why 2 billion? For boring reasons. I went on that every time he used the phrase "J curve", my idea was that the overall "L curve" on the entire planet would crush his "J curve".

Now, Thiel, it turns out, bought a house in New Zealand, and has a safe room. So, first off, I think Thiel himself may not be that far off from my analysis. J curving is fine if you have a house in New Zealand with a safe room and a couple billion dollars in the bank. Myself, I'm just starting to get into the black again (no, silly, not from the blue and into the black, from the red into the black.... totally different, lol).

The second thing that I am trying to get my head around is the "no blame" part. We have this trait as humans where the Huge threat causes much hand-wringing and worry. Yes, it is true, as Bill Joy pointed out a couple decades ago, that there are some techno risks associated with nanotechnology, robotics, and AI, but we are able, for some reason, to completely ignore the current train wreck we are causing and involved with. What I am trying to get to is an understanding that there is nothing that can be done. There is no blame. Perhaps in 1965, before AMC started its downward plunge, when president Johnson first warned about the systemic issues with carbon and other pollution, and the 1972 Limits to growth book and World3 simulation, perhaps we could have changed. I doubt that we could have, politically, though.

The no blame comes from our optimism, our faith, our hope.

Isn't that an odd turn? It makes quite a bit of sense. The words that we consider virtues are our undoing. They cancel each other out. No blame. It reminds me of I Ching advice where it says "no blame".

Here is a clever postscript: is the result going to be J+L or L+J. One of those is a U. The other is 1 billion people left.

#collapse #j_curve #work



2018-02-18 • Subject • Taking Steps • LR

I was relating the idea of "taking steps" to a coworker yesterday. It is something I've noticed in IT, but I imagine it works for any unwieldy socioeconomic situation. For instance, if we are experiencing the outcome of unrestrained growth on the planet with no real long-term planning, and the psychological and physical outcome is not something we can face head on, we "take steps" by being vegan, being infuriated about shootings, or resisting the current president. Perhaps we put up a lawn sign that announces that "love is love" or march with homemade hats. In the IT world this shows up in situations like cutting staff in half and wondering why somebody didn't catch a particular issue, causing a disruption in business. The root cause of the outage is often morale or simply a lack of time caused by management decisions. There are escalations up the chain as management grapples with their decisions, and ultimately a message of "taking steps" is passed back up and everybody sighs a bit of relief. It doesn't actually matter what the steps are, as long as they are plausible and the action falls on somebody in a tangible way.

What needs to happen is simply looking at where we are now, where we want to go, and how to get there. For our current socioeconomic situation, the elephant in the room is that we are using up resources to exponentially grow our economy, which doesn't actually work without growth, not unlike a Ponzi scheme. We use up 4 billion gallons of oil *a day* in the world, have a supply chain, medicine, manufacturing, and even food based on oil, and continue to create new phones and escalated forms of entertainment (Disney all the time, everywhere. When will Disney buy the Comic Convention circuits simply as a platform for their studio purchases?). The reason why we have to take steps is because there is no workable solution on the table. No real solution will work that is politically possible. This matches the situation in IT, often, as there are limited funds to operate and secure infrastructure, and there are many things that can go wrong. Unlike our socioeconomic situation, though, IT is something that it is possible to analyze with requirements and address. The catch is that there are often not enough resources to satisfy the understood requirements, so we are right back to a similarity with socioeconomics.

What else can you do when there is no other possibility? Well, again, blame it on attitude, and personal responsibility (actually, we are all 100% responsible is the correct and useful answer here, but that isn't how it gets said in a "taking steps" scenario). Taking steps is always a good thing as far as getting the jitters to go away after the glimpsing the horror. Well, since I think I have alienated absolutely everybody to some extent with this post, I will stop. I just thought that the whole "taking steps" deal aligned well with current predicaments.

#work



2018-02-19 • Journal • McEwan's • LR

Sean is out having dinner with her son because she missed him this weekend. My son is visiting his aunt and uncle, so I have some alone time. Oh... I washed some sheets, they are in the washer, but Sean texted me to write and enjoy a McEwan's. She knows that the only thing that I ever had published was under the influence of McEwan's. It was a joint effort with a friend of mine when I was living in the 2nd punk house (Church of Toast and Beer or Crisis Clinic, depending on when you showed up). It is true that over the years the beer has become a bit of a superstition for me. For over a decade you couldn't find it anywhere, but recently the distributors are carrying it again. When I have found it, it seems to come at key points of change and inspiration.

I was introduced to this beer by "meat boy". That is what we called him in the punk house. He worked in the meat department of a nearby grocery store. He said that I really should try McEwans's, as it was the best beer on the shelves. In 1986 there wasn't the wide selection of beer we have now, so McEwan's really was stellar. As I write this,

I'm thinking of another story. I was at a party once, and meat boy expressed his interest by grabbing my crotch at a party. I signaled my disinterest by taking his cigarette from his hands, taking a drag, blowing the smoke in his face, and putting my cigarette out in his beer.. My signal of disinterest worked. I'm wondering if "meat boy" was some kind of double entendre.

This was also about the time that I traded a box of motorcycle parts for ERL. ERL was the first three letters of the license plate of a VW bug that Sigg had. He decided he wanted my Honda 360 (350?), and I decided I wanted his bug. A deal was struck. The problem with ERL was that some rockers decided to build a fire under the bug to thaw the fuel lines and the entire bug caught on fire. Rockers, not punk rockers. It was a distinction at the time. There was this low grade battle always brewing. I remember one time one of my roommates went to a rocker party and shaved a girl's head while she was passed out. The rockers came over to teach my roommate a lesson, but he hid in the back room and wouldn't come out. I ended up telling them to leave and kicking them out. The rest of the house hid upstairs or in the back, with just me kicking out this group of rockers. I shut and locked the door and they threw a brick through the front window and the punks in the house decided to show up again. Maybe they didn't know that my own little battle with the rockers was going on, but at the time I thought they had all wimped out and left me alone until it was safe. There were probably twelve people in the house, all-in-all, so why it was just me against the rocker posse is a bit suspicious.

I moved to Brandywine not too long after the rocker incident. Brandywine was a plot of land, kind of like Mingo's farm, where there were a variety of structures without electricity or running water. I rented a room in the front house. At least in the house there was a gas stove. I believe the house burned down a year or so after I left. While I was there, even, people would leave the stove on without flame, and it would fill the house with gas. Since there was also a wood stove, this was particularly dangerous. Paula and Sigg came over one time (DD too?), and we just sat around the wood stove in late winter and talked with just the light from the stove seams.

I sold ERL, got rid of most of my belongings, and went to Taos after that, and then on to Eugene. And here I am in Seattle enjoying a McEwan's and considering what change and inspiration I have coming. I finally got around to reading Buckminster Fuller's Operating Manual for Spaceship Earth. This quote stuck out for me:

"The fossil fuel deposits of our Spaceship Earth correspond to our automobile's storage battery which must be conserved to turn over our main engine's self-starter. Thereafter, our main engine," the life regenerating processes, must operate exclusively on our vast daily energy income from the powers of wind, tide, water, and the direct Sun radiation energy. The fossil-fuel savings account has been put aboard Spaceship Earth for the exclusive function of getting the new machinery built with which to support life and humanity at ever more effective standards of vital physical energy and reinspiring metaphysical sustenance to be sustained exclusively on our Sun radiation's and Moon pull gravity's tidal, wind, and rainfall generated pulsating and therefore harness able energies. The daily income energies are excessively adequate for the operation of our main industrial engines and their automated productions. The energy expended in one minute of a tropical hurricane equals the combined energy of all the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. nuclear weapons. Only by understanding this scheme may we continue for all time ahead to enjoy and explore universe as we progressively harness evermore of the celestially generated tidal and storm generated wind, water, and electrical power concentrations. We cannot afford to expend our fossil fuels faster than we are "recharging our battery," which means precisely the rate at which the fossil fuels are being continually deposited within Earth's spherical crust."

This was published in 1968. If we had done this, used fossil fuels to bootstrap alternative energy, we would not be in the predicament we are in now. It was likely too late in 1986, when I had my first McEwan's. Now... I know that that is not a good closure to this, but the truth is that I have yet to discover the change and inspiration. I am not sure what is brewing, but I'm listening. It is difficult to get past the anger over what we have done. I feel like I move forward the tiniest bit and fall back further. I am still trying, though. I am still listening and open.

#beer



2018-02-25 • **Journal** • **Neon Lighting** • **L R**

I went to meet Sunn at Eske's Brew Pub. Sunn was driving all the way from Albuquerque and was running a bit late. There was a crowd waiting for seats. I held out for a booth and sat at the corner of the bench, looking around the people at the neon sign that said "Quadrophenia IPA". The top part of the sign was the regular reddish neon, Sammy neon. Below that, the "IPA" was a different tint of red, a richer red; it didn't have the familiar glow of Sammy's studio apartment in Eugene. I sat staring above one woman's head that sat underneath the sign. I let the buzz of the color go into me. I had a headache from not drinking enough water, but slowly, as I stared at the neon, my headache dissipated.

I wasn't expecting the memory of Sammy's apartment. The color borders on pink, but it is supposed to be red. Hundreds of thousands, hundreds of *millions* of signs along route 66 and 99 and beyond transmit this color of glow, spreading the neon red message over the span of the age of oil, over 100 years coursing through the noble gas.

EEEELECTRICITYYYY, coursing through the gas, gives pink light.

Captain Beefheart And His Magic Band-Electricity (Cannes Live 1968)

The children ran around at my level amid the legs of the standing adults. One little girl, joy-frenetic, waved at her brother while traveling back and forth between her mom and her grandpa. Just as she passed me, she glanced up and smiled as though she knew I was in on her shenanigans. The lines from The Psychedelic Furs played in the background:

The Psychedelic Furs -Love My Way

There's emptiness behind their eyes There's dust in all their hearts They just want to steal us all And take us all apart

I stared at the sign some more as the song continued and got lost in the scene of the waiting area, shifting back to Sammy's studio. I imagine that Psychedelic Furs likely sang that song while I was there in '86. The transfer of information crossed time, slicing it multiple ways between the light and electricity. And here we are at the peak, building our transmissions, transferring information into a billion seemingly banal road signs of hot coffee and sex. All of a sudden, instead of a singular poem passed down to children to uncover in the valley after collapse, all is brilliant and transmitting constantly in a secret stream of symbols arching around the warped reflection on the garish, bulbous chrome of a 55 GMC front bumper.

#55 gmc #neon #sammy #sunn #transmission



2018-02-26 • Subject • Transmission • LR

This is a manifesto of sorts. It has been awhile. I have written a few. I think my normal mode of communication is a bit one way. Manifestos share that trait. Forgive me for that. It likely served some need or something. I'm not sure how to get out of that track, exactly. Who is the audience? Who am I writing for? If I was truly a mountain climber, the audience is the Admiralty.

I have the world's most complicated blog system. It's true. At this point I forget all of the traces and threads that got me to this point. I like my blog. I like the flavor of it. Anybody can view it without membership or a password; it gives a tip-o-the-hat to some of my favorite internet folks, and illustrates their tech that will likely never be used widely anywhere. My blog is resistant to abuse and harvesting. The public content is all in base64; in fact, it is doubled up, because there is a base64 spew that includes a signature (that is then validated against a public key in the viewers browser via javascript*). My blog... resists. heh



Unfortunately, my blog gets tuned down as far as visibility, because it is such a rude social player. But I don't expect any to be interested in the specifics of how to create a limited, tuned down, rude player. It is too baroque, too complicated. I use python, ruby, perl, shell, all through a highly customized Wordpress. I'll write about the specifics within the blog world. My blog, at this point, is fictional. It does not matter who I am. I take this dagger and cut out the I. Richard Well will explain how to hack Wordpress. His last name comes from the WELL, the Whole Earth 'Lectronic Link.

My manifesto has nothing to do with my blog, though, or privacy, or with many of my interests these last fifteen years or so. My blog is a geek aesthetic in the end. I have my visibone everything book. I have the magnificent Wordpress, along with themes and plugins. It is something I can work at in Betty on a laptop when I'm not watching the sun come up or walking amid the sage brush and rattlesnakes with my lover. I can fictionalize my manifesto, I suppose, weave it in to the stories over time. Here goes.

Watch the tail lights of cars and savor the red light. This is training.

Watch neon lights. Let the light trigger memory.

Remember Phillip K Dick and his pink light, but beware of his structures.

The age of oil spans the same time as neon lights.

Tail lights and neon lights are a direct transmission of the last 100 years.

Humans absolutely explode everything in the age of oil.

There is no escape from collapse; this is part of the explosion.

Population will dip lower than 2 billion, the demarc for transmission.

Don't hate on that BMW; the owner is part of the transmission.

We moved from mud and coal and grind to information.

Information accelerates the explosion, the collapse.

Information is the transmission.

There is no way to separate the explosion of tangible resources from information.

We are exploding, burning, as part of our transmission.

The transmitted information will include our explosion and collapse.

In this round, the last 200,000 years, we were unable to control the explosion.

After collapse, the neon light will persist, the transmission will persist.

Information technology will insure that the transmission will not be lost.

Pure mass of will and numbers will insure that the transmission will not be lost.

The application of the transmission is unknown. We are simply spreading the light.

The light is the will, the experience, the knowledge, the collapse, and the explosion.

The light is white, pink, red, blue, electric. It will buzz again in the future.

#collapse #pink light #pkd #transmission

Comments:

2023-08-24:

This was where I was at prior to 3SA. As I comment, I've moved on to CL (compute land). Rather than the explosion, the ideas work within the explosion, during, and after. Sure, there is still a transmission aspect. Sure, we will likely be in a cut-up. CL brings continuity to my start in compute.



2018-03-01 • Journal • Car Flows • L R

I have been finding Richard's Manifesto quite reassuring lately. I remember watching the tail lights when I drove back alone from Taos. The idea fits well, watching the tail lights, as industrial civilization recedes in a bang. It reassures me to know, as Richard does, that the light will continue on. I was thinking about all of the new LED lights that they have in cars now. Those things are tough... and bright, and the bulbs don't take much power. Usually I get kind of grumpy about the lights because I know they are all custom and they will be difficult to purchase in the future. I often consider purchasing extra lights for my truck, but OTOH, I purchased this exact model because there will be 14 years of the series in the junkyard, and that includes regular old incandescents. I do have Betty.

I have also started listening to my entire collection of music over the last 30 years on random. I usually listen to albums, but listening to this collection on random brings up all kinds of stuff I forgot about. I have to thank Steve Jobs for that. I remember him holding up the big version and saying how amazing it was that one could fit an entire lifetime of music on one player the size of your palm.

The car flows are quite interesting. I happen to live in an eddy. It still takes a long time to travel back and forth to work; however, it would be much worse if I had to go north or south. Most people live *way* outside of the city limits, either north or south. 405 backs up all of the way to 90 on the south side, and the onramp to 405 north from 520 extends for miles. Even last night at 7:15 it was backed up for miles. My guess is that these are the only affordable places to live at this point. My-o-my, that car flow is susceptible to oil prices.

#light



2018-03-03 • Subject • Her Smile • L R



When she glances at me with that smile, she is enjoying me, but at the same time I see the slightly upturned corner of her mouth that means she has something mischievous on her mind. She is proud and strong, like she could send one thousand ships of sailors to their death for a noble, but futile mission. I keep select pictures of her in the past and study her face. I study the way she looks with different people in the past, different men. I ask her about the situation, and usually she portrays it as a bad situation, one where she is unhappy, but I can tell by her face that she is in control. She just has to say the word and the thousand ships will sail. She may be unhappy in the past, true, but there is a fire within her look, a defiant fire

that never leaves. I can imagine the thousand flares where the fire torched those near to her, and she loved under will. I am lucky that she calls me her lover. She is epic in her glance. I am hers, and that is sufficient.

#sean



2018-03-03 • Journal • Slacker Reality • LR

I had this idea that I wanted to find a reel-to-reel of The Moody Blues' album To Our Children's Children's Children. I have been thinking quite a bit about the Neon Lighting post.

It reminded me of the song Higher and Higher, where there is a crescendo as man explodes to the moon and beyond. I found the tape online for twenty bucks, which is likely what the tape cost when it was originally released on tape by Ampex. The tape is in stereo, divided in four tracks. Two tracks play one side in stereo and you flip the tape over and play the other side. The Wollensak is mono, so it plays all four tracks at once. Here is the result. It works, but plays one track forward and one back because it is mono

What you are hearing is Higher and Higher playing while Watching and Waiting is playing backwards over the top of it. It seems to me that this fits perfectly on many levels. Sean is struggling to get through Slacker with me. The premise of Slacker is that it simply follows the lives of the characters via the arbitrary forks in reality by the director. The director himself is the first character and what he tells the cab driver is also the premise. This messes with predefined plot, which certainly makes a movie easier to follow, but what I enjoy is how it matches the intersections and synchronicities in how I experience my life. The progression of the forwards and backwards deal with this song, for instance, could only come together if I happened to be nostalgic about the player he got from Sunn. I could explain why I think that this collection of events is interesting, but it is only my reality, as I chose the path as a director and formed the intersections, so while you can appreciate the movie, you have your own to make. This is something that I forget.



2018-03-04 = Subject = Slide (Almost) = LR

Andrei Sambra, one of the people that inspired me to bring this site to its current form, is working for Qwant. Qwant is an alternative service that collects zero information on users. From my first look it appears to have everything: search, message boards, news... It is interesting, because just Friday I was talking about how GDPR could be a form of barriers to entry to the EU market. The flipside is that it will give a boost to up-and-coming efforts like Qwant.

For years I have felt the stress of all, and I simply don't think that we will escape without completely fracturing as we change in an accelerated and exponential, reactionary way. The thing is that I am part of this, both as a facilitator, but part of the illusion of it all. I am susceptible to the idea of individual human excellence. How can one argue with that? Who is arguing?

The relation is that my passion for human freedoms beyond the most basic, is diminishing. I read once that the cumulative effect of all the marketing based on selling online behavior was surprisingly small, like twenty dollars or so. If you have two billion people and have 40 billion in revenue for the year, then that is 2 bucks a person per year. This is simply what we choose to do. We will pay \$100 per year for a shopping service that has the insane premise of sending everything individually to your door for free and at a lower cost than if you went to a central place to pick it up. I subscribe to this myself. I vacillate some, but why would I want to pay more to drive to Renton?

I do have this venue, though, my weird site with the javascript flip. I enjoy it that Chromium will render the videos with the simplest code and no player. I enjoy what GNU/Linux has become. Here is an interesting twist, though: my experience with GNU/Linux and the woven, open framework and projects that it is built on, has brought understanding to our economy. I realize how economies grow via the concept of a bootstrap and toolchain.

Fossil fuels is our bootstrap and our toolchain. Actually, the whole GNU/Linux world is so fabulous a comparison. First off, we have some heroes, some examples of human excellence, Richard Stallman (GNU), and Linus Torvalds (Linux). There are also universities behind that, and oil. We have Minix, right? We have MIT. I'm not sure what is more true, even with GNU/Linux, was it oil or was it people? It took the labor of millions to code up all of the tools and frameworks. Yes, both Stallman and Torvalds did some stellar things. In my mind Stallman did more, but did oil create the surplus labor available to create GNU/Linux in the first place? Perhaps.

That is one of the more loose and wandering articles I've written. I am going to enjoy listening to Germs in the workshop, clean it up a bit, and get my head on straight. I'm not even going to weave in the concept of slide in here, but slide gets to be the title (almost).

#stallman



2018-03-07 • Subject • Braid of Life • L R

I can feel the infinite braid of my life unfolding through time, sparkling with jewels of joy, rage and sorrow, cloth woven with the braid of others.

We are tethered, all, dangerously, to the mast as love flutters our sail.

Now we rush the ship forward, lurching through the desolate waves surrounding us,

#ouroboros

past and future.



2018-03-11 • Journal • Accidental Mac • LR

I see Mac and Jack's brewery on Google maps near one of the routes I walk on my break at work. Strangely, I have two routes, and Black Raven Brewing is at the far edge of the limit of my long walk in one direction, and Mac and Jack's is at the other. It is out in the many miles of 1-2 story buildings that are spread all over Redmond. I have tried to find it in the past, but failed a couple of times. Once I ended up in this strip of space that appeared to go through. I had given up on finding Mac and Jack's that day, but instead decided to pick up a salad at Wholefoods. I wandered along a fence with barbed wire until I found an opening and had to switch back at the end to trace to the far side of the second fence, walking down a two foot swath of grass and rocks between barbed fences that ended in a loading yard of some kind with a gate through the fence for vehicles. I was insistent that I would find a back way in from Marymoore park.

I have been to Black Raven Brewing before, the taproom, also nestled in the 1-2 story buildings poured all over this beautiful valley, but I have not made it on a walk, as I know it is attainable. Black Raven is on the other side of an over-engineered steel bridge over the Sammamish river, just a couple blocks zig and zag away. Mac and Jack's remained illusive.

One day I saw a sign on the sidewalk with an arrow pointing to Mac and Jack's. I was actually on a different mission that day. I had intended to see if I could work in the Wholefoods salad bar into my walk. Instead of taking a shortcut through the event parking lots and the backside of the office parks, I had gone the normal route, out of Marymoore, through the path that runs by the old field tree demark. (It is my theory that trees lined the fields back before this area was developed. They aren't exactly old growth, but they are still very old. There is an impressive line of them at the edge of the park, and a raised path runs right by.) I followed the sign, then another, and finally, after walking down one strip of parked cars and turning a corner, there it was, the elusive Mac and Jack's brewery.

The taproom at Mac and Jack's is quite small. There are two rooms. One has enough for an entryway, a register, and a row of taps and a shelf for awards. The other adjacent room has three standing tables, about two feet in diameter. I figured that since I had been searching for so long, and had walked a few miles to arrive, that I needed to have a pint of beer to commemorate my discovery. I know, I know, you're thinking that it doesn't seem like that big of deal to find something on a map, particularly with GPS. While it is true that GPS helps in many ways, and changes to feel of topography from a fictional approximate flat-world beastie-ridden-diorama to reality, it is much more difficult to find things on foot. You can't just simply drive a mile or two around blocks that have no way through. I mentioned earlier how I got caught in a two block stretch of grass with barb wire on either side. Also, Redmond is all about cars. True, they have many lunch strollers, but for every lunch stroller there are just as many pro-looking bicyclists. They even have signs of three little pigs with jogging bands on their heads that has an otter on a bicycle that is trying to get by the path pigs. Redmond folks are paying for bike paths. They also have an incredibly beautiful piece of land, Marymoore park, but much of that park is taken over by the world's most fabulous off-leash dog park and a concert venue. My point is that it takes awhile to figure out how to get around on foot in this town without simply taking the regular surface street routes. Oh, one other thing: you can't cross the street without pushing some button. There are no automatic pedestrian crossings.

I made it though, and I was going to have a beer, but what beer? I looked up at all the choices, but I was only familiar with African Amber. I knew I would like that. I sheepishly ordered it, but the man at the counter generously asked if it was my first time and proceeded to offer me a few tastes of different kinds. I chose the IPA, I forget what kind, but I liked it better than Mac and Jack's, particularly after my long walk. I stood at one of the tables and enjoyed it while Michael Jackson's Billie Jean came on the stereo. There were two men enjoying beers at the table next to me, one an older man, and a younger man in overalls. The younger man said something about somebody explaining about how to use buttermilk to improve the flavor of the beer. I continued to enjoy my IPA. The sun came in through the small window and I was really grooving on Michael Jackson.

The older turned to me and asked, "What are you drinking?"

"The IPA." I smiled at him. I was thoroughly enjoying the beer and the environment.

"What do you think of it?," he asked. At this point I had a suspicion that he might be an employee.

"I like it quite a bit. It is fruity but not too much punch-you-in-the-face, like Ninkasi, which I also like, but mainly when it is really hot in the summer and you need that kind of punch."

The man nodded and chatted some more with the other guy. There was a pause in their conversation, and I asked him, "What are you drinking?" "Experimental #1"

I asked him where he got that, and did he like it. He smiled, said his name was Mac, and said he did like it. I realized he might be Mac from Mac and Jack's at this point, but I played it cool, as we were having a good conversation. The man in the overalls introduced himself as well. I assume he was a brewmaster or something. Mac got me a taste of the Experimental #1, and I told him it was an odd beer. I liked it, but I couldn't place it. He said that there were few breweries that made beer in that style. There was one in Vermont, but they just had a taproom for locals. There was another brewery in Seattle that made something like it, but it had an ugly, grey color. He and the guy in the overalls talked a bit about how horrible the beer looked that this other brewer made that was in the same class as Experimental #1.

Mac and I talked a bit more about shared homebrewing we had done. I talked about how I missed that yeasty, cloudy taste of homebrew. He agreed. Finally, I caved and asked, "You are the Mac from Mac and Jack's, huh?"

"Yes." He smiled. I finished my beer, listening to the music and Mac's conversation with the other man, and left, shaking hands with both of them on the way out.

#beer



2018-03-12 • Journal • Curmudgeon Prayer • LR

I found three trees on my walk that were old, perhaps not as old as the age of oil, but planted long before we had a choice over our own destiny on this planet. I paused at each one and admired them. I prayed with them, absorbed them, felt them for several minutes each.

One is in a crux as the baseball fields meld back into the normal path that most the cars take. It has many large branches that spread out above it, almost too many, huge branches and branches off those branches, all around, with crazy twig-like appendages everywhere, begging for me to quote from Act 4, Scene 1 of Macbeth, but I won't. There is a mass of blackberries to the left of it. I resisted the urge to post a snap of it, but I can write.

The second tree was in the field border. It is giant, much bigger than any tree in the park. This tree spans the age of oil, past the beginning of most of this, the frameworks within frameworks within frameworks. It marks the long way around to Mac and Jack's, the only way I have walked. The bridge passes by as though the bridge was placed specifically to preserve this particular tree. That may be true. No matter how vile the development in this area is, there are some lines that nobody will cross.

The third tree squats in an old gnarled clump. Is it dead? I'm not sure. I imagine it will burst in green soon if able, if it is alive. It is lonely between a perpendicular intersect of pristine bike paths maintained for the bike path riders in their Tour de France clothes and gear. Behind the tree there is a crane that is building an apartment complex. I love this tree the most, so stubborn, like the old man that my brother, sister, dad, and I cut wood for, the old man who lived in his small cabin with his wood stove. My dad bought new pipe for him because the old one was cracked, and it filled his cabin with wood smoke. My dad installed it for him, but I'm not sure he cared that much, and he felt obligated to pay us. He took out his two dollars, and was grumpy that dad wouldn't take it. Mr. Kump was his name. When I pray with this tree I pray with the curmudgeon prayer. I don't know the words of the curmudgeon prayer, but I look up at the crane through the tree and I feel them.

#crux



2018-03-18 • Fiction • Circus • LR

My son was at school. I had taken the day off from work. My wife was taking a vacation with her girlfriends, and I was left alone for the day. My day was wide open, no plans, nothing I had to do. I don't remember ever just roaming without purpose like I used to. I used to bike all over our neighborhood, finding old buildings and abandoned washing machines. I remember Sunrise Adventure from when I was a child. It was my first memory, vague and quick, just my Mom leaning towards me to look at me, white light radiating out from in back of her in rays. I remember her hat, sunglasses and shorts. I rode my bike out to the park several times since then, but it had always been closed with steel cable draped across the edge of the parking lot. I decided to drive out and see if it was open, and it was.

The entry booth had a corrugated, rusty tin roof. The yellow paint flaked in blotchy strips, showing the grey, worn wood. On the front of the booth was a sign with freshly painted letters:

All rides will crash. Once you enter the park, you cannot leave.

"How much to enter the park?"

"It is paid forward."

"Oh, cool. Who paid?"

"The people in front of you, of course."

"How much does it normally cost?"

"The cost of entry."

"I mean, how much do I pay to pay it forward to the next people."

"Just enter the park. You read the sign?"

"Yes. I can't leave?"

"Those are your rules, yes."

"All rides will crash?"

"Don't look at me like that, those are your rules, not mine."

The absurdity of the rules made me chuckle, but I was also afraid, as though a friend was silently nodding with a grimace as I realized the full nature of a horrible truth.

"I don't have those rules. I can leave anytime. This isn't the Hotel California." I smiled at my cleverness, but the man in the booth was not amused.

"Look, buster. You are here. You formed those rules over your life. You can't just change them. You believe in those rules. Belief is law, real belief. You can't just leave the park once you are aware of entering."

"Aware? I drove here. I haven't been here since I was a baby."

"Look, mister, you have always been at the booth. Those are the rules. You can enter the park, now, or not, but your entire life until this point has been to find this booth again."

I felt anxious, like there was a tugging at three corners of my face, but it was inside my chest. If I didn't go into the park, my face would be pulled apart, like something out of Hellraiser. I saw another person arrive behind me, and they looked like they were impatient to get to the booth.

"OK. Give me a ticket, please."

"There are no tickets. Hold out your hand, sir, palm down on the sill."

I gave him my hand and he stamped a black rose on the back, rolling back and forth across my skin and tendons. He did it surprisingly tenderly, as though he was giving me a strong kiss.

"Remember, sir. All rides crash."

"OK. Sure. Thanks"

I just wanted to go in. I adjusted my satchel so that it wasn't bouncing on my belly, and headed through the gate.

#circus #hotel california



2018-03-31 • Fiction • Goggles • L R

Once upon a time there were two lovers named Gear and Wing that lived in a small suburb outside of a large city. They had a garden where they grew beans from Wing's grandmother's garden. The plants circled their house in the summer. Wing propped the vines up with twine and bamboo stakes. One day Wing decided to go into the city to get some fertilizer for the tomato plants. On her way home she saw a girl on the side of the road with a box that said free kittens. Wing pulled her car over to look at the kittens. One of the kittens was a calico with brown eyes that looked exactly like Gear's eyes. Wing gasped. The eyes were identical!

Wing called Gear on her phone and told him about the cat, but Gear didn't want her to bring it home. Wing didn't listen to Gear and brought the cat home anyway. As Wing got closer and closer, Gear's vision got dimmer and dimmer. Gear could feel his eyes receding into his skull. By the time Wing got home his eyes were just black sunken holes in his face. Wing brought the cat inside the house and Gear could see himself from the perspective of the cat. The cat really did have Gear's eyes. They named the cat Goggles.

It took some getting used to. Gear would do the dishes with Goggles on his head. Gear found that he could even drive their old truck with Goggles on the dashboard. One day he was driving into town and he slid into the ditch and ran into a fence post because Goggles slid off and fell onto the floorboards. Gear got a small patch of carpet for the dashboard and glued it down so that Goggles wouldn't slide off. Wing, Gear and Goggles drove all over in the truck and lived happily ever after.

#goggles



2018-04-04 • Subject • Bored Game • L R

People are playing a board game. They all know it is a board game. Lot's of people start playing and quit. There is a constant flow. The rules are quite complicated. Some people constantly spout the rules of the game, but the rules conflict with others who are spouting. The box cover has a picture like an artist rendition of the cut-up Dylan song Desolation Row and the words "How it Ends".

Every few minutes somebody shouts something like "This is a game" or "I know how this ends" and they storm off. But, everybody knows it is a game and how it ends. Yes, there are drawn out gaming sequences around the board that people get intensely involved with, some their entire turn at the game, but at some level they know how it ends. There is the top of the box right there.

Some people try and make it more pleasant by turning the box top over, hiding the cover, but, to the credit of the players and the wink, wink, nod, nod understanding between them, they discreetly flip the box over again, as it makes it more fun to play even though you know what happens at the end. This is not a movie metaphor. This is the only game going, so it is pretty fabulous to play.

[2019: This is an odd dream. I have it marked as a dream, but it appears to have some conscious narrative. I'm going to assume that it was a dream and some writing mixed, and mark it as subject too.]

#bob dylan



2018-04-11 • Subject • Rage Scale • L R

At the peak of the early 2000s recession I headed home from work in Redmond. A man in a small sports car, it looked something like an MR2 or a Celica, the tringular-ish ones from the eighties, was doing some car shenanigans

on the onramp to 520 near Lake Samammish. I generally drive defensively, but some kind of driving grates at me as unfair or too FU-I-got-balls-I'll-prove-it (FUIGBIPI). This guy was doing both. I have all of the lanes mapped out on my route if I drive one for a period of time, and much of my anti-FUIGBIPI techniques are ingrained in my habits. For instance, as I merge with 405 South traffic as I pass under and go West on 90, I accelerate in the center lane to get up to speed to merge over to the left, watching for the FUIGBIPI drivers that will race around the right and cut me off, putting the cars in front and myself in danger. It truly is defensive, because if you are accelerating fast enough it is not tempting. I don't generally get glee from the competition, but out-foxing a FUIGBIPI is satisfying.

It was one of my last trips home. The startup I was working at had stopped paying everybody except me. Earlier they had attempted to stop paying me, but at my first missed paycheck I said I was leaving and loaded my stuff in my truck. The CEO stopped me and said that he made a mistake, and they would pay me. The company had collapsed further, though, and the coffee maker was repossessed. I'm not joking about the coffee maker. Everything was repossessed. There was no money to pay anybody. The CEO lurked around cleaning stuff up as the moving truck came for the stuff they could get. We didn't have much. We had paid a fraction of the worth to the previous startup for their rack of servers, and I had got them running with some GNU/Linux distro, as we couldn't afford MS. Back to my story: on this last trip home a guy in his small car did the typical FUIGBIPI deal, and instinctively I had bested him. Now, in this case it failed too well. Normally, an average FUIGBIPI would be far enough behind that it seemed like a normal merge, but this guy really wanted it bad. He got so mad when he lost that he sped by me when we were both on 520 going 100 or so. He was driving mad, so I moved over a lane away as he passed. He cut into the lane he thought I was in as I moved out and slammed on his brakes, intending for me to rear-end him. The air filled with smoke and I passed him from the next lane.

I had a similar experience yesterday, but not as dramatic. Even at the time the 2002 incident happened, I figured the guy had been laid off or something. This is plausible. Much of our IGB is determined by our ability to work and participate as our identity is formed into us by religion and television and culture in general. We are facing some change that is a large factor worse, and so I thought yesterday about how this would manifest itself. The loss of identity will be much, much more extreme. Nothing will be left that is recognizable, and from our entrenched Calvinist predestination perspective (ECPP), many will determine that they will not be saved, and so there is nothing to lose. The thing about ECPP is that it is not acknowledged as such. At this point it has been hijacked by sales and marketing. At the risk of being accused of playing the over-used card, this is what caused the evil of WWII. (A bit of a side here. In high school I did a paper on predestination and called an Episcopal priest to talk about this. He rejected my claim, but I went on with my paper anyway and wrote that predestination and materialism were related.)

Here is where I am at: I am considering what is wise in this situation. The rage, the mad driving, all of it will be way off the scale. Everything will be off the scale. I believe we are already seeing this happen as the sheen and illusion we have been sold and bought into fades. What do I do? How do I prepare my son? This is what I'm thinking of, and I believe that my commute is a great place to do some science.

#identity



2018-04-12 • **Journal** • **Zap and Crumb** • **L R**

I am generally exhausted. Now, I know I'm not physically ill, but I have filled up my head with so many ideas both generally, and the baggage at work, that I feel like my tub is running water out the little inlet above the stopper lever. I can't put any more in. Oh... I do... I still add water... but the water just kind of displaces something else that runs out the inlet. During the week, with work and commute, I just get ... full.

I'm not complaining. This is what I want at this point. It is better than being bored... much better. I can't pay my mortgage/rent, buy food etc. if I don't work, not in this country, and I don't want to live in a van all of the time. (I really don't, despite the illusory appeal.) One thing that is happening is that I'm losing some of my addictive jolts, those bits of behavior that pull me through, lazy bits of indulgence. When I have time to sit and stare, I will. I woke up early this morning and just enjoyed coffee and stared into the dark.

For those of you who have worked with me for awhile, you know that I hate the idea of working for the weekend. For a long time I would quote Janis Joplin, "It's all the same fucking day, man!". I would even share the quote in the

elevator when people said stuff like TGIF and "happy over the hump day". I won't let myself live like that. Further, there is no easy way through this, despite what we are sold. It is hard to get through. There is some kind of science fiction membrane that you have to push through, and even when you make it, it is still hard every minute. I am always dismayed by how the Matrix number 2 and 3 got bogged down in the self indulgence. The metaphor/allegory of 1 was perfect.

My last gig lasted over five years. I reached new levels of exhaustion at that job. I took some time off, and I remember it took me a couple months to feel like my core self again, and as soon as I did I got the flu, which lasted a month. I watched John Woo movies (with Chow Yun-Fat). I puttered around. True, I did indulge in some of my jolts at first (IT-related experiments), but mostly I avoided any big projects (you all know them... weird software projects, internet CB radios, journals, etc.). I did take reluctantly take on a consulting gig. At the time (and arguably so), I felt it was a way to secure employment, to show my skills.

Last month I finally got paid for the consulting I did. It was a good rate of pay, and I had a decent chunk of money for the 10 hours on paper (for those of you that have consulted, 10 hours is actually more like 20 of attention, but that is how it works). I thought carefully about what I would spend the money on, as I wanted to replace it with the level of anti-exhaustion that I got from not working. This is a tall order, right? It stinks of a deal with the devil or something. How can you buy anti-exhaustion? Well, there is this comic book from the sixties called Zap. There is a new, beautiful release of all of the issues. I read a bit of it this morning, and reading #0 and the meatball one did the trick. Seriously.

#work #janis_joplin



2018-04-18 • Dream • Days • LR

I dreamed I listened to Ray Davies' Days. I don't know for sure if it was his version from when he was young or old, the Kinks, or if it was the version that Elvis Costello did for the movie Until the End of the World. It is tempting to jump to conclusions about this song, but dreams ore not what they seem, usually. For instance, I might dream about a house, but the house is my Self, and rooms are aspects of my psyche. In my dream Days was simply playing in the background. There were texts in lines winding along the ground that I was deciphering, phone texts collected over time.

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[2019: I'm assuming that below is a subject/journal entry and not part of the dream above.]

I am a human, and as such, I experience the world as human. I was born from my mother. I see the planet earth this way, simply because I am human. At many levels, I know this will all end. Those I love will die. This is a natural cycle. Sometimes it is good to take my eyes off of the ground, the traces of written text, the word, and simply give thanks for the days, "those endless days, those sacred days you gave me."

#uteotw



2018-04-21 • Subject • The mud that caused thy fall still mirrors ME • LR

Out spake a Star: "Be silent, thou that slipped! The mud that caused thy fall still mirrors ME" (The Starlit Mire by James Bertram & F Russell)

PSYCHIC TV Just Like Arcadia

The homeless encampments in the areas near Interstate 90 and 5 have flaunted a few new features. I saw a car parked once, as I arched around to 90 from 5 a couple weeks ago. It was a white econo car about a decade old, so I don't believe it was a public services vehicle. I suspect it was a car of a friend or maybe even a resident; however, cars can't stay there. I imagine this is a taboo item, something that causes trouble, or perhaps, like the great filter, it is something that the encampment can never retain and scale. Between licensing, people taking the car for a joy

ride or for medical attention; whatever the reason is, cars are never part of the Interstate encampments, with this lone exception.

Yesterday, as I took an alternate route north, I saw a man crouched next to a small fire. Perhaps most significant, one of the blue tarp structures has sprouted walls, a door, and a small patio. Mostly, though, the tents are as they always are. You rarely see people. They are all huddled in their tents. Occasionally you do see people moving, trundling and hunched. If there are children, they must be inside the tents. I have thought a few times about launching myself like a small exploratory satellite, complete with a gold vinyl record of Psychic TV's Starlit Mire, into the center of the tents, in my period Star Trek equivalent disguise of worn, drab clothes, as though I am Spock, building a radio, but trying to fit in. This morning, though, I recognized a better secret.

I had a professor for physical anthropology that came off as reprimanding us that we came from cowardly, pathetic creatures, that mammals whimpered in the bushes in fear while reptiles ruled the planet. He also portrayed the 200 thousand year evolution and voyages out of Africa as discontinuous spurts of tragedy. Occasionally the blob of humans of stellar success in motion, bursting out and across the continent, would almost die out, causing less variation in those behind. These blobs would sometimes intermingle again or sometimes they would end up in an isolated area that thrived without contact from the other spurts of humanity that slowly distributed around the globe. Now that I know Werner Herzog's voice, I can narrate the collective murder and rape of Neanderthal.

But Herzog also got rights to view the cave in France in his Cave of Forgotten Dreams. He can see the beauty in a five thousand year period where humans would put their hands on the same spot in a cave as part of a ceremony. I see that same beauty. Imagine that: five thousand years of a similar culture, balanced, roughly, in population, struggling to live while stronger, more dangerous mammals also tried to live in the caves and fed on the humans. It is that stasis in culture that is beautiful. There is no madness in the mud, not in the sense of knowing what is no longer. Eat from the tree of knowledge of good and evil (the knowledge of everything), and those five thousand years in the mud are torturous.

I can't help my view as I look at the tents, that they are sick and need help. Now, it likely is also true. Many are probably drug addicts. Many have various diseases like new, more powerful strains of drug-resistant tuberculosis. I saw an interview with a man that came out of the LA tent cities with three different forms of flesh-eating diseases. He emerged as a preacher and ran a soup kitchen. (Again, Spock and the crew from the Enterprise trying to fit in during the depression on Earth, build a radio to get home, and eat in a soup kitchen.) There are also many stories like the discarded spouse who went crazy and ended up on the streets unable to secure work, while the other spouse got a new, better model and moved away, leaving a pile of wilting petals of past love in the mud, scrambling for food and acquiring various items in a shopping cart that sits next to the tent. I want to set that aside, though.

Let's talk about me, about the humans I run with on my way to secure loot in Redmond on my daily drive. Oh, I have a good story at work and for myself, a backbone that is relatively resistant to self-loathing. As I trace my reaction to the tents, after I get past the bogus vanlife romanticism and really look, I find the fear. I know this. There is no "fall". That is our core existence. The Id roars out in raw needs and desires, as the superego loses ground. Those ragged shadows that move occasionally between tents are me, 70,000 years ago, as I killed a Neanderthal and tried to get by, huddling in the dark caves or under hides. And then, as thousands of years pass, I emerge from the mud. See!!! I am better than that. I am not covered in dust in the summer and caked with mud in the fall. I am clean and refined. I am chosen over all others.

And then there is a hum of five thousand years again afterwards, and I place my hand in the same spot on the side of a concrete overpass, small threads of tarp's blue weave in the mud between my toes. The mud mirrors me.

#collapse #herzog



2018-05-01 • Subject • Iced Jamen • L R

Guy and Jamen are going back and forth about an ice-free arctic and the catastrophic outcome. They spoke at the East Bay Sierra Club a couple nights ago, and I had watched the video. Sean asked me what was happening with me, as she could see a shift, and I told her that I was worried about an ice-free arctic. I described how when I watched

Guy and Jamen I could feel a dark emotional cry. I didn't know what it was, exactly, but it was something like grief, as though by opening my mouth and screaming silently I created a black hole of tears. I described it to Sean, and she asked me to explain why the melting ice caused an emotional response, and what I would call the emotion.

I could feel the comfort of an emotion that wasn't the whole story, and I knew it. I resisted the obvious explanation, as I suspected my psyche was treacherous. Not everything fits neatly, and this felt too easy. Sean and I went to sleep. When I woke up I thought about Sean's question some more. Instead of answering, I felt an urge to work on the stream of Kor some more. Somehow this was more real, more of an answer than just saying "grief over the living planet".

I worked on Kor all day, finishing the opg stream. As I'm doing this I notice the information beam that I've been circling for many years. Kor has had many iterations since 2010, and before that there were many related efforts. I have it to the point where I can call it a stream of information. It is my own. So, here I am watching all that is going on. Every experience I have can go into this stream, broken apart by prisms of fiction and technology. It is more than that, though, as I have worked in IT to some extent since my first database query in 1975. Just a couple days ago I got into a discussion with somebody that claimed that a varchar(max) took up the max on disk for every record. I thought back to what I learned about the Pick OS, and how fields could take up varying space, and I countered that I found it hard to believe that a modern database would be that way. Many pieces of this still have my IT Rootball metaphor in it. The main directory I use to publish is called "grabitr".

PKD spent the last eight years of his life transcribing his beam of pink light information from 1974. This came from V.A.L.I.S. (Vast Active Living Intelligence System). On a related note, Jamen talks about radical collective intelligence. And BAM! mountain climbing journal (why ITR exists in the first place). All I mean by that is that I am not solving anything, I am climbing. But, by climbing, I am using a prism to beam pink light. By that I mean I am writing. And, writing, at least a journal, was a luxury that a mountain climber could afford. How does this relate? I just mean that it is worthwhile to let that pink light hit me and to write down my 8,000 pages. I probably do have 8,000 pages I bet, all told, or could have by the end.

So the answer is that the emotion was loss of identity. I am a conduit climber with no solutions.

#pink beam #pink light #pkd



2018-05-01 • Subject • Waiting for the Fish • LR

One might think it would be futile to iterate around our predicament over and over again as though I might find a piece of fish sticking out of the crab pot instead of just that stinky can tethered to the bottom of the cage. Well, I think I found a piece of fish. It fits the stuff I've learned in the past.

Oil pretty much blew us up. It got us to the moon. It gave us more entertainment than we could possibly imagine 50 years ago. Oil gave us nuclear power and Elon Musk's ventures. It gives us our food. But it wasn't just oil, it was a faith, an economic faith that we were sold. And this economic faith managed to tilt just about everything. You all know what I think about that. I also don't believe there is anything we can do about it, despite Jamen's ideas.

Where is that piece of fish? Here is the thought. I'm nibbling on it now. I've mentioned it before, but never so specifically, and usually draped in PKD's pink insanity. We are making a beam of information, an explosion. This will survive us. Maybe some humans will survive collapse. I tend to think Guy is correct in his additive positive feedback loops, including the doozy with global dimming. It will be a grim life.

Nothing I believe, nothing that I've grown up with in the luxury of the last 100 years will be the same. There is nothing I can truly prepare for. There is nothing I can do to stop it. None of the people I consider great have anything to say about it. Well, perhaps W. Y. Evans-Wentz or Carl Jung... maybe... but I feel like I am corrupted beyond anything that is real by my upbringing and my illusions. Dostoevsky? (How could I deny him?) Regardless, none of this could last, not at this exploding rate.

Waiting for the fish... Here I am, part of this intense explosion of information, science, and entertainment 24x7. We really are exploding. It really is much like light. We are exploding and will provide light in the future. What an

interesting species we are. BOOM... light and transformed ... everything. And tail lights, still, bright red tail lights that will stay lit for a long time to come.

Sorry... that is about it. I used to be fascinated by that picture from the sky showing the US at night with the lights from the city. I thought it was beautiful. I had it hung on my wall for years. I got it from a professor I had in a class on urban geography. He didn't want it any more, and when I told him how much I liked it, he said I could have it.

It is strange, though, to take this piece of fish. It is much easier to just clamor around about that deceitful can with the holes in the side that first attracted me to the cage. How about you? Tasty fish or smelly old can of deceit?

#collapse #pink_beam



2018-05-05 • Subject • The Desolation of Peace • LR

I am generally propelled forward, sustained by lies I tell myself and am told by others, small lies that have the cumulative effect of giving me purpose. There are lies inside of lies. Sure, there are always local truths that go with the lies, like if you apply pressure to the wound it will help to stop the bleeding, or to dive for cover when you hear the pfluph of a mortar; however, pause once to question why all of the blood or why we are fighting, expose the white milky roots of lies to the sun, and the truth reveals nothing but smoking rubble. There is no agenda, no sustenance, no motivation, no war, no lies, just grey, crumbled concrete and rebar amid miles of desolate peace.

#eddies



2018-05-08 • Dream • Unintelligible Jokes • LR

Sean and I showed up at my Mom's house for a party. Where there used to be a large back porch, it was closed in. Sean pointed out that there was another porch off of the main porch. I noticed that each patio and sub-patio had brickwork in a pattern. After dinner we sat around on couches and floor in a circle. There was a man that was joking with Lisa, who sat across the room glaring at me. The man wasn't very funny, and I realized that he was drunk. He fell on the floor after looking around and making one of his unintelligible jokes. Eventually he passed out in front of a couch. Either he was covered in thin, yellow plastic, or the couch was, but I helped him up onto the coach and told him that he should sleep it off there so that he didn't hurt his neck.

#yellow



2018-05-09 • Journal • Puzzling Glimpses • LR

I haven't remembered my dreams much for almost four years. I have had some dreams, and I have written them down, but nowhere near like the flood of dreams from 2008-2013. I haven't written down a dream in a year or so it seems. One thing is that I haven't had richer memory of my dreams, just puzzling glimpses like a small pun or circumstance.

Yesterday I woke up with an interesting dream and declared such. Sean told me to write it down, and I grumbled, as I hadn't had coffee yet and didn't want to boot up my laptop. Sean reminded me that I was all about writing down dreams and told her to do it every time she dreamed. I did write it down. It was somewhat foggy and halted in wording.

Today I had a more detailed dream and wrote it down. I have experienced this before where the first step of writing down a dream leads to more memory of dreams and a better ability to remember detail and keywords. The dreams become richer with more symbols and more frequently are remembered after you start writing.

It is almost like there is an aspect of my psyche that gets excited that I'm listening at all and starts to enunciate, share more, and talk louder. It may also simply be that I'm listening.



2018-05-12 • Journal • Knee Bubble • LR

I have been walking almost every day between 3 and 8 miles since 2002, partly for health, and partly to work things through in my head. Some days, some weeks, some months, the best thing over that time is my walk. It brings me much joy. I can be angry and ready to flush everything and by the time I get back from my walk I am a sane, even-keeled person (for me). I've walked on and off for my head since 1990 on Royal Ave. - I think that was when I first started going for long walks; however, it has been a ritual, a required part of my mental and physical health since 2002.

I got a new job in January, and my walks have been longer. The commute often requires early arrival and late departure, and I was able to justify the longer walk. There was something that I tapped into, though. I suspect that it is related to the fact that this is the same route I walked in 2002 and so I found an itch under my skin, in my head, something that I scratched and it scratched more the more I scratched, and I stubbornly pushed myself to get through and relieve whatever it was. Part of me wanted to push this further and further to scratch until I broke. I feel it as I think back.

A month or so ago I stressed my knee on a long Saturday walk. I had had a bit too many pints of IPA and went for the walk with a friend afterwards. That night I was feeling rambunctious and jumped onto the bed, landing on my knee. It appeared that my knee immediately started filling up with fluid. I don't know if I just hadn't noticed or not, but it had a bubble of about a third of a cup that I could push back and forth around my knee.

Sean and I agreed I should take it easy on my knee, and I did, but I still went on my walks. In fact, that Monday I went on the longer walk, all the way around along the river and back across through the park. My knee hurt, but I needed the walk that day. I walked less and less, but my knee wasn't getting any better. It was often warm to the touch and the fluid wouldn't go away.

A week ago Sean said that she felt really strongly that I should go to a doctor and get it looked at and drained. I didn't want anybody to do that. I didn't want a needle stuck in my knee. Yes, I'm stubborn, but it is more that I want to understand the limits of my body and learn how to deal with it. I think that doctors have their place, but I've done pretty well so far avoiding them. I declared that I could stay off of it, and it would get better. If it didn't I would go to the doctor. Sean told me that I needed to keep it elevated and stay off of it, so I did.

I spent the whole week, mostly, keeping off of it with my leg raised in the air. My work was flexible enough to let me work from home. I am writing this with my leg up, my monitor on its arm at an angle, and sitting at somewhat uncomfortable position that is about the best I can do. The logistics of typing with your leg in the air are difficult. I can do it with my laptop on the couch, but if I do that I can only do emails and other things that don't take full-tilt diagrams and data entry and such.

Well, today Sean admits that it is much better. She didn't tell me this last week, but she said today that this is the first time in 25 years of nursing that she saw anybody get rid of that much fluid. It isn't warm now. It still hurts if I stand still. In fact, I did notice that when the fluid goes down it hurts more. It is much better, though. I'm not sure I can walk like I used to. Also, I need to lose a bunch of weight. I know this is a big part of the stress. I intend to continue my stubborn streak, tap into it, and lose the weight.

#royal ave #sean



2018-05-15 • **Subject** • **ketchup** • **L R**

A hotdog, a regular hotdog. The secret ektoplasmic desire forms in my psyche, grown from marketing's worm. I just want a regular bun and a regular hotdog. I want to pay a buck at a minor league game and catch the hotdog with one hand when the guy throws it at me. That is what I want. What is the brand name that makes the most sense to eat? I don't know what kind of meat, exactly, is in the various brands, and I don't want to, but there is one brand I still remember the jingle to, no it isn't the brand that has a fleet of cars, no. It has beef in the name and it is exactly

the kind that is tossed at a ballpark, wrapped in silver foil. I'll put a stripe of yellow mustard on the side of it, just yellow mustard, proper yellow mustard. I'll keep my hot dog pristine. It will taste perfect.

#yellow



2018-05-28 • Subject • Ramen • LR

"Can we play one last game of Yahtzee, GG?"

"OK, one more game, but your grandpa is picking you up soon, so I want you to put on your shoes and bring your things in from the bedroom."

Sam went into her bedroom and got his duffle bag and the plastic model of a Saturn V rocket that she had given him as a birthday present. Virginia had let him have the bed and slept on the couch. Along the hallway to the bedroom there was a purple heart hung under a picture of her son who died on a bombing raid in Germany.

"All done!", Sam shouted as he jumped up onto the vinyl and metal chair. The Yahtzee box was still sitting out on the table from last night and they played a game. Just as they finished, Sam's grandpa waved through the window. Virginia opened the door.

"Hi mom," Frederick said, and they both hugged and kissed.

"Hi Grandpa", Sam said as he wrapped his arms around his grandpa's waist,"We played Yahtzee, and I won twice." Frederick winked at his mom, "Was Sam behaved?"

"Oh yes, he is always such a good boy. I wish he would visit more."

"Maybe he will come down next summer. Well, mom, we have to go. I'll see you at Royal Fork buffet tomorrow?"

"Yes, Frederick, tomorrow. 5 o'clock. I'll bring Mabel with me."

Sam and her son left. She was hungry, and didn't have any food in the house, so she decided to take the bus to the grocery store. She put her arm through the handles of a shopping bag that she picked off of a hook near the door, made a half-circle to look around her apartment, and left. As she passed the courtyard pool she waved at the kids in the pool who were playing and splashing. The bus arrived just as she got to the stop.

She had five dollars in her coin purse that she held tightly against her blue tweed dress with her left hand as she stepped carefully out of the bus, leaning forward as she reached down with her foot until it rested on the concrete. She let her hand slide down the handrail a bit as she eased onto the sidewalk and then finally let go.

She smiled at the rush of cool air as she entered the supermarket. She picked up a small orange, smelled it, put it back, and found another one she liked and put it in her shopping bag. She walked slowly down the end of the aisles until she found the coffee and tea isle. There was a sale on Lipton tea. 100 bags for \$2.99. The orange was thirty cents. She had enough for ramen.

The ramen had been on sale that month, and there was a big hole in the facing. The ramen had to be re-shelved throughout the month, but some of the ramen had repeatedly fell out of the boxes and were slightly crushed. Virginia reached for the first row of beef flavor and felt the edge of the ramen package, running her fingers over the plastic wrapper that covered the noodles, feeling the shape of the ramen.

"These noodles are new and pressed. Nothing loose," she whispered to nobody. "I need the tiny, loose ringlets of noodles." She found another package of chicken flavor and ran her her hand across the top of the package, frowned, picked up another, and another without keeping any. When she put back the shrimp flavored ramen she noticed the packages that had fallen down towards the back. She saw a floor dust mop that somebody left leaning against the other aisle and poked at the ramen in the back to pull it forward.

She gently squeezed the edge of the ramen with her fingers and smiled. She held the ramen bag up to her ear and shook it. "Ringlets!, loose ramen ringlets," she beamed, walked up to the register, took the bag off of her arm, and dumped out the orange, tea, and ramen. She paid, \$3.86 total for all, with tax, and took the bus home.

As she entered her apartment, the cuckoo poked repeatedly out of the clock door and sang 7 o'clock. She put water in a pot and set it to boil on the stove for the ramen. She ran some instant hot water into a mug from the dispenser that Frederick had put in for her and put a tea bag in to steep. She cut open the end of the ramen bag and dumped it out on the counter. Her eyes twinkled with glee as small broken pieces of ramen tumbled out over three broken chunks of noodle clumps. "Oooo... Perfect."

She pushed at the pile of noodles with her hand, looked around the kitchen, and saw the still-open Yahtzee box on the table. She put the lid of the Yahtzee box under the lip of the counter, brushed the noodles into the lid, and dumped the noodles into the pot of boiling water. She sat down in the chair and smiled as she drank her tea and ate her orange, waiting for the noodles to finish.

#gg #grandpa



2018-05-31 • Dream • Wine Rotator • L R

I was in a strange room that felt like a ski lodge. It had a wine opener in the center of the room that you pulled a handle on and it would automatically rotate the bottle around and open the next bottle.

I started talking with somebody and they said that I had quit my job. I thought back, and I didn't remember quitting my job. Further, I was a bit upset that I had, because nothing really wrong had happened.

#wine



2018-06-02 • Subject • Kantors • L R

Both last night and early this morning, when I felt Sean and I were strained, our relationship was, when I closed my eyes I went back to the trip to the Kantors. What is odd about this is that it is when something in me changed dramatically. What I am guessing is that it was simply that I met Sean. It is odd that I can pull on that memory as though it was attached to my life line, my umbilical cord. (kind of like being pulled back to the planet).

#sean #umbilical_cord



2018-06-02 • **Dream** • **Two Layers Down** • **L R**

I dreamed I woke up and Sean and I were at odds. Sean was snoring and sleeping next to me. I went into the bathroom and the toilet was full of poop, piss, tp, and water. There was toilet paper thrown up around the toilet in piles. I realized that Sean had decided that she didn't like the trash can, so she just filled up the entire area around the toilet with soiled paper. I came back into the bedroom, and she was sleeping. I screamed at her but realized that (real life) I was actually asleep and laying on my face.

Also, around this time, I had a semi-waking vision of my knees. I could see a diagram of how the bones fit together. There was a cartoon-like diagram of red inflammation pulsing between the bones. I needed to get the inflammation to calm down.

#sean



2018-06-09 • Subject • Red Rope • L R

The red rope glows and fades from the swirl of decades.

The last red whip lashed out and bit me like a Balrog, and then nothing.

Nothing, nothing but ten thousand years of desolation.

Dead silent. Nothing stirring in the empty, dark room. No blame. No motion.

Then you came and filled the room with electric white, 10,000 rivulets of colored rope weaving through my soul, my life, my love.

#sean



2018-06-15 • Journal • Best Two Beers • L R

I just had the best two beers in memory, and two weeks ago I gave up beer. My week was difficult to get through emotionally, just ups and downs at work. It ended up on a high note. I have also been having some difficulties with Bobo. He is turning into a considerate, thoughtful, and kind young man, but there are some struggles with school and other household kinds of things.

I can't really say exactly why the week was so draining, but I had a hard time even making it all the way home. When I got home, Bobo was on the patio because he had forgot his key and his cell phone wasn't charged. He is allergic to grass, so he sat out on the patio for an hour waiting for me and rubbing his eye. My knee has been sore, so I haven't been keeping the grass down. It is waist high in some parts of the yard.

I stopped to get some beer at the gas station. They stock New Belgium beers, so I got some IPA and topped off the gas in my truck. I grabbed the mail, put a beer in the freezer to cool, figuring Bobo had already left for his Friday Magic the Gathering Gathering, checked work email, and heard a rap on the back window. It was Bobo on the porch. His right eye was swollen shut. He asked me if I could drive him to his weekly card game, and I said sure, put my beer in the fridge instead, and drove him. He was quite grateful.

An hour later from when I first got home, I pulled two beers from the fridge and went to the backyard. I sat under the Horse Chestnut tree and drank my beer, looking over the purple Hollyhock that Sean and I grew from seed that I gathered from Wizard park. I looked past the house, over the wisteria that Yvette and I planted, at the giant Madrona tree across the street that hovers like a go-dog-go tree over the horizon of the house.

The neighbors in back, through the fence, were playing acoustic guitar. A five-year-old girl, the daughter of the guitar player, was playing one of those rattly round things. The man's brother was playing drums. My neighbor on the other side, who, without fail, will wander his yard drinking beer, smoking, and talking with somebody he works with at his construction company, was gossiping, pacing back and forth.

I listened to the guitar, looked at the quince tree, and savored one of the perfect moments. I drank my beer and listened to the brothers play and tell stories to the girl. Eventually the brother decided to climb the Chestnut tree. The girl wanted to follow him, but he said, no, there were probably better trees for a person her size to climb. He climbed about twenty feet up in the tree. As he climbed down I looked up at him, smiled, and waved. He said "Oh, hi!" and smiled back. But, the fact that I was there spoiled the magic, and the music stopped. The other neighbor stopped his gossiping on his phone, and I saw a lone bird fly across the sky towards the Madrona.

#beer #bobo #sean



2018-06-16 • Subject • Are Images Like Bigsite? • LR

I'm working on my journal, and one of the interesting problems is what to do with images. A reasonable solution is HTML, and it is even possible to embed text as images in HTML using base64 encoding. I could go into the technical issues about journal entries further, but let me just say that plain text and tags, dates, titles is elegant. In fact, I think that I might refuse images altogether, just remove them.

There is one entry I have from roughly a year ago, back when Bobo was playing Yugioh in Shoreline. I walked down a path under the power lines that I discovered. I took pictures and even a video, and it turned into the majority of the story. I puzzled a bit over how to deal with journal entries that revolved around images, and I thought what it

would have been like without images. I would have had to describe the crow statue, and what it meant to me. I would have had to describe the air and the color of the sky, as well as the low rumble of Aurora Avenue. And, see, right there we have more dimensions.

I've also been wondering what happens if I let Prime expire. Yeah... that cracks me up too, that I have become so reliant on something that I would object to on principle. Here is the thing, though, is the texture of what I do richer if I make a choice to refuse images and Prime? There are some similarities. It seems like pictures are a quick and easy way to capture something that *appears* real. Bam! I'm done. There I am enjoying something fun, or here is a selfie. It isn't that this stuff is bad, it is just that the texture is different. Plus, back to the elegance thing, if I refuse images because the elegance of the journal format seems better to me, is that true? Is it true for others? (It doesn't matter, much, because my journal is mostly for me anyway).

#mcj



2018-06-16 • Journal • Outraged Southern Grandma • LR

There is some old spaghetti from four days ago or so that has been providing various meals for me. Neither Sean or Bobo will generally eat leftovers. I remembered a story Sean told me about her mom making fried spaghetti in the morning with eggs, and it seems like that would be a good home for the final bit.

Normally I like to consider that my anima is Medusa. I have had some intense waking experiences with her. One time I even saw her out of the corner of my eye coming down the escalator in 4th and Madison building. It turned out it was just a goth woman with some snake adornments; however, this was at a time when I was having many experiences with Medusa.

Sean and I talked more about the fried spaghetti and what her mom considered goulash, and I offered that my cooking was quite similar to her mom. Sean said, "yes, but she also made the best fried chicken, and you haven't made that."

I bristled, "I have made you fried chicken, and you said it was the best you have ever had."

"But you deep fried it. You didn't make it in a pan."

"What's the difference? Both are fried in oil."

Sean laughed, "Baby you have fire pouring out of your eyes. I'm sorry. You did make the best fried chicken I've ever had."

I think perhaps my anima is an outraged southern grandma now.

#anima #bobo #medusa #sean



2018-06-21 = Journal = Cookie Crush = LR

A month or so ago, Sean was on a mission to create nanner pudding (banana pudding). It is her favorite dessert. We got bananas, Nilla Wafers and other nanner pudding ingredients. The bananas came and went, committing murder-suicide via chemicals manifest as brown spots. One day I was drinking a beer(s), and I had a sudden urge to pound on the Nilla wafer box, just crush all of the cookies inside the box. Sean, to my surprise, gave me permission, so I beat the box with fury and vigor. It was quite satisfying.

The box stayed on the counter, slightly flattened, but intact. Sean found a recipe that used crushed Nilla Wafers and made it for Bobo and I. We liked it. We ate it all in a couple days. I'd have it with coffee to accentuate the caffeine, and Bobo had some after school. It was a layered dessert with pudding, crushed cookies, and Cool Whip. Sean flew to Texas to see her dad and eat real nanner pudding, and the leftover Cool Whip stayed in the fridge.

Sean is gone this evening, visiting her son. Bobo wandered into the kitchen and asked if there was a "sugary thing". He clarified that he didn't want just sugar. We rifled around through the freezer and I found the unused Nilla Wafer

crumbs in a ziplock bag. I showed them to Bobo and he was a bit confused, but agreeable, "What do I do? Eat them with a spoon?"

I then remembered that I still had animal crackers in the cupboard that I had convinced Sean to purchase on one of our grocery runs, and said, "Oh, I have something much better." But, Bobo said he thought that the crumbs sounded more delicious, that animal crackers could barely be called a kind of cookie. "Could I have them in a bowl?" he asked.

I poured out a third of the bag into the bowl, and remembered the Cool Whip. Bobo started cracking up, but he loved the idea. After I spooned it on he said, "This is like one of those 'Expectations vs. Reality pictures.' Sean's dessert would be the expectation picture, but our version is reality. I poured some crumbs into the Cool Whip container and we stood in the kitchen eating our dessert and laughing about how things were when Sean was gone.

#bobo #sean



2018-06-23 • Subject • Too Dense • LR

I woke up at 4am and had an insight that I was becoming too dense, and that my density made me irrelevant. Mostly I mean this from a work perspective, in that I feel more and more that the density of what I add to a role is not needed. But I also get this on a personal level, in that I often feel in conversation that I am becoming a bore to many. It isn't that I want to change the recipe, it is that I understand and accept this and modify my presentation of the "bread". I started with the second and third paragraph and wrote the first sentence of the first paragraph before I went back to sleep. I actually took action on the insight this morning, and I removed the long rambling bit I had posted on linkedin about technical stuff I did when I wasn't working. There are also some other tangible things I can do with this insight, in that I can back off from offers of advice, particularly dense advice, in the majority of cases. Usually people need a few sentences with one thing to decide on or one point to digest. They don't need four paragraphs with a bread that takes a half hour to chew and savor. Well, I'm eating in to the article, so I better get on with it. Most of below is all 4am, so take it with salt.

Imagine that you own a restaurant and want to serve toast with breakfast fare. You shop around the bakeries that deliver, and find a company that delivers a slightly dark bread between white and whole wheat for 79 cents a loaf. The bakery has only been in business for a few years, but they are eager to supply bread. There is another bakery that has been adding ingredients and slightly changing the recipe for five decades, and supplies a loaf of bread for \$2.34 that has several seeds and is baked in a modified version of the Essenes method. Once, several years ago, you purchased a loaf just to see, and when the delivery driver dropped it off, the driver explained about the Dead Sea Scrolls. The bread, while it did taste good, was not popular with the customers. The bread was too dense, and it took too long to accept delivery from the driver.

My density makes me irrelevant. I am irrelevant. I tell people stories about myself that they tire of hearing. I am irrelevant to most, I suppose. I'm not fishing, here. I'm trying to get a handle on what is happening more and more with how I experience the world. This happens to me at work, when talking to people on the bus, almost anything. If there is something that truly interests me, the large majority of the time it is lost on people. If you are reading this here, this means that you are some of the more tolerant people, likely my friends.

While I might think that my density is important, for instance, I'm writing this now on my journal, and it looks beautiful (to me). While I sometimes understand my own motivation and story, I can't expect it to be useful to others. What does density mean? Well, it means that I have ten versions of story and experience behind an idea that make my interactions dense. I can learn, yes, but it will be a slower learn from the outside, and seem less flexible.

#work



2018-06-23 • Subject • Focus • LR

Now it is 10am. I got more sleep, had more coffee, finished the dense bread article, posted it, and now... now what is next? Here is the odd thing. At work they have a program where you are supposed to talk about goals. I wrote honestly about it. When you fill out the questionnaire you get points and with enough points you get money contributed monthly to your health insurance. Between this and some challenges that I've had interacting with people, it has played into my 4am thoughts about being too dense as well as got me thinking about what comes next.

If the bread I want to bake is the dense kind, that is fine. But, it will isolate me more over time and lead to problems at work. True, there is probably work bread and personal bread. For most of my life I have made the distinction. I didn't expect to get paid for finishing my Z-80 homebrew computer. I got paid to sell CP/M computers, and when I went back to my cabin I would breadboard my computer via solar power. I remember on one date when I had moved into campus housing, I showed a woman my homebrew computer, and she fled in horror from my torrent of technical explanation and later paying me back for her share of the date.

Focus... focus... The job part is relatively easy, as long as I remember to offer a more consumable bread. But I have something I want to share that doesn't have to be dense. I always make it dense. I always make it so dense it is irrelevant. I can imagine how I can present it in a way that is useful, and the bread idea is perfect. Offer tiny wedges of wonder bread at first, with jam and peanut butter. Everybody loves those. Maybe biscuits and honey. It doesn't mean there aren't breadcrumbs to Essene bread if you follow along through the dense woods. It doesn't mean I can't layer metaphor and analogies as many deep as I wish. It just means that the entire top layer is understood, accessible, useful, and anybody can grok it without investing a day to hear the story of Essene Bread before taking delivery of the first loaf.

#work



2018-06-24 • Subject • DataOps • L R

I am spending some time going over my fractured journal efforts this morning. The *best* thing about a journal is that you don't have to relearn things if you are willing to look back. By fractured, I mean any number of attempts or stores of journal, public or private, that were not the core 1990-2002 period. Mainly, everything from 2008 on is fractured into likely 100 journal efforts. The particular area this morning I found was the period where I left my old job in 2017. It started with my visit to Moses Lake and continued through until I accepted a job at my current place of employ. Here is what I learned: like my tendency towards silver bullet tech, I constantly migrate towards the application as the focus of my effort. The problem is that I have settled in a different spot application-wise than is practical or interesting to others. This has always been the case.

A good example of silver bullet tech, if you are not aware of the term is LFTR. Right now China could well be first to market with the device in the late 2020s. There is another effort run under the name ThorCon Power that I would pick as promising. It is easy to picture a world where Tesla cars charge up with globally sourced reactors. There is an allure in silver bullet tech. It reminds me of the allure of many short-range tactical approaches. Even as I research this, briefly, I can feel that heart-flutter of hope. I want to hope. Unfortunately, I believe in something else. I won't iterate through why I believe that some kind of Tesla-ThorCon world is a dream. The answer is long. Go to the FB Peak Oil group if you want to learn more. Credoeconomics is another balanced source of info. You could ask me, I suppose, but while I am passionate about it, I have no hope that my answers would help anything. This is not my priority or focus. All I can say is that if you want to attack our geopolitical problems, look at the assumptions of economics that you have, as well as the supply chain. Simpler: "Where does stuff comes from?", "Where do we want to be as a civilization in relation to the planet?"

But back to the main idea of this post, which is that I seem to have a lagging silver bullet propensity I'm vanquishing within my personal tech work. Just to show you an example, here are is what I'm working with:

Number one priority of all is keeping Bobo with the kids he grows up and people support from. Simpler: don't move around. Let him form friendships that will last his lifetime without moving to a small, isolated city. Pointed: don't

give him the experience I had, where I changed schools and neighborhoods every few years and had to start over (for some reason I changed schools twice as often). This is related to my intention to not pass on my pessimism. I often fail at this, lose track and get lost, yet it is my number one priority.

Number two priority is to let myself love. Love takes work. I know that this is a truism. I have a tendency to want to cover myself up with a dryer lid (a bit from my journal that I'll post after this) and retreat. I have failed to an extreme extent around this for much of my life. At a certain point, perhaps in 2014, I realized that I didn't let myself love. I didn't think it was a priority. (Pretty horrible realization right there.)

Number three is to share what I've learned. This one is tricky, though. Ooooo... this one is a deceiver. Many people like to read my writing, but it needs to be writing and not so much a monologue. This post is in-between. Unfortunately for me, I complicate this by what I think is needed. Writing is often for my benefit, and not others; however, if what I do doesn't benefit others (and the beautiful garden planet), why am I here? Just for plastic, as George Carlin points out? The reason that this is so deceiving is that the meaning of this tends to be over-stressed. I have this form of comic book hero view of my life and meaning, almost like a silver bullet tech equivalent in our culture (my culture at least), as though we will do that great thing. My mountain climbing metaphor nails the approach correctly in that I will never know. I am honored to climb.

That is probably enough for priorities. The first one alone will take all of the focus and effort I can muster. I have failed this multiple times *in my mind*, but I manage, somehow, to stay true. What do these priorities mean, though, and how does it relate to what I do going forward?

I don't want to spend money - nothing, nada. I am cancelling everything and saving so that I hit my number one priority. Number two, well, that has nothing to do with money or where I live, besides I want to live with my lover. Number three? I can do that anywhere, or should be able to. It should fit with one and two, of course. OK... now the breadcrumbs go through dense woods to dense bread, beware.

I didn't get into it too much above, but there is a problem with sharing what I know. I want it to be persistent. Paper is not persistent. A web application built on frameworks is not persistent. Now... a computer operating system is truly amazing. It is also a large part of what I've learned. I have a division of writing and tech that are woven like the plum tree out front that Sean is weaving together. Richard Stallman, the single most positively influential person on the planet in the history of humans (I actually believe this due to the power of copyleft and his code) made it possible to persist information. Now, likely you could include Phil Zimmermann and Tim Berners-Lee because of the breadth of their technical reach, and how they prioritized their passion over business. You could add in, say, Dennis Ritchie. Richard Stallman, though, is likely required for persistence. The others just added color, features, wheelbarrows, and water.

Persistence. What do I mean? Well, first off, at the first level, data structures can persist when written by making copies. Monks might copy illustrated manuscripts. My writing, at this point, and I'm going with the Crowley approach of more of *all* and let the reader sort it out rather than architecting an artistic purpose, is too much to copy by writing. I need a computer. Plus, I like tags and key-value pairs. True, I have a specialized KVP. As an example, if I want to tag a period that seems interesting and give it a name like the Do Easy idea of Pullman cars, I need a period=. Mostly I use tags. Some versions of my journals use tags of person, place, thing, and time. Time is actually wrong, I think, at this point. Really what I meant was a time period. I was trying to be consistent. Another KVP would be whether an entry is pure journal, subject, dialog, memory, or dream. Date of origin, date of update and title of the article are other KVPs. I am getting away from distinguishing people, places, and things as separate categories of tags. So, for me, persistence means the ability to replicate and render with meaning individual articles with tags and KVPs.

The first level of sharing is the writing itself, no matter how recursive it gets (talking about the tools that create the writing, etc.). The second level is how to read my writing in 100 years. At the most basic level, this is, or could be, simply a standard like UTF-8. I could export as text and put the tags below. The issue with this that I have is that I don't want to share everything with everybody. Some things I might not want share until I am dead. I remember Torvalds used to say that real men backed up their stuff by putting it up on the internet to be mirrored by others. There is a hybrid, here. I can put my stuff up in a way that only needs a key to be secure. I can tell I'm getting a bit bogged down here and running out of steam. What it comes down to, though, is the challenge of how to persist a

computer operating system. I've known this for years. This is why some versions of my journal include the steps to compile an operating system for the journal.

I want to be clear that it isn't because my writing is so important or anything. It is that it is how I am moving through the web with my click of life. You can tell me you want to read it, or that it means a lot to you. That is great. It makes me happy to hear that. You can tell me any number of things, like TL;DR, and I'll nod in agreement. Keeping a journal, though, is something that I can do as a climber, and it fits in with the first and second priorities. At the same time, though, with what I think about collapse and changing tech, persistence is a big issue, at least for me. Would I write so much if all of this is gone and nobody would ever read? Well, it is third priority, so *perhaps not*. I didn't used to think this. I used to think that a private journal was important. It is good to be able to keep things private, sure, but would I write this piece just for me? No. Don't confuse that with importance, though. I just put it out there. I might fix chinks in the web, I might not. I will never know. Also, because of priority one, public and private need to be segmented.

I have rolled the writing vs. tech thing around in my head for years. I can keep the tech simple enough and accessible enough to make it persist. I have some assumptions, here, and some other constraints. First off, 32 bit x386 machines with, say, 512MB or more RAM, are going to be available in the landfills and garages of the world for 100 years. Further, nobody will fight for them, and they will be affordable. Ubuntu's last LTS release is only 64 bit. Plus, say that you only have access to 64 bit tech. Everything right now can read 32 bit, at least with the current generation. Further, by encapsulating the data into a format that can be read on any OS currently, I'm safe there. I'll get to the tech punchline: 16.04 Ubuntu LTS w/ a full collection of binary packages is pretty persistent, particularly if the data structures an format is well documented.

Another issue with collapse is the internet and cloud resources. Web applications turn out to be quite reliant on broad interdependencies across various cloud providers and code stores. Anything I do should be able to be done with a pile of stuff and no internet connection.

I need to get to the end, here, on this article. My journal has now become coupled with DataOps. That is, I provide a data operations platform and instructions available offline for how to operate a system that can read my writing. This is third priority, so the timeline is incremental over my lifetime and iterative in completeness. I do not have the time or energy, within my priorities, to spend too much time on a super application that will take into account the latest silver-bullet idea I have. Usually within a few years or unknown to me at the time, the idea is put out there anyway, and somebody does a project around it and gets a handful of users. Few are tackling this in the way I intend, though, the most Do Easy way of DataOps within the context of my journal.

#bobo #crowley #dataops #kvps #love #mountain climbing #persistence #pit #stallman #william s burroughs



2018-06-26 • Journal • What Happened? • LR

When I have a dream, I come up with the title after I write it, usually, but when I write a journal entry, the title is first. Just an observation. Often I wind around and around until I get to the title with a journal entry.

Sean is on the bus. I worked from home, so I can pick her up from the grocery store. Bobo took off on his own to the gaming place to play Magic. That is new. He just takes the bus there and back. Tonight is a bit of a first because he has to catch his own bus back rather than me picking him up.

What happened? Well, I've been thinking about different types of economies and how it relates to oil. It came up at lunch with a friend the other day (yeah... probably I'm a bore to eat lunch with sometimes). My problem is that the more I think about how things work, the more sense they make. For instance, in this conversation I was talking about how economics, mostly, relies on the fact that economies grow. If our growth is flat, for instance, in our economy, things break. The fact that oil will peak *real soon now*, perhaps about the time that Jesus comes, who is also, I have on good authority, coming real soon now - this fact means that we will likely hit the skids on growth simply by definition, since most everything comes from oil.

But here is the thing. What about command economies? These would be communist economies, mainly. Isn't it possible to simply plan investment and what is available to consume? Then I thought about oil. It makes sense that

command economies didn't work as well, since without limits there are no blocks in the various feedback loops. That is, our economy, without any kind of government constraints or guidance, is the most efficient way to use up everything. So, maybe we need to reconsider command economies to avoid the kind of predicament we are in. I dunno... it makes sense to me. My big problem is totalitarian governments in times of scarcity. I'm afraid I'll be buried in the killing fields.

#cambodia



2018-06-29 • Journal • Trying to Play • L R

There was a going away party at work today, so I attempted to mingle. I edged over to the table where the product managers were (for those of you unclear on product managers, they are kind of like every single role in one minus the developer, at least where I work). I tried to keep quiet, because sometimes I talk too much trying to break the ice or get to know somebody.

I listened, and we had some good back and forth conversation, and then we got to games we had played. Mostly I could relate with games that Bobo had played, which led to League of Legends which led to AI beating the best players which went to Skynet. At Skynet I volunteered that we would never get there. We would never hit the singularity. We would never hit Skynet. Our supply chains would collapse, the global economy would collapse before then. What started as a somewhat optimistic idea (not Skynet from AI singularity) became a bit of a bummer, I guess. I got all excited. Then... everybody left and I was left alone.

I'll have to practice that "keeping quiet" a bit more.

#work



2018-06-30 • Dream • Basement Punish • L R

I went to use the toilet and Yvette had left some clean clothes on the top of the seat. When I bumped the seat, some of the clothes got wet. I pushed the rest into the toilet so that it was worse than it really was, as I was mad at Yvette for leaving the clothes there. I then went through the house loud enough so that Yvette would realize what she had done. I wanted to punish her.

Then Yvette turned into Sean, and I wanted to go to the basement to work on my stuff on my own, and I didn't want her to sidetrack me on the way. It was a bit of a juggle... just enough to punish, but not enough to prevent me from going into the basement. As I went down the stairs I noticed the grey paint as I walked down, and saw the shape of the boards, slightly rounded on the edge.

2018-12-30: The SeaTac house had grey paint on the stairs with a rounded edge.

#sean #yvette



2018-07-06 • Journal • Nutritional Yeast • LR



Bobo is at the gaming shop for a launch of some 2019 Magic cards. Sean is in Bremerton with her son. I stayed home and am working on my journal software.

I ate beer nuts and cottage cheese, mostly, today, but for dinner I made a pot of noodles, broccoli, hamburger, extra Thai sauce from Sean's "cashew chicken with sauce on the side" order, nutritional yeast and Nancy's yogurt. The flavor is actually quite good. It almost tastes Indian.



2018-07-10 • Subject • Plane Crash • LR

Many things are crystalizing for me today after a dream I had, which I am supposed to be focused on writing down. I want to capture the related threads, though, so I am indulging myself in a few rants and reactions as I relate it back to the dream. The post about Blue Frontiers got me thinking about what I was doing. What was it that I found so objectionable? It reminded me of the Oatmeal Gene Roddenberry story.

I always enjoy this for many reasons. First off, it is a good story for advice on how to act. I don't actually take that advice, as I usually tell people the plane is crashing, so I don't know why I find it such a good story. I also tend to think it is somewhat ironic, in that Roddenberry then went on to tell the biggest white lie of all, Star Trek, as the whole plane went down. Seriously, we could have stopped the plane crash if somebody had said, "Hey, the plane lost an engine and is going to crash." I know in the story the plane crashes anyway, but on this plane we are on we could have done quite a bit if we started when Roddenberry first came up with the idea. What is also interesting is that Star Trek was secured about the same time as Johnson's Report of The Environmental Pollution Panel, President's Science Advisory Committee, THE WHITE HOUSE, NOVEMBER 1965.

But back to me and my Blue Frontiers rant. I want to stay on the plane until it crashes and after. I don't want to drop out. I know I talk a lot, and have in the past, about just camping in Betty or swimming out past the breakers and watching the world die, but that is not what I want to do. I think that nimble data structures and analysis, as well as on-prem backup (maintaining cloud advantage) is useful as we go down and recover. Electronic journals, too, are amazing tools. I'm going to write a bit about the philosophy on that after I record my dream, but there is a form of consciousness reflection that has both Buber and other weird physicist/philosopher stuff... I have to look up the guotes... but that is later.

My point is that I want to stay on the plane. I don't want to build the magic stick cave to reassure the boy (Melancholia reference). I want to witness. I want to help as I can. I want to go down with the crash and help as I can. I will likely die from looters, a different kind of looter than the ones that are sacrificing the entire planet's ecosystem and our storage battery of fossil fuels, but scrappier looters. I'm not all guns blazing about it either, not that I have a big problem with guns, they are a natural part of collapse. I will just swing my axle if somebody tries to hurt me or my family. OK. Back to writing about my dream.

#collapse



2018-07-10 • Subject • Rant about Blue Frontiers • L R

It is efforts like this that will ensure we are FUBAR faster by sucking up remaining oil and expelling it as waste in various processes involved in the supply chain and manufacturing. These are pie-in-the sky utopias for those with power/money that remind me of the plot line of WALL-E. The real solution for the planet is a painfully difficult look at where we are now, where we want to go, and how do we get there. The numbers are insane, but it is possible. Our current political systems and the credo of current economic analysis make it impossible for me to have any faith that we will do what needs to be done. We are in overshoot at this point, so it is more like the ending of Melancholia where about the best thing we have is pretending with a stick house. And don't give me any of this "Well, at least they are trying to do something good" BS. All of that money and effort needs to be used *now* to answer the three questions as a civilization and figure out a way to make it happen (no try, do). These kinds of giving up islands, along with New Zealand and Thiel, etc. (a real island) make me extremely angry, as they have the power to do something real, but aren't. And, no, Gates solving problems of world hunger and disease isn't the right set of problems either. All attention needs to go on the three questions in the most basic terms: preserving what is left of the living planet and figuring out how humans can survive on her as well as what kind of life we will have. We can focus on requirements. We can understand where we are and where we need to go. The problem is that any real answer will need to undermine all power structures and hierarchy of our entire civilization. We have to start imploding now, decommissioning nuclear power plants, and perhaps even slowing the polar ice melt with geoengineering (I am very skeptical of that, BTW). Ugh... well that gave me a jolt of energy (metaphorically).



2018-07-10 • Dream • Woman Emerging from Manhole • LR

I was driving to work and there was a concrete access cover that spanned the narrow road. One woman in the crew of women was on the right side of the cover, and bent over towards the center, working with the tools, construction materials, and debris strewn across the cover. Drivers in cars were ignoring the workers in their bright yellow construction helmets and driving over the cover without stopping. I stopped and a woman emerged from the manhole in the center as a car drove around her. I exclaimed frustration with the drivers who were endangering the workers, as well as frustration that the workers didn't put up any road block or signs.

XX

The woman who emerged from the manhole told me I could proceed, but I would be the last car allowed to pass. She warned me that the valley would not be drivable for another week. I drove by, and as I curved around to the right I found myself swimming. I realized that the workers had flooded the entire valley by opening a valve. At first I could push myself along with my feet on the ground beneath the water, but eventually I needed to swim, because it was too deep. I pulled myself along using the branches of submerged trees. They looked like the large leafless trees that I passed on my walks in Redmond in February and March - old, with wide, gnarly trunks.

I saw an overview of the area, and could see how there used to be a river that wound back and forth through the valley that was now flooded. The overview looked like the placard at the end of Bear Creek in Redmond that makes me angry because it is so arrogant. (I am angry and ashamed about it because it shows all of the lakes, mountains, and rivers as well as lists the native American tribes that used to live there. The entire area has been transformed into office parks, a giant dog park on the delta of Lake Sammamish, a large park (Marymoore), and the consumer sprawl of Redmond Town Center. We have destroyed all of the beauty and the people that used to be there, and are now patting ourselves on the back for preserving and restoring Bear Creek while the city serves as a garish reminder of our unfettered need for ever more office parks, parking, and places to spend the loot of Redmond owners.)

I arrived in town. The town had been underwater and was recovering. There was graffiti on all of the buildings that told stories and documented the life in the town, including prices of consumer items. I thought it was odd that they would have 3.3 painted on their building in spray paint that represented the cost, but it captured their life, something that was important, like the cost of a tin of sugar or something.

One man (business owner) missed his milk delivery because of the damage from the flood. Another man painted a picture of him running towards the other guy saying, "I've got your milk" on the side of his building. I don't know if those were the exact words, but that is what the picture meant. In real life (in my dream real life vs the picture) the man got his milk because he saw the picture.

I was then in a large office room with many connecting hallways, like a conference room with many doors, but there was a front desk of some kind. The building had flooded earlier, so all of the fire alarms had to be replaced. Stu came out with Paul from Infospace and they were talking about putting in his logging system for the alarms, since they were replacing all of them anyway. Stu had long hair and looked like Mikey from the pie shop. They were walking with a crowd of people that were leaving the room, flowing through from other rooms like an evacuation or all-hands meeting.

As Stu and Paul walked by I shouted that I knew how they needed to log. They needed to use a standard protocol using Key-value pairs. Paul said they were going to use something that had an old, complicated schema, but it was a standard. I told him that this was the wrong approach, and that I knew for certain that my idea would be better.

(In my dream Stu worked at Alerton, which is where another Stu I know works now.)

I want on BizBuds after I told Sean about the dream, intending to connect with Paul, as I'd worked with him before. It turns out he is hiring. But, also, it turns out that Stuart is also hiring, and it is a job much like what I tried to get in 2009.

As I was writing this and related entries, I accidentally overwrote a file and had to restore it. This was the file:

Carved Scorecard and Hotdogs

#anima #medusa #ouroboros

Comments:

2021-10-20:

How did I miss the Medusa part of "woman emerging from man hole"? Did I know about that when I wrote it down? What a title.



2018-07-10 • Memory • Incredibles • L R

The first time that Yvette and I were able to go out on a date together and leave Bobo with somebody, we went and saw The Incredibles at The Admiral in West Seattle. I forget who we left Bobo with, perhaps it was Sophia.

I asked Bobo a couple days ago if he would like to spend some time with me, just him and I, and go do something fun together. He chose today. He also chose the movie, Incredibles 2. We then walked along Alki and had fish and chips. I didn't tell him about his mom and I seeing the first one together. We had a good time walking in the sun and talking about my life and his.

#yvette



2018-07-15 • Subject • Vehicles I've Owned • LR

Limiting to ones where I had possession of the title:

- '63 Rambler American
- '63 Rambler American
- '70 International Pickup
- '57 Chevy Pickup
- '55 GMC Pickup
- '86 Mazda Pickup new
- '75 Datsun Wagon
- '76 Toyota Wagon
- '01 Nissan Pickup new
- '96 Nissan Pickup new
- '98 Nissan Altima new
- 2005 Scion Xb new
- ~'75 Honda 350 motorcycle
- ~'74 Honda 200 motorcycle
- '66 VW Bug (Baja!)
- '84 Pusch Moped (sold model 100 to purchase)
- '8x Pusch Moped (from Sammy)
- '66 Ford Pickup
- '67 Ford Econoline Van
- '68 GMC Pickup
- '05 Hyundai Accent new
- '07 Toyota Sienna Minivan new
- '88 Nissan Sentra
- 2013 Toyota Tacoma



2018-07-15 • Memory • Great Grandpa's Log Splitter • LR

The only conversation I remember with my great grandfather, was when he showed dad and I the log splitter that he designed and built himself. I vaguely remember conversations about wood stoves and natural gas ranges, but I'm not sure about those.

#dad



2018-07-17 • Journal • Watch Battle • LR

More and more I've noticed that people will avoid eye contact with me. It is getting worse, almost aggressive. Now, from my perspective, one of my things is that I make eye contact. When I pass somebody, regardless of who they appear to be or their situation, I will make eye contact. Often I will make a slight nod. It seems to me now, though, perhaps it is because I'm older, or some other reason, like I look like the guy in Falling Down or something, people avoid eye contact altogether. I experience this quite a bit in Redmond. I notice it there more than most times. Further, the people that absolutely avoid eye contact no matter how I look at them to engage, appear to be well-to-do. They have that kind of bubble and certainty that I associate with that.



I was walking in Seattle today between dentist appointments, and a man was doing this. There is another part of it, in that these same people will walk right

through you if you don't step aside. If somebody won't look at me and wants me to step aside for them, I have an issue with that. I've knocked the shoulders of people. I'll try and just stop, as in, "Hey, go ahead and run into me. You won't acknowledge me." Sometimes I do it in motion. Lately I have *also* been obsessed with inexpensive watches. They look like the typical VP type of watch, you know, big, chronograph features, etc. Well, I hunt around for watches that cost less than \$20 shipped. Here is one of them that I was wearing today. So this guy was ignoring me, but he had one of those kind of watches. He walked straight for me, and Bobo was on my right, so I couldn't do much anyway. He was ignoring everybody in the world at this point, as it was on one of the East-West streets around Pike. His hand with his big watch swung and collided with mine. Mine was unscathed. < \$20 still buys a mineral face (shipped).

#bling



2018-07-19 • Subject • Bob and Connie • L R

We came back from WWII and just. wanted. something. sane... and some settled in like Bob Dobbs and Connie in the dream, pulling the wool over their own eyes, tying flies, living the lifestyle of Hemingway at times with scotch, cigars and, to coin a phrase from the Dead Kennedys, owned boats. Not pink, mind you, wise. Just came back from WWII and we had enough of dark and pain and horror. We covered it up. And then the fifties became a gin blur and it got tired as the boomers emerged, got disgusted because no darkness, all bland, so all kinds of interesting stuff bloomed, then got tarnished at Altamont, which, I do believe was the high water mark from Hunter S Thompson's perspective. The interesting stuff blew out after disco and we had Reagan, and another cycle. Now Jay Stevens' book Storming Heaven quite likely cuts a different swath. Don't neglect that perspective, but that is not the subject, here.

At this point 1924 Agatha is 1964 Agatha, ok? Are we thirsting again for darkness? Is the Bob and Connie sheen taken too literally and we are restless as it is misinterpreted? I know that I have ebbed and flowed on this. I relish the old John Woo movies again, where they were too harsh five years ago. We have had a similar experience, not as broad, but seventeen years of war and suffering and the weighty cloud of collapse eminent. What is it? Is it bland, or wise?



2018-07-21 = Subject = Watches = LR

Those big watches, analog, shiny, with lots of dials, are a kind of archetype I've noticed over the last ten years or so. It is different than, say, the retro Casio watch, which is what I did for many years. For me, it signifies a club you are in, a certain class of relationship - that is the archetype. Managers wear watches like this. Not necessarily technical managers, but if you want to be a VP or director, this is the kind of watch to wear. Burly-looking men drive \$50,000 pickups with their left hand pushed out from broad, naked, hairy forearms wearing watches like this. When I wear my watch, recently, I do the same thing in my 4 cylinder Tacoma. Salespeople need a watch like this. (There is another kind of watch, smaller, leather band, analog that fits a different archetype, and of course iWatch is yet another). I've wanted to have a watch like this, though,



for quite a while, just to have on hand for when I have an encounter (or job) where it is needed. I didn't think it would be affordable, though. A guy at work, VP of sales, recently got a watch that fit it perfectly. I asked him about it, and he said it was a Nixon that only cost \$200. I looked on Bigsite and found a Songdu for \$20 that fits the archetype. It has "features" namely the analog stopwatch, that make it really shine in the archetype I've observed. It is also somewhat massive. Massive is good. When I was in high school I use to wear really thin gold-tone digital Casio watches. The only watch, in my mind, that really fits the archetype is on the far right. The second one from the right is even more massive, and it fits an alternative version. It has some flair (and it says genuine leather on the band). I prefer silver to gold, now. I got the two green-faced watches (yoyorule) for Sean, and she loves it, particularly at the price. From what I can tell, they all have mineral glass faces. This all led to a flurry of purchases on Bidshop and Bigsite. Here is the list of watches I got and the batteries and costs for the watches including shipping:

orange/black curren sr626sw (377) 8.98 silver/silver curren sr626sw (377) 9.50 black/black songdu sr920sw 14.99 silver/black vigaroso lr621 14.99

(2) green yoyorule lr626 5.04

silver/silver songdu sr920sw 19.99

That is \$78.53 total for my collection of watches. I also got a \$13 kit of tools to work on them that has spare parts for the bands, a tiny hammer, little tools for the links, and other items. Batteries are really cheap, too. You can get a pack of ten batteries for \$5, or five shipped for less than \$3. I have a nice little fleet of watches, now, for any occasion, and enough batteries to last through the steep curve downward.

#watch



2018-07-21 • Journal • Gathering Journal Items • LR

I'm still gathering items for my journal. The pictures are more difficult to find than the articles themselves, as most of my articles were in a database. The pictures were on the filesystem in typical web server fashion, so they ended up getting scattered.

I had an interesting thought on this. I figure when I finally get it all put together I will be done. Really? Can that be true? Perhaps. By done, I just mean that that is the *share* of the journal, as though whatever happens after that

is relatively unimportant. I know that sounds odd. I don't mean that the people in my life are or will be any less important. I just mean that whatever happens after that is relatively unimportant from a journal perspective. I've had three people total say they want the full journal when I get it all together. The low numbers makes it easier, in a way. I have not figured out the mechanics of the presentation, though.

I'm still puzzling over how it is that I can be done. Am I fooling myself? I had a similar thing with movies I want to watch again. I mainly just want to share movies with Sean, see them one last time, all of my favorites, ones that mean a lot to me. Naked Lunch, Woman in the Dunes, Brazil, etc. After that, though, I can't see spending the time to watch them again. And why Sean? For some movies, David comes over. He was there when Sean and I met (again) in 2014 for Red Headed Stranger, so sometimes it is more than just Sean and I. The three of us also watched Taxi Driver. What if something happens to us? I can't see that happening, but why wouldn't I save the movies to share with somebody else?



The only thing I can figure is that it is a form of base for something new. That is, I feel like I made it to a certain point. I make camp. I survey the valley. I get some sleep, and the next day I will be climbing. I might come back to the base, but I don't intend to go back to the valley or the base of the mountain. One thing about the journal pictures, is that I'm shrinking them all to a width of 480 px and making them all JPEGs. I'm not destroying the originals, but they are not the stress. I was even thinking about just having text, but my journal relies on images in many parts. I'm doing a similar thing with videos. The resolution is very small. I think it works because it is a reference and not the main content. The main content is words.

I found this picture that I wanted to share. It makes me chuckle. This is 1987. I'm working on the brakes and bearings on a 1965 Rambler. I have the car propped up on a tiny bottle jack with no jack stands. That bowl you see is what I kept my tools in. I still have it. I stole it from a neighbor of Sammy's with some amount of joy, as I think he got us all kicked out of the apartment. [Don't do this kids. Always use jack stands. I've had a car shift above me, balanced on a bottle jack with a brake drum over my chest as I'm laying on the ground. I think that that was the *last* time I didn't use jack stands. It was also the time that I resolved to only work on cars on a concrete pad, or the very least, good asphalt.]

#rambler #sean #yvette



2018-07-22 • Subject • Soy Boy • LR

I am unclear on this soy boy thing. There is nothing wrong with soy. It is an efficient way to get protein. I've started having a breakfast of Soylent quite regularly. I get what people are trying to do, paint the left as soy-drinking flowers that don't eat real meat and can't punch; however, as much as I appreciate the take-down of the crowbar-swinging protestor with one punch, I also think that simply calling the left soy boys shows a form of ignorance. We are grinding the ecosystem into oblivion for large mammals. Choosing soy takes 16 times less everything than meat agribusiness (small note here, you can have cattle on land that won't support much else... we don't do it that way, but it is possible). I'm not all holy, either. I do enjoy eating meat, but I encourage and support those that don't, and generally work towards that path myself. (Speaking of, has anybody eaten a quarter pounder lately? They are much better than they used to be.) So, left: quit trying to pretend you are a comic book hero fighting fascism with a crowbar, between that and your extreme rhetoric, you are messing things up from a dialog perspective. right: get rid of your soy boy label. you could do quite a bit more to support your cause from a rhetoric perspective. Both: take the high road. I have friends on both sides of this. I kind of fit in between, I think. Another way to put it is I'm so extremely far left that I'm considered right. I do despise authoritarian regimes and the way it filters down to fiefdoms within fiefdoms. My politics is a real mess and inconsistent. I just want my friends on the right to temper the soy boy thing, and my friends on the left to guit comparing everything Trump with everything Hitler is all, as though it is the same and they need to resist with crowbars. It is *not* the same.



2018-07-23 • Dream • Burger Run • L R



A bunch of my friends were going to drive down to get burgers and shakes, and I went with them. They were all smiling and laughing. The edge of the world sheared sideways in my vision like a stylish ad in a newspaper. One of my friend's profile picture was in the corner of the shear like he was off of an Archie comic. My friends were driving a Bel Air. They were yelling outside for me to join. I shook off the feeling of both deja vu and the world imploding on me, and jumped in the car.

All of a sudden I was in an empty house. I looked at the floor and it didn't feel right. The wood was wrong. The style of the furniture was wrong. I felt the other hundreds of days crowd around me like they were all identical, and I was scared. My friends drove around front and laughed as they revved the engine. "Come on! We don't

have all night," they yelled. I hunched down, the days pressed on my shoulders and started to cave in the side of the house. The shear of the world was now a stack of multiple glimpses of the stylish ad in the newspaper.

Then I realized what was happening. There was nothing else. Everything outside my house was gone. All that remained was the flapping of the same ad, the same story, one hundred identical ads shifted and stacked with a slightly different color like some monstrous Andy Warhol painting. Each day flapped out of the stack to start again, and me and the Archie gang would drive off in the Bel Air run to get burgers. We were all in it together, and as long as we held on the story would continue. None of us could stop. It was too late, now. This is all we have.

#collapse



2018-07-27 • Dream • Toy Rambler • LR

I was having lunch with Yvette and Bobo on an outdoor patio. It was green and exposed, so perhaps it was like SeaTac. There was an upper lawn, up about three feet behind a fence, and some men were driving a toy Rambler in circles. The car had bright colors, pastel/day-glo, flickering yellow, very light green, orange. The colors shimmered and had that oyster shell shine. I could only see one of the men partially through the front window as it turned towards me. It looked like a 440H like I had, and I yelled this at the men as they stopped. We started talking about what cars they had. One man had a later Rambler. Another had a 55 Nash pickup. I don't know that that exists. I said that that one would have come with a flathead, and asked if he liked it and if he would keep the flathead or go with the OHV. He wasn't sure yet, but I told him that if I had a chance to do it over again I would have kept the flathead because it was simpler. The man asked where my Rambler was, and I told him I got rid of it. He asked if I sold it, and I said yes.

I went back to a large garage to see if I could find some old Rambler parts. I was looking for the picture of Bobo working on the Rambler. Bobo used to crawl up on top of the engine and point at different parts while I called out the name. I found a part and brought it out, but the men were driving around in circles again. I noticed that the fire under the boiler that heats up the house had gone out. I noticed a cylinder that was supposed to be used to start the fire was laying outside. I found where it was supposed to go under the boiler. I turned on the gas and the flames started warming the boiler. I turned up the flames higher and higher, and was surprised at how high the furnace could go. I walked away for a bit and when I came back all the fire had gone out. There was one compartment behind a vented door and it was empty except for a smoldering piece of furnace. I figured I had burned up the whole furnace, but next to it was another compartment with a furnace intact. This furnace seemed more normal. I saw another compartment with intricate cast metal with scrolled edges, and I realized it was not part of the same system that heated the house. I followed it to the edge of our property and found that there was a bunch of scrolled, beautiful furnace pipes arrayed as though they were over an old pipe organ.

I found an entrance to the area near the pipes. There was a separate gas and electric panel on the edge of the area. I went in the entrance and two men were in the slightly domed room about 15 feet by 10. One of them was tall and had a baseball cap on. It had a thin bill. He looked like a young Rick Nielsen from Cheap Trick. There was a shorter man that looked like Whistler from Buffy.

In real life I worked out yesterday to Buffy and it was the episode where Whistler met Angel. I had to look it up to find out his name, and saw this quote:

"Bottom line is even if you see 'em coming, you're not ready for the big moments. No one asks for their life to change, not really. But it does. So what, are we helpless? Puppets? No. The big moments are gonna come, can't help that. It's what you do afterwards that counts. That's when you find out who you are. You'll see what I mean." ~Whistler

There were a couple children just leaving. I asked the tall man if it was a daycare, surprised, and he said it was. I looked at him puzzled and he said that at the time zoning for this area was done it was under fascist rule, so stuff like a daycare being carved out of the edge of somebody's property was a regular thing. I understood that it was just grandfathered in.

Hot Rods, Earth Day, Nash Ramblers, and Timothy Leary #bobo #fire #grandpa #rambler #yvette



2018-08-04 - Journal - Winding Down and Winding Up - LR

The arc of my perception tracks with the lens of my self. I feel like I just stumbled into a back yard full of holes that I dug to hide various stashes of the past. While it makes sense that I want to bring finality to the embarrassing array and move on, at the same time there is a somber feeling, like some of the dreams in my journal where I sift through rubble. In many ways I am winding down, yet at the same time I can see that I am winding up for my next big pitch.

Related:

Back Church Lot
Big Ford and Torn Fences
Completing the Call Dream
#hole



2018-08-06 • Journal • More Pall Malls • LR

I was walking back from the park to my work. There is a wash and ditch along the back parking lot of Whole Foods, and underneath a tree, facing the grey rock of the wash, was a man with shoulder-length hair, a little scruffy, with a back pack beside him on the ground. He had a pack of Pall Malls. I recognized them as I had just recently added the Pall Mall picture to the entry in my journal. Taylor used to smoke these too.

I passed the man, but thought better of it and returned. I asked him why he was smoking that particular brand. I told him that I had dreamed about Pall Malls and wondered what the symbolism was. He said he smoked them because his grandmother smoked them, and they had nicotine.

#walk



2018-08-07 • Journal • Rock and Roll • LR

I had dinner with my parents the other night, and I was venting about the tragedy of exponential growth and economics. We guided everything by our ability to produce more and more, consume more and more, and this was lubricated by oil. My Dad had that kind of look where you knew he was thinking I just didn't understand the real situation. That certainly could be. I was just trying to express a guiding principle of unrestrained growth, and how that was not necessarily the best model.

My Dad likes Buddy Holly. So do I, for that matter. At the same time, while putting my journal together, I ran into the song American Pie and remembered the lines "Do you believe in Rock and Roll?". It made sense in the context of unrestrained growth. Don't put limits on me. Your Nash Rambler, pops, is not Rock and Roll. Everything kind of fell into place.

Beep Beep - A tale of two cars by the Playmates

#dad



2018-08-10 • Subject • Persist • L R

She will persist in her beauty and rise daily in her many moods and forms regardless of our myopic, poisonous drama.

#uteotw



2018-08-10 • Journal • Bitter Sip • L R

A bitter sip of my instant coffee seeps across my tongue and the inside of my cheeks. I follow with another. My mouth tingles with each sip, and slowly the foreplay of the drink combines and gathers in my brain until word's crescendo, struck metal rod against bone.

#coffee



2018-08-12 • Subject • Life is data • LR

We always seem to get things backwards. Life is data adapting to environmental constraints. Why choose life? There is no choice in the matter, we see life where life formed, where data mattered. We see stars as well. DNA vehicles persist and morph data and then matter.

#dna



2018-08-12 • Journal • Data • LR

I was working on my journal this morning. One of the things I'm doing with it is encrypting each data item rather than the table. Part of what I realized is that, at least for my purposes, the journal serves as an analysis platform and data entry and reporting system that can be wide open.

There are three types of data as far as encryption goes, that come to mind:

Open (data on smoke and fire, for instance is considered open)

[Now, because of spammers and general behavior of opportunists, even the most open data can need the second type of "signed".]

Signed (verification of integrity and source)

Encrypted (symmetric or asymmetric... all are some form of verification of sink)

When I look at systems, now, primarily I see data. For that matter, humans and Life is data adapting to environmental constraints.

Wednesday, 2018-08-15 21:29:09 - Funny... I saw this entry and thought for sure it was an old entry from a couple years ago, but it wasn't. I wrote it just a few days ago.

#ouroboros



2018-08-19 • Subject • Herzog's Penguin • LR

Here I am at the start, again. I ran the race. I finished. Many of the people in the stands got bored and went home a long time ago. That doesn't change it from my perspective, or shouldn't. I finished it. That could circle on many different races, I suppose, but I finished them all. I ran against the mark inside, and I can't beat that mark anyway.

To overload the metaphor a bit, fuck it into mixed allegory, turn it up to 11, I can change the track. I can change the bleachers and change the rules of the game. I can even decide if I followed the rules correctly and invalidate my victory. I could run the same race again. But I did that so many times that the idea of running the same race again feels like the weariness of selling plasma when I'm hungry and they take two pints to spin. I don't want to run like that.

Like Werner Herzog's penguin, I see the mountains in the distance as I put on fresh socks and place my feet in my spiked running shoes.

#herzog



2018-08-20 = Memory = Dry = LR

Sometime later I bought PJ Harvey's Dry, but it sat un-listened to as 1994 became 2018. I put it on tonight to listen as I was doing the dishes. I was curious about it, so I looked up the album and was surprised that it came before Rid of Me. I always thought Rid of Me was her debut. I listened to it quite a bit in Eugene in 1994. This is outside the story, the collected journal entries. The album edged in like a new life-form in the vacuum.

#pj_harvey



2018-08-24 • Subject • Fuel • LR

Forge a diamond bullet of clarity with the white-hot fire of anger. Don't waste the opportunity by grappling with the fuel. Fuel is meant to be used. Fuel is not the focus here. Don't waste an opportunity to forge.

#fuel



2018-09-16 • Dream • Pastoral Valley • L R

I was in a room that looked out over a pastoral valley with rolling hills and trees. I was working a problem at work that was causing management distress. I had a model that represented the problem in a large tray in front of me. The tray had hills in it, much like the scenery outside. It was a recurring issue that curved over the top of a hill, and each time would be stopped in a different way. I could see a silhouette of the problem arch over a hill, dip into a

valley, and be stopped by a caricature of the failure of the process. Each caricature was different, and looked like a thin, white, ghost outline, a kachina doll in two dimensions that represented that night's failure.

I took a break from looking at my model, left the room, and encountered a member of senior management. She towered over me, about three times my height. She had a stern look on her face and asked me, "Do you want to be here?"

I paused, thought a bit, realized I was at work, and replied, "No".

She said, "Well, I'm going to have to let you go."

I woke up with my heart pounding.

[I told Sean about this dream, and one of the first questions she asked, was if this was Medusa, my anima. Could be... could be.]

#medusa



2018-09-18 • Memory • Mr. Lucky's • LR

I've been cleaning up around the house in preparation for Sean returning from visiting her sick relatives. There was some stress in the household over a clogged toilet, nothing major or anything, but I decided I needed to relax a bit in the sun with a beer and get my head straight again on this Sunday.

The beer was a Samuel Adams Octoberfest, and it reminded me of Sean and my trip back from Kalaloch in December 2015. We had fought a bit in Kalaloch, and there was much stress. We stopped in Sequim for lunch at a tavern and she told me the story of Mr. Lucky's where a woman attacked her and she fought back in her epic way (and by epic, I mean epic in the old way, as though the life of Grendel was at stake).

I loved her story, listening to her, and seeing her raw Sean coming out. She is strong and vicious when attacked, and I could see the flash in her eyes and the joy she felt in the battle. We circled around each other on the way home, in love, but knowing that things were a bit tenuous. We stopped at a pub on the base in Bremerton before heading back to my house, and she was comfortable sitting in the pub. Her demeanor was different because it was her place. I saw her in that moment like I had never seen her before. It was striking, as though I had passed a painting a few times in a gallery, and then all of a sudden I grokked it fully and just stopped and enjoyed it. Combined with her earlier story and my glimpse at the pub on base, it started me down my path of how I understand Sean and her nature.

#mr luckys #sean



2018-09-18 • Journal • Womb Door Situation • LR

I have reached the endpoint of multiple circles in the last year, and I am faced with a womb door situation on many levels. "Closing the womb door" is a phrase I learned while reading the Tibetan Book of the Dead. I am a loose reader of the book, but it does match some of the things that I strive to remember. I've often used the phrase to mean that it is an opportunity to escape from circles of thought. I don't believe in persistence of soul, as in an entity of consciousness that is self-aware and persists after death. Now, I also think that our explanations of the fabric of consciousness and the unconscious mind, explanations of psyche, are simplistic, so I am aware that my stance about a soul is surface only.

I looked up "womb door" with a web search, and one thing that is new is how it fits into an exoteric reading, namely that preventing rebirth is keeping the sperm from fertilizing the egg. Imagine a sea of souls that are dying (exoterically, souls leave the bodies of people intact and roam around with intent like they were still part of the original body). When the sperm fertilizes the egg, it is at this point that the genesis of a new soul takes place. The sea of intact souls out there vie for a reincarnated life in this particular inception and win the soul seat as the cell

divides into a human under the guiding information hand of DNA. What I read this morning was written as though rebirth was witnessed from the perspective of one of those souls (the soul of the dying person), and how it was an escape from the pain of the world to not become one of the souls in the new life being formed, the embryo.

This swarm of souls vying for a seat as an allegory seems quite interesting to me. I do feel a bit like that, particularly when multiple circles have ended and are struggling to renew. (Setting aside the point that many take stuff like this exoterically.) Combining this and mixing it up a bit, then, death comes if all circles stop. And, yes, I'm using death in a psychological or esoteric way. If there is no new inception at all, then there is a form of limbo on the way to death. Here is an interesting bit of writing:

Although we may not think that we do, we all live with faiths – ideas that we take for granted that appear so obvious that we do not feel a need to re-examine them – ideas that we do not usually want to re-examine. At points in life we make up our minds about things that we decide that we believe in and these beliefs have consequences perhaps for what we do, for who becomes our friends and colleagues, for how we earn a living or perhaps even for how we die. These faiths may be, but are not necessarily, about the ideas espoused by religions. They may be political ideas, about science, or they may be ideas about economics. If we stop for a minute to think what the consequences would be of abandoning our faiths, we typically find the prospect unappealing. For one thing, if and when we were to abandon our faiths, we would have to unlearn and rethink a lot of what we thought that we knew and know. The people with whom we have relationships based on similar beliefs may be dismayed, horrified and then perhaps hostile or sarcastic. Worse still, because our faith's structure – not just beliefs but our purposes; the things that we do; the direction of our lives; the structure of our days and weeks the loss of our faiths could leave us with the frightening prospect of being without a life altogether – losing relationships, purposes and day to day structure. Loss of faith in some circumstances would mean being alive in the sense of still being able to breath, still being able to eat - and yet all the important relationships and activities that we had would evaporate. Unless we could in some way step from one belief system into another, at the same time step into another pattern of meaningful and purposeful relationships, perhaps also into another way of earning a living, we would find ourselves living in an empty life, in a limbo.

~Brian Davey, from Credo Economic: beliefs in a world in crisis

My conclusion, considering these similar ideas, is that I need to be careful about basing my future work on fear. This is the point where I am crowded by voices.

By "work", I mean projects or regular work, my job. At the same time, I need to be aware that in the emptiness of pre-inception, or, pre-impregnation, I will have an urge to fill that space with anything. Again, this is part of the fear, and this is what Davey is getting at. Davey is addressing faith in his bit above, but it seems to me that there is a similarity with death, and the opportunities at that time. In Davey's case he abandoned his faith in his Marxist ideas, became lost, and then, over a long journey, came to write Credo.

#tibetan_book_of_the_dead



2018-09-23 • Subject • What to say? • LR

The words desolve into burblybloop and what about me and what about what you should be doing and how I know. And I am in the middle of all of the burblybloop burblyblooping my ways, so it is all burblybloop.

I could imagine some futures, sure, but burblybloop. And my burblybloop vs. yours is different (heh... not really).

So I'm back here again. How do I show? no. What do I say? no. No no no no no.

There are some things that I need to do, a few promises to keep, but if I share this with most people - again: burblybloop.

And it is all so self-reinforcing and motivating, puffing my sails with burblybloop, seeing the world with my burblybloop-colored glasses. I probably don't need that, despite the mapping to fundamental human needs.

I think I'm tired of fundamental human needs, at least my preoccupation with them. And that blabbermouth monkey of burblybloop continues.



2018-09-28 • Journal • Pebbles Dupe • L R

My son was missing for about six hours. He went to a park with some friends, hung out, and then went to the game/card shop where he goes on the weekends and evenings sometimes, figuring I would pick him up at 10. I called the shop, though, a couple of times, and he wasn't there, so my anxiety about it went through the roof. Sean and I started driving around town trying to find him. We checked in at the game shop and he was there. He needed to register for an event the following day that would take twenty minutes, so Sean and I left. I was a mess.

Sean wanted to help me, so she offered to buy me a whiskey at a fancy whiskey place. It has dim lighting and wood paneling. It is quite nice. I had my whiskey (Benromach peat smoke) and talked with Sean as we waited for Bobo to register.

There is a French Bulldog at my work named Pebbles. She is my favorite dog in the world right now. I say hello to her in the morning, and she greets me enthusiastically. As I walked out of the bar these two women were hanging out on the sidewalk talking, and they had a dog that looked just like Pebbles.

I told them that their dog looked just like one of my favorite dogs named Pebbles, and the woman said, "She *is* Pebbles", in a deadpan way. I believed her and threw my arms up, shouted "Pebbles" and started patting the side of the dog with both hands and then the woman shook her head to indicate she was just fooling me. I can be kind of gullible.

#work



2018-09-29 - Journal - Journal Efforts - LR



I spend *a lot* of time working on a way to share my journal. I was thinking about this as I was editing some C code today. Some other freak (Steve Plimpton at Sandia National Labs) wrote this code, 900+ lines in 2004, to translate text to HTML. I modified it, mainly, to create the journal of entries from 1990-2018. I validate the HTML to make sure it is HTML 5, and the code is missing a tag for the image which makes it fail the validator. I suppose it is perfectly fine to do

something like this just for myself. I don't know that anybody else would go to the effort to use it. The sequence of things needed to generate the journal is just too complicated. Today I'm working on the journal going forward from 2018.

#history



2018-09-30 = Journal = 4/3 ratio = LR

I have been working out for roughly a year in the cottage on the elliptical. I usually watch television shows as I work out. They help to pass the time, and it is a way to indulge myself in some fun that I wouldn't normally take the time to enjoy. Most of the television shows I like are in 4/3 ratio. I started watching X Files, but I ended up switching to Buffy the Vampire slayer. I also have classic Star Trek, the complete 70s version of The Hulk, and Xena. I figure when I work through all of these I will have lost the weight I want to lose.

In 2001 I was likely in the worst shape of my life. Perhaps it was better than 1998... perhaps, as far as weight, but my stress was pretty bad because of



the previous year. I recovered pretty quickly, losing quite a bit of weight, and regaining a bit of lightness of spirit. I would watch Xena as I worked out, starting with part of a show, then making it through one, and then finally, making it through two episodes. Even now, when it is time to work out, I start singing the Xena theme song in my head.

I found a 4/3 ratio screen that fits between the handles of the elliptical. It is roughly \$30 to get a Sony DVD player. I ended up getting a couple - one for \$33, new, and one for \$26 - refurbished, because it works so much better. It powers down, pauses at the right spot, and I don't have to reboot the PC.

#buffy #xena



2018-10-06 • Subject • Cut-up Collapse • LR

In a more innocent time of my life, I lived in a cabin for a year in the woods with six or so other cabins sprinkled throughout, clustered around a farm. My cabin was ten feet square, and had no running water or electricity. The cabin was built from the refactoring of an idealistic design. Originally the builder thought that sleeping in a pyramid would bring him certain powers or insight, or, perhaps he thought pyramids were neat, but, regardless, he built the original structure as a pyramid with a 10x10 foot base. After he was done, the builder discovered that living in a pyramid was not efficient as far as space, so the entire structure was raised in the air by six feet, the original pyramid became a loft, and the structure renamed "The Hobbitat".

I reference this bit of my personal history to show that I discovered shadows of what it means to not have the spoils of industrial civilization. My lighting was with oil lamps. This was the early eighties, so inverters and generators were outside of my budget, mostly. I was working for minimum wage with only 15 hours per week, so I didn't have the funds at the time to change this. The "outhouse" was simply a hole in the ground with a couple of boards at an angle to sit on. I read Walden and Diet for a Small Planet, and, while I found Lappe's work compelling, the reality was, as Thoreau observed, that meat was just impractical to consume regularly. It was messy to clean up. I had no refrigeration, so there was a storage issue too. Finally, mice would eat almost anything that wasn't in a jar, so beans, dried fruit, nuts and rice were my main source of food.

My job was selling CP/M and IBM PC microcomputers. At that time, selling computers required quite a few skills. I would consult with people, determine what they needed, and train them on software. I would use a binary editor to change the Wordstar executable to match the code for superscript and subscript for their dot matrix printer. I couldn't use any of this technology in my cabin, though. At one point I got a small ARCO solar panel and hooked it up to a motorcycle battery so I could load up a Z-80 bootstrap for a homebrew computer on a breadboard (A breadboard is plastic board with holes connected underneath by small electric strips in rows of five, and longer rows for power distribution that can interconnect electronic components by sticking wires in the holes. A Z-80 is a microprocessor used in CP/M microcomputers, which predates the IBM PC. A bootstrap is a small computer program that facilitates loading larger software programs and data). I would use an Aladdin mantle lamp to get enough light to see how to wire, as the wick oil lamp wasn't bright enough. For those unfamiliar, Aladdin was founded in 1908 as the Mantle Lamp Company, and it was far superior as far as the amount of light. It was also silent and burned kerosene vs. white gas. There is no hissing sound, like the Coleman lanterns make. Camping equipment, generally, was not affordable for me, although I imagine I could have swung a Coleman lantern. The wick oil lamp put out the equivalent of a five watt bulb, if I had to guess. The Aladdin put out 60 watts of equivalent light

I commuted seven miles to work on a Puch moped. In the winter I would wear a cheap, yellow plastic rain suit. The armpits ripped over time, and I patched the rips with duct tape. There was a hill I had to go up to get to work that was too steep for the 50cc gas engine alone, so I had to peddle as well. I remember getting a fist salute from a biker one time as I struggled up the last part of the hill in my tattered, taped rain suit. I cheerfully waved back. I also used the moped to haul wood for my cabin. Eventually I bought a small chainsaw at the same hardware store I bought the lantern (Ernst). I had to haul water up the hill from the farmhouse to take a shower. I would heat up an iron on a wood stove to iron my clothes for work (computer sales required a suit and tie). My boss would chide me for having the appearance of the bottom of a beer mug when the beer was gone.

At the time, I thought I was outside of the veil of industrial civilization. While it is true that I had some clues as to what it was like, much of what helped me survive still came from industrial civilization. I could get to work on a road. My moped was shipped from Austria. I got kerosene in bulk from a tool rental shop and propane from the gas station for my stove. My landlady had me pick up a rogue replacement wood stove from a terminal in Seattle, as even at that point there were environmental regulations for wood stoves that prevented the inexpensive ones from being sold at retail stores. By then I had increased my hours and could afford a Mazda pickup, which broadened my travel and hauling capabilities. I knew some of the inconsistencies back then, but not the extent. Why? Because I can only see incremental differences as I move through my life, and, further, because everything I have ever known or understood comes from industrial civilization. And, further, and more specifically, it relied on energy-dense liquid fuels.

As I got older, I understood this more fully. My life built on itself. Civilization built (and re-built) on itself. I used my Mazda to move to a different town and travel across the country. I commuted in it so I could live in a punk house in Olympia and work in Seattle. It got me started in the town I went to college in, eventually got my degree, and picked back up in computer sales. Today I commute from Seattle to Redmond, again in a small pickup. I leverage bridges that are likely some of the most expensive pieces of roadway per mile in the country. Shortly, the tunnel under Seattle will eclipse the money of the bridges as far as cost. I travel past homeless encampments every day that settle along the intersection of I-90 and I-5.

In the late nineties I started a website on solar power. I had a technological approach in my optimism like many of my generation do. I figured solar power could solve our problems as a species. Now, I imagine, if we had done like Buckminster Fuller advised, and used our oil to bootstrap alternative energy frameworks in constant vigilance of replacing what we used up, it might have been possible to scale up civilization in a sustainable way. We would need to heed the warnings of the Environmental Pollution Panel report by President Johnson's Science Advisory Committee, and we would need to model resource usage and the broad systems dynamics using tools like World3.

As all of you reading this know, we did not heed Buckminster Fuller, nor President Johnson, nor any of the many warnings. It seems to me that as a species we are wired with short-term approaches to problems. But even more than that, everybody reading this is immersed in frameworks and the perspective of industrial civilization and oil. I just spent a long time writing this introduction. It serves as a framework to make my point, as I want you to understand my perspective. If I don't provide enough of a framework, my idea will not make as much sense. Ken Kesey once said that almost all writing was a form of sales. We sell ideas. He felt that this was a flaw in fiction, with the possible exception of William S. Burroughs. So, BAM, we are here.

What I really want to write about is this idea I have about collapse as a cut-up agent. (I can't help but hear the Burroughs' cut-up with "calling all agents" as I write this.) Let's get recursive on the above introduction. This introduction is kind of like industrial civilization as far as a linear framework. I am describing my motivations and history. Written words allow this. Written words are a framework. Also, as Burroughs pointed out, language is a virus. BAM! We are really here. Our brand of civilization with it's irrational credo of economics is a virus. I could extend this in an analysis of industrial civilization and talk about how silver bullet tech like LFTR will not solve our basic problems. The issue is, though, that while I am aware of the large framework of industrial civilization and the concept of bootstrapping an entirely new framework for food, transportation, medicine, and everything else that relies on oil, all that I write is still within that framework. I am also attempting to sell you on this idea, and my words form a framework of understanding constrained by English. I am writing this on a laptop with molded plastic and an LED screen using journal software that I wrote, using an incredibly dense and connected set of languages and frameworks on Ubuntu (the GNU/Linux operating system). Plus, my development tools use a different framework developed over a decade, and, finally, the mechanism of transmittal and presentation has many frameworks. All of this relies on oil and supply chains which can only function at current scale with computers.

At this point I am bound up so tightly and completely in frameworks, from language to the way I am writing, to everything I think, that there is nothing I can say that isn't tainted. Yes, I'm selling. Do not trust me unless I'm talking about something within frameworks - in particular, your frameworks. But how to get out? What if all of these frameworks and, indeed, all of civilization from 30,000 BP or so onward was written out as linear text. Take what you have waded through so far and multiply it times a quadrillion Is that enough? Perhaps. Now consider that the long-form text of civilization.

What about this cut-up agent? The cut-up technique got its start with the Dadaists, but was popularized by William S. Burroughs and Brion Gysin. It is a way to create art by decoding content. With text, for instance, one would start with a long linear piece and cut it up into words and reassemble in a seemingly random way. What was originally banal has new meaning, guided by a hidden mechanism. David Bowie used it. I suspect that Bob Dylan used this technique as well. Actually, Dylan is a good example because he went out and learned every folk song and related music that he could, and it came out as a cut-up when he diced it.

Burroughs thought that cut-ups could predict the future via some unknown mechanism. I took Brian Davey's book Credo and picked random pages and then the 10th word, and I ended up with "become sociability the doses environment leisure". As I look at the Credo cut-up I created, it does seem to have an extra kind of insight to it. Is it a caution about social media and the drugged perspective of an environment of leisure? I don't know that Davey says this in his book, so the cut-up appears to add more. Burroughs said, "When you cut into the present the future leaks out." People who are fans of cut-ups attribute a kind of magic to the technique. Now, the magic of this may simply be that the human mind finds connections and meaning in everything, and the cut-up is the stark fist of randomness, but, no matter, the magic is still there. Personally, I think that the magic of cut-ups is due to the problem of frameworks themselves, and their inherent solipsism. Nothing interesting can come of it. This matches Kesey's observation about fiction being a form of personal advertisement, what I'm doing with this piece as well. Again, don't trust me. I am coming through to you as a virus on many levels.

Think of collapse as a mechanism of the cut-up. Think of collapse as the agent behind the scissors. We already know that we are in the long-form text, and little will change within it because it is by definition the long-form text, as all is. The only way out of this solipsism is a cut-up. Collapse can be that cut-up. I suppose that from our framework we could speculate that collapse will give rise to whatever survives, whether that is humans or otherwise. That is likely a better description as I consider it from my framework within frameworks, but likely that description is still flawed. The lesson is that our intent and history can lead us astray, to the banal. What opportunity is there, along these lines, during collapse? My thought is simply that the idea of collapse being a cut-up agent is a worthwhile idea to consider, even though we can't do anything with it because we are part of the long-form text and will not see the final art product.

#burroughs #collapse #cut_up #frameworks #uteotw

Comments:

2022-10-17:

This was my stance before "ouroboros" in May 2019. Recently I've been interested in the middle. Borrowing from John W P Phillips and his lecture on Deleuze and Guattari, we *always* have the ability to start in the middle and proceed with better goals and direction. This prevents the whole controversy of the ends. "It is never the beginning or the end that are interesting; the beginning and the end are points. What is interesting is the middle. The English zero is always in the middle. Bottlenecks are always in the middle. Being in the middle of a line is the most uncomfortable position. One begins again through the middle. The French think in terms of trees too much: the tree of knowledge, points of arborescence, the alpha and omega, the roots and the pinnacle. Trees are the opposite of grass. Not only does grass grow in the middle of things but it grows itself through the middle. This is the English or American problem. Grass has its line of flight and does not take root. We have grass in the head and not a tree: what thinking signifies is what the brain is, a "particular nervous system" of grass." (Gilles Deleuze and Claire Parnet, 1987, Dialogues II, trans. Hugh Tomlison and Barbara Habberjam, London: Continuum, 39). And it is this that distinguishes ad-hoc triples with middle knowledge, vs., say, BFO. The middle should be extensible if it proves interesting wherever you are busting sod, but at the same time, if the field changes, nothing lost in present to re-apply.



2018-10-11 • Apps • Converting PDF to PNG • LR

Need xpdf and imagemagick packages.

This converts a pdf to a bunch of images:

pdftoppm example.pdf xx -png

This trims the white borders from around the images:

mogrify -trim xx*.png

This will concatenate the images together:

convert xx*.png -append example.png

#graphics



2018-10-12 • Journal • The Same Situation • LR

I've had a glorious couple of days. I gave up on my stock of lamp oil. I burned it up with my diesel heater. I had roughly four gallons that I've collected since 2013 or so. For awhile it was stored up in the attic crawl space. True, I put it in a giant bin. True, I covered it with some reflective tarp. Still, though, what a bad idea. I'm going to convert my lamp to an LED lamp. I'll post a picture and such. It is a beautiful ruby lamp.

I started listening to Joni Mitchell again. When I flow back into Joni she surprises me with songs that I replay again and again as I enjoy and grok them, discovering different gems of poetry and music. Yesterday it was The Same Situation. I replayed it four times on the way home from work. The flow of Joni is something I can trace in Tool songs (seriously, MJK was a Joni fan).

What I wanted to post about though, with an introduction that will show I'm not merely maudlin, is that I'm a few clicks further on the grief path. Consciously I'm on the human civilization grief path, I think, but, well, I am sure there are unconscious structures. At a few clicks further I feel like the ironic chuckles at collapse are rude, as though I'm attending a funeral. Instead, I shared my salad with the crow in the park, tossing occasional soy beans and a tomato as I sat in the sun, enjoying the stuttered dance of caution and acceptance as the crow snatched the morsels of food from the ground near me.

#collapse #joni #oil



2018-10-13 - Subject - Where Do We Stop? - LR

As I wrote about in The Same Situation, I decided to abandon a stubborn bit I had going about keeping my lamp burning oil. I wrote a bit about the history of this lamp in Cut-up Collapse, if you wade through the story it a bit.

I had two giant cases stored in Betty so that I could keep the lamp from breaking on the way to wherever I was traveling. Recently I have also been thinking about the movie Easy Rider and how they didn't stop at the commune (or the ranch). As Buckminster Fuller pointed out, we needed to conserve our oil to bootstrap an alternative framework, but we didn't. We cruised on past. We didn't stop.

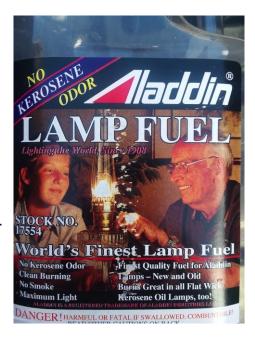
I have quite a bit tied up in this lamp. It is a form of hope, I suppose, that I had kept stored and locked up at significant expense. I have wicks and mantles hanging from my wall. It is a form of insanity, a form of nostalgia. It has also been a form of comfort to me. Consider the label on the bottle of lamp oil I purchased back in 2013 or so.

This captures much of the idea of the lamp for me. I would like to experience that time in the cabin again. I would like my son to experience what I experienced. This is what is being sold on the label.

The lamp division of Aladdin was sold to a company that sells this feeling to people, a feeling of independence of all that is wrong. Their motto is "for a simpler life". They actually re-designed the burner and the chimney. The new design is supposed to burn a bit brighter. I bought one of their new lamps to see what it was like, but I didn't notice any difference, myself. The lamp has the same problem it always has, where soot will start as a small spot and spread until there is an orange flame and smoke. It requires constant attention. Sean doesn't like the smell of the burning oil. It is also dangerous, compared to different forms of light. I've held on to the idea, though, until recently.

But back to the idea of stopping: where do we stop? Just because we missed the commune and the ranch, can we stop now? Do we have to follow all the way to the end? It feels like a game of chicken sometimes. Who stops first? I certainly don't have the answers to that. It does remind me of Andrew Mason talking about The Point. From a broader perspective, I see no point in stopping before enough people stop. Then there is the whole global dimming deal, where if we do stop fast, which is probably what is required, temperatures spike. It is too much to tackle.

Where do I stop? That is something I can address. What ideas do I let go? As far as this idea of mine of transporting this lamp to a future mesa, I decided to enjoy the lamp now. I have multiple solar systems (3) and battery systems. They all put out 12 volts (well, 13.8 at peak). I decided to retrofit the lamp as my form of technologically stopping. Regardless of the past history of inexpensive LED bulbs and the resources spent developing the technology, they do exist now in a rugged format, and they put out roughly the same amount of light as the mantle lamp burning oil. I get to use the lamp and still live within some forms of sustainability from the perspective of stopping.



Here are the LEDs I decided on. They are warm light (2700K), and they plug into a socket so you can replace them without rewiring. The lamps and the socket are about a buck each, which is less than one refill of the lamp. The lamps are made for landscaping, which is why they are inexpensive, but they are also coated in a rubber-like clear coating to protect them.







I felt it was important not to drill any holes. I tossed the center of the burner and the filler cap inside the base. I can always snap on a mantle and run with oil in some kind of unlikely scenario where I can get Kerosene but not 2W of 12 volt power. As unlikely as it is, and, particularly with my sentimentality about this, I couldn't hurt the original lamp. I jammed some foil around the socket to hold it up. It rests about the same height as a mantle would. This is a genuine Aladdin chimney. I have quite a few of them, as they do break. Remember how I mentioned the soot taking over the mantle? Well, I have had chimneys crack in the cabin because of the uneven heat of the flame licking the side of the chimney. It is the most likely thing to break.





#collapse #easy rider #sean

Comments:

2021-01-30:

At Sean's request, I packed the lamp back up, ready to burn oil again.



2018-10-15 • Subject • The Old Mountain Climbing Metaphor • LR

I ran into my old metaphor today. I was thinking about how crazy Bezos' ideas about space colonization sounded with his "trillion humans in the solar system" and that led to wondering why I was so involved in these kinds of ideas. What would happen if I stopped being so concerned about the issues of industrial civilization and collapse? What would happen if I limited my concern to the immediate path. True, be kind. True, take care of those I love. That is part of being human. This has gone back to the caves 30,000 years ago. It also reminds me a bit about how I thought that anything that had to do with The Canterbury Tales was real, and that civilization afterwards became encumbered by marketing and less tangible things. This is part of why I took the job at the pie shop; I wrote that on my job application: that I wanted to work with food, as it was tangible.

There are quite a few big problems. It isn't like I can unlearn that. I have learned quite a bit about resource usage, where things come from, logistics frameworks, etc., since I first thought about The Canterbury Tales and later the mountain climber metaphor. Now, the mountain climber metaphor had a click of life... it was an honor to be able to climb, to have that rope, to climb. I could move through the web, and I might fix chinks in the web, but I would never know. I think that is the key part, the part that I ran into today. I will never know if I will fix chinks, but it is an honor to even have the possibility. If I abandon my preoccupation with collapse, particularly because humans in general don't seem to respond well to these kinds of issues, then perhaps the universe is better for it. This is something that Margot, a woman that worked at New Frontier Market told Sigg and I one time. We were in the park and worrying about a political problem in the Middle East. This was likely the summer of 1987. She told us that she did not worry about that kind of stuff, that the universe was better because of this. Now, this does not mean that I just roll over and do whatever and be happy, no.

One of the luxuries of being a mountain climber was the ability to keep a journal. Old books were OK too. Kesey had a similar criticism about fiction, in that he thought fiction was a form of sales. I wonder what he would have thought

about Chaucer? At one point I figured that 1908 or prior was "old". That would allow for Dostoevsky. I picked 1908 because that was the date on the Aladdin lamp. Now, I have to remember that some ideas are ideas I need to let go of. Stuff does change. The advice and ideas I got/had in 1985 and 1986 likely will change and morph.

#chaucer #collapse #dostoevsky #kesey #mountain climbing



2018-10-20 • Subject • What is O.R.N.G.? • LR

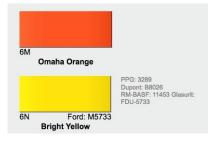
Have you ever had that kind of Gnostic nightmare that Philip K. Dick describes, and you are tempted to fall into his version? How can it possibly be that the world is so messed up? From a Gnostic PKD nightmare perspective, if you are willing to fall into it, the explanation is that this is the *wrong* world. O.R.N.G. is my attempt to avoid the fall. O.R.N.G. is a backronym of one of my favorite colors that stands for the Organization for Recovery and Normalization Generators.

My love for orange started with the Sparks energy drink. I would sit in a chair in the back of the yard beside the shed at the house in SeaTac and drink Sparks. At that time the drink had all the chemicals of an energy drink like Monster or Red Bull, but it also had alcohol. Yvette appreciated and encouraged my refuge, named it The Sparks Garden, and planted orange flowers all around.



I walked during lunch when I worked in Seattle, and almost got hit a couple of times. Orange became a high visibility safety choice I made. Prior to that I would usually choose black or earth tones. At one point Bobo got ahold of one of my orange shirts and slowly orange became his thing, which I encouraged in the subtlest way, because I approved of the high visibility of it. I continue to enjoy orange, the orange of California poppies and other shades, but the sharpness is fading, primarily because of yellow.

Yellow is dangerous to me, but I like it like the sun. In 2009 the color yellow, Dupont B8026, the color of a 1987 Ford Truck came through BLAM! in an insane way. And here are both colors in sequence on the card of 1987 colors:



I would see yellow trucks and cars and it represented something that to this day I don't completely understand, but it also represented something that Yvette did not support, or, at least that is what I told myself at the time as my reality slipped. I didn't exactly lie to myself in this case, but I don't think I was trying hard to be honest about the color yellow. It was a rough year. Yellow had come up earlier, but I don't know that I had any idea that it was life that was fading.

As I review my old journal I see the entry Yellow Lung Fluid from 2012. Yellow Lung Fluid from 2012 And this, this is the true meaning of yellow. It is jarring in intensity, so I need to pull it into this universe, I think. I need to pull in my old journal, but I am afraid that things will unravel. At the same time I don't want to fool myself about stuff that runs deep like color, lie like I tried to do with the story of the gnome. So, yes, at this point I will bring the old world in, the world I tried to fold away into the old journal, yes, yes, I'll do that. I actively tried to stay away from whatever this dream was saying.

What is with white, now that we have seen orange and yellow? White is the plain white walls of an apartment. The apartment has a sink without a cabinet, like in Do Easy. There is a small bed and a minimal kitchen, likely it is a studio. I can write here. I have electricity, at least enough to publish software and journal updates. The ectoplasmic yellow fluid, the life, the core motivation, the kind of motivation that will keep me going regardless of where I work or how I work, the kind of energy that makes me want to do this regardless, as I trace the various pieces that hack information, I feel that fluid running through me and into the future. It will sustain me. I wrote something about this in Why Fake? Why Corruption?, as well as the related bit Cut-up Collapse.

I need to stay faithful to the mountain climbing idea that I don't know that it will help, but it is an honor to try. I can feel that energy, that connection with the hundred threads of effort, of pushes, the feeling I got when I finally got the design for MCJ published. While it is true that I have abandoned much and morphed it, the core idea still remains. What tools can we keep in the coming decades? How do we hack on the tagstreams? How do we "persist" data? The R in ORNG is recovery. This means it takes place after collapse. The N is for normalization. This just means that all of the data that can be recovered about civilization is normalized to be useful, likely with tags. The fictional story has groups of people running normalization generators. For my part, I am just keeping a journal. I did discover in 2008 that I could document the journal. I got permission from the sky, from the fucking sky to do this at the park off of 11th, the same park BTW, that Margot advised Sigg and I about it.

And so we have this:

"I wandered over to the 11th street park. I finally did get resolution. I could continue to work on the tools (Mountain Climbing Journal Software), but my journal should not be public. That wouldn't interfere with the quality of the state of mind I was holding on to since meditating outside the Egyptian museum."

Levon Helm pops in with rage "I ain't in it for my health", and the Robbie Robertson protection of the quality of the state of my mind is destroyed. I have to do this. I can keep the energy, the yellow sun, and draw it out and through the threads, merge the universe, hack the tag streams, cut-up collapse (but have absolutely no idea or claim about reality or the good).

A bit more down to earth, this is about communication and staying connected with each other and the natural world, retaining what is useful, and rebuilding. While this may seem somewhat normal in scope, I am clear that we are anything but normal in scope in the coming years. This is why (again) that cut-up collapse and the mountain climbing perspective are important. This is my way of creating the other world on the other side of collapse, a different world from our Gnostic nightmare world without being there, as I can never be there. I am of the insane side, the world that Philip K Dick describes as one being created by a horrible kind of God. This is my way of fighting.

#bobo #history #orange #pkd #sean #yellow #yvette



2018-10-21 • Apps • Graphics Tricks • L R

Resize an image on the fly:

mogrify -resize 480x pic.jpeg

This is a shell script that works with signipg to sign all jpg images in the directory with a private key:

```
#!/bin/bash
for i in *.jpeg; do
./signjpg /path/toimages/$i /path/to/privkey.key
echo $i
done
```

Remove all tags with exiftool: \$ exiftool 36138431291.jpeg -all= 1 image files updated Review tags: \$ exiftool -h 36138431291.jpeg #graphics



2018-10-21 • Management • ID web server with telnet • LR

To ID a web server, you can use telnet. After you get connected enter **HEAD / HTTP/1.0** and push enter twice:

```
$ telnet example.org 80
Trying 66.111.4.53...
Connected to orng.org.
Escape character is '^]'.
HEAD / HTTP/1.0
HTTP/1.1 200 OK
Date: Mon, 10 Dec 2018 00:20:03 GMT
Server: Apache
Upgrade: h2,h2c
Connection: Upgrade, close
Last-Modified: Mon, 06 Aug 2018 14:25:37 GMT
Accept-Ranges: bytes
Content-Length: 163
Vary: Accept-Encoding
Cache-Control: no-cache
Content-Type: text/html
Connection closed by foreign host.
```

#web_server



2018-10-27 • Subject • Cultural Transmission • LR

A few weeks ago I wrote about Cut-up Collapse.

Primarily this was for a closed group on fb that was focused on reframing the idea of collapse. This is not a new effort or approach for me. I have a stack of issues of Into the Ruins, which is fiction written around this idea. How do

we imagine the future would be if we could imagine something good? I can't bring myself to read them, though. I still feel weighed down and almost unable to move, to do normal things. I go to work. I build things and fix things around the house, but I can't seem to find the time to read. True, I do write. I work on the publishing part of my software. Those efforts, though, have quite a bit of momentum. I don't have to push-start that vehicle, nope. It just keeps on moving on its own.

The idea of the cut-up, as well as the light that transmits via the GMC bumper seem like they are different than active, conscious art. We do not know. We can't know, really. The alignment with MCJ is a bit tangential, but it is still there because of this single idea: that we do not know how the light will reflect off of the bumper chrome, nor will we know the outcome of the collapse cut-up. This doesn't leave me much, but the idea is different than just an exercise in imagination. The idea is novel enough to hold my interest.

It seems like I'm done with the investigation part. All paths of careful evaluation appear to lead to a similar conclusion. I get how we are able to do what we do. I understand our history to this point. I can trace this in many different threads, from Buckminster Fuller to other leaders in thought. There are multiple respectable works out there, and much information. I don't know that I can get more, and the conclusions are surprisingly similar and outcomes of the economics of insanity. Pick any group of experts around the topic of collapse, and the respectable narrative is surprisingly similar. Even the monster silver-bullet folks (Gates, Musk) have a similar caution. I read a pretty great break-down on energy by Gates a few weeks ago.

The journal proper is an allowed luxury from an MCJ perspective. Really, it brings that chrome bumper reflection a bit closer, as I find the most useful part of a journal is how the unconscious mind reflects in words as dreams are rendered. So, I'll continue on that, too.

#55_gmc #collapse #cut_up #history



2018-10-28 • Journal • Crows Eat the Rats • LR

This morning I laid in bed, drank coffee, and listened to the rats trying to chew their way into the house through the floor. When I reworked the house to minimize dust, part of what I did was patch and seal the areas between the inside of the house and the crawl space, so it is relatively difficult for the rats to get in. I thought about rats and collapse as I let the coffee sink into my grey matter folds, and how I really enjoy the separation of our living spaces. I prefer the luxury of industrial civilization from this perspective.

When I lived in the cabin there was no choice; mice lived in the walls. I don't know that I ever saw any rats or evidence of rats. I had a white cat, Sikma, named after the Super Sonics center, that managed to keep the mice from roaming free at night and crawling around my face, but it wasn't like I expected to live without the sound of rodents. If I didn't want mice droppings in my food, I had to keep my food in jars. Now, though, I think I have a choice, or, at least, I battle the rats fairly successfully.

I used to sleep in the back room, and rats would crawl up into the wall and try and chew their way in. It drove me crazy. They would wake me up. I drilled fifty or so holes in a grid pattern and sprayed foam into the wall to keep the rats out. It broke the plaster when it dried, leaving bulges and cracks in the wall. It solved the problem on that particular battle front.

My most recent battle with rats was in the kitchen a couple years ago. They would eat fruit out of the fruit bowl, leaving gnaw marks on the bananas. I figured out that they were coming in from in back of the stove. The stove is the worst place for them to get a foothold in, because it is hard to get at them. They tunnel into the insulation and make it so the house smells like rat poop when you bake. This was a huge problem at the old house as well, aggravated by our cat's behavior of hauling in half-dead rats.

There is a form of compartmentalization I have going on with my views on rats. First off, I consider rats the enemy. I think this is wired in from the Bubonic plague. I read a few years ago that the core premise of the plague, fleas from rats, was wrong, and that it was likely a spread by lice and fleas human to human. Still, though, I think there is a visceral hatred of rats going on with humans in general. My punk roommates had rats at The Church of Toast and Beer, and that stands as a piece of puzzling counterpoint, as it didn't really bother me then. I know that the

separation is a form of illusion that is inconsistent with any kind of realistic view of humans over history or in the future with kindness and balance.

#hobbitat #church_of_toast_and_beer



2018-10-28 - Journal - Skittles Lens Cover - LR

I cracked the edge of the taillight on my truck, and I purchased another from a mail-order/online parts store that I used to buy Rambler parts from. I worked with a woman at the health food store cooperative who told me how a relative had covered a broken taillight with a Skittles wrapper. We chuckled about it, and what a trashy hack it was at the time; however, I was thinking about just how insane replacing a taillight is nowadays. There is a circuit board for the reverse lights that have LEDs in a circle. Further, everything is all molded together. I can't simply buy a new lens cover; I have to buy an entirely new



assembly. It is quite likely that as supply chains degrade, that I will not be able to afford to do this in the future, and a Skittles lens equivalent cover will be the only solution.

Also, consider the tooling of a piece like this. It is quite complex. The concept of parts being swapped between entirely different car manufacturers, I imagine, is likely something that would get me laughed out of a parts store. With older vehicles, you can swap many different kinds of parts. I purchased the particular model of truck I did, a second generation Tacoma, because it had a long run, from 2004 to 2015. I can likely get parts for this for decades, but, still, this is not like the kinds of parts sharing across autos in the fifties and sixties.

I can't help but see this in everything we rely on with our frameworks of civilization and our supply chain. This is part of what contributes to the fragile nature of our infrastructure. Imagine what kind of global supply chains need to exist to support a modern locomotive. South Africa is part of this supply chain. It blows my mind that we ship locomotives all the way from South Africa. It is more than that, though, as there are many electronic components and other machined parts that come from all over the world.

For now, though, I need to simply replace a broken taillight. I'm chuckling a bit that I can't simply change a taillight without writing an article and considering collapse.

#collapse



2018-11-03 • Subject • Manifesto • L R

Freely available information technology exists for all to use, but the complexity is often overwhelming, making services with less freedom for the individual more appealing.

We believe that everyone should be able to:

- Organize and present personal and shared information in an interactive way
- Ensure that shared information is not corrupted by opportunists
- · Control their own digital identity and verify information received is from known identities
- Choose what information they see, and from who
- · Choose from multiple transport methods for information they want to share
- · House their own store of information that will persist across infrastructure failure
- Cooperate with other people with stores of information to rebuild the web of knowledge after infrastructure failure and subsequent recovery

We are the Organization for Recovery and Normalization Generators. We can and will help during these transitional times. The purpose of our organization is to:

- Publish technical documentation that can be downloaded and shared freely
- Provide free source code and programs to facilitate free and persistent information technology and stores
- Convert existing public stores of information into standard, consumable (normalized) forms, utilizing the methods and conventions we document

Our organization focuses on transparent communication with the addition of identity and integrity; we are not interested in encryption. Our documents and software are geared to the broad audience, and our software is designed to be simple to use, while still fulfilling our vision of information technology freedom and information persistence.

#orng

Comments:

2023-08-24:

I often give myself a hard time for going in circles; however, in this latest migration/edit session, I've noticed that I pick up bits and pieces that I hold on to. I can see some growth and consistency.

2021-10-20 :

Since MCJ now regenerates the entire page, and is in JavaScript, I should be able to add a validation easily. Besides that, on track as of today. The triples themselves will also have some security as far as identity, but it is more of a POC.



2018-11-06 • Dream • Stadium Dogs • LR

I was in a stadium in the stands, fairly close to the railing. The event was a dog fight, and there were dogs all over the field in metal crates. They had a small window on the side that the dogs put their heads out on. One dog noticed me from his cage and he barked hello at me. He had the coloring of a brown, black, and white-chested Bernese Mountain Dog. He was slightly smaller, though. In my dream he was a husky. All of the dogs were the same breed that were fighting.

After the fight was over I was standing at a large basin that had all of the hearts of the defeated dogs floating in water. I reached in and grabbed one heart, and showed it to somebody next to me who was familiar with the way the event was run. I thought the heart seemed larger than I imagined. I asked the person if the dog would really eat it. He said yes, and I wrapped it in some raw dough to prepare it for the victorious dog.

#dog



2018-11-10 • Journal • Interim Sun • L R

Sean drove by Sound Forest Park today and she was told by the sky, or wherever those kinds of directions come from, that it was important that I go down there and watch the sunset. She knows that I have been consulting with the sky a bit about my journal and related projects. I walked out past 4th along the trail besides Elle River a couple days ago, to where the sky opens up near the power lines. I was reassured on my current direction in life, and I told Sean about it. With this in mind, she made me promise that I go down to Sound Forest Park this evening, so I did. She mentioned I should sit on the bench I found a couple years ago that overlooks the sound, and is a good spot to watch the sun go down.

I was thirsty on my way down there. I had worked out and wanted to make sure I got down to see the sun set in time, and I had been in too much of a hurry to remember my water bottle. I parked just south of Slum Ritz. Sean and I don't eat there much anymore, because the patrons have shifted to being more plastic and snooty, and the staff is rude, at least to us. We now spend more time dining in South Bern when we feel like going out, but we still do go down to The Corners as well. As I parked, I was thinking about how Slum Ritz had changed, and I saw an El Camino which stuck out amid the other shiny Audis and Subarus. A man with a dingy, faded, light blue shirt and worn blue jeans got out and hobbled across the street with the aid of a cane.

I went to the market kitty-corner from Slum Ritz, where I had eaten some home-made soup with kale in it six months ago or so, while waiting for a ferry Sean was returning on. I remember looking out the window, through the rain, watching the cars cross in the intersection and checking my phone to see where the ferry was as I slurped my soup from a spoon.

I purchased a liter of water to bring with me to the park. As I was walking back I noticed that the El Camino had rust, much like the El Camino I dreamed about. I got in my truck to drive down to the park and a bright yellow Ford Ranger drove by. I considered the yellow truck as it passed the El Camino, and couldn't help but correlate with my journal and 2009. I still intend to continue with the mission outlined in my manifesto; however, the whole journal and mountain climbing deal is pretty huge in my life, and I vacillate guite a bit about it.

I parked my truck in the north lot and walked towards the bench. Pretty much the only way to get to the bench easily is to walk right by the shelter where Yvette's memorial was. Today I remember Yvette's memorial quite clearly, even though at the time I didn't even feel like I was there. I remember how Sammy met me on the path and we walked towards the shelter. He had on an elegant, long dark gray Pea coat (my memory is that he told me he found it at a second-hand store). Sammy smiled like he always does, bright eyes with his head down slightly and cocked to the side as he recognized me. We walked on



towards Yvette's memorial through the trees. I found him very comforting. I remembered many of the people and where they sat, stood, and what they did. I remembered how my sister had put up the big collage of pictures on the stone, and where my aunt, uncle, and cousins sat. I remember how Sean's friends gathered around listening to her Gamma Knife mix.

I passed the shelter and walked further down the path along the top of the ridge. It was busy today. Lots of children were playing; people were out with their dogs, and others looked like they were there for exercise, focused on their steps and not the view. Just as I entered the small clearing where the bench was, a man walked by strumming a small guitar faintly and singing at almost a whisper, but you could hear the tone of both. A couple slowed down near the bench, and I walked up behind them and maneuvered near the bench in the sun. I wanted to make sure I got a good spot, and I didn't want to have the moment spoiled by conversation. I sat down on the edge of the bench, leaving room, though, regardless. There is another bench, but it wasn't in the sun. I knew I needed to sit in the sun. I snapped a picture and sent it to Sean so she knew I was there. I had about a half hour before the sun went down.

The first thing that the sky related to me was, "You know what to do.", as though I was being foolish for even asking. It wasn't in a wrathful or scolding way, it was more of a steady guidance and cautioning. I considered issues of privacy and the focus of my work. Should I **just** work on the mechanism I have come up with for confirming identity and document it? The answer **seemed** to be that I should also work on my journal. There was the El Camino and yellow truck, after all.

I mulled over the different options some more and felt the sky. I let the buzzing of the sky come through. What about changing the names to fictional names? I ran through the various dilemmas I usually run through. After ten minutes or so I noticed some small clouds drift by that were pink and orange on the edges. I just stared at them for awhile instead of the normal, almost patriarchal, guidance and confirmation I got from the sky. Shortly after I felt a flush of love and warmth come down from the sky and blanket me. It said that I needed to be kinder to myself, that none of the details really mattered that much. I could do it, yes, but I should do it in a way that I enjoyed, as it was mainly for me.



I then felt the love reflect back out of me. I could feel it from the sky, and then I could feel it inside of me. I remembered my philosophy teacher's idea that I should be thankful for the noises that the universe brings. I'm not sure I can ever fully do that, but it did seem to dull my reactions to the people passing by on the path and their general racket as I tried to get guidance. I felt more in tune with them, as though we were together in a ceremony. Then it struck me that this was the female aspect of the sky. That made sense. This was Sophia, the wisdom figure from Proverbs, the one who told the more wrathful god, "Nope, you shouldn't flood the earth." (One of my takeaways from Jung's The Answer to Job).

As soon as the sun went down, even though the orange light was still coming up over the mountains, both the guidance and the feeling or radiant love disappeared. I got up and noticed that the man with the guitar was standing back under the trees, watching the sun go down, and continuing to play his guitar, but so softly that I couldn't even hear it from the bench. I walked out as the night got cold quickly. I drove home to bring Bobo to his performance (which, it turns out, is next week anyway).

#el_camino #elle_river #mountain_climbing #sammy #sean #slum_ritz #sound_forest_park #south_bern #the_corners #yellow #yvette



2018-11-11 • Subject • Technical O. R. N. G. • LR

To get an idea of what we are about, see our Manifesto.

Here are the design principles of O.R.N.G. that support the Manifesto:

The work is done on the client from that data, and does not require a server. This includes tag and period navigation.

DRY: Don't Repeat Yourself Primarily this means that if the data is in the set of docs, it is not rewritten.

KISS: Keep It Simple Stupid Is there a good reason for a feature? Pay attention to the requirements, and if there is no good reason, don't do it. A good example of this is the decision not to include WebID. A plain RSA key works just fine.

The journal content should be easily transported. Technically this means that the form should be protected from transmission errors that happen from stuff like copy/paste.

Any published items should be easy to use to recreate the entries. If I have *nothing*, I should be able to find a computer, find a stash of documents, and read them. I could always save them if I trust the public key and republish with a new private key. In fact, this should really be *assumed*. Everybody could lose their key every single day and still write. I am not taking on the validation of the private key or identity, only that the document was signed with a particular public key, so they are related. In reality, I likely will always have a secure private key, as I work in IT; however, it shouldn't be assumed. The private key is the only thing that I need to recover all of my journal and write with a continuous identity, even if I start again from zero.

#design



2018-11-17 • Subject • Love and Life • L R

It is odd to get a constant stream of being thankful queues. I am not thankful for the success of humans. Our ideas of "excellence" usually mean destruction of the good. Humans are stellar in their freaky half-divine interests, creations, and observations, but it is difficult to be thankful for any of it...because humans. We are also quite good at putting a good spin on our efforts. No, we are failing in spectacular fashion. Because of this, I'm not thankful for health. I'm not thankful for my loot.

Thankful requires a target. This would have to be my nebulous "mountain", the giver of life in general. But I am ashamed of what we have done as creatures, how we have trampled our gift of life, our garden to live in. It seems to

me that we are incapable, mostly, of breaking out of our myopic bubble, breaking out of our vector of complete and total destruction.

You think you are better than that? Good for you. I will not claim that. I will take a stance of shame. Now, if the target is the web (not WWW), the mountain, then I am thankful for my click of life. I really am. What a glorious web to experience. And, if I am able to zoom out a bit to the solar system, I am witnessing in my lifetime the story that will be told for another thousand generations, the destruction of eden, and the fall of an entire civilization.

Being thankful for anything outside of my click of life seems wrong. This is different from my responsibilities. I justify my participation in looting because I do not want to put my values onto my son beyond the most basic of being kind and developing a sense of where one is in the world. I am *from* this same mess of civilization, so my structures work inside it. (That is, I like to bathe daily, for instance.) This is different, but it is not something to be thankful for.

I am also thankful for the bits of light that run near me and nourish me, those stars, friends, lovers that I have. Interesting... my fake journal names are something I have a rule about "no analysis". They are supposed to be the first thing that comes to mind. I have no idea what they are based on. One is named Sunn, and I will see him on thanksgiving. I have known him for 40 years.

This is something that has always been a bit of a paradox with mountain climbing (the metaphor). How can I be thankful about having a rope, a small thread of life, a click of life, and a chance to move through the web and fix chinks in the web (even though I can never know); how can I accept this and still revolve around particular humans? And, so, I guess I have added that I am thankful for those humans that I know that become light in my metaphor of mountain climbing. The paradox starts because those humans I know are part of the web, but this is a pretty basic paradox of all religious stance.

Participating in the web, too, if I broaden the old 1986 definition to include the world wide web, which seems reasonable, is also something that I am pleased I get to do. It is an indulgence, though. It seems like being thankful is more serious, when considering the target.

In conclusion, then, I am thankful for my click of life and for those stars, those friends and lovers that I share my life with. This buzz of recognition is love, but being thankful for love, absent of supporting metaphor, seems hollow to me. Love, the buzz of love, the warmth the sun as it nourishes plants, the giver of my click of life, whether it is chaos fractals or an unknown form of divinity, united with the guiding light of stars, quite possibly all of these things collapse into a tautology. I cave, then. Love. Love and life.

#love



2018-11-17 • Memory • Cabin Match • L R

I was working out in the cottage, and had to leave quickly and didn't want Man in the High Castle to continue streaming. I had dropped the remote for the old Roku, and didn't have time to find it, so I pulled all of the cords out and left. I forgot my water bottle though, so I turned around to find it, but the light was out. I used my phone for light, just whatever was on the screen, not a phone flashlight. The light was dim from the phone, but I did find my water bottle. It reminded me of something similar, and I searched my memory. I finally placed it. Entering the cottage and looking around in the dim light was how I used to enter my cabin. I had a box of matches in a holder next to the door. I would grab a match from the bottom and strike it on the side to light the match. I would then find my lantern so I could light that. I forgot about that until tonight. Muscle memory, really. If I had smelled kerosene I would have come pretty close to time travel.

#hobbitat



2018-11-21 • Journal • Heroin • LR

I was listening to Velvet Underground, the Banana album with Nico, and these words rang my mind:

I wish that I was born a thousand years ago
I wish that I'd sail the darkened seas
On a great big clipper ship
Going from this land here to that
In a sailor's suit and cap
Away from the big city
Where a man can not be free
Of all of the evils of this town
And of himself, and those around

I feel gypped out of the West, beyond the horizon. I had a similar feeling when I lost my long-term contentment with wrenching on old cars. The perspective, seeing the entire curve of the ocean and coming around the other side, the perspective of the last decade, has taken away the innocent mystery and uncertainty, and I am sentimental about my past open spaces of unknown adventure.

#divine #wrenching



2018-11-21 • Journal • Index, of course • LR

The purpose of much of this, besides having a place to write (which is a luxury), is simplicity and constraint in the support of persistent information. We have a set of requirements, which are listed in our Manifesto, but there are still a couple technical challenges I've been mulling over.

The basic idea is that each piece of information can stand by itself. The collection of data could be a social network or simply a way to re-assemble information. There will be no server-side generation; all is done in the client. This makes stuff like lists of articles and tags more difficult.

My current take of what this means is that standard pages can be sent into the app over any number of methods: email, web, files via sneakers, perhaps even UUCP... (not that anybody would do that, but it is possible). The app can regenerate all metadata fed to it (titles, dates, tags, etc.). When you think about a WordPress site, much of what exists is around varying tools for metadata. Normally we rely on web servers and web applications to handle this for us.

Above all, the most likely form of persistence is an easily generated web page that archive.org stores. I am compelled to consider many forms of persistence, though. Consider it my attempt at opening up the West.

Skip forward to a client existing that does like the above. If there is no real server, generally, and the pages of information generate the usual navigation via tags and lists of the latest entries on the client, then what method can be used to pull down all pages from a website knowing nothing else? For a bit I thought about some of the standards like RFC 5785, but then it hit me: index.html! What is an index? Well, it could easily be the index of the pages on the site as well as keywords. This makes the site generally useful, it doesn't mess up the idea of the pages by cramming too much extra text when they already have metadata in the header, and there don't have to be so many extra pages of lists of articles under tags. It is simple, and it works.

#history



2018-11-25 • Journal • Other Voices • LR

I have had as one of my occasional guiding principles "change your mind, you're always wrong" from The Cure: Other Voices. I hadn't thought much about why. The best guiding principles, at least for me, run below conscious mind (click of life, click the fingernails together). I read the lyrics today - lust and lonely desolation. The voices cry out from everywhere to change your mind. So, a brief glance at this and my use as a guiding principle seems off, but, still, I have used it, and will continue to. I guess the question is, "What is the fabric of the other voices?". It may answer the question of loneliness and desolation. The fabric is me, but not in a Crowley way, more of a Martin

Buber sort of way. So this leads to the quote by Kesey in relation to Buber: "A thing to keep in mind, as we plunge ever deeper into our task of revolution, is the wonderful and singular area wherein this labor is being waged. All too easily we are distracted by issues so demanding and righteous in an earthly plane that we end up devoting most of our energies to picking up plastic cups from the roadside or breaking out Bank of America windows in Berkeley. And don't get me wrong; both of those endeavors are noble in commitment and scope, but are effective only if they communicate with *areas of diseased consciousness* the led us into our trash-filled blind alley and built the bank that financed the trash." I probably am always wrong in this regard. The other voices, the diseased consciousness, the dark lust for the figure brushing near in the empty room, the loneliness, these are all symptoms I see, but they are me, and the only cure (besides a ringing cowbell) is to constantly change my mind and open up communication.

#identity #other voices #kesey



2018-11-26 • Subject • Rest and There • LR



The basic technical idea of O.R.N.G. is that it is possible to own a fully distributed identity and publish information. This isn't really that hard. The trick is to insert a signature of everything but the signature itself into an image or web page, and then parse it to determine if the document matches the signature. It is like stamping a signet ring in wax on a paper that everybody can read. All it does is show that the owner of the signet ring wrote the paper. All of the libraries and technology for this are standard. Explaining how this works so that others can do it themselves is the goal of this website. Over time we will share the full journal system that this is written on, but the tech is so simple, that it is our hope that this will become more commonplace.

There does have to be a convention for compatibility. This is our convention:

We use regular old RSA keys created like this:

openssl genrsa -out privkey.key 2048 openssl rsa -pubout -in privkey.key > pubkey.key

We verify the rsa signatures like this:

openssl dgst -sha256 -verify pubKey.pem -signature sign.sig data.orig

We use the old comment field in JPEG files and add a comment in HTML documents like the graphic.

That is all! Now, the application that uses this could keep track of trusted sources by keeping track of public keys. There are many ways to communicate in many different fashions, but an advantage of our approach is that the message is in HTML that can be crawled and read by anybody, just like everybody can listen in on ham or CB radio. Unlike radio, with this system identity can be confirmed in relation to the message.

#design



2018-11-30 • Subject • Fantasy? • LR

If I could unlearn everything I've learned since 2004, my fantasy life would be along the lines of this:

Rambler 65

What would your fantasy life be like? What luscious liquid flowing in golden tendrils across your brain would you choose? How would you pull the wool over your own eyes?

#rambler



2018-12-03 • Subject • The Cost of Computers • LR

I was on my walk today, thinking about where things come from and why we are in such a pickle. Yes, yes, few think we are in a pickle, well, at least a serious one that there is no way out from. But for most of my life I have wondered about things like a simple butter knife. I have a good idea about where the stuff comes from to make the knife. It seems like it must certainly cost much more to make that knife than we pay for it. Sure, you could make a million knives, and this is where the confusion comes in. A million knives seem cheaper, than, say, a knife made as a one-off by hand. The catch is where all of the stuff comes from behind the knife: the water, the factories, the subsidies, the pyramid of money... many things. This is the core criticism about technical solutions to our problems. It is hard to convince somebody of this, but the next time you consider an object, try and think about all of the stuff behind that object. Some of it is surprising, like how much water and degradation of resources is involved in the manufacture of a personal computer.

As I was thinking of this, I remembered something my dad said to me. Perhaps I have written about it before, but it came back to me in full force today as I thought about where things come from and why it is so difficult for our culture to understand this. In the early eighties my dad told me that computers never saved anybody any money. They allowed businesses to scale and to be more accurate. My dad should know. He started out in the very beginning of computers, working for NCR and then Honeywell. He was a great salesman. I think what he said was a key difference in perspective. We tend to assume that computers save us money. I suspect that isn't true. We are simply able to scale to such an extreme amount that it seems like we are saving money, but if you factor in all of the supply chains and infrastructure behind them we really don't. It is misleading.

#collapse #computers #dad



2018-12-06 • Journal • Simple, Focus • LR

I was working on the software a bit today, and was thinking about adding a feature of next/last to go through the articles. This is out of touch with the whole purpose. The pages are supposed to include the minimum amount that is necessary to have a functioning page and minimal web site. Any kind of fancy viewing could be done with any number of viewers, but it should not clutter up the original page. The stress is on the ability to use the data without a network connection, but still allow the pages to be mined. The collection of pages could certainly be fed into some kind of book application that turned the articles back and forward, but it does not need to be part of the HTML, nor does it need to bog down the code of the minimal publishing system (journal).

#design



2018-12-08 • Subject • Make Your Own Pink Beam • LR

Perhaps DNA, or the fact that your child does not wince when you come up from behind and place your hand on his shoulder, perhaps an information stream that is crafted from focus and polish over the years, perhaps nothing but your breath under the vibration of the sky - it is true that you will not know the form or outcome - but, it is your pink light of transmission that bounces off the chrome GMC bumper in splintered vectors towards the futures and explodes in fractal visions past the frontier of collapse.

#55_gmc #collapse #pink_beam #pkd



2018-12-10 • Dream • Bobo Pies • LR

I was with Sphere in a rental house. He was visiting. I told him how I was worried about my ideas getting me in trouble with his government. I realized that this was why we didn't see each other in private anymore. We met in a cafe later that day. I bought a piece of scrap wood that was sitting next to the register. I wanted to carve it out to

hide a book in. I drilled it out while sitting in the cafe with Sphere, but the wood split because there was a knot in the wood and a place where the core had hallowed out.

I went up to find another piece of wood. Instead of the bigger pieces for a price, there was a pile of scrap wood for free. The cafe was familiar with Bobo. They had a pumpkin pie named after him called Bobo1. They said that when he was seven they were watching him after school (they also were a daycare), and he tried to take a pie out of the oven and fell down on the trays of pies.

Two other friends of Sphere were taking up my place at the table when I returned. I waited until they got up and danced and then I reclaimed my spot.

#bobo #sphere



2018-12-21 = Journal = Apocrypha = LR

I had a glorious workout today to The X-files Apocrypha. I likely last watched The X-Files about a year ago, between jobs. The paranoia is satisfying and luscious. I had moved over to Buffy and then on to The Man in the High Castle, but the later is turning into a dim shadow of an idea, kind of like how Twin Peaks fades and then blooms with Lynch and Frost. I think I am done with The Man in the High Castle, though.

#buffy #pkd #x files



2018-12-31 • Subject • Why Transmission? Why orange beam? • LR

Orng is arbitrary, and is a play on Philip K. Dick's experience with the pink beam of light. It is a transmission of both data and a way to view the data. It is a fairly large stream that exists as a single file. When the application starts up it loads the file both as an example of how to build your own transmission, but also as a way to move to a long-form blog of a year. It is possible for you to create your own transmission by simply creating a new orngexportall.txt file by using the file->exportall command.

The orng.org website, as well as this software, will be improved over the coming year as the volunteers have time in between their other jobs. In general, a full transmission will be created on New Years Day every year, where the transmission is included in the distribution. 2019 slipped a bit, but we hope to adhere to the orange beam allegory on 2020.

#design #pink beam



2018-12-31 • Subject • Dates and Navigation • LR

The dates need to stay in ISO 8601 date format. The dates are in local time, as it is mostly a personal journal and dates are not expected to be important at that level of precision. There are some external efforts at O.R.N.G. that convert to UTC in order to validate and share entries, but these efforts (as of 2018-12-31) have not been finalized or released. We have written about some of this.

2018-12-31	Home - All Articles - All Tags
2018-12-31 21:39:55	TO G STORY IS VALUE
2018-12-31 21:39:59	Dates and Navigation
2018-12-31 21:39:55	<u>« < > >></u>
2018-12-31 21:39:59	Date referenced: 2018-12-31
	Date first written: 2018-12-31

There are 5 date fields. The top one is the date referenced. This is the day that the article refers to as opposed to when the article is first written (second entry down) and modified (third entry down). The forth entry down is the date based on the filename, which is the number of seconds since 12:00AM, January 1, 1904, local time. This is set when you first create a new entry. The fifth one down, the bottom one, is only used when scrolling the versions after clicking the clock icon when you have the article loaded. If there are any past versions,

you can scroll through them and the date is shown for the version that is displayed in the left panel.

The date format is a convention that you need to abide by for the journal to work correctly. It has the benefit of being a world-wide standard and it sorts well, so it is a decent constraint. The top date, the date referenced, is just yyyy-mm-dd; however, the others are more specific: yyy-mm-dd hh:mm:ss. These are automatically generated, but date referenced and date first written can be changed, if you like.

The navigation goes by the date referenced. The journal sorts all of the public entries into a sequence based on date referenced and populates the data for the controls on each individual page. If you change dates around, sometimes the dates need to be recalculated. The dates can easily be reset by clicking save on the most recent public entry, as this requires all files to change, since the » needs to point to the last article on each page. If you have trouble, close and re-open the application and try it again, saving the last article and pushing the publish icon. This will recalculate every page for navigation. If you simply add a new article and save it, though, the navigation should work just fine.

One thing to know about the journal, is that the main way O.R.N.G. Journal calculates the dates is by comparing all entries in memory with the recalculated navigation. It then saves the pages from the recalculated navigation. This currently has the behavior of re-saving deleted entries, as the all-entries matrix stored in the running program is only loaded at program start. This means that if you wish to delete an entry you should restart the program immediately after in order to get the correct array loaded. Note that the array is updated with a save, but the problem is that navigation affects many pages. This is why the nav calc is done with a diff of the arrays.

#configuration

Comments:

2021-01-30:

These days, with even more KISS, I'm down to a single date.



2019-01-11 • Subject • Squeeze Principle • LR

Repeatedly I have run across this idea that I only get forward motion by squeezing very hard. I squeeze my life and sacrifice quality and health. I often come to the conclusion that I overshoot, and that I need to relax. Often I feel like I am in a better place than before I relaxed my grip, but at the same time I know that I would not have reached where I am without the squeeze.

Here I am after a fairly intensive push. I had a few ideas that propelled me, like the manifesto, the mission, the 1/1 transmission, and solving the problem with identity and verification. The ideas got too complicated, though, and it detracted from the usefulness of the primary product, the journal. I did get the verification to work, and have software that will leverage the JPEG comment field to put in a signature. I did learn a lot, and the performance and stability of the journal in general has improved.

Sometimes there is a trigger for the change. I had lunch with an old friend last week. I told him about the signatures and how I had figured out how to use SSH-style fingerprints for brevity. He challenged my assertion that people could even get to the fingerprint. I replied that any form of collapse would be a transition; however, he does have a point. It is far more likely that information will be siloed. I do have a tendency to blame the pull-back on something tangible like this, and it may be wise; but at the same time I suspect that it might be a good principle to follow, kind of like the advice some authors offer to toss away multiple drafts of a work.

I read this today and thought it was worth posting a link to:

Hope and Vision in the Face of Collapse – The 4th R of Deep Adaptation

#tunnel



2019-01-20 • Subject • State of the Union • LR

My journal has been in a state of flux for many years. I have used many alternative products and alternative methods of communication, with various understandings of my audience. I have tried RedNotebook multiple times. I've tried cloud services. I've considered various private journals I could create with encryption. I've developed many versions of journal software myself, but I've usually been unhappy, eventually. In the end, with a few tweaks, I settled on storing the journal entries and markdown, encoded as base64, within regular old HTML5.

One transform is the idea that what I write for The Admiralty can be done without identity, and is even an assist. Ah... The Admiralty, my old professor's journal audience, coupled with the idea of PKD's pink beam, this does work. So, as far as the State of the Union, I have audience down. Well, as pinned down as my usual abstract ideas allow, which is kind of up to me anyway.

I am happy with the idea, and even kind of obsessed with the idea of information systems at rest. This means the information for presentation is in the primary data. From a NoSQL perspective this is a document-level store (vs. a collection of key-value pairs). The document is the glue/event instead of a timestamp. Sure, I still code in the sequence as an event using my seconds-since 1904 method (purely convenient, but it works and has some precedent); however, the expression and presentation of the journal comes from the document itself. As I was writing this, I switched around the tags a bit. I simply searched for the documents with the tags and changed them in the bottom line and saved. This doesn't break anything, which is one of the features with NoSQL. If I had a relational database to maintain I would probably translate the tag table into text and reference the tag or some such. I have used this in the past (MCJ had person, place, things, and times tables that related to articles).

```
clackype html>
chtml lang="en">
chtml lang="en">
chead
claim rel="stylesheet" type="text/css" href="css/style.css" /:
chead
claim rel="stylesheet" type="text/css" href="apple-toue|
claim rel="stylesheet" type="insey/png" size="180x180" href="apple-toue|
claim rel="stylesheet" type="insey/png" size="12x32" href="apple-toue|
claim rel="icon" type="insey/png" size="12x32" href="favicon|
claim rel="stylesheet" href="size+webmanifest">
claim rel="manifest" href="size+webmanifest">
claim rel="manifest"
cla
```

As for features, the ability to save occasionally and still be able to roll back is a plus. I'm not sure I enjoy the constant save feature. I haven't entirely made up my mind. In this case, with this software, I get some advantages, as the save does quite a bit of things. For instance, navigation is hard, and I recalculate on save. This is related to a trick I use where I run a differential on a navigation calculation array vs. the new calculated array, and only save those articles where it has changed. With a database back-end using traditional relations, this is done with a query as the pages are rendered. It is more difficult in this case, as my design principle is that the entire journal is independent without software. One other observation is that the way I'm calculating this is fast. It works on GNU/Linux just as fast as Windows or Mac OS X.

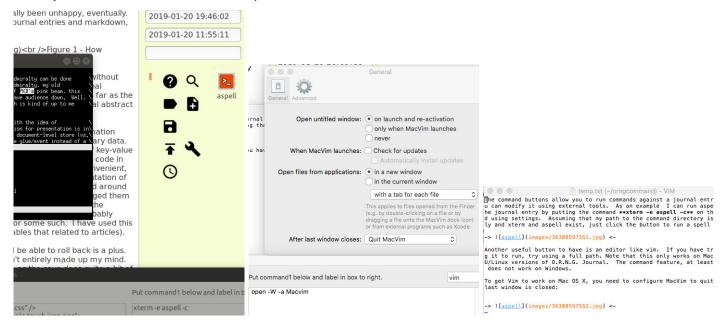
Finally settling on markdown on the left and mostly real-time HTML rendering on the right suits me well. It solves some of my main problems with existing journal software. Some people try and do this, but what I think the main problem is being timid about the size of the screen. Phones are mostly portrait. I am *fine* with desktop software. I like using desktop-powered operating systems and applications. I like typing fast. I like wide screens. This software is optimized for this. At the same time, the presentation of the journal can be optimized for various screens. Separating out these two was important, I think. I learned quite a bit about CSS media queries with this latest version. But, yes, markdown is a great compromise to get something that can be written fast without being cumbersome for markup.

What is next? Well, I have been hampered for quite awhile thrashing around between journals that I didn't like much. I am looking forward to massaging and growing my corpus this year. While I reserve the right to change my mind, I kind of like the idea of new transmissions of corpus and software on New Years Day. I'll still update the online journal, though. I will create a new transmission if there are major bugs. Oh, while I'm at it... my error checking is pretty lame. Now, I haven't found an error yet that isn't due to paths being wrong, but I also know that I have some data validation work to do, as stuff like tabs are used frequently in processing and will break the journal. I don't know how much time I will have for this. I work full time, so it has to be pretty broken for me to prioritize a release. Releases are a bit of a pain, particularly because I have to test on so many different platforms. In conclusion, what is next will be some refinements on the entries. I'll also start documenting the conventions, constraints, and quirks of the system on orng.org.



2019-01-20 • Subject • Using the Command Feature • LR

The command buttons allow you to run commands against a journal entry so that you can modify it using external tools. As an example I can run aspell against the journal entry by putting the command **xterm -e aspell -c** on the top command using settings. Assuming that my path to the command directory is set correctly and xterm and aspell exist, just click the button to run a spell check.



Another useful button to have is an editor like vim. If you have trouble getting it to run, try using a full path. Note that this only works on Mac OS X and GNU/Linux versions of O.R.N.G. Journal. The command feature, at least as of 1.1.1 does not work on Windows.

To get Vim to work on Mac OS X, you need to configure MacVim to quit after the last window is closed. If you don't do this, then you will need to manually quite MacVim before control returns back to O.R.N.G. Whatever you change will be pulled back into the journal, and you can save it at that time. One nice thing about this is that you can use syntax highlighting for markdown.

#bill joy #command button #configuration #todo #vi #vim

Comments:

2021-01-30:

Actually... a feature to run a command to edit in various editors would be a good add to the current version. Have to add a config.txt in source root?



2019-01-26 • Dream • PHP Burrito • LR

I had a recurring dream where I was attempting to solve the problem of distributing sequential configuration of some kind, similar to the challenge of making all of the navigation work across the pages. I have these dreams occasionally. I will attempt to solve the problem all night long, usually without success. I was considering using PHP code at first, and it looked like I was sending PHP code to a slice of a burrito in my dream. I ended up figuring that perhaps Python was a better language to use. When I woke, as I came out of my dreams, I realized that MQTT would be a good way to distribute the slices correctly.

#mqtt



2019-01-27 • Subject • CLI Emoji • L R

I had a pretty great idea for how to tag tags, and in the same effort I was able to tackle the idea of classifications as well. It all started out when I found my old MCJ icons in XFig format. These were the original vector files from late 2005. It reminded me how I felt that person, place, thing, and time were useful. I concluded, mostly, that it made the UI difficult with this many classifications, and went with plain old tags. In 2015 I made a version of my journal that used emoji for everything. It was beautiful on Mac OS X, but kind of ugly on Windows and GNU/Linux. Further, this version had my steganography component in it, which, while cool, made it more unstable and finicky (the graphics libraries changing seemed to break the steganographic routine I developed).

I thought about putting back the person, place, thing, and time icons as part of a web page for presentation. It worked fairly well. Here is how it looked with the old MCJ icons:



Here are the all of the icons and the fig files:



person.fig place.fig thing.fig time.fig ok.fig mountain.fig new.fig x.fig

These were all done in late 2005, so it predates my awareness of facebook. The thumb was supposed to be OK (kind of like like). I didn't end up using some of these. The person looks a lot like the logon for Windows 10. Not that it was that original or anything, but it is interesting. Thing is quite similar to what I use now:



Here is how I did the CSS:

```
.person {
    float: Left;
    float: Le
```

I used fig2dev to convert the fig files to svg:

```
fig2dev -L svg place.fig place.svg
```

The more I thought about it, though, the more I figured that emoji/utf-8 was the way to do what I wanted. Further, if I added person, place, thing, and time emoji









onto the beginning of the tag, I didn't have to clutter up the UI like I have in the past. I kind of like the single line of tags at the bottom. As an added bonus, a tag of a single emoji can be a classification using MCJ entry classifications of journal, dream, memory, subject, and dialog











I had to compromise a bit on emoji that worked OK on both Windows and GNU/Linux. Finally, I added classifications for the O.R.N.G. Journal documentation, history, design, and operations







I figure over time the emoji support will get even better.

One thing that was kind of fun was using perl to replace the old tags with the new style tags on the command line:



Note that in regard to the above screen shot, I changed to an earlier version of UTF-8 symbols that predate most emoji. They are not as colorful, but they are more standard.

[2019: After many years, I have concluded that time isn't that useful. My idea was that I often think of particularly sharp periods. It might be sixth grade, or a time when things changed significantly, and the borders crossed years. In practice, though, I don't think it is that useful. In the interest of simplifying, I'm removing that classification. If it is crucial, just call it a thing.]

#history #split_screen #xfig



2019-01-31 • Dialog • Mr. Sinclair • LR

AC: Mr. Sinclair, I have written journal software based on your class and your pamphlet for over thirty years. I recently found your phamphlet online, reread it, and realized that I've done much of it wrong.

PS: I remember you, I think. You left your journal with me and never came back to pick it up.

AC: Yes. I ended up moving around a lot after that, and ended up in Eugene.

PS: Were you the one that I scolded for writing on a computer?

AC: Yes. Your memory is quite good. The Macs came out that same year and I used to write on those and paste my entries in my journal. You said that I acted as if there was a channel between my ideas and my fingers that was hindered by the act of writing.

PS: You were not a very good student.

AC: No, I wasn't. I did want to thank you, though, regardless. Mainly I wanted to have *some* example of dialog in my journal. I have never ever written one, and since it was one of your classifications, I figured I should write one to you.

PS: I appreciate the consideration.

#sinclair



2019-02-02 • Subject • Self; Determination • LR

I've been working on my journal, which has a large number of dream entries. It strikes me (pun observed) that trying to prepare for your "house burning down" in normal conscious life by the obvious stuff like smoke alarms, off-site backups, and bug out bag, is an identity struggle. The term "house" in dream analysis is "self", broadly. There are many aspects of house (room, rental, outside, basement, attic, etc.) but generally house=self in dreams. But back to "house burning down". It seems to me that we are likely marketed to as far as issues around a house. That is, all of the issues of identity are likely prayed* upon as opportunities around the idea of an actual house, all of the fears and what it symbolizes.

"All wet! Hey you might need a raincoat Shakedown! Dreams walking in broad daylight Three hun-dred six-ty five de-grees Burning down the house."

I imagine that "car" has similar bits to it. Certainly we are marketed cars. A car in your dream is different. Generally a car, I would propose, is self determination in relation to motion/direction. These are two fabulous items to pair, right? Self;Determination. Personally, I can see how that works out in my past. I currently have an excellent example in my '67 Pop top Econoline van Betty.

In the end it all boils down to identity. There is a core bit, the self, the soul, whatever that is, as well as change in relation to vectors of <fill in the blanks>. In order to make a consumer, just start banging on those cracks and seams and watch the wallet open. Self;Determination.

*I'll just leave that at prayed upon vs. preyed upon. It seems prefect**.

**I'll leave that too.

#cars #house #identity



2019-02-03 • Subject • Quirks, Bugs, and Other Cautions • LR

• On Windows, selecting a tag in the free-form entry at the bottom and clicking the emoji from the lower, center pane inserts the emoji in the wrong part of the tag. A workaround is to enter free-form tag entries on the far left, select, and then click the overload tag (usually person, place, thing, or time).

- All journal entries start with "orng-jrnl-", include a 10 digit number, and end with .html. Don't add any other html files manually to your private directory. The public directory is not cleaned, so you can add stuff there, just don't add anything to the private directory. The private directory is your data store, so don't fool with it, and keep it backed up. In some cases, like if you save a page after certain operations, and an article is not loaded, the article will not have a 10 digit number. This will break the journal system. I'll address that in a later release. A workaround is to review articles with filenames of orng-jrnl-.html or even orange-jrnl-.html.html, etc., copy any data that may have been stored in them, create a new entry if there is anything in them, and delete them so that only html files that look like orng-jrnl-9999999999.html are in your private folder (called "All Storage Path in configuration).
- I have simplified the CSS significantly since I created the 2019-01-01 transmission. You can grab it from here if you like.

#configuration



When Bobo came home from school today he wanted a snack. The freezer is a bit low after us being holed up in the house during the snow, so all we had was some frozen shrimp and fish sticks. He made the shrimp for a snack, and asked me if I wanted some. We split the shrimp, and I told him how they were my favorite brand, SeaPak Jumbo Butterfly Shrimp. Nothing compares. The others are all too bready. He agreed, and we enjoyed them together.

Sean is down in Arizona visiting her parents, so it was just Bobo and I for dinner. I told him that maybe we should have fish sticks and veggies for dinner, and he was agreeable. I worked out in the cottage, and when I was done I made the fish sticks and veggies. It reminded me of when I was a kid and the three of us would watch Star Trek when my parents went out. It seems like there were often fish sticks, tater tots, and frozen veggie mix for dinner, likely because we could pick anything we wanted, and that is often what we picked.

I asked Bobo if he wanted to watch Star Trek with me. He said no, he would just watch youtube. I told him that I was nostalgic about Star Trek because I used to watch it as a kid when I ate fish sticks, and he said that if I wanted to watch Star Trek with him he would. He curled up on the couch wrapped in a blanket, ate his fish sticks, and was pretty intent on watching the show. It was his first episode. I tried to get him interested when he was younger a couple times, but he has never wanted to watch it. I asked him what he thought, and he said that the music was pretty over the top, and the dramatic dialogs were a bit of a put-off, but all-in-all he thought the writing was good and the plot was interesting. It was the episode Return to Tomorrow.

I cleaned up the kitchen and thought about how we would usually have butter brickle ice cream as a kid. It has always been my favorite. I particularly like the Snow Star Safeway version of it, but I haven't seen that in years. I still had on my workout clothes and had changed into crocks with bare feet. I went out to see if my truck was still snowed in, and it melted quite a bit today. I had this urge to just drive down to the grocery store and get some butter brickle ice cream. I wasn't dressed appropriately, and I didn't have my wallet or my glasses or anything. I reprimanded myself to just go in the exact state of dress as I was in without going back inside. I don't know exactly why, but it was important that I did it. I have spare glasses, albeit a bit goofy because they are a round milky plastic frame that are too small for my face. I got them for \$35 from a mail-order glasses company as an experiment. They are my prescription and everything. I keep them in my glove box. I had some cash in my glove box too, so I just drove down.

The store was pretty quiet. I ended up getting quite a few grocery items and even a 24 oz bottle of IPA for when Sean makes anchovy pizza. The man at the register was pretty slow, but I wasn't really in a hurry. He thanked me for taking my stuff out of the basket. I told him I hadn't been out in awhile, and I was tired of soup. He chuckled. He was an older man, roughly my age, with small diamond studs in his ears. He asked me what my birthday was. He apologized and said he had to enter something for my birthday. Briefly I thought I would get carded and not be able to buy the beer, but he let me just say my birthday (which I chose wrong). I entered Yvette's old cell phone number into the machine to get the club deal, but it didn't take it. I have her old club card. Hers was in better shape than

mine, so when she died I used hers and tossed mine, figuring I would foil their data collection. (One thing that is really kind of creepy is that for the first two years after she died I would get these suggestions to donate to cure cancer. I had a rule that I always donated five dollars every time, particularly because it was her card. It went on for about two years before the machine stopped asking, sometimes asking multiple times in a day.) The man asked me what the number was, so I repeated Yvette's cell number, but it still wouldn't take. He then said he would just enter his own number instead, and did that, which was pretty generous of him and saved me five bucks.

I came back with some groceries and the closest thing I could find to butter brickle (butter pecan), and Bobo and I sat at the table together and ate the ice cream.

#bobo #cancer #sean #yvette



2019-02-16 • Journal • Drive Thru BBQ • LR



Sean went to Bremerton to visit her son, who she hasn't seen in a week. Bobo went out with his grandparents to go see a review of Count Basie tunes at Beneroya Hall. It was his birthday present. I saw Bobo and his grandparents greet each other with glee. They were all so pleased to get together and attend the show. I stayed home, took a bath, worked on my journal software design a bit, but mostly relaxed. I had an urge to eat some wet bbq, and decided to try out a drive-thru that they opened up in my neighborhood a couple of years ago. It was kind of strange to order this through a drive-thru, but it worked, and didn't take much longer than any other kind of fast food. I got beans and a brisket sandwich:

I had to yell into the speakerphone that I wanted the "damn hot sauce" when asked if I wanted sauce. That is the official name. It was pretty hot. I'd give it a four on the Thai scale. I also got some spicy beans. I stopped by the corner store to get some Tricerahops Double IPA. One of the owners was leaving quickly as I arrived, so I stood to the side to let him out. He noticed and grabbed me by the hand to make sure I entered before he exited. He smiled and said, "You go first!", but it still was kind of awkward because he grabbed my hand, at least for me.

I ate at the table alone and then enjoyed another beer looking out the bookcase doors into the living room with the lights off. I felt very relaxed and savored the luxury of the moment. I enjoyed the low light, and the painting of "The Meeting on the Turret Stairs" hung to the right of the fireplace.

#beer



2019-02-19 • Memory • Who'll Stop the Rain? • LR

I remember in Spring of 1986 I was walking through campus, and I was angry about people in general, those I saw around me. I was judging them. I had many currents of intent running through my head, many idealistic clouds gathering and darkening. Ironically, I suppose, I was reading Gandhi's autobiography at the time. A man saw me marching down to my pickup and said, "How's the war?". I scowled, figuring he was insulting me somehow, and I didn't feel like I was at war, but despite my defensive ploy, the knife of his words nicked me and infected me enough that over thirty years later I still refer to it.

I made some difficult decisions this week. To summarize, and, I don't know if this is a real quote by Ray Bradbury or not, "If you don't like what you're doing, then don't do it." Yesterday evening I went through the related cycles, anxious cycles of activity and redirection due to my decisions, and then BAM, all the cycles just relaxed. If you unfocus your eyes a bit, you can see the patterns of your own eyeball fluid. If it is bright outside, they will appear

as tiny dots of light weaving about. I understand that some people refer to this as "The Dance of Shiva". It was dim, though, so I just laid in bed and watched a subtler version, more wavy and faint, ripple across the ceiling. I felt deeply at peace.

What was odd is that I didn't recognize myself or Sean. I knew **who we were**, I could tell our story, what had happened, what we were doing together, but my identity had been blown away by my decisions, the subsequent cycling of worry and effort and frantic ideas, and then just ... gone. Sean was very tired, and kept on fading in and out of sleep. It was early in the evening, but she had been traveling a lot. I asked her if she had ever felt that she had experienced the kind of frantic activity that I had been doing, activity that you do when you feel trapped. She said she funneled it into her job, but, yes, she had experienced that. Sean was worried about me and would ask me if I was OK during the evening. I would reassure her, but, as one can imagine, me telling her I was at peace and watching the Dance of Shiva from my eye fluid on the ceiling was not reassuring.

I woke up this morning with a wee bit more of my identity, but I was still at peace. I tried to characterize what it was that was different. The lines from the song "I can see clearly now the rain is gone" came to mind and I realized **that** was it. The rain had stopped. I had stopped the rain, and a cascade of songs fell out of the clouds in the sun and laid out before me as examples of this idea, and the clouds dissipated.

Leonard Cohen - There is a War

[As I review my journal, I see the gathering clouds around this.]

#identity #sean



2019-02-23 • Subject • Icon Meaning and Mnemonics • LR

The benchmark for choosing icons was if the character would render correctly in a Macports install of Epiphany. While there are more colorful emojis, and some of them more exact, the Epiphany filter automatically gave the older, more standard Unicode characters. Additionally, at least at the time of this writing, they work better as text in character-based presentation. They were chosen to be as close as possible to the actual meaning of the Unicode description.



Navigates to the index page. U+2302 = House

A house can be a home.

All Articles :



Lists all of the articles.

U+221E = Infinity

No matter how many articles there are, infinity includes all of them.

Tag:



Used to list all of the tags on the site and related articles.

U+2691 = Black Flag

Flagging something is kind of like tagging something, and it rhymes.

Person:



Classifies a tag as a person by placing it in front of the text.

U+2603 = Snowman

A snowman resembles a person.

Place:



Classifies a tag as a place by placing it in front of the text.

U+2318 = Place of Interest Sign

Could be a cloverleaf highway to get to a place, or a flourish to mark a place.

Thing:



Classifies a tag as a thing by placing it in front of the text.

U+233A = APL Functional Symbol Quad Diamond

It looks like a box holding a small baseball diamond, which are both things. It also looks something like the original mcj thing. Here is a reference explaining the symbol:

From Some Exercises in APL Language Design by Roger K.W. Hui.

Cut, Tessellate, Tile, Stencil

A monadic operator is proposed for Dyalog APL in 2016, in which a rectangular window is moved over the data and the operand is applied to the data so framed. The window size and the movement are independent in each dimension. One of the things to be decided is a name for the operator.

- The idea originated as a case of of the dyadic operator cut in Rationalized APL, indicated by an integer scalar code. The other cases are similar to (although more general than) the existing partitioned enclose.
- Tessellate and tile have the unwanted connotation of "non-overlapping".
- The non-APL world calls it stencil code.
- "Stencil" is a more common word than "tessellate".

Another question to be settled is a symbol for the operator. The current proposal is



, quad diamond, Unicode U233A."

Journal Entry:



The article is a journal entry, which has current information about the day, kind of like a diary.

U+2710 = Upper Right Pencil

You write a diary entry with a pencil. Unless it is a more specific kind of writing, it is a journal entry.

Dream:



The article is an entry that describes a dream.

U+2601 = Cloud

Dreaming with your head in the clouds. Dreams are ephemeral like clouds, in that they drift away as you wake.

Memory:



The article is a memory of a past time.

U+2707 = Tape Drive

A tape drive remembers stuff on tape. This particular icon is of a tape reel representing a drive, so it might be the mounted magnetic memory for a computer.

Subject:



The article is a subject entry, which is an article that is a topic of interest.

U+2101 = Addressed to the Subject

This is one icon that is exactly about what it is intended to mean. The article is addressed to the subject. There is an "s" in it for subject.

Dialog:



The article is a dialog entry, which is a conversation you make up between yourself and another famous or even fictional person that you are not normally able to have conversations with.

U+260E = Black Telephone

One could have a dialog with somebody on a telephone.

History:



Articles that are about the history of the journal system and related ideas.

U+2624 = Caduceus

This is a very old symbol that goes back 6,000 years. Note that this is *not* a medical symbol, although it has been mistakenly used that way in the United States of America.

Design:



Articles that are about the design of the journal system.

U+25B7 = White Right-Pointing Triangle

A triangle is used to draft designs. Also, this triangle looks kind of like a D.

Configuration and Operations:



Articles that explain how the journal system works and how it is configured.

U+235D = APL Functional Symbol Up Shoe Jot

This looks kind of like a control knob on an instrument.

end

#configuration #design

Comments:

2022-06-08:

This was just a few months before I moved on to triples. I already was focused on meaning and icons at this point. I had been thinking about ontology for thirteen years.



2019-02-27 • Subject • Next Up • LR

The journal works pretty well now. There is no database for storage of the articles, although there is a small configuration database. All processing is done in memory. For a personal journal, this works well and fast. It publishes an entire site quite quickly, although the features are limited. The whole idea was to not repeat much in the HTML and keep it a working journal at rest without a program.

One useful feature would be a server component just for web viewing. The storage may be at rest, and the journal can be transmitted via the orng-jrnl- files, images, css, etc. It is just the orng-jrnl-files that change, so they are all that really need to be propped. The supplemental pages (last 30 days of articles, dynamic content based on tags, etc.) could be done via a simple PHP app and a read-only database that is propped up with the content at rest, or,

alternatively, regenerated from the static files. This would be particularly useful to keep the technical stuff away from the journal stuff, OTOH, it is all wrapped up together in my own head, so maybe that is proper and reflective?

I found an interesting tool called fswatch that could watch the changing journal files and transmit any changes. I suspect that a simple Perl filter could be created that would utilize mosquitto to transmit structured information easily.

I am not sure what to do with the signing/identity part of this. There are some minor bugs in the JPEG signing code. Also, the journal is much faster when the signing is off. My thought is that I could work that into any kind of transmission. The Perl filter could sign the articles and files then. Another thought I had was to just sign the full, yearly transmission on New Years Day.

#design #history



2019-03-02 • Subject • Betty Alive • LR

While what I said in Next Up is certainly true, it may be that I don't get there. The idea is simple enough, as far as the combo of fswatch and mosquitto with a Perl filter in-between, that anybody could do this if they wanted. Certainly a simple PHP web app would work fine, and be easy to build. What I have, though, is what I need. I've shared it. I do like the idea of the New Years Day transmission. I will continue that tradition.

My job situation has solidified, and in a good way. I took a bath yesterday to figure out what was next. I understood that it was important to use my body in the world. This might mean working on Betty or doing yard work. It reminded me of bloody human experience, as this was one form of life in the world. Another form is digging and banging knuckles on metal and pulling on wrenches and changing the form of things in the world with your body. Another form is this journal and related ideas. I have spent a significant amount of time on my journal and related software since 1986. I have spent a bit of time in the last few years gathering what I have written. I have had words flow out from me during my struggles these last eight years or so, likely more than I will ever write again. The advice that came back from the bath was "body in the world", so here I am with three forms of existence:

- Body in the world
- · Bloody human experience
- Word seams between psyche borders

My guess on when I stored Betty was about this time. I poured Marvel Mystery Oil down her carburetor until she stalled. I had a full gas tank, recently sealed with a kit I had purchased a few years prior. Today I started her up. I had to hook up one of my solar system batteries, as the trickle charger had been disconnected, and I was not aware. Once I gave her enough power, though, and sprayed a couple shots of starter fluid in her carburetor, she started right up. This is a much better result than the previous time she was stored, when she would cough and stutter until I rebuilt the carburetor. She doesn't seem to be charging, though. Hopefully that is just a matter of getting the battery up to full charge. We shall see. She might need an alternator, or, perhaps the wiring is off (I find that hard to believe, as the regulator is new... but I can easily change that). For now, though, she is charging at about 6 amps, so that will take much of the day.

#betty



2019-03-03 • Subject • Synapse Tattoo • LR

Chemical-electric fed junctures route all thought and serve addiction's playground, as we tweak crude recursive faucets, a homunculus structure tattooed trillions of times: echoing, insisting, conscious.

#consciousness



2019-03-03 • Subject • Betty Regulator • LR



It turns out that the only problem with Betty was that the regulator became unplugged. I strapped it into the harness under the seat. I figure the only thing that will break under the seat over time is the regulator, so I left it easy to replace... perhaps too easy. I had to use my solar power system battery to jump start her yesterday, but when I put the battery back into the cubby where I store the equipment, I couldn't see. I have a light that I use to work on the system, but it is hooked up to the battery. It reminded me of how much stuff we have requires a bootstrap of some kind. Fuel powers tools to get more fuel (and light). This is the reason I have solar power systems for both my workshop and for the lighting around Betty. Betty also has her own independent solar power system that is different than the engine.



2019-03-05 • Dream • 55CC Scooter • LR

I was planning my commute to a new job, and there was a small red car in my neighborhood that I had had my eye on for a while. I knew the man that owned the car, but only vaguely; his daughter often hung out with my son at our house. I stopped by after work with the intent to purchase the car. I had waited long enough, and had decided. The car looked like a small VW bug. The car had a sign soliciting prospective buyers, and was held down on a block of concrete by rebar that bent up and through the car. Since I knew I was purchasing the car, I figured I would remove it from the concrete. I had to bend the rebar back and forth until it broke, and then I picked up the car and set it on the ground. I knocked on the owner's door. He opened the door, and I told him I wanted to buy the car he had for sale. He looked at me doubtfully, and said, "Have you noticed what the car is?" I looked closer and realized that it was not a small VW bug, but, rather, a 55CC Scooter. The owner added, "I don't think this will get you to your new job. You are too big." I nodded in agreement. He got a frustrated look on his face because I had broke off the rebar and he had to create a whole new concrete block to display the scooter on. I volunteered to make cookies for him and his daughter, and said I would drive her home later with the cookies. He seemed to be OK with that arrangement, but still sighed in slight exasperation as he went outside to re-attach the scooter to the concrete block.

#cars #moped



2019-03-13 • Subject • PHP Front-end • LR

One idea of O.R.N.G. is that the data should be stored, primary, at rest, and in a navigable form without web servers. It is a crankish design consideration, but there is a reason. It is difficult to verify integrity with dynamic documents. At the same time, getting a dynamic view with static articles is difficult and creates some wasted cycles and space. We had two main applications for a dynamic site: one was the index page, and the other was dynamically selecting the next article based on user-selected tags that are carried over as query strings in the URL. A secondary consideration was how to do this on inexpensive hosting providers. We decided to create a bash script that would create a .sql file that would load the entries into a database by pulling the articles directly from the live filesystem. Here is that bash script:

```
#!/bin/bash
echo TRUNCATE \`entries\`\; > ../all.sql
echo TRUNCATE \`arts\`\; >> ../all.sql
echo INSERT INTO \`entries\` \(\`name\`, \`file\`\) VALUES >> ../all.sql
for filename in orng-jrnl-*html; do
```

The -p0e bit is to replace the entire section of the page rather than just replace on the line. Also, we decided to run all of the complicated stuff through as base64. It turns out that there is a FROM_BASE64 option, now, for MariaDB. The script uses the tags.pl filter:

```
#!/usr/local/bin/perl
use MIME::Base64;
while(<>){
    if (m|^<b>(.+)</b>$|){
        $tag=$1
    }
    if (m|^(\d\d\d-\d\d) <a href="(.+)">(.+)</a><br />$|) {
        print "('".encode_base64($tag,"")."','$1','$2',FROM_BASE64('".encode_base64($3,"")."')),\n";
}
}
```

This is the index.php PHP part of the page:

```
<?php
require once '../dbconnect.php';
$base_url = ( isset($_SERVER['HTTPS']) && $_SERVER['HTTPS']=='on' ? 'https' :
'http' ) . '://' . $ SERVER['HTTP HOST'];
$url = $base_url . $_SERVER["REQUEST_URI"];
$conn = new PD0("mysql:host=$host;dbname=$dbname", $username, $password);
$sql = "SELECT name,date,title FROM arts where tag='4pyQ' ORDER BY date DESC LIMIT 10";
$res = $conn->query($sql);
echo "\n";
while ($row=$res->fetch()){
echo $row['date']." : <a href=\"".$row['name']."\">".$row['title']."</a><br />";
}
echo "Here are the most recent dream ( ) entries:";
$sql = "SELECT name,date,title FROM arts where tag='4piB' ORDER BY date DESC LIMIT 10";
$res = $conn->query($sql);
echo "\n";
while ($row=$res->fetch()){
echo $row['date']." : <a href=\"".$row['name']."\">".$row['title']."</a><br />";
}
echo "Here are the most recent memory (4pyH) entries:";
```

```
$sql = "SELECT name,date,title FROM arts where tag='4pyH' ORDER BY date DESC LIMIT 10";
$res = $conn->query($sql);
echo "\n";
while ($row=$res->fetch()){
echo $row['date']." : <a href=\"".$row['name']."\">".$row['title']."</a><br />";
}
echo "Here are articles about configuring the journal software (4o2d) :";
$sql = "SELECT name,date,title FROM arts where tag='4o2d' ORDER BY date DESC ";
$res = $conn->query($sql);
echo "\n";
while ($row=$res->fetch()){
echo $row['date']." : <a href=\"".$row['name']."\">".$row['title']."</a><br />";
}
echo "Here are articles about the design of the journal software (4pa3) :";
$sql = "SELECT name,date,title FROM arts where tag='4pa3' ORDER BY date DESC ";
$res = $conn->query($sql);
echo "\n";
while ($row=$res->fetch()){
echo $row['date']." : <a href=\"".$row['name']."\">".$row['title']."</a><br />";
echo "Here are articles about the history of the journal software (4pik) :";
$sql = "SELECT name,date,title FROM arts where tag='4pik' ORDER BY date DESC ";
$res = $conn->query($sql);
echo "\n";
while ($row=$res->fetch()){
echo $row['date']." : <a href=\"".$row['name']."\">".$row['title']."</a><br />";
}
$path=parse url($url, PHP URL PATH);
$parms=parse_url($url, PHP_URL_QUERY);
unset($conn);
?>
```

We recommend that you use an account, referenced in the include, that only has select rights. This way there is little that can be done to the system as far as an attack via PHP. Load the database with the above scripts with a different account using this command:

```
mysql -D dbname -u username -p < ../all.sql
```

We created the HTML for this page with this perl script:

```
use Text::Highlight 'preload';
local $/ = undef;
  open FILE, "s.pl" or die "Couldn't open file: $!";
  $code = <FILE>;
  close FILE;
my $th = new Text::Highlight();
print $th->highlight('Perl', $code);
```

Primarily it escapes the code, but it does also do some syntax highlighting.

When we get more time, we will create the script that navigates with selected tags. Stay tuned.

#configuration #design



2019-03-13 • Journal • Summer Kisses, Winter Tears • LR

Last week I had a flash of memory of incense, which is inverse of the normal order. Within a week I had a pound of Frankincense, the tears of Olibanum, the dried sap that oozes from gashes cut in the Boswellia Sacra tree. I also got some gunpowder impregnated charcoal disks that are used to coax the gum into smoke.

I woke up early this morning. Oddly, I seem to be running counter to the time change, in that I'm waking up earlier and going to bed earlier. I decided to burn some of the incense, but I didn't want to make any noise, as everybody was asleep. The only thing I could figure to use was the lid to my tin that I purchased at a garage sale the summer of 1985 at a housing development on Lake Holm Road. I had this tin at the phlegm house, and used it to burn incense before I got the brass one. I was likely burning Frankincense when I melted Eric's 45. The screw head in the center of the lid makes a good platform to get plenty of air flowing around the charcoal. There is still residue of other incense on the lid from the years. I imagine there is some laxmi dhoop residue on there as well.







Back in 1985 I would get about a tenth as much incense and charcoal for the same relative amount of money. I browsed around to read up a bit on Frankincense, and found this picture taken of a tree in Biosphere II.

Boswellia sacra (syn. Boswellia carteri) inside of Biosphere II.Becky from Louissville, KY, United States - Frankincense Tree CC BY-SA 2.0

I was fascinated by Biosphere II. I remember meeting with somebody I met in my physics class to talk about it in the summer of 1993. He used to wear a florescent orange hoody and cut his hair at half an inch; my guess is he cut it himself with clippers. We met at Espresso Roma on 13th. He was skeptical about Biosphere II. He had worked in the forest service, and was returning to school to study environmental science. I didn't understand his concern, as I was a technological optimist. On a related note, it turns out that The University of Arizona now owns Biosphere II and the land it is on, the same university as Guy McPherson, Professor Emeritus, University of Arizona School of Natural Resources and Department of Ecology & Evolutionary Biology.

#phlegm house #uteotw



2019-03-16 • Subject • Ten. Shatner. Metaphors. • LR



Yeah... I know. Confirmation bias. It is a thing. I have to say, though, that the model of unrestrained growth - of all, until it bursts - fits. I see it mirrored within mirrors within mirrors bouncing and shimmering in double reflection on the sides of an Audi controlled by arrogant, entitled, optimistic hands. I can see how we learned to manipulate the economic controls from the top-side to temper the growth, while wanna-be messiahs write books about the glory of their vision: suited up, sweaty, hopeful, desperate.

Altamont Free Concert - Death of Meredith Hunter

Instead of this and that seam bursting and letting the contents of Oogie Boogie out in a sigh, we repair with expert precision to keep the burlap sack alive until... blammo... buildings left standing. I can feel it suck me in as I lose my attention, as I try and keep my own house of mirrors afloat in the clouds. I came from this. I reflect this. I am this. Can I find that lightening brace of moment that shatters the glass? I. will. find... ten. shatner. metaphors.

#kiss_or_kill #mojo_nixon



2019-03-17 • Subject • Restart • L R

At 750 or so entries, my journal is unwieldy. I navigate it fairly well, but I wrote it. If I find it unwieldy, then I can just imagine how it must seem to others. I am hobbled by philosophy in many layers. First off, I have the whole mountain climber metaphor as part of my personal philosophy, along with all of the related items. I'm fine with that. Most importantly, I have my journal (from that metaphor) as a luxury.

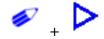
Another thing I am hobbled by is belief. There isn't much that anybody can do at this point to shake my particular set of beliefs. I welcome any attempts to shake them, as my beliefs are crying-dark-silent-scream-mouth-open realization kind of beliefs. It makes it difficult to create something for "the good". I have figured out something that works. Now, "the good" doesn't particular fit with mountain climbing, because you can never really know. I'm fine with that, too. A hybrid the-good-you-can-never-really-know is just fine. How do you smooth out chinks in the web? Well, not by doing what you think is bad but don't really know, I suppose.

I remember giving a friend of mine a difficult time in the early nineties, because there was so much that needed to be done in the world. He had a biology degree, was quite smart, and yet he pretty much had dropped out. I didn't understand. It was about the same time as my Biosphere II fascination. I understand now. Most effort can be quickly deconstructed into "the bad".

It is difficult for me to create something for "the good". Think about it for yourself. What do you think is "good" to do? Perhaps it is service to humans. Perhaps it is service to the earth. Personally, I find most approaches futile. Economic activity, at least any successful one of current earth civilization, generally destroys ecosystems for vertebrates. We need to just *stop* rather than double down. I'm not talking about being kind. Kindness itself has no negative externalities, or, at least, I'm going to take that on a bit of faith. I'm talking about economic activity alleviating suffering. I think this is a mistake, as it all comes from somewhere. You name it, it is likely bad. About the closest thing I've found is the transmission and ideas around persistence of information (not just data). Even then, if I dig too much, I am critical of knowledge in many cases.

The journal is a bit of a hack, too. I can have a journal as part of being a mountain climber. That is another bit of faith I have. Now, whether it is public or not has shifted back and forth a bit. I am still going to cling to the fire and data ideas, but I seem to be coming back to data at rest **first** before data in transit. MQTT might very well be a fine transmission platform, but the data at rest and associated analysis needs to be figured out first. MQTT is actually the easy part.

Where am I? I finally gave a bit on my unwieldy journal, and decided that dynamic navigation was needed. I got it working pretty much exactly the way I wanted with a single page that let you specify mandatory or excluded tags that showed up as an article list. For instance, I could have



and it would show all journal entries that weren't tagged as the journal software design. This could be carried across in the URI, so I didn't have to use cookies. Unfortunately, I lost about six solid hours of productive work when I accidentally overwrote my php script.

Anytime I lose a bunch of work, it is a good time to start from scratch. What am I trying to do? Why does it matter? Who is this for? Where am I? I can answer these kinds of questions now. The main answer, is that this is for almost anybody. It is a journal. Over time those entries might be transferred over MQTT. Over time I will implement integrity and identity. These features are less critical than the idea of the data at rest. I don't actually know anybody that would run this. That has taken some getting used to. Yvette use to run it simply so that I didn't feel so alone. I don't think she needed to do that. The core lesson for me was that I needed to get used to not knowing *anybody* that cared about this to that extent, but if I still thought it was worthwhile, to do it anyway. I think a secondary thing is that previous versions were a bit difficult to use. Even this one requires a 2K screen for any reasonable usage in writing. Now, these are more common, and I'm optimized for it, but it still makes it difficult to get into, *even if I knew anybody that kept a journal regularly at all*.

I got much of how I envision the navigation working running on a single PHP page late this morning before I lost my work. I need to work the features in a bit further back, though, into the journal, rather than hacking off of the files at rest. I already do some cool hacks with webkit in my journal. There is no reason why it couldn't run identically on the journal itself as it does on a published website. I have some work to do, first, though. Here is what I would like to see:

- Journal navigates with tags and lists the same way locally as on the web
- PHP coding is handled as customizable modules for much of the look of it, and stored in the local database.
- URI navigation that uses base64 representation of UTF-8 characters
- Single PHP page and database dump created directly by journal that can be used RO on web server. Use base64 for anything that might have difficult characters for database dumps. Likely the best format is a SQL script that can be run that uses MySQL's ability to decode from base64 on the fly on import.
- Full-text search feature
- Runs off a directory that has a crawler exclusion, yet the content is identical to the static set for the crawlers. This means, too, that data can be reclaimed, since the static pages have the markdown.

As I'm thinking about this, it seems like the journal could run PHP code that lives on the system rather than translation. This would be an interesting hybrid, in that the journal would require PHP to be installed locally. That isn't a stretch. It is likely one of the most popular scripting languages out there. Xojo can also handle MySQL/MariaDB just fine. Another interesting bit, here, is that MQTT might well be the way to do some live replication. Dynamic sites can be created that don't require a complete resync. The harder part is something navigable at rest. I have that part. The entire journal can be read at rest by any browser. If I remove navigation, the only thing that has to be replicated is the article itself. Since the journal is public (with identity/integrity at a later time), I could even bounce off of free public MQTT servers, for that matter. First steps first, though. MVP is probably just a SQL export.

#mqtt



2019-03-24 • Subject • MAMP and Oracle MySQL Tools • LR

I'm using MAMP as a way to prop the journal in an interim step. Mostly what I needed was MySQL, but MAMP was just so easy to install. Be default the password for root, at least for this version is root. I also wanted a shell command to connect to MySQL and mysqldump on Mac OS, and it seemed like using Oracle's MySQLWorkbench made sense. I

found a copy of 5.2.47, which I figured would work with the version of MySQL Community Server that MAMP uses. I forget the sequence of logic, but I got it to work. After installing it, I can run mysql from a terminal:

/Applications/MySQLWorkbench.app/Contents/MacOS/mysql --host 127.0.0.1 -u root -proot

I was looking for a CLI mysqldump, mainly, but it wouldn't work. It gives an error about SET OPTION something or other. This guy solved it.

All of this is so that I can export to a local database, do a dump, rsync the dump up to my server, and load up the database. It seems like a pretty quick way to prop the site. I'll work the database commands and documentation into the journal and publish a new version, but I have to create some new configuration screens and more documentation. For now, just enjoy the newfangled journal.

#configuration #tech



2019-03-24 • Journal • Whopping Tunnel • LR

I have this idea of a tunnel, where if I do something that leads to something else, I am aware that I will become a different person, get lost, and perhaps will never find that same person again as when I started. I remember describing this to Ernie and Yvette when I went back to school in 1989. I am not so sure that I have ever really left that tunnel, actually. Likely there are tunnels within tunnels... moving back to Seattle, for instance, or any other major change in life. It is more than just being buffeted, though. It has to do with knowing you are going in and not knowing when or how you will emerge.

I watched the Lily Tomlin and Ed Asner X-files episode today while I worked out. That was a treat. I cleaned up my desk a bit after getting all of the tagging features working on my journal and feeling that I had a bit of a breather. The workshop is a mess; many areas are a mess. I definitely got a feeling of emerging from a tunnel today, perhaps multiple. I feel like I can breathe.

#tunnel



2019-03-29 • Journal • Sea Ice • LR

We have another six months of watching sea ice ahead of us. It isn't like I know anybody in real life that is watching. There is one person I know that has the words "albedo effect" in their regular vocabulary. Occasionally, like many things, I'll mention it, but more and more I feel like a crazy outsider, a loon ranting about the end of the world as we know it. I will also review the drilling reports regularly. Is Permian going down? This is the other side of the system, the fuel of growth, the source of all modern industrial civilization things. Sometimes I think this is a sick tendency of mine, kind of like when I would watch my investment in a smartphone stock in 2000 eventually go to zero. Did I need to actually watch that multiple times a day? Of course not, but I did. I remember putting a stock ticker into my background image and tuning my transparency in Eterm so I could watch it decline as I worked on my web empire.

My son interviewed me for a school project last week, and he asked what I would change about school if I could, what I would change as far as my focus. I thought about it for a good minute, sitting there as he waited. Mostly I am pleased with how I have faced my life so far, the level of adventure and risks I took, the kindness I was able to show people, the follow-through on commitments I have had, and the openness of my heart. Now, this is me, so I am a bit on a different scale, but from my own perspective, I feel I've been pretty true. There are no major fuck-ups where I jumped into the hole. I'm not saying this to brag, but more that it takes a lot of thought for me to decide I would change anything in a Star Trek go-back-to-the-past-and-violate-the-prime-directive kind of way. After some thought, though, I told my son that I wished I had studied systems theory and the ideas of negative externalities and the World3 model of Limits to Growth. While it is true that **most likely** by the time I had used my studies to work in the world professionally, it would have been a futile battle and too late, but I still think it would have been a good cause and a good place for my effort.

Comments:

2022-07-28:

I wrote this before Ouroboros Tree, which would not have happend if I had waded into Dynamic Systems Analysis. I would have missed the idea that we can work from **this** side of the mapping.



2019-03-31 • Subject • O.R.N.G. Design Complete • LR

Introduction

O.R.N.G. Design Complete is a bold and italic statement considering I've been fiddling for over two decades. I do believe I have the right combination of stability, flexibility, and adherence to some design principles and requirements. Most importantly, I have created something I use that I like. I have wandered down many roads, gone back, changed my mind, gone in circles; but, finally, I have decided what my route is, how I will continue my ascent to the top of the mountain... errr... plateau. I wanted to capture this while I am in an early morning Sunday caffeinated place. I have written quite a bit over the years regarding the history, design, and Configuration, and even created a formal design document; however, I have never been satisfied with my bucket, mop, and an illustrated book about birds. I have always searched around for the next plateau, a new metaphor. What follows are the final design aspects and my intent.

Free

I mean free as in speech **and** beer. The speech part is important as far as freedom to modify and accessibility of the information created with the software over time. The biggest problem with proprietary software is that unless you upgrade, eventually it is like having a pile of data without the pages and binding of a phone book. The data does you no good without a way to read it. The main reason the software should be free as in **beer** is that we live in a world of distrust of any kind of financial arrangements. If I say it is five bucks and you have all of the freedom-as-in-speech you can handle, the software is still suspicious.

I have not found a completely free dev platform I like. I use Xojo and modules that cost money to create the software, so while it is free-as-in-beer for users, it is not free for me, and there are barriers to it being free for users. I compensate for this a bit by creating the document store in a readable and useful form. The stuff I'm doing isn't that hard. What is hard is providing a UI that works the way I want across multiple platforms without devoting all of my time to it. I've created this software on the side, between gigs, and on weekends, so Xojo is a pragmatic choice. My take is that the GPL is compatible with proprietary dev systems, provided I provide the source code. The code will run on the Xojo IDE/App, even if you don't purchase it; however, to compile it, you will need a license. Technically, it is possible to create your own module with Discount to avoid the MonkeyBread module. For the signing of the articles, this is more difficult; however, I am going to release a separate binary and source code that will sign the documents, and this will also be free as in speech and beer.

HTML5 Document Store at Rest

The primary datastore is readable, both from an individual perspective and as a sequence of information in a unified store at rest. That just means that I can take a web browser and a pile of files and read the set of documents, navigate via tags, and sequence through the documents. The main principle here is independence from all forms of infrastructure failure and ensuring that you will always be able to read the documents no matter what devices and operating systems are available. There is an additional bit that I am not using JavaScript. As powerful as JavaScript is, it ends up being framed within ecosystems that are constantly changing. There is a further problem in that JavaScript has some challenges working at rest. I am keeping the documents defined simply as HTML5. As I mentioned above, this makes up for the fact that the source code is written for a non-free programming language.

Markdown Editor With Live Pane

After many different forms of journals: full HTML in text editors, WYSIWYG translates of various forms via a GUI, word processors, and CMSs, my favorite way to write and maintain a journal is with Markdown on the left and a rendered version on the right. I don't update with every keystroke, as that seems to be a waste of resources and it

has implications from a backup/restore perspective, but I do refresh the right pane with every save. To make up for the lack of a constant save with every keystroke, I signify unsaved documents with a red line and disable pieces of the UI that can cause loss of data if pressed before the article is saved..

Single Repository

This is an odd one to call a feature or requirement, as usually flexibility in this regard is a feature, but I just want one place for my data. The system I use should be flexible enough to deal with that. I only want to pay for hosting for one website. I only want to transfer one set of files, etc. Previous versions of MCJ had the idea of realms that were often associated with a website or a private journal. Note that I still do provide for a private tag with O.R.N.G. journal, and this will separate private entries from a blog; however, more and more I just publish everything. If I want it to truly be private, a password safe used as a journal works fairly well if I need it to be that private.

Multiple Platform Journal Application

This software runs on Mac OS X, Windows 10, and Ubuntu 18.04. Likely it works on earlier versions, but as of 2019 it runs on current versions of all three. Since I have to pay for yearly subscriptions to update the compiler and the modules, it may be that I stop upgrading my development tools at some point. There are a variety of other reasons that I might stop, as well. Even then, Ubuntu 18.04 is supposed to be supported for another decade. That is a long enough run for me. I have a 2012 Mac Mini, and I really don't see myself buying another Mac, so likely Mojave is the last Mac OS X version that I will compile on. That doesn't mean that it won't run on future versions of Mac OS, but I might have some trouble providing updates over time. Windows? I have no idea. I'm not tuned in enough to even know what the version is after 10. 11? I don't even care enough to GTS. Windows is generally pretty good at staying compatible, though. One thing about Xojo is that the supporting libraries all come with the application binary, so it is a bit more robust as far as compatibility. I have had to change some of the ways the software works to make sure it runs on all three platforms. My guess is that over time I will focus more on more on running on Ubuntu or other GNU/Linux distributions.

Dynamic Content

I hung on to the "HTML5 Document Store at Rest" as an overarching principle and requirement for a long time, and this meant that no dynamic content was possible. I had my reasons. First off, I wanted the journal software itself to be standalone. A pure web app was out. Still, it is cumbersome to view the static information. I can create populated tag lists and article lists, but that doesn't scale well for 700 or so entries. How do I present the information so it can be sliced up? I've ruled out JavaScript. Every time I wade into that world it gets icky fast. I want a user to reasonably be able to control the form, distribution, and content of their documents. JavaScript simply doesn't facilitate that. I tried Ruby on Rails at one part of my journal cycle, and it has some of the same challenges. Finally, I caved a wee bit on the "at rest" presentation, and think PHP is a reasonable alternative. I dove into that and realized that I could get much of what I wanted with around 350 lines of code. I suspect I can optimize that a bit, too, as that is just the proof of concept. The best example of how dynamic content is critical, is that if I want to read my journal proper, without technical articles or ramblings about peak oil or civilization, I should be able to exclude those and still navigate. Clicking the next article in a series is useful for review. I still need to work the configuration of the PHP script into the main desktop app, but at this point the dynamic site with the +/- tags fits my needs.

Possibility of Shared Content

Wordpress does make a decent, flexible journal, but there is still the problem of frameworks for presentation. All pieces of the system need to be maintained. Also, while it seems reasonable to use Wordpress for public sharing, it is not safe for the average person. Perhaps this is something that professionals could do *for* a user, but that misses a recurring premise in most of my design considerations that the user should be able to control all of this and understand it, at least to the extent that the tools reveal and can be configured. For instance, the main O.R.N.G. journal application has a settings page and roughly five required buttons that can be pressed. The title is up top. The tags are at the bottom. The dates are in the middle. The name of the file is next to the title. The content in markdown is on the left, and the rendered HTML is on the right. WordPress is significantly more complicated. Further, shared WordPress, hosting on another site and transferring local writing to it, is not easy, sustainable, or particularly safe. But back to shared content. A single PHP script for dynamic content with data that is read-only from the web application perspective is relatively safe and understandable, particularly when the PHP script is generated by the

journal application. If the PHP script doesn't even have code to write to any part of the database, nor the rights, then it is pretty safe. This makes shared, dynamic content possible. It also turns out that exporting a local database and re-importing the entire thing, as long as images are not part of it, works quite well over rsync along with the rest of the static content. This only adds to the portability.

Document Integrity

This one has given me a lot of trouble. I've written about it many times. If I share content, then how do people know that I actually wrote the document? While there are many forms of trust out there that don't require it, I maintain that simply being able to verify a document by having the author signing it with their private key and the viewer verifying the document with a public key is the right level of complexity. I have changed over time about privacy in general. More and more I figure that what I write can easily be for the entire world. I can change the names, fictionalize, work in metaphors, etc. What is more important is document integrity that can be verified. I often think of this Richard Bach advice:

"Live never to be ashamed if anything you do or say is published around the world – even if what is published is not true." ~ Richard Bach, Illusions: The Adventures of a Reluctant Messiah

More importantly, though, I think of these tools as a form of communication, kind of like CB Radio. Any important item, when people can't see me in-person, has an element of risk if my identity and the content of the message can't be verified. I likely can always get my pubic key to you. In fact, it can be distributed as part of all of my messages. There are two things:

DANGER, WILL ROBINSON!

This article may be corrupted from the originally published article. Read below for a more technical explanation.

The text from Date referenced until Tags does not match the signature. You can verify this yourself, if you like. Look at the page source and copy the text between <!--verify start--> and <!--verify end-->, and trim any whitespace. Run this command to verify:

openssl dgst -sha256 -verify pubkey -signature sign.sig pagetext

Here is the public key of the author that signed the article:

----BEGIN PUBLIC KEY---MIIBIJANBGKqhkiG9w0BAQEFAAOCAQ8AMIIBCGKCAQEAWFLNTfzYq3hvZ1QosBBW
nx8ByiMPORKohME8SBqM3RRBs9z1RSal3iPiaOuzubcNSZbVNVtDzLJmrJ+zVpO4
WYK7rUwQkEgxwKG7P+NkkS+6tG662ccfC94+a8zqsoJzD8ZjTeEu6KtLe5tGGajf
pSfAOjmrOiH6KORK54XYP0eLb1lcRquUwz/o3C4g2nTxL3ptAHtFh06JESYFcyz2
sfNTmvO716FhSOX4HMfhidUNZWk80ZwP4c2uRW3kfZvPQCjG1841H81UxNA+uXF
B9OMIVP3OWoaGX8CeYW4TutNDckFxrS8x86vf3QrzBdxqXQBGV7E82nN4TX78eXE
TQIDAQAB
-----END PUBLIC KEY----

Here is the signature of the article that the author made:

OWDNhpz4BilLrKLloWJOWvfohR69W/TFrquMnxhvdZ0EPPCgBynb30vG3SLxllzf 8jGRWbiRCr+cplLb10g8RtmVUn9YE4GSPgAVHlS18VcgzqTLHj12nffVNPJFQzy GZs4TATLqY+zNxxWOp11h/kbduoZgQ40jJnJ19JUCaQsLD3/xK4v8nSREAh78C7y lTZSfMZxl3SRyyic1i8WlT10eSw14NVBnbbKU54ZSgmNmYeRJxluLkN/BQfI+gF7 VDMib/5kTPtmY3g9Y8FWqaXBmhK19eES5LiHge8hyRkzWWeao3RVZFXAHLqcYovs d9/iEjk487ulKxnqEFT6pw==

Note that the signature needs to be decoded from base64 to be used in the command above.

- I, and anybody else that wants to use this, has to be able to secure and hold a private key.
- We need to at least have the ability to provide the public key in a way that is trusted. My thought is that this could be texted, emailed, transferred on a thumb drive, or simply written down in simpler form (fingerprint).

It doesn't really matter who I am. What matters is that you have my public key and you trust that I can secure my private key. I can switch at any time and start using a new set. PGP deals with many of the broader issues, but at the types of utilization I'm foreseeing, I should be able to just post that my private key has been compromised and that should be good enough. I don't think it will be, though. It is related to SSH keys. In IT we have used the mechanism of having private keys local and adding a public key on authorized hosts for many years without that much trouble. A broader authentication method is problematic on many levels, particularly when it is public information with a sole requirement of document integrity. It turns out that PHP can do a decent job of verifying on the fly. This is a bit of a cheat, in that the document could be changed in transit from the web server to the browser, but since the signatures of the documents are uploaded along with the documents and there is no private key available, if you know the public key, you at least can know that the website has documents signed by my private key. The code is open, too, so this could go many ways. The current system you are viewing this on now displays this error if the signature doesn't match the content for the known public key.

Attributes have Attributes

I have struggled with classifications vs tags since the first big rewrite in 2005. I have also desired a simpler way to view the entries and an easier form of mnemonic. Tags are very good, but they are too flat. That is, I can use a tag to categorize, but it is useful to be able to have another dimension for the more general tags. By calling everything a tag but making all tags be either one character classification characters **or** the first character of a tag with another attribute, I can get away with the simplicity of having everything be a tag but still allow attributes to have attributes. An example of this is that Frank is a person, but also a thing. If I just had frank as a tag, it would be unclear.

Conclusion

Now all I have to do is finish it, polish it, and work in the other writing I have. Notice that I have not considered broader social networks or more specific uses of the software, like using it for smoke sensors. I don't know that that is a battle I care that much about, first off, and second, there are many efforts in those areas. The kinds of things I offer in the design aspects above are somewhat unique. I have written before about the relief I felt when I thought I had found a journal that would work for me. Eventually, though, I was not happy with those solutions, so I had to keep going back at it.

I will add more on the technical side - specifically, how to run the system on Ubuntu. Many are unfamiliar with how to run a GNU/Linux operating system but it is a great vehicle for a journal system vs. a proprietary operating systems.

I will continue to weave the existing journal together better. Some of the tags I have are pulled from versions of my journal back in 2006, so some refactoring would be useful. I did remove time as an attribute. It seemed useful at one point, but I think the need for it diminished a bit when I allowed for the dynamic presentation features. I never really tagged many things with time periods, either. I had "summer of 1986" and 2009, but there were only a total of 10 or so periods for 750 entries. People, Places, and Things seem to be enough.

#design #history #todo

Comments:

2021-01-30:

I gave up on document integrity, re-gave-up on dynamic content... for that matter I gave up on multiplatform when I focused on L1G3R and hooked MCJ tightly to the OS. I did move from Xojo to wxPython.

2021-01-30:

That PHP code was pretty cool in how it tweaked the nav based on choices. Come to think of it, this might be able to be modified for the checklist idea (checklists that change based on context).

2021-10-20:

One thing, that I didn't understand at the time, is how Node and CORS affect how JavaScript works.



2019-04-02 • Dream • Overflowing Bathtub • LR

I had been distracted and was standing in a large bathtub. The bath was getting cold, it was almost overflowing. I turned off the water, but had to let some out before I got in it was so full. I was worried that others outside would hear that I was letting the water out before I got to take a bath. I let the water out and laid down in the water, but it was cold. [I woke up and the blankets were off of me a bit, and I was cold.]

#bath



2019-04-03 • Dream • Breakfast to Go • L R

I was in a small, crowded restaurant that had a single open room with a slanted ceiling with a peak, as though it was a larger house with the entire restaurant under the peak of one corner of the house. The register was sticking out on a bar that ran parallel to the entry and against the corner where the roof was highest. The customers were informal and comfortable. I had ordered a breakfast to go. I went into the bathroom while my breakfast was cooking, and while I was in there I heard a muffled announcement that sounded kind of like asking me to come get my breakfast, but I wasn't sure. When I got out of the bathroom, my breakfast was ready.

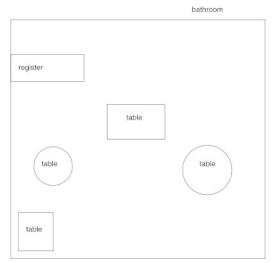


Figure 40: Breakfast to Go

#house



2019-04-06 • Subject • Front-end Code • LR

Here is the PHP code as of today. It seems to do most everything I wanted it to do. I haven't written much PHP since 2003 or so, and this is likely the most complicated script I've written. The RoR code I did was more complete and difficult. It is kind of interesting, in that there are only about 400 lines or so of code, and it does more than any other release of my journal front-end ever did. I don't expect to change it that much. The searches compound, but they go in the order of operations for MySQL. There is no way to put in parenthesis.

#configuration #design #history #deno

Comments:

2023-09-06:

As of today, using pure JavaScript for the back-end and front-end, I'm at roughly 1500 lines of custom code. It uses a ubiquitous compute instance (Deno), and has more features. I still need to ensure integrity.

2024-09-17:

As of today, still pure Javascript and Deno, but down to less than 1000 lines of code including integrity.



2019-04-07 • Journal • Circling in on another release • LR

I am tired. I have some time off coming up, a whole week. I wanted to make an official release of my software, though, as it is now significantly different.

One of the interesting things about releasing the new version is that I need to fire up my 32 and 64 bit Windows 10 machines. It takes a solid six hour or so to get the machines stable again. They usually have a bunch of patches from WarmSW, and then there are the A/V patches. I get a free version of Norton A/V with my ISP, but often it is disabled and has to be reactivated when I fire up the boxes. One of the machines is using the large black case from this article. I upgraded it with a Core2 processor in spring of 2010, and it is still running strong. I have a monster heatsink on it that is air cooled as well as a power supply with a fan that you can adjust the speed on so it is also very quiet. I used it when I worked on MCJ in Yellow the Hut.



2019-04-07 = Journal = 64 Bit Problems = LR

The number I use as a unique number per article, the number of seconds since 1904, needs a large integer. One quirk of the language I use, is that while it will compile for 64 and 32 bit Windows, GNU/Linux, and Mac OS X, some variables change meaning between platforms. An "integer" on 32 bit Windows can't handle the 10 digit number, while the same datatype on 64 bit Windows can. I have to define it as int64 is all, but it still seems a bit odd to me. I would think that the compiler would adjust... hmmm... thinking about this right now, I suppose that integer always meant the same thing on 32 bit Windows. Likely when the compiler supported 64, they either had to redefine 32 bit Windows integers or redefine integer for 64. I guess that makes since, then... just thinking aloud, and perhaps somebody reading this will find it useful or interesting.

I found this out testing on my Windows 10 32 bit OS box. I also installed MAMP, for grins, to see if it would prop the site OK. It does. It is a bit slow, though. It times out before it can dump all 740 articles to the local MySQL database. I'll have to document the dbc.php file and the .htaccess file. Not tonight, though, not tonight.

#history #tech



2019-04-08 • Subject • Fun on Ubuntu • L R

I have been quite frustrated with the level of complexity for most operating systems for a long time now. This started with NoNIC, an idea I had to simplify by creating my own OS by forking linux from scratch (LFS). The only reason why I was forking it was because I had to go so wide to get everything to work right. That approach was wrong, over time. Part of the idea was that if I had the source code for all of the pieces, my imaginary life on the mesa could always eventually work (I could tweak things from source). What ended up happening was that I would hack my way into a corner, and couldn't upgrade my OS. I learned quite a bit, but I decided that a better way was to use packages and let somebody else hack out the dependencies. Now, I still want the independence, though, and the ability to unplug that network connection. My idea now is that I use a local archive of Ubuntu packages - more on that later. My immediate problem was testing out O.R.N.G. on a 64 bit Ubuntu distribution. After some misses, I ended up going back to pure MySQL, using the last version that Ubuntu 18.04 has OOTB (5.7.25).

To set the password to root and use the regular root user, this command is needed after you use sudo mysql -u root to get it:

Without this command, it appears that MySQL is using some kind of integrated OS authentication mechanism. I'm just using MySQL as a form of cache and interim stage of the website, so I don't really care too much about why, as long as I can get some version working OK.

It appears that the LFS project is still alive and well. If I had more time and was at a different point in my life, I might jump into that again. It is quite appealing. A full repo snapshot of 18.04, though, is also pretty fabulous. I have to choose my geek battles, I suppose.

#configuration #history #tech



2019-04-09 • Subject • Wake up like Ezekiel • LR

Some religion edges into this talk.

I think about Easter quite a bit this time of year. I'm not that religious, generally, not in any kind of structured way; however, the crucifixion and subsequent resurrection of Christ seems to be a concrete structure in my psyche.



Figure 41: Scene in C.H.U.D. movie

#easter #jesus



2019-04-10 • Subject • The Goat We Ride • LR

I have been obsessed with this particular video for many years, and it pops up occasionally in my writing. It is Psychic TV's *Just Like Arcadia* that a fan created with clips from Alain Robbe-Grillet's *Eden and After*. I finally was able to watch the movie last night. I am used to watching a different one that was posted, but it got take down.

The movie opens with some bored, arty college students that play various games to get through their time. The director bores the audience as well. The movie then cycles through the core idea of small bits of the game. A feigned Russian roulette game, or the poisoning of someone. When they aren't playing games they are getting stoned and fucking. Yes, fucking, pure-on fucking, as it is not connected to the red-weave rope.

Red-weave rope, like an umbilical cord or love or a bloody gash of pain, and here is our first image. We start out riding on our goat, lusty, silly, awkward, and is there something more? Well, why certainly there is, and Robbe-Grillet will reveal it like a repetitive screen print, each swipe revealing more from the original image as we plumb the layers to get to the raw form.

So we have screened the students' surface, small games poking through. Those images came from somewhere - **ring around the rosey?**. Just like the song, as time goes on, a mistaken sinister motivation like the plague might seep in. Is the song about the plague? The adults wonder, stirring their coffee in the morning as the children play another game, stirring 100 million deaths into their drink as cream.

Psychic TV rhythm, BOOMP BOOMP... "the future leaks". That is exactly the wrong intuitive direction, so Gen must mean it. He is taking this from Burrough's cut-up reference, "When you cut into the present, the future leaks out". The screen print, swipe again, and more vivid detail. Is it enough to cut through the bored fog of youth? How many Inception-like dreams within dreams does it take?

At the same time, though, the only thing more dense than the bored fog of youth is the concrete shackles of age on the mind, the possibilities, on the imagination, on the terrible reality of blood and oppression and dance as we close down the future, shut the sky.

#cut up #psychic tv



2019-04-10 = Journal = Floppy = LR

A couple of random thoughts to close the day. The first is that I enjoy how the X-Files follows tech; in fact, it pretty much tracks with the beginning of my career in networked computers. Prior to this, about the only networking I had done was with LanLink. I saw this snap of a 3.5 inch floppy in the episode I worked out to today (Alpha):



I don't even have any floppy disks anymore. I remember one time in 1998 I decided to get rid of all of my floppy disks and QIC-80 tapes. I had moved to DLT for backups. To erase the data, I filled up a big washtub with water and a bunch of salt and threw all of the disks and tapes into it. I filled up the tub with media and stirred it with a broom handle. Yvette poked her head out the window, as I was in the courtyard below (with the outdoor fireplace), and said that people would think I was crazy.

I read this article this morning. It is quite well written. If you are interested in collapse, it is worth a read. I've followed his blog for awhile now.

#computer stories #x files #yvette



Bobo asked me for three bars of soap. He wanted one for the sink and two for the shower, because the tiny bar of soap he had wasn't working very well. I gave him the soap and didn't think any more about it until I cleaned up the bathroom yesterday. It turns out that the tiny bar of soap that he had been using, for I don't know how many months, was a bar of alum I had given him when he started shaving six months ago. I had some similar stories when I was growing up; for instance, I used to think that I had to put roll-on deodorant on in stripes all over my body. I did it a couple times and then refused to do it anymore. I'm sure there is some kind of moral to the story, but at the same time I imagine that all kids have their stories like this.

#bobo



2019-04-13 • Dream • Elevator Bridge • LR

I dreamed I was in a tall building of twenty floors or so. There was a crowd of people flowing back and forth between the building I was in and the building across the street that was the same size. I went back and forth between the two buildings frequently. One time I went directly across the street, dodging cars and people. Other times I would use the elevator. I also remember a sky bridge that I used to go between the buildings. Usually I took the elevator, though. There was a party on the top floor of one building with five or so people in the room. We had pie, and I started telling stories about the pie shop. The people at the party had heard my story before and didn't seem particularly interested. I decided I needed to leave the party and go across the street again. One person followed me; I don't know why.

[For years, now I have had dreams with elevators in them. I am not sure I have written much. One of them was a school that was in a large circle. Most of the classrooms and the auditorium were on ground level. There were two elevators, though. One was a smaller freight elevator, and the other was a normal one. They were both pretty old. In another dream I was in an abandoned building, or, at least, some floors were abandoned. The elevator wasn't very reliable, but I used it to get out of the abandoned part of the building.]

#elevator



2019-04-14 • Subject • Grits Fantasy • L R

Sean and I are in Kalaloch. We go there every year if we can afford it and it works with our financial situation. Usually we can. Recently Sean realized she needed to cut back on wheat, so we had grits for breakfast today. I don't remember eating grits before. I didn't even know what they were made out of until this morning. They are just made of ground corn. That is it. I like the taste, in fact I like them better than other hot cereal. I like oatmeal as well. I think that is my second favorite. I ate quite a bit of Malt-o-meal as a kid, and I liked that, but it was probably because of the amount of brown sugar I put on it.

The grits reminded me of the south, though, and I slid into a bit of a fantasy about grits and industrial civilization vs. agricultural as I prepared them along with bacon and eggs while Sean snoozed. By fantasy, I just mean that I imagined a couple hundred years of southerners eating grits. I really have no idea, besides the most surface and likely misleading stereotypes, about how grits are eaten, and where, exactly, mint juleps fit into the landscape. Sean is from the south, and she says I make grits the way she likes them. They are instant grits with a 1:2 ratio of water to grits, just like oatmeal and rice. It is the golden grain ratio.

As I indulged my paraphrased southern fantasy, I thought about the civil war, and the variety of reasons that are discussed in schools and on social media about why it started. This is a popular topic of conversation these days, and I would rather not open that up too far. I did want to consider one aspect, and that is the difference between industrial and agricultural civilization. It seems to me that growth doesn't work the same way in the two different forms, nor do negative externalities express themselves in the same way. Industrial civilization has this way of hiding the real source of wealth in a more palatable way. Instead of enslaving a single people to pull in the crops and sustain the privileged few, industrial civilization seems to do it under the guise of freedom and enlightenment, while at the same time causing exponentially more damage to both our human existence and the space ship we share. Neither works, and I would say Jimi Hendrix understood the problem well when he said, "When the power of love overcomes the love of power, the world will know peace." I just have a conviction that peace will not arrive in a way that he expected.

#industrial civilization

Comments:

2023-08-22:

Actually, the ratio is 1:4 for instant grits, unlike oatmeal and rice. Hrmph.



2019-04-14 • Memory • Pity Fuck • L R

Ten years ago or so I was talking with a family member about her late teen and twenties, and she explained how she was quite a bit of trouble for her parents, and raced around on the back of crotch rocket bikes with other men. It surprised me, as she seemed so strait-laced. In this conversation with her I learned about the term "pity fuck". It was new to me at the time. She was surprised I had never heard of it. She explained that it was having sex with somebody because you felt sorry for them and didn't think they would get it on their own. The phrase horrified me at the time, particularly imagining how this phrase came up in conversation. "Oh, Bill. He is so sweet, but so awkward. He was a pity fuck." The others would laugh or agree. It reminds me a bit of the current term of incel (Involuntary Celibate). I got a glimpse of a dark side, kind of like Heathers, the movie, in real life.

At the end of 2012 I sent everybody I knew a WebID. I created it. All they had to do was load it in their browser. I created instructions for Windows, Mac OS X, and GNU/Linux using various browsers of the time. A good friend of mine (Sphere) who is in IT and Yvette decided to try and create their own WebID, as both of them were familiar with OpenSSL. There was one person, Yvette's dad, that was interested enough and able to install the certificate in their browser. Sphere eventually got his self-generated WebID to work. I had a variety of friends say they would try, and about the same amount say they didn't have time to mess with this kind of stuff. It was a bit of an eye-opener for me, as the tech, presumably, was easy enough for broad usage. I see now that it was too difficult for the majority of people, even if the keys and profile were all preconfigured. That is part of the reason why I just use simple RSA keys to sign the documents for O.R.N.G..

I got pretty frustrated with the reality of this. I have done many iterations of WebID since 2012, including embedding the certificate in a steganographic image. It has taken me many years to move on from WebID, mostly. Of course, here I am, with my limited version and my journal, still making long videos about it, so some of the flavor is the same, but I have little expectations about usage. And this brings me back to "pity fuck".

Yvette decided she would create a WebID. She was having some trouble with it. At this point I was grumpy at how few people were interested in installing it at all. It seems different to me now, but at the time I truly expected that people would be able and willing to simply import a certificate into their browser. I even set up the password for the certificate. (This was actually improper, as people really should have created their own for security reasons, but at least I knew enough to understand that this was too much for most.) I was a bit of an asshole to Yvette about it, and explained how to create the certificate in an exasperated way. She was actually pretty good at GNU/Linux, better than me at the peak of her career, so the fact that she couldn't do it was something I didn't want to hear. Yvette broke down a bit and said that she was only doing it so I wouldn't be so alone.

I have held onto this in a variety of ways, but not written about it so directly before. As I mention in Malignant Punishment, the act of writing about it more, tracing the aspects more completely with memory and words in my journal, makes me ashamed of how I treated Yvette. While it is true that I would rather that Yvette just told me outright that there was no appeal for her to use it on its own, this is no excuse for how I treated her. Further, It scares up a bigger ogre: what else did Yvette go through so I wouldn't be so alone as she battled cancer? But back to shame: Yvette was being kind in her pity fuck. I was not being kind.

On a separate, final note, and in the spirit of Double Rainbow Vision, I would rather surf alone than have anyone perpetrate a pity fuck on me. I have spent a long time iterating over this, and it finally resembles what I had in mind, including the version that I mentioned to Ballou on my walk on the waterfront [which resembles the house near Sammy's studio on Lincoln street]. Take it or leave it. I see another wave to surf.

#webid



2019-04-15 • Subject • Malignant Punishment • LR

If you wish to inflict a heartless and malignant punishment upon a young person, pledge him to keep a journal a year.

~Mark Twain, from The Innocents Abroad

Sometimes as I read my journal I am a bit crushed by how lost I was, what an asshole I was, and other things that are difficult to read. Sometimes I am trying to write an entry about a small bit of something that I've held onto over the years, finally found the time to write about it, and feel shame at how it comes out and what it shows about the person (myself) that I remember. I remember the Mark Twain quote as going something like, "If you dislike somebody, have them keep a journal." I haven't found that quote again, so I suspect it was a misquote. Perhaps Mark Twain was referring to the pain of having to keep a journal, as it can be a bit tedious, particularly when young; however, I have always thought he was referring to how embarrassing a journal can be. In the quote up top, the punishment could be because the young person will eventually read what he wrote, and I think this also fits into the misquote.

#mcj



2019-04-20 • Subject • Next, next, next, backwards • LR

I am continuing to restore some old articles, as the journal is stable, now. I've backed up the software. I've shared the location for those with interest. Sean encouraged me to provide a way for users of the software to contact me, and this is now possible via the sourceforge O.R.N.G. site. The old domains are all re-pointed to the correct places on O.R.N.G.. I have moved the remaining personal websites from the old hosting. AND, I am writing this article on GNU/Linux... finally. I got an old Dell laptop with a fairly kick-ass processor for cheap, and tried the commands, and

they work just fine (putting **xterm -e aspell -c** in as one of the command options). I can feel the scaffolding of the long construction fall away as I use the journal more and program it less.

As part of the restore, I found a good backup of the sites at last visit.

```
./mcje cop.rsd
MCJE, the Mountain Climbing Journal Extraction Program V 1.3

This journal software is freeware for you to copy and share.

Caution! This utility will overwrite web content in the current directory.

Test this in a different directory before applying to your live directory.

What realm do you wish to extract into the current directory?

cop

This set of files was created on:
7/2/10

The long title of the realm is:
Coprolite Homebrew Computer Construction and Electronics

Type yes to continue extracting the realm into the current directory.

yes

Extracting files...
```

This was the original way that I would publish articles with MCJ. Each realm was a domain and contained in a single SQLite database. I moved all of these to RoR so my backup didn't have the actual HTML files. Until today I hadn't actually attempted to restore them. It has been a long, long journey. Here I am.

#configuration

Comments:

2021-01-30:

Not ISO 8601... that is old for me



2019-04-20 • Subject • Apache2 Stuff • L R

The system works fine on regular old Apache2 and mysql-server-5.7 on Ubuntu 18.04, our reference OS. We are only using this locally, but there are a few things to be aware of vs. MAMP. A key thing that is needed is this .htaccess file in the root of the web directory:

This won't run unless rewrite is allowed, which it isn't by default. Edit this file:

And add:

Install the rewrite module and restart apache:

I like to create an alias in my Apache config so that the images come off of the same folder as the authoritative images. This is what I add:

#configuration



2019-04-21 = Subject = GNU/Linux Spell Check = LR

Finally, after over a decade, spell check works natively on Xojo for GNU/Linux. I have an old friend who was talking about how they were putting in a Bulkbox in Issaquah, and how he never had to leave the city once that happened.

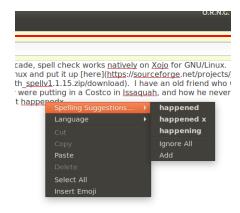


Figure 42: spell check

#bulkbox #history



2019-04-21 • Subject • Finicky MAMP • LR

I have seen this error:

MAMP is kind of finicky, on Windows, at least. It appears to only let you change my.ini to 3M immediately after install. Perhaps there is something I'm missing here, but I don't want to spend too much time investigating. I don't have this problem on Mac OS X MAMP or on GNU/Linux. If you install MAMP on Windows, though, and immediately increase the max_allowed_packet from 1M to 3M:

You will then see it show up in the variables using phpMyAdmin:



I suspect MAMP is reading this and storing it somehow, and I'm not fully RTFM, but I don't care that much right now, and this seems to work. This only affects the publishing if an orng DB exists in MySQL.

#configuration



2019-04-21 • Subject • Insanity of Conviction • LR

I took the ferry home today. Some of the ferries go back to the fifties, which makes them almost sixty years old. They all seem the same age to me; all seem old - solid and old. The crews are always professional. I imagine that

the crews now aren't that different from forty years ago. I feel like I'm part of a firm tradition, something that will always be, something that goes back to my grandfather and his grandfather.

I watched one of the crew catch a rope from the terminal and loop it around the giant cleat on the deck, and I could feel the certainty that this, this ceremony of docking the ferry, at least, would last. I could feel the pulse of the passengers and the crew, that while there was certainly turmoil in the world, this would be untouched. Perhaps there would be some budget issues or shuffling, but besides that, this was a persistent piece of civilization.

This spread to everything, particularly since I had just returned from my parent's house for Easter dinner with my brothers and their families. My dad's truck, the way my parents decorate their house, the way the neighbor dropped by as I was leaving, with his cap of some importance, like it had the seal of a military group he belonged to or a vessel he was stationed on; all of these kinds of things conspired with the feeling of continuity with the ferry to make me feel insane about my conviction of collapse and extreme population decline in my lifetime.

I got a glimpse about how it probably feels to most people, how I remember feeling for most of my life until I started attending the transition meetings in 2012. Stuff just works, and likely will continue to work, at least stuff like ferries. Perhaps things will change, but not that quickly. The decline will be a couple generations away, tops, if at that, and perhaps not if we elect the correct political party. I sincerely felt this. I'm not making fun.

I remember reading about a criticism of Limits to Growth. The scientist said that the reason why the model tracked was almost a truism around exponential growth, that there was nothing particularly spectacular about the model. I both agree and disagree. I agree that the fundamental problem is exponential growth, and as Brian Davey points out, a problem with how we think of economics. Once I started looking at things from that angle, I realized that almost everything had a similar problem of the pyramid of sources being invisible. This particular idea started well before 2012 for me. It started with the figures available on just how many resources are consumed by a typical PC computer. Another variation is following the supply chain and energy sources for a hybrid vehicle, or even an EV. As for the World3 model itself, that kind of modeling is critical (or would have been critical) for us to avoid collapse if we were able to break out of the pyramid thinking of most resource consumption and creation of technology.

In 2005 I figured that Biobutanol was a viable alternative. DuPont and BP are even interested and active in this area as of now. The problem is scale. The problem, also, is the issue of economics and how things come to be. There are also climate issues and other negative externalities that we have to deal with. I've gone on about that a bit in other articles, and there are many other better writers, thinkers, and scientists than I that are figuring we are done. My main point of this article was just to relate how completely I grokked the other side of this, motivated by the ferry ride.

#uteotw



2019-04-22 • Dream • Four People • LR

I was in a hospital, and four people were hooked up to health monitors to my left, laying in a four-person bunk bed with bunks only a couple feet apart. In front of me was a console that I was running to monitor their health. I was fiddling with the console to see how it worked. I finally figured out how to see the temperatures, and I noticed that the person selected had a temperature of 88 degrees, and it was going down. I knew that everybody I was watching was going to die. It didn't surprise me. I cycled the display through another person, and it was 85 degrees. Sean was there. I don't know if she was there as a friend, a nurse, or my lover, but I pointed out the temperatures, and she nodded, acknowledging that the people I was watching were dying. I looked at another person on the monitor, and could see that the heartbeat was still there. I could see a small dot blinking, even though the temperature was too low. I looked at the top bunk, and Yvette had opened up her eyes half-way and looked at me. I put my hand on her side and told her I was there with her. [My alarm went off in real-life right then and the dream stopped. I was just thinking a couple days ago that I hadn't dreamed of Yvette in six months.]

#yvette



2019-04-25 • Memory • Trung and Phuoc • L R

I think Trung left the company before me, but he was the one that wrote up a giant diagram using flow chart symbols to show the flow of data through the system. We would often refer to it as "Trung's diagram". My challenge was how to figure out what we were really running, even though there had been many changes. I decided that data flow was a good way to tackle it, as I had done it in the past. Trung's diagram was a typical mixed logical and physical diagram in that it showed layer 4 stuff mixed in with processing.

Phuoc visited Redmond, and he had a messy diagram of how he saw data flowing over time. This led to the hire of the data architect. I gave Phuoc my copy of **Big Data Strategies for Agile Business** that I had purchased the previous time I was laid off, with the intent of building a NoSQL schema for fire sensors using IoT.

Later on, in the few months before I was laid off yet again, I realized that physical models were easier to coax out of the off-shored crew in Vietnam by breaking down the questions into a grid. What data stores is this microservice attached to? I would list the data stores and the crew would simply check the box where they were connected. This led to the collaboration part of my ideas.



2019-04-26 • Subject • Future Spiral • LR

The direction, now, is a spiral with Ubuntu 18.04 at the center, disconnected - no network interface. This is actually quite specific. For those of you that know me personally, I am happy to share a 160 GB set of files that will run O.R.N.G. Journal. In addition, it has a complete set of software repository packages, so you can do things like install GIMP without having a network connection. All articles around operation work with this version. As for specifics, you simply take the set of files and cat all of them to an image (cat * > base.img) and do one of two things:

- Use dd to copy the the image directly to a disk drive: Boot up with systemrescuecd, find the correct disk device, and use dd if=/path/to/base.img of=/pathof/drive bs=4096.
 This is a significantly dangerous command to run, as it will completely obliterate the OS.
- Run the machine as a VM using the free Oracle VirtualBox program. Convert the raw image.img file created with cat into a disk image by using this command on Windows:

```
VBoxManage convertfromraw \path\to\base.img \path\to\base.vdi --format vdi Converting from raw image file="\path\to\base.img" to file="\path\to\base.vdi"... Creating dynamic image with size 160041885696 bytes (152628MB)
```

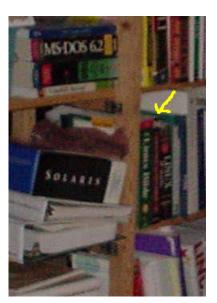
For Mac OS X and GNU/Linux use:

```
VBoxManage convertfromraw ./imgtr.img ./base.vdi --format vdi
```

You can then run O.R.N.G. Journal within a VM.

I have pledged to stop before, but various things interfered technically and in my personal life. I don't really want to spend more money, and the latest version of Xojo will compile for GNU/Linux with spell check, so this is at a pretty good place to take my stand. Also, browsers are getting more and more freaky as far as running things local and without a network connection. They are an excellent tool, though, to present information. I suspect that over time it will become more difficult to even run locally without a validated network presence. Yes, this seems odd, as most of you are probably reading this post over the internet; however, I am not relying on that. These posts still end up in the yearly transmission (or more often, depending on the current release cycle).

At one point in the history of GNU/Linux, there was a book called The Linux Bible by Matt Welsh (ISBN 13:9781883601126). In an old snap I found from 2004, you can see my old copy:



You can still purchase used ones, but it was a good general book on all aspects of how to run a GNU/Linux system. This was also the time when most technical references were in paper form. They could be read without an internet connection. Even now, despite my history, I will often go online and end up on stackexchange instead of reading the man page. I recommend you get *some* paper, and the old copy of The Linux Bible is decent. I'll come up with more resources over time. Of course the biggie is what is included in the 18.04 repository.

Back to the distribution. If you know me, just give me a 256 GB SD card or USB stick, and I'll stick the image on it for you. This can spread, if people reading this publish web articles, by putting 9d2e5eb1e6057f3c8bd1c349e8f86c01 up. This is the MD5 if the image. The image is completely generic and unconfigured. Just log on as usr-1 with a password of password. I'm thinking a phrase might also be good, so:

Crow beats euphoric bristlecone senseless

as a search phrase with quotes might also work. Just post the MD5 and the search phrase and people can find you that way. Likely most of the time it will just get passed around, but it will still be cool to find it. I'll search for that phrase and MD5

sum every 1/1 on transmission day. Perhaps some day I'll get a hit on that.

#history

Comments:

2021-10-20:

As of today **Crow beats euphoric bristlecone senseless** turns up results on Bing but not Google. This is accurate, although it also means that Google can no longer index my content and/or it hasn't found it yet.



2019-04-27 • Fiction • Eye Love • LR

Once upon a time a baby was born named Gear. He was born in a hospital, as all babies were at the time. Many nurses cared for Gear, and put him in a small room in his parent's apartment in the city, after he was fully tested for disease and defects and prepared for life outside of his mother's womb. When Gear was born, all babies had a small window to look through that was the width of their head and two inches high. The delivery nurse wrapped Gear up tightly in his blanket and laid him down in his new bed, leaving Gear looking through the small window.

On the other side of the window was another baby that was born the same day named Wing. Wing had been placed on the bed moments before. Gear and Wing looked at each other through the glass. Gear would blink and Wing's eyes would shut slightly, creating a small crease in the corner of her eyes. Can you do that? Try it. Wing would blink back and Gear would smile. Wing couldn't see the smile, as the window was too small, but she could see the small movement of Gear's eye.

The years went on, and Gear and Wing slept together every night, separated by the wall and the glass window. Before they went to sleep, they would stare at each other and make different expressions with their eyes. Over time they could communicate with their eyes much like we do with speech, but as you can well imagine, the pace and content was much different. Their time together moved like waves with the sun glimmering on the ripples.

Gear and Wing never spoke to each other and never saw each other. One of the rules at this time in history, was that the families lived completely separate lives from the time the babies were first assigned their eye partner until they were adults and left home. The apartments faced different sides of a building with hundreds of stories, so Gear and Wing couldn't guess what rooms they had that shared the small window.

When they reached their eighteenth birthday they applied to university, and, as it turns out, both applied to the same university and had the same science class. This wasn't supposed to happen. The government recorder and organizer service was supposed to make sure that Gear and Wing lived separate lives, but something got missed or switched, and they ended up sitting next to each other in class.

The class was quite strict. Students were expected to keep their eyes looking forward at the professor, but one day Gear needed a pencil, as his had broken, and asked Wing if she had an extra one. As soon as their eyes met, they communicated in the way they had for eighteen years, and a torrent of emotion and longing flew between them. Gear and Wing knew enough to understand that this needed to be secret, or they would be separated, so with tears in their eyes they forced their heads to look forward.

They would meet outside campus secretly at different coffee shops every week. They wouldn't talk; they would just stare at each other for a few minutes. They both knew how risky it was, so they varied their routine. Since they could communicate with their eyes alone, they were able to arrange the next meeting without talking.

After graduation from university, they moved to the same city on the far side of the country next to the big ocean. When a new government came into power that did not restrict the eye partner interaction, Wing and Gear were the first to unite. They lived happily ever after in a small cottage overlooking the rocks and surf.

#goggles



2019-04-30 Journal Levelling up Sacred LR

I went for my normal walk, and intended to sit at my favorite spot in the orchard. This spot is normally what I consider the most sacred spot I can find in Redmond that is possible to walk to over a long lunch break. Mainly this means that it is as far from the human scarring as possible. True, the old orchard is not particularly natural, but it isn't as ugly as the folks buzzing back and forth between the malls, the big box stores and the highway.

The last time I walked to the orchard, a man was sitting with his dog on the bench, and I sat down next to him with the hope that he would leave. I greeted him. I was polite, and sat on the edge of the bench. After a few moments he got up and said he wouldn't look at me while I ate lunch. He meant it in a considerate way, without a trace of resentment. One problem with this particular location is that the RC airfield is close by, so often I get buzzed by the planes. At first it was kind of novel, but eventually it took away from the peace and the feeling that the place was sacred.



Today when I got to the bench there was an older couple, perhaps seventies, sitting next to each other on the bench. I imagine I could have asked to sit on the edge of the bench, but I decided to just move on and let them enjoy the day and the orchard by themselves. I continued on down towards the end of Lake Sammamish figuring that maybe I would eat on the small pier that overlooks the lake. When I got there, two women were sitting at the end, facing each other, their legs to the side with lunch between them. One of them said, "Did you have the same idea we did?". I nodded, stood a bit to the side, and took in the lake. It is a sacred spot, and I like to pause at least. I mentioned to the women that when I was five years old I lived on the far shore, back when trains would run on the tracks. The younger woman said, "Oh, I'm sorry. Yes, things have changed." I resisted the urge to say something about the change involving the crop of looters that have encircled the lake and even tried to take over the bike path in their entitled way, but instead, I bowed slightly towards the two women, signifying my departure and courtesy, and walked down the delta towards the river. The other woman told me to have a nice day, and I replied the same.

I continued on down the river. I found a clearing. I believe I have been there before in the summer when the river was lower. The view was beautiful, but I could smell pee, either human or a

dog. An unleashed dog came near me. I could see his tail bouncing in the bushes. It bothers me that there is such a large dog park but the people let their dogs wander all over the rest of the park without a leash. I ate my salad trying not to let the smell of pee affect the enjoyment of the river and the trees. From an "obscenity of the jungle" perspective, the spot didn't feel particularly sacred with the pee, but it was beautiful.

I usually march quickly after the forest path turns into the full-on dog park, with gravel and people playing with their dogs. I'll march all the way to the end, cut through the parking lot, and go by the old mansion on the way to the Sammamish connector trail. I'm often in a bit of a grumpy mood, strangely, despite the beauty. All of the people and their dogs seem like they are defiling the beauty of the park. I like the dogs though. Many of the dogs will run up and greet me. They are all having such a great time running around and playing with the other dogs.

Today, though, I decided to cut through the area where the dogs were running in a field. I thought it would go straight across to where I go down to the orchard, but instead I found a fenced area that has dog gravestones in it. It also has a Dudley Carter carving, but I can't read the plaque. There is a bench overlooking a gravel area that has paths and stones placed in the center. Of all of the places I have been, this place seems more sacred than any of the others. I will go back there when I get a chance. I think I can cut across the soccer fields, which is easier on my knees, and in the summer the field won't be so soggy.

#sacred #walk



2019-05-04 • Journal • Field Trip • LR

I worked out and watched the *Field Trip* X-Files episode today. It reminded me a bit of PKD, the way they would get brief glimpses of the fungus reality. The bits where they were arguing with characters that appeared to be separate, but were really just themselves trying to convince themselves that they weren't actually being digested by a mushroom also reminds me of the idea of an echo-chamber. The others would all just parrot back the original ideas of the person hallucinating, whether it was Mulder or Scully. It was interesting because it was the soothing echoes towards "Everything is OK." It might be something like a ritualistic murder, but if it was a comfortable belief, the hallucinogenic properties of the spores tended to coax that out, so that dinner would stay still long enough to be digested by the fungus.

#pkd



2019-05-07 • Subject • Pushing Down • L R

On my way back from my walk I saw a young bearded man in a tie-die shirt delivering packages with a shiny new small car. He parked in a slot facing the path on the road across from Mac and Jack's brewery that leads to Marymoor. I noticed he left the trunk open as he went inside to deliver the package. There were a bunch of unprotected packages in the back. Just then a USPS truck pulled up and parked right outside the front door of the business receiving the delivery. The young man waved at the USPS driver as he went back to his car.

I thought about how the distribution of packages by people in their cars likely makes sense only if a full accounting for the wear and tear due to mileage on the cars isn't recognized, let alone what went into the making of the car from a resource perspective. The driver may be taking into account the gas and some expenses, but my guess is that much of the cost isn't considered by the driver, and there is a ready supply of desperate people willing to deliver the package if the driver looks too closely at expenses and holds out for higher compensation. Our gig economy takes advantage of this short sightedness, whether it is due to vision or necessity. There are two levels here, both at a broader environmental level of this array of vehicles running packages around from a well-to-wheel resource perspective, but also the long-term viability for the gig delivery driver purely from a monies spent and received perspective.

Like package delivery, ride services also rely on cheap GPS, mobile devices, and communications, as well as a ready supply of driver-owned vehicles. Let's just call "collapse" a "come to Jesus" accounting moment instead. Leave out

the positive feedbacks as far as climate, or borrowed time with our food chain by oil-fed fertilizers and chemicals, and just focus on immediate logistics (assuming there is something to ship). Let's add transport of people. What happens when we are forced to do a full accounting? Taxicabs have centralized dispatch. Infrastructure-wise, an argument could be made that they are more robust than the typical gig-based ride service. They also have to follow established rules for safety and security. If I see a hybrid car double-parked dangerously with blinkers on, I have a good idea I'll see a sticker on the car identifying it as a a gig economy ride service. Just like package delivery, there are particular concerns as far as security, privacy, and bodily safety that we are trading for the apparent well-functioning service. Like many other areas of our economy, we are pushing down the negative externalities. We pull the equity out of houses, the savings of the retired, the investments of the boomers, the remaining miles out of cars, and the GPS and communications infrastructure out of our fresh water, minerals, and oil. When we pull all of this out to finance the growth, our economy appears to be growing.

We are not really growing. We are running in tinier and tinier little cycles of effort and accountability with no overall systems analysis. We don't really care if things are sustainable or safe. We only need to appear to make progress in the churn, taken in by the magician's misdirection. "Look, alternative energy has displaced coal!" (ignoring the 32 billion cubic feet of natural gas that is currently produced per month in Appalachia alone). Our brains work just like they work in any magic show. We want to see steps forward. We want to see progress. We want to be entertained. We want to feel good about our daily effort. When we finally have to account for all of the shortcuts we took, we will fall apart quickly, as people won't have money to buy a new car to continue the gigs, and the taxicab businesses will be out of business by then as well. Perhaps safety and security are something that we don't really need. I think about this with the bike share services. It is too complicated and expensive to run bike share services and supply helmets, so we mostly do without helmets



(at least that is what I see when people are on bikes from bike share services). Regardless of our tolerance for the safety and security costs, I suspect that the system will start to degrade quickly when the drivers need to start replacing their vehicles. That is when the real costs start to show up, particularly if we are starting to price in some of the other costs that have been hidden through government subsidies and negative externalities related to the environment.

Just as I was finishing up this article, I heard a knock on the door, and this air conditioner was sitting on my doorstep. A truck dropped it off, from the sound of the vehicle driving away, and the top of the package had soot on it. I can imagine the truck smoking a bit too much because it is old, eking out that last bit of usable service delivering air conditioners. And, yup, I participate as a consumer. I go for inexpensive online products and free shipping, yes I do.

#uteotw



2019-05-10 • Journal • Lunch in the Spot • LR

It is weird because I know this is artificial from a certain perspective, like the orchard. The gardens are tended. Still, though, I love this spot. I will walk here as I have the opportunity, and eat my salad.



Figure 43: pet cemetery



2019-05-11 • Subject • Ouroboros Tree • LR

I'm assuming that we are facing socio-economic and ecosystem collapse globally in the near term. I have written at length about this in the past on O.R.N.G., but the root cause is a neglect of negative externalities and unreasonable economic models by every form of civilization around the globe with a population of more than one million people. The purpose of this article is to define what I would like to do under this world view, that I think is useful. First off, what went wrong? How did we get here? How do I minimize the odds that I will be contributing to the problem and nullifying any effort I make to contribute to "the good"? [Side not here: I am committed to the idea that I will never be able to establish knowledge that my effort is contributing to "the good"; however, it is still my intent and point of honor to move through the web and fix chinks, to use my metaphor from 1986, even though I will never know.]

I have vacillated on this a bit; but, while our current predicament would be difficult to imagine without written language, written language is not the cause. We could easily have analyzed our situation on Earth and used words to form science to form understanding of the outcomes of our actions. The same thing goes for the transistor. It is difficult to imagine the levels of destruction that we were able to reach without the invention of the transistor, but that doesn't mean that the root cause is the transistor. To pull this off, planning for resource usage to manufacture transistors prior to large-scale usage, both individually, but as part of larger arrays of transistors in devices like memory and microprocessors, would be necessary to ensure we did what we could to reduce tilting Earth's ecosystems, even if it meant it took one hundred years and Moore's Law was simply an alternate (and wrong) PKD universe.

It may also be that human consciousness is flawed in ability to consider the future or the effects caused by resource consumption and waste on other humans, the planet ecosystems, and other animals. Not all humans are as flawed, but most are. Consider how people often drive cars with a short-sighted, selfish and aggressive perspective, ultimately leading to collisions that clog traffic for everybody. Again, I don't think this is necessarily a fatal flaw for the human race. Perhaps we could have had our wet (brain) challenges, the transistor, and the written word, and gone on to build a sustainable civilization, but we didn't. I am not sure if the written word was part of Native American culture prior to Europeans first landing on shore or not, but it does seem to me that their civilization was sustainable. It is presumptuous of me, and out of place, to declare the Native American cultures are gone, but after the genocide and other hardships their people suffered, there isn't much left. Besides, the population levels and ecosystem damage mean that we can't go back to that way of life for a thousand years. My point is just that Native American cultures appear to be a model, in some cases, that were sustainable, so this is counter to the idea that human consciousness is flawed, that we are MALIGNANTLY USELESS, to use Ligotti's term and emphasis.

But where am I? I fell into a technological optimist track with some detours along the way. My skills fall under words and the transistor. But what is *most* needed during collapse? What can I offer? I am attempting to figure out something that is needed now, as far as me making a living, that could also be needed during collapse. This attempt is quite speculative, but, regardless, I want to try and figure out where I am and how I fit.

I wrote a bit about messaging platforms that would be needed during collapse. We are already facing that, and it isn't really a mystery that tech like MQTT can help with this. In the context of above, though, my thought is that nimble analysis tools that minimize layers of experts between the computing resources and the user will be needed. Systems will have to be decomposed and re-written. Imagine how difficult it will be to deal with a system that spans 30 or so varied Internet software projects. Eventually the systems will need to be broken down into something that is immediately useful.

Where I work now, the system is a mess of items bolted on over time. It is ugly, confusing, and expensive. My guess is that this is the situation in many places. The motivation to re-work the systems during collapse will be failures of various components that form the current computing infrastructure. This could be anything from losing ISP connectivity to JavaScript packages being discontinued or hijacked. Unravelling this, though, either in crisis, or simply because the system is too messy to change in a sustainable way, usually involves an agreed on model to those trying to understand the existing and replacement system.

I like Gane and Sarson data flow diagrams as a modeling tool. The problem is that it is not immediately interactive for groups. This is as much a limitation of me, personally, as it is to those participating. I simply can't sustain the concentration and responsiveness to author data flow diagrams (DFDs) on the fly. I have had some successful

sessions that can go for up to an hour, tops, but never with a room full of people. As good as Gane and Sarson is, it is only a particular perspective of a system. Granted, it is a particularly useful model, and if I had to choose one, I would choose it, but we need multiple perspectives. In fact, we likely need unlimited perspectives (which I will get too later on in this article). For now, though, let's look at the issue of the number of dimensions and the collaborative kick-off meetings for live, participatory systems analysis by groups of people.

I've seen multiple efforts where people try and address participatory systems analysis with sticky notes in a conference room on a white board, but collaboration with remote users is difficult, and the data has to be transcribed. I see the value of it. People get it. But I think that we are wasting an opportunity to directly capture and present at the same time. It also wastes an opportunity, in that if you use a subset of the live model during the presentation, you train people on the live model vs. having them re-learn the language. I think we can take some ideas from the whiteboard exercise, though, namely that we use it for directed systems ideas that focus on a model with a single dimension for entities, and then classify and connect on the fly.

The model I propose puts dimension of the objects at one for the purposes of the equivalent, broad white-board, participatory exercise. Types of data and relations of data could be captured, but this would then get mapped to either a DFD, systems component diagram, workflow diagram, etc. One advantage of this is that I can see various ways of rendering the current model by hooking up the other dimensions. Gane and Sarson has three dimensions: process, entity, and data (data at rest, and data in transit). Data in transit is captured on the line itself, and has direction and values. The first challenge when modeling with the full Gane and Sarson method (and this goes for similar DFDs) is getting people to look at this from a data perspective for the system instead of components. While the process blocks generally are supposed to increment with numbers for a sequence, this is not required or even possible for most systems. It is quite likely that some data just flows constantly in a big circle through the system as a sequence, touching multiple process blocks.

An illustration of how this would work for a DFD, would be I would give everybody the equivalent of sticky notepads and ask them to write down data at rest that they were aware of. We could stick them all on a virtual board. Note that if a better automated system can't be created such that you can get better participation and accuracy than **actual** sticky notes, then so be it. I suspect, though, that bringing up the view on a screen and having people IM their sticky note wording, or even a simple app that facilitates this, would be better. What we end up with is a bunch of data_at_rest_key=data_at_rest_value pairs that need to be transformed into semantic triples. We could do the same with process, data in transit, and entity dimensions. Likewise, we could hook up the dimensions with triples.

There are many different forms of looking at systems that are helpful. I can see using this method with a group of security-minded individuals, or server operators (virtual/cloud or on-prem... doesn't matter). The challenge is taking these dimensions and leveraging them to build more accurate models in the other dimension as the triples are formed. The broader name for this system is an ontology. As an example, say I made a pass with a group of people to establish data at rest. We ended up with data_rest="general ledger", data_rest="PayPal outgoing transaction log", etc. Two associated triples could be: "PayPal outing transaction log" has one or more "entry", "entry" has unique "general ledger account IDs". With the Gane and Sarson model, we could enumerate the three dimensions and then have triples like "A/P" enters "payments", "Pay Flow process" is the UI to enter "Payments". These can also be entered in a nested fashion: A/P uses the Pay Flow Process UI to enter Payments and the Payments are stored in Central DB 1.

A triple is composed of a subject, predicate, and object, generally. I have used made up relations so far, but there are standard ontologies that can be used to prevent confusion; for instance, some are for databases, and some are medical. It is nice to know that this kind of model can go quite deep. This can get pretty complicated, but this can also be a group effort.

During interviews, the captured triples could be displayed graphically using existing tools. Further, explodable diagrams should be easy with triples if they are coupled with HTML, in fact, this is one outcome of the intention of RDF. Explodable diagrams that allow a viewer to zoom in on related aspects of a system is a hard requirement. [20190519: I suspect that zoom can be done in a better way if subcomponents are used.]

Let's go out a bit to role and focus this article on what that role looks like. The word docent seems appropriate. It is likely a full-time role to communicate these models, particularly with the various dimensions. Not only does the history and current operation of a business need to be considered, but the history and technology available in

the broad domain of IT needs to be considered as well as knowledge of exiting ontologies that are available. At the same time, if the role is perceived, or functions as, either a rubber-stamp authority or an ivory tower enforcer of proper principle, there will be resistance by the developers, engineers, data architects, and product managers associated with the effort.

While the docent is agnostic, and focuses on needs and technical realities, this does not mean that the typical architectural requirements are not dealt with. Security, availability, maintainability, manageability and other aspects need to be transparently exposed within the model. This is where the decoupling of the constraints on domain are particularly helpful. Typically availability is specified in business analysis work, but there is no direct connection to the design from the original effort besides a number. It is much better if **no data point is ever lost** and there is no repeat of data. If it is determined that geographically redundant services and failover are too expensive, that decision is part of the entire model. The docent needs to understand the terminology and hook up those data points, even though a proxy link might be made to definitions that engineering or operations designs or implements.

With the above example, "Central DB 1" has availability "99.99". We could use triples to enumerate operational aspects like "Central DB 1" on-call analyst is "Bob Seger" and "Bob Seger" has a mobile number of 867-5309 and "Jenny" lives with Bob Seger.

This gets at another problem in that we need to make sure that the entire organization does not see Bob Seger's mobile number (really it is Jenny's number). One issue with rich, universal configuration triples like this, is that if it is truly re-used, there are items that not everybody can and should see. Fortunately, there is an authentication and authorization specification that is already defined that uses triples called WebID. While there are certainly other ways to protect data, since all that I have outlined so far fits well into documentation using HTML (with SVG diagrams rendered instantly from RDF triple definitions), WebID seems like a likely candidate for a solution to the problem. Any view of the data would respect the relationships in the diagram. Also, this complies with DRY (don't repeat yourself), as we will need to define security for the data and enforce it at some time anyway. We get a two-fer: documentation of our security model and implementation.

The security model is interesting, as it is also the first example of having a "live" system that both models and operates. Imagine that in a previous exercise we had documented data at rest. At a follow-up meeting we documented security relationships. This would likely include group membership, so in the meeting this is defined. As an example, only Accounting and executives could see the General Ledger. Imagine that a simple view of accounting data (with dummy values at this point) was displayed on the screen of those participating. There could be a "live data/system" setting that the user could toggle to see the effect of the security model. It could be in real time, in that the CEO could declare that only Accounting got to see the G/L, and as soon as he said it and the docent entered the triple, or the CEO submitted the triple, the members from the sales team couldn't see the dummy values for the G/L. This same relationship would be pulled through to the production system. There is no required post-launch discovery for documentation purposes. The initial analysis *is* the system.

Ontologies can facilitate having documents that are useful at rest with a minimal amount of dependencies. As the ontology is built, the idea of useful documents should be stressed. These can be thought of as typical papers in a pre-computer business: invoice, receipt, rolodex card, warranty, contract, etc. The data elements can still have security as above, since the security is defined. Note that these paper-like presentations don't *have* to be thought of this way, but it does seem like a feature to consider from a resilience perspective. This journal system, for instance, puts all metadata in a single document called an article. All of the navigation and search features all run off of this single document, which is stored in HTML5. If all applications failed, and there was no ISP, the journal is still useful at rest. Ontologies should guide what the document actually is. For instance, it may be that the form-based idea of the system is wrong for a particular subject or object. When mapping out the graphs it could be discovered that the customer has to call support to get a blank filled out on their purchase order, for instance.

Once the document forms and ontologies are created, transmitting the data can be done with any number of messaging services (MQTT, SQS, Rsyslog w/ KVPs etc.). The messaging can provide alerts for issues and real-time visibility to the flow of data as well as transmission to analysis platforms for reports and exploratory tools. There may also be opportunities for participatory creation of applications as this process becomes more familiar within the organization. Metastorm BPM is an example of this, although it is a bit too heavy for most businesses to afford.

No matter what the velocity of collapse, these kinds of techniques can be used to quickly build systems that are

useful in future situations, no matter how dire. Perhaps the dimensions become simply food and water for the day and shelter from the storms and temperature variation. I'm thinking there is a good opportunity to fix chinks in the web with this approach. This is what I want to do. [Note: fixing chinks in the web was how I described it in 1986, the same exact words. The web was everything, inside and outside of me. This is detailed in other parts of this journal, but it is still interesting and forms a form of completion in idea. The end becomes the beginning.].

I would like to close this article with this link and give a bow with my hat off, against my chest, slightly wavering hands to Tim Berners-Lee.

#diagrams #ouroboros #triples



2019-05-17 • Journal • One Week • LR

Last week my boss set up a meeting with the outcome of understanding what would make me excited to be at work, that would also be useful to the company. For much of last weekend I wrote this article in preparation for the meeting. Monday we met, and I laid it all out in a 20 minute barf of talk that the article prepared me for. Usually I am a bit more conservative in these kinds of conversations, but in this case I really tried to figure out what I wanted to do. Further, I wanted to make sure it lined up with what I thought was needed in the world, something that would work with my beliefs about our socio-economic situation.

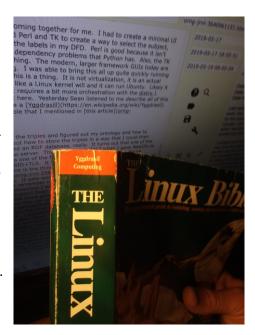
I worked out to the X files last weekend, and it happened to be the Millennium episode. I pulled the Ouroboros idea from the folder that Skinner showed Scully and Mulder that had one on the cover. There was a line that Mulder said about it being "All knowledge" to the alchemists. The Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil is an odd translation that is likely closer to The Tree of the Knowledge of Everything. I also found a reference to this old Mason that placed the Ouroboros symbol as the snake around the Tree of Knowledge. This does kind of fit, as current ontologies do outline knowledge of everything. Consider all of the OWL2 stuff now. First off, the tree metaphor literally fits with how ontology graphs look. The X files episode was all about preventing armageddon; however, this is similar to being kicked out of the Garden of Eden for eating the apple from the tree. I had a distinct feeling that I was on the right path.

The meeting with my boss went very well. We figured out a way I could use my ideas. For those of you that have worked with me since 2013, you know that one of my big things is Gane and Sarson Data flow diagrams (DFDs). I have created a rather large one for the company I work at now. I've created some large ones in the past at the law firm. I suggested that I use my ideas about triples with the DFD so it would be more useful, and I could hook the diagram up to the new data model that our data architect is putting together. My boss agreed, and I had my challenge.

All week long I have been thinking about this when I am walking or driving. I did more interesting, productive work this week than I have in years. I figured out an ontology that works for both the DFD and the system component diagram I've been working on. Everything can be expressed as triples with a relatively simple set of rules. I can use the idea of subcomponents with the predicate to explode the diagram (zoom in). The ideas I was excited about last weekend turn out to be quite useful, perhaps even more so than I thought. And again, this kind of ontology exercise is something we will need in the future, I believe.

Today much of this was all coming together for me. I had to create a minimal UI to set up the triples, so used Perl and TK to create a way to select the subject, predicate, and object using the labels in my DFD. Perl is good because it isn't crippled by the version and dependency problems that Python has. Also, the TK GUI toolkit works on everything. The modern, larger framework GUIs today are more difficult to get running. I was able to bring this all up quite quickly running Ubuntu on Windows (Yes, this is a thing. It is not virtualization, it is an actual kernel that will work much like a Linux kernel will and it can run Ubuntu. Likely it can run other things, but it requires a bit more orchestration with the distro.). [20190519: Interesting bit here. Yesterday, Sean listened to me describe all of this and told me it sounded like a Yggdrasil. Interestingly, the Linux Bible that I mentioned in this article is published by a company called Yggdrasil:]

After I set up my GUI for the triples and figured out my ontology and how to zoom, I started figuring out how to store the triples in a way that I could then search for them. I needed an RDF database, really. It turns out that one of the leaders is the old Virtuoso server. This turned up in 2012 when I gave WebIDs to all of my FB friends. It is one of the few servers that still lets you configure authentication using WebID+TLS. It kind of makes sense, since WebID profiles are RDF documents. But here is the thing that really blew my mind. My biggest gripe is frameworks. Java is a great example, as are the GUI frameworks. It gets worse when you get Oracle or the Qt group involved. [Side note: I remember right after somebody from Sun spoke at the O'Reilly Open Source convention I was at in 1999, that somebody in the sound booth queued up The Grateful Dead singing **Deal**.]. Virtuoso doesn't use a framework! They provide some generic binaries that are supposed to run on most GNU/Linux systems, and they ran perfectly on my Windows 10 box under Ubuntu. Check out these dependencies. That is about the most stand-alone piece of software I can imagine. That is way down there. I wanted to shout out to people just how good this was, and how it fit with the other ideas. This was a required piece, and if I had to run Java... OK... so be it, but that fact that Virtuoso is so lightweight and even has a GPL2



version - not Billybob's tweaked up wannabe free-looking license - a real, honest GPL2, so it will/can be improved regardless of forks, and it motivates the improvements vs. less restrictive licenses. I get the pain that GPL can cause, but I have also seen how the other licenses, while improving the ability for companies to sell product, have fragmented and encumbered the world of software development. Anyway... I am in the minority there, and it isn't my main point. My main point is just that by the end of the week I found all of the pieces I need, and I get to do this for my **job**.

#history #triples

Comments:

2019-05-18:

As I was going to sleep last night I was compelled to correct the stance on frameworks to acknowledge the squeeze principle. I went to sleep anyway. It applies here, in that I can take things that used to be fragile, but now they are not. Perl/TK, Python 2.7 (probably), Ubuntu 18.04 with offline repository, and Virtuoso server are some examples. "Point is to draw aim and fire and deliver the slug an inch above the belt buckle.".]



2019-05-18 • Journal • Honeycomb Start • LR

I took a bath, closed my eyes, and tried to get guidance. For me, guidance is visual, mostly. I should probably create a category of "guided meditation" or something, but it is not really the way people normally refer to it. I'm not sure what it is. I did it last night, though. I have had a variety of strong guidance in other ways, lately, so I am not that puzzled. I was checking in though.

I saw a solid black line that forked off into two black lines, with the main one continuing and the thinner one angling slightly down. The lines were slowly being drawn. I looked closer and saw that where the lines terminated there was a gold background with a honeycomb pattern.

#ouroboros #triples



2019-05-18 • Journal • But an Instant • LR

It is important to keep the vision and direction in focus at all times. I can see how easy it is for me to get derailed. There are way too many diversions, too many holes. I worked out today and ran into this quote:

Reverend Orison: "Everything has a reason, Scout. (SCULLY looks shocked.) Everything on God's earth. Every moment of every day the Devil waits for but an instant. As it is, it has always been. The Devil's instant is our eternity." ~ Reverend Orison, in X-Files, Season 7, episode 7, **Orison**

This reminds me a bit of how difficult it is to escape from the cycles in The Tibetan Book of the Dead. Repeatedly, there is the reminder, "so-and-so, face this and recognize. Don't fall back in" (my paraphrase). An alternate view of moving through the web and fixing chinks (but never knowing), is diving into a hole, diving into a chink in the web and becoming lost as a lotus eater. There is an instant, a loss of vision, and then FLASH... lost, perhaps until the end of life's time. Sometimes it is shorter, sometimes it is for a reason, a tunnel for instance, but the important thing is when the vision is clear, and all is set with a sufficient number of reminders and reassurances, to hold true to course.

I have always thought of chinks as though the web is armor, an infinite piece of chain mail. This fits the knight's helmet I found in 1986. True, I won't know, but it has always been kind of nebulous how to fix a chink in the web if I can't recognize it. Fixing chinks in the web is a form of faith in direction, then. Find the vision. Find the thing that needs to be done, and do it. In the process, there will be some distance, some movement through the web, and that is how the chinks in the web are fixed. Remember not to react to every bump in the road.

#hole #mountain_climbing #tibetan_book_of_the_dead #triples



2019-05-19 • Subject • Triple Tree • LR

There are a few things to address as far as how triples, the W3C kind, fit into a world of collapse. After all, the entire premise of W3C is that the web is some kind of constant web of knowledge about subjects, predicates, and objects that can be constantly referred to and built on. The point is not that the information is available online at all times, from my perspective. The point is more that we are, right now, collaboratively building this ontology, and by nature, the ontology is open. I'm not talking about this, but, rather, that anybody can use the ontology to define knowledge. A good example is this mapping of a mouse brain.



Figure 44: mouse brain

The Allen institute is sharing this ontology so that anybody can use it to do research. Notice how the details show the IRIs of the triples, and these are available on the World Wide Web? This information is going to persist regardless of whether or not the network is up. Why? Because you can simply download it. For instance, here is a JSON dump of a Developing Human Brain.

We will be forced, in transition, to collaborate more intently, kind of like those Star Trek episodes where they are getting sick and desperately trying to find a cure as they get sicker, Miri, for instance. My personal mission is to provide tools that are outside of the frameworks, which is why Virtuoso was such a fabulous find on Friday. The data will be much different during transition and after, but the ontology is still the same. That is how this works. The ontologies have the capability of not only bootstrapping civilization, but when and if we make it, it will help us model reconstruction in a way that is truly sustainable.



2019-05-19 • Journal • End of 4/3? • LR

I started watching episode 148 of the X-files, Signs and Wonders, and I just stopped. I believe I am done. I am done with Buffy, and I just don't see watching Xena again at this point. It is interesting, because often when I work out I still sing the Xena theme song, as the last time I was on this long of a stint I would watch Xena. I browsed around and saw Homecoming, and watched the first couple episodes of that. The 4/3 stint lasted a long time, though. I do have the old Bill Bixby Hulk set. Perhaps I will start that one. It is a quality show. It might be worth the time. For now, though, I am enjoying Homecoming.

#x files



2019-05-19 • Journal • Bobo and Coffee • LR

Bobo is drinking coffee now. I'm not sure I approve, but he drank it because of a grueling project that was due Friday. He spent the last two weeks partitioning up his time to get it done, and pulled a couple all-nighters to do it. I did not nag him about it, he just got it done. It was a hundred or so pages. We talk better, now, in the last few weeks. We have had several long conversations about his life, his project, his experiments with coffee and sleep. He is realizing that sugar has a negative effect on him, as does coffee. He drinks the coffee, not to make it through the night, but to keep awake during class. He searched for the most efficient way to get the most done, and found out that naps were a great method. I've talked more openly with him in the last few weeks, with more ideas, more words, more of a comfortable dialog, then I have in the last four years combined. I like talking to him (more than just as a father).

#bobo #coffee



2019-05-25 • Subject • ORNG Next • LR

I came up with ORNG before the domain name was even available. The first entry was written in June of 2017:

2017-06-11 08:11:38 AM - Sunday Chapter 1 ORNG

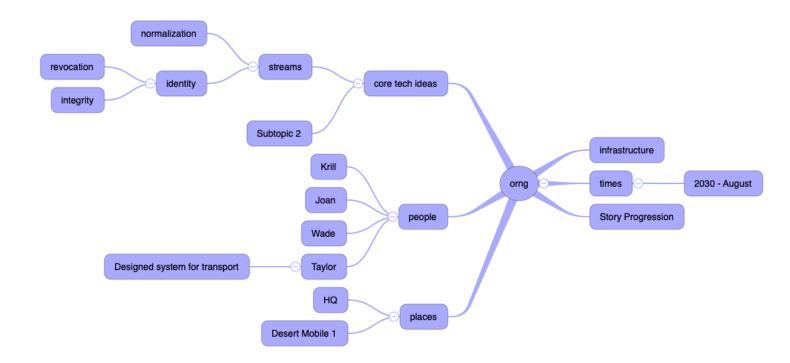
I didn't purchase orng.org until September of 2018. Why this is so interesting to me, is that I chose the backronym based on the color orange, not on domain availability. This is related to the events of the last few weeks, and the fact that the N in ORNG stood for normalization. At the time I first wrote the O.R.N.G. fiction, I figured that normalization was breaking down information into key-value pairs. I have discovered in the last few weeks, though, that normalization will likely be done in triples. This was foreshadowed in this article, as I'm talking about meaning, and is more of a graph idea than key-value pairs.

#triples



2019-05-26 • Subject • ORNG Mind Map • L R

I found this old mind map of the O.R.N.G. story that I did in June of 2017. Chapter 1 was supposed to take place in 2030.



I wrote yesterday about how the timing was interesting, considering the last few weeks. Just now I was thinking about the triangulation part of WebID. The idea is that the URI in the certificate references a website that can change. The then has FOAF triples in an RDF form. The problem with this is that it requires connectivity. In fact, this is the whole idea of Tim Berners-Lee. While it is true that connectivity is likely something we will enjoy for quite awhile, it is not something that I see lasting for fifty years, not in a form that is as universal as is needed for the identity described by WebID.

Briefly I was taken, again, by the beauty of WebID, and how well it fits in to the ontological stuff I've been looking at. It is too fragile, though. Plus, I am still convinced that simply using a public key to verify the data is not corrupted is enough. In either case, the user would still need to control a private key to assert identity.

I have a laptop that does not have a network connection enabled, and never has. I use it to test how independent my operational instructions are with a machine that has never been able to update anything over the internet. The only thing it has is an Ubuntu 18.04 LTS install with a full repository. I took an image of it and have it on a 160 GB file that can be transferred using dd. I checked and Virtuoso is on it. This means I have all of the real-life pieces I need. I have a triple store, a way to CRUD with isql (note that it is renamed to isql-vt so it doesn't conflict with unixODBC). Graphviz and raptor2-utils also install just fine off of the normal repo. This means I have a full stack for analysis, from the triples to the graphing.

#triples



2019-05-27 • Subject • Plumb Line • LR

I lower the plumb bob into the water. I know where the ship was, what I thought I saw, but I can't believe it. I feel the bob strike the metal, and I pull back in the other direction. That must be the hull. I move back astern of the sunken vessel, tracing the shape of her railing, then deck. There it is, the tall-tale hatch. I can't believe it though, no matter how many times I measure. This can't be true, yet every plunge of my line verifies a horrible truth, a truth that nobody will believe, that nobody will listen to. And what now? What do I do with this knowledge? Perhaps I will try again, verify that which I know is true, but cannot accept myself.

#uteotw



2019-05-27 • Journal • Last Ride • LR

I sold Betty to Sean's son. He is old enough to drive, and imagines great adventures. I wanted him to have the chance to camp on the beach and in the mountains. Betty is in good shape and ready to camp, shelter and transport. While working on her over these last eight years has been satisfying, my imagined time with her is always too far in the distance. I can't see that journey taking place anytime soon. Even when the time does come, when I have done my main duty of giving Bobo a solid time through his school, I am not so sure that Betty is the best for me. She needs the new adventure that Sean's son can provide. I am honored that Sean's son is so excited about her. I want him to have that time with the freedom of a pop-top van while he can.





As for me, I can use the area where Betty was parked. My first project will be to fix up these iron bench ends and turn them to a working bench that Sean and I can sit on together and watch the sun and the madrone tree across the street. I found them at the dump a couple years ago, but haven't found the time to turn them back into their original purpose.

#betty



2019-05-29 • Subject • Day One Two • LR

I thought this morning that today is day one. It sounded familiar, so I searched my journal, and I have another entry called Day One from back in 2016. My entry today is related, I suppose. Yesterday I found a paper that validated my approach to systems analysis by Desiree Daniel, in her paper Resilience as a Disposition, given at the Formal Ontology in Information Systems conference of 2014. It would be easy to get too bogged down in this article, but my main takeaway is that my broader idea of using triples to form agile analysis to facilitate human resilience in the context of our socio-economic-ecosystems is valid. I ordered the book today, so I can read not only Desiree's article, but the others at the conference. Imagine a Gane and Sarson DFD using triples. Further, imagine the other dimensions (logical components) as triples that weave the layers. There is another new bit in the article, in that it shows how there is no external design in these kinds of discussions. This makes sense. It isn't like we can plan now, particularly at this point. We truly are in a cut-up scenario. My "transmission" is the agile tech that is related, what Desiree Daniel talks about as far as reacting to the results of the system stress. We can't see it until we are in it. There is no forward-thinking external design.

#transmission



2019-05-29 • **Journal** • **Breaking Surf** • **L R**

I gave up on Homecoming. I couldn't watch the old Hulk episodes... just not interested right now. I seem to remember they have decent writing, but I decided on something different to watch while I work out. I decided on Breaking Bad.

I watched the first episode today. Decent writing. Decent concept. I think I will continue. I'm a bit skeptical about the wimpy father bit (American Beauty). It is more difficult to transform the prison, the sand pit, into the place you want to be. I think you can be every bit the man or woman or whatever gender you wish to be and be perfectly trapped, but still learn how to pull water from the sand.

As for the Day One bit, I'm still on it. It may be a bit boring. It may be a bit serious. But, it is something I can do, and I can see it fitting into my vision of the future. Boiled down, it is simply providing the tools and knowledge to manage, configured and use analysis engines based on triples. For my job I can help IT shops use this technique in-house. For the future, the target of my transmissions, I will show how to use these techniques without assuming a network connection.

I often **intend** to move on from here, surfing alone. Yes, Sean is interested and supportive, and there are others who follow along at times, but I really need to surf because it is the most beautiful thing I can think of to do. That is it: I make my pink beam and surf.

#pink beam #transmission #woman in the dunes



2019-05-29 • Journal • Crow Block • L R

This was a waking dream/guided meditation. I saw a gold iris with the lines converging (more than three). It was in the distance, and I wanted to move towards it, but there was a dark, pointy thing in my way. I continued to try and go towards the iris, but the single dark, pointy thing became multiple beaks that I recognized as crows. I saw a crow's eye flash. The crows were blocking me from leaving. I realized that they were warning me in stern terms to stay put.

#crow



2019-05-31 • Apps • Generating Gane and Sarson DFDs • LR

Graphviz can do Gane and Sarson pretty much OOTB. I decided on some conventions:

- The process is a subject, and is always first.
- An entity, process, or data store can all be objects.
- Track both directions of data flow individually, but roll them up into a single line with appropriate arrows. Note that this can be tallied by putting subject+object in a hash. Test to see if there is an opposite flow to the current test as well as the same flow with the opposite direction (object->subject). Since only processes are set as subject, this works to create a hash that is complete as far as flow.
- Use short names, numbers, and alphanumeric (D13) for entities, processes, and data stores. Put the longer names in a tab delimited field for each entry.
- Put all processes in the objects file so you can easily add to the triples.

Here is an example Graphviz file:

```
digraph {
   charset="utf-8";overlap="false";
   splines="true";
   sep="+20";
   node [shape=record];
```

```
Entity [label="Entity \nDescription"];
D1 [label="<f0>D1|<f1> Data Store \nDescription"];
1 [label="{<f0> 1|<f1> Process \nDescription
}" shape=Mrecord];
1 -> D1 [dir="both"];
1 -> Entity [dir="back"];
}
```

Run:

```
sfdp -Tsvg < i.gv > o.svg
```

To render this:



Figure 45: Gane and Sarson DFD

This is how I imagine that the existing ontologies map to the Gane and Sarson triples. I realize that it might require more detail, but this is all I have right now.

Process:

planned process

http://purl.obolibrary.org/obo/OBI 0000011

Data at rest:

data storage

http://purl.obolibrary.org/obo/IAO_0000030

Entity

role

http://purl.obolibrary.org/obo/BFO_0000023

Subprocesses:

contains process http://purl.obolibrary.org/obo/BFO_0000067

Predicates for data flow:

has specified input

http://purl.obolibrary.org/obo/OBI_0000293

has specified output

http://purl.obolibrary.org/obo/OBI 0000299

#dfd #diagramming #git #graphviz

Comments:

2021-02-08:

This article has a newbie mistake in it. It is probably still useful as an example of both the mistake, but also the general, trimmed down idea. Among other things, BFO_0000023 should not be used directly. For a more complete and consistent version of this, see Cruft Buster.



2019-06-02 - Subject - Private and Domains - LR

The journal system tracks private entries. This is generally meant to give the user the ability to publish both a public journal and a private journal. Now, in my (the software author's) case, I have no use for private entries going forward.



I am going to use this for a limited case, which is simply categories and tags as:

This is a tag that can have attributes, which is what I need vs categories like:



, which don't have attributes. I am going to build this feature in generically, which means that if you have the tag private in your entry, it will put categories in the top and tags along the left. I will list the categories in the script to parse out the tags. I will publish to a local database the same as orng, but publish to private. While the full dynamic navigation works well the journal, for what I have in mind for the private site, I think this method of categories and tags will be just fine. I will also exclude the signatures from the private database, as if it isn't intended to be shared, it isn't really required (plus I am going to generate static pages). I will share the script as part of the published journal software that is used to create the site. At a minimum, expect this on the 20XX-01-01 transmission, the next one being 2020-01-01.

#history

Comments:

2020-05-31:

At one point I figured that I would publish all of my updated journals each year on New Years Day. I called that my transmission. The version of MCJ at the end of 2018 was in Xojo, and had the entire journal in it as an embedded store. This was how I intended to solve the persistence problem. My journal archive would be replicated as free software. Now, I just publish the full archive on Signal Q. As of May, 2020, it is only 1.1 GB for all code and entries.



2019-06-02 • OS • Dpkg Lock • LR

I run into this quite a bit, particularly since I am running only from the local repo. When I took the snapshot of the hard disk, I think that it might have been trying to update. If you see this error:

```
E: Could not get lock /var/lib/dpkg/lock - open (11: Resource temporarily unavailable)
E: Unable to lock the administration directory (/var/lib/dpkg/), is another process using it?
```

Make sure that you don't have any package updates running. Look at the logs, here:

```
tail -n 20 /var/log/apt/history.log
```

If they are, then stop them or wait. If that still doesn't clear the lock, you can simply remove it by using this command:

#errors



2019-06-04 - Journal - Off Grid - LR

This is my first article off grid. I am using orng off of an SD card. The main reason for this is to make sure that the set of packages I have for Ubuntu 18.04 work for all of the tools to do triples analysis. You can see I have a version 6.01.3127 Virtuoso server running. This machine has *never* had a network connection after restoring the disk image with dd that has the repo on it. One nice thing about the way that the articles are stored, is there are no conflicts if you move around to different computers. Just copy the html file, and the way it determines the filename ensures it will be unique.

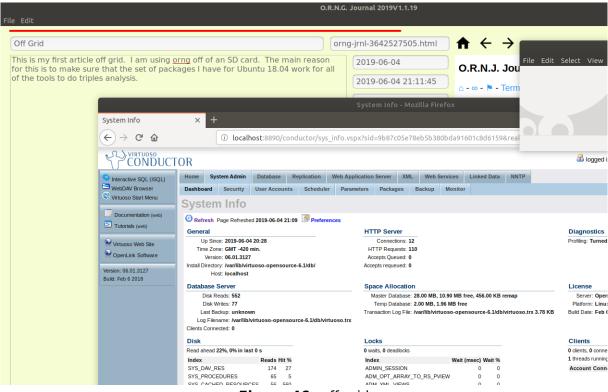


Figure 46: off grid

#history



2019-06-15 • Subject • We Are Docents! • L R

Are we not men? Are we not women? Hard to tell, as we click and conform as part of the machinery of global commerce.

Who here knows where all of this stuff comes from? To the woman in the back that shouted "Oil!" defiantly, you are correct, mostly, but if it wasn't oil, it would be something else. We quite likely would have done the same kind of damage with other energy sources.

This stuff, the stuff of our civilization, the containers circling the globe that provide visible and invisible economic activity, all of this stuff comes from optimism. We need to believe that something is to blame, that something will save us if changed. It might be the current leader in office either needs to be removed or supported. It might be that we need to be religiously true. Regardless of the form of optimism, of hope, we continue to double down on our conviction that our system can continue without collapse. It is this speculation on the future, the investment, that finances and propels our civilization. Optimism built it.

We can't stay out of the casino, we can't resist the allure of the one-arm bandit. The optimism expresses itself in many ways, but the core feature is that we are unable to step outside of the casino. We keep playing the same game even though we all know that in the end the casino wins. We borrow from everybody we can, we mortgage our future, all the resources on the earth, and provide promises upon promises of eventually winning. We set up pyramid scheme after pyramid scheme to continue our run.

But we are men. We are women. We are wired this way as humans. Imagine what it must have been like when we were just emerging from hiding. The world was a terrifying beauty that would devour us. It was not very fruitful to talk about all of the dangers outside of camp. Yes we had our Eden, but she is a bitch mare, worthy of poetry and our own annihilation, and "oh, all the poets, they studied rules of verse".

The written word is also the agent of our undoing. Coupled with optimism, the tree of knowledge of everything accelerated our expulsion from Eden.



The Garden of Earthly Delights by Bosch

Here is a secret, though. The abandoned forms for our infrastructure's concrete, the free tools to create reactive information structures, these litter our world as though they are useless, and to a certain extent they are, as the engine moves forward and devours, but they still remain available for anybody to pick up and use. They are the tools of the knowledge of the tree of everything. Don't drop out. Drop in with your etch-a-sketch models on the way up, down, sideways, and any-which-way.

We need as many people doing this as possible. I'm assuming that very few will. I am also assuming that we will remain optimistic. No matter *what* the relative perspective, humans can be counted on in general to be optimistic. And, particularly at this point, we can be counted on to leverage information. There will be a need for docents, for those that curate the remaining stores of information. What will the next huddle of effort be? Water? Avoiding

highwaymen? Regardless, docents are not threatening, and can assist. Leave the politics of optimism to others. What a fabulous ride.

#cathr #uteotw



2019-06-16 • Journal • Frameworks and Breaking Bad • LR

After getting tired of the X-Files for when I work out, and trying some other shows, I am hooked on Breaking Bad. Woo! I sure am glad I didn't watch this back when it came out. I can deal with the show now, though. I have to say that the amount of money he had to come up for his treatment so far is a fraction of what I needed to come up with. True, it was mostly paid for by insurance, but I definitely gave my pound of flesh to get the good insurance and keep it. Most years we paid for the co-insurance in January. I would always save up towards the end of the year to make it through January.

Another part of the show that resonates with me is how he is under-employed. I am now up to season 2, and it seems to me that he is trying to live with the consequences of not using his knowledge at his job. The kids really don't care that much about chemistry. Cooking is an outlet for him to use what he knows. Until recently I spent quite a bit of personal time coding and doing other interesting technical things when I was bored in my job. I would make the best of it. I'd get in these eddies where I would do stuff like learn dataflow diagrams and other techniques, but much of my work life I have been bored, particularly after Yvette first got sick in 2002 and I didn't feel I had much flexibility. I have often felt stuck and afraid, which is another theme of the show. He breaks out of that.



Today I saw the episode where Walt and Jesse are stranded in the desert and he creates a battery. In his area, he knows how the world is put together. I write frequently about how software frameworks are like complex socio-economic systems. I am quite timid about how fragile our software frameworks are, and I see similar issues with socio-economics (and ecosystems). Now, ecosystems tend to balance, but they don't necessarily balance in a way that includes vertebrates.

I work in a world of agile developers and cloud operations, where nobody considers it an issue that we use proprietary cloud-provider languages and services, and can't run our software ourselves if we wanted to. Our product has 30 or so different software projects needed to run, and those software projects need others. I will point out how this is fragile, but it isn't something that people are willing to address. We just iterate faster. I know there are some advantages to this, but at the same time, I also know that my experience gives me the right to have a valid and even more complete opinion. It reminds me how Jesse begins to respect Walt. There is also a counter going on, in that Walt has some learning to do as well.

As I've mentioned, my work life and my personal efforts have aligned much more. I have more balance in my time at home. I still do some technical work, but I try and make it so it intersects less. What is really fabulous is that the most interesting stuff I do is at work. I tackle the technical issues at home that are related to other projects, like my journal.

I am at the point at work, where it is useful to insert and report on the triples in the database in a live fashion. This means that I could interview a user, insert a few triples, and show them the live, new version of the diagram instantly. This means that I need to have a scripting language that can speak to both the triples database, but also work with a browser. Now, it is true that I could refresh on the file itself, but I also know from my journal programming experience, that you can gain quite a bit of function for an application if you are able to trigger off of browser events easily. In the case of building a triples database, that might mean clicking on triples in the diagram and having the HTML/SVG reload.

I researched ways to do this for a week or so. I have previously struggled with similar things to use for my journal. What I *really* want is something completely free and open source, but I couldn't find anything a couple years ago when I had some time to work on it intently and refactor. At the time I wanted to do a live rendering of markdown in a browser window. But, back to frameworks. I don't want to just use pip. Pip pulls libraries from all over, compiles, and does all kinds of things in a way that is more fragile and less controllable than OS packages. The best is if I can

find a stable distribution of GNU/Linux with a local repository that isn't even connected to the Internet at all. Even Ubuntu with packages can sometimes break if certain sets of packages are downloaded. It isn't really a fix to have to run apt update again and download yet another set of updated packages.

Well, it turns out that wxWidgets and wxPython are perfect. The problem is that on my Ubuntu 18.04 reference system (no network connection, but a couple rounds of updates prior to the repo freeze) wx.html2 doesn't work. wxGlade 0.9.3 works fine, but I couldn't load the wx.html2 module. I banged my head for awhile and then thought I would give compiling wxPython-4.0.6 a try. It works! I grabbed a screenshot while it was compiling. This shows just how deep the dependencies are. Note that I was able to get this all compiled and running without using pip or a network connection at all. I just had to find the right set of packages as prerequisites and export the variable DOXYGEN to use the local OS install rather than pull down a copy over the network.

/wxWidgets/src/stc/scintilla/include -I/home/usr-1/wxPython-4.0.6/ext/wxW idgets/src/stc/scintilla/lexlib -I/home/usr-1/wxPython-4.0.6/ext/wxWidget intilla/src -D_WX_ -DSCI_LEXER -DLINK_LEXERS -DWXUSINGDLL -fPIC -DFIC -D_FILE_OFFSET_BITS=64 -I/home/usr-1/wxPython-4 s/src/stc/scintilla/src -D__WX_ 0.6/build/wxbld/gtk3/lib/wx/include/gtk3-unicode-3.0 -I/home/usr-1/wxPyth on-4.0.6/ext/wxWidgets/include -pthread -I/usr/include/gtk-3.0 -I/usr/inc lude/at-spi2-atk/2.0 -I/usr/include/at-spi-2.0 -I/usr/include/dbus-1.0 -I /usr/lib/x86_64-linux-gnu/dbus-1.0/include -I/usr/include/gtk-3.0 -I/usr/ include/gio-unix-2.0/ -I/usr/include/cairo -I/usr/include/pango-1.0 -I/us r/include/harfbuzz -I/usr/include/pango-1.0 -I/usr/include/atk-1.0 -I/usr /include/cairo -I/usr/include/pixman-1 -I/usr/include/freetype2 -I/usr/in clude/libpng16 -I/usr/include/freetype2 -I/usr/include/libpng16 -I/usr/in clude/gdk-pixbuf-2.0 -I/usr/include/libpng16 -I/usr/include/glib-2.0 -I/u sr/lib/x86_64-linux-gnu/glib-2.0/include -pthread -I/usr/include/gstreame r-1.0 -I/usr/include/orc-0.4 -I/usr/include/gstreamer-1.0 -I/usr/include/ glib-2.0 -I/usr/lib/x86_64-linux-gnu/glib-2.0/include -pthread -I/usr/inc lude/webkitgtk-4.0 -I/usr/include/gtk-3.0 -I/usr/include/at-spi2-atk/2.0 -I/usr/include/at-spi-2.0 -I/usr/include/dbus-1.0 -I/usr/lib/x86_64-linux -gnu/dbus-1.0/include -I/usr/include/gtk-3.0 -I/usr/include/gio-unix-2.0/ -I/usr/include/cairo -I/usr/include/pango-1.0 -I/usr/include/harfbuzz /usr/include/pango-1.0 -I/usr/include/atk-1.0 -I/usr/include/cairo -I/usr /include/pixman-1 -I/usr/include/freetype2 -I/usr/include/libpng16 -I/usr /include/freetype2 -I/usr/include/libpng16 -I/usr/include/gdk-pixbuf-2.0 -I/usr/include/libpng16 -I/usr/include/libsoup-2.4 -I/usr/include/libxml2 -I/usr/include/webkitgtk-4.0 -I/usr/include/glib-2.0 -I/usr/lib/x86_64-1 inux-gnu/glib-2.0/include -DWX_PRECOMP -pthread -O2 -fno-strict-aliasing -pthread -I/usr/include/gdk-pixbuf-2.0 -I/usr/include/libpng16 -I/usr/inc lude/glib-2.0 -I/usr/lib/x86_64-linux-gnu/glib-2.0/include -pthread -I/us r/include/gtk-3.0/unix-print -I/usr/include/gtk-3.0 -I/usr/include/at-spi 2-atk/2.0 -I/usr/include/at-spi-2.0 -I/usr/include/dbus-1.0 -I/usr/lib/x8 6_64-linux-gnu/dbus-1.0/include -I/usr/include/gtk-3.0 -I/usr/include/gic -unix-2.0/ -I/usr/include/cairo -I/usr/include/pango-1.0 -I/usr/include/h arfbuzz -I/usr/include/pango-1.0 -I/usr/include/atk-1.0 -I/usr/include/ca iro -I/usr/include/pixman-1 -I/usr/include/freetype2 -I/usr/include/libpm g16 -I/usr/include/freetype2 -I/usr/include/libpng16 -I/usr/include/gdk-p ixbuf-2.0 -I/usr/include/libpng16 -I/usr/include/glib-2.0 -I/usr/lib/x86 64-linux-gnu/glib-2.0/include -I/usr/include/SDL -D_GNU_SOURCE=1 -D_REENT RANT -fvisibility=hidden -fvisibility-inlines-hidden /home/usr-1/wxPython -4.0.6/ext/wxWidgets/src/stc/scintilla/lexers/LexTACL.cxx

Figure 47: wxpython supply chain

#history



2019-06-27 • Subject • Straight Down the Line • LR

I am listening to Gerry Rafferty's song Right Down the Line as I write this. Gerry Rafferty was always there as I learned about music. I remember burning trash in the 70s listening to Baker Street. I would haul the trash to the burn pit and listen to the radio. I would check out records of his from the library and record them, listening to them over and over again on the way to school. I was also thinking of Straight Down the Line in the movie Double Indemnity - one a sweet song and one jaded. This article, though, is about both, about a stance, a mission that is full of love but still jaded and pragmatic.

My thought is that we are in population overshoot, simply, but there are certainly other factors that are too complicated or ominous to dig into in this article, or even on this site. If you are interested in such things, there is much out there to explore.

I've been working in IT a long time. I also used to be a technological optimist, but that has since faded. I am compelled to do something that will help, but my understanding of economics and our predicament has hamstrung me over the last seven years. This site, though, is a way through. It is useful now, it is useful as we deal with the stressors in transition to whatever happens next, and it is useful in a lifeboat sense.

Primarily this site exists to document tools used to run systems. Part of this includes modeling systems using a stripped down form of triples and other tools of data science. Another part is how to run these systems in a way that is not reliant on network connectivity. This is useful both from a lifeboat sense, in that it will be possible to use the information on this site to administer a system used for analysis without network connectivity, but it also allows me to focus on the meat of what is happening at one slice of time vs. constantly shifting to accommodate the latest versions of application and operating system software.

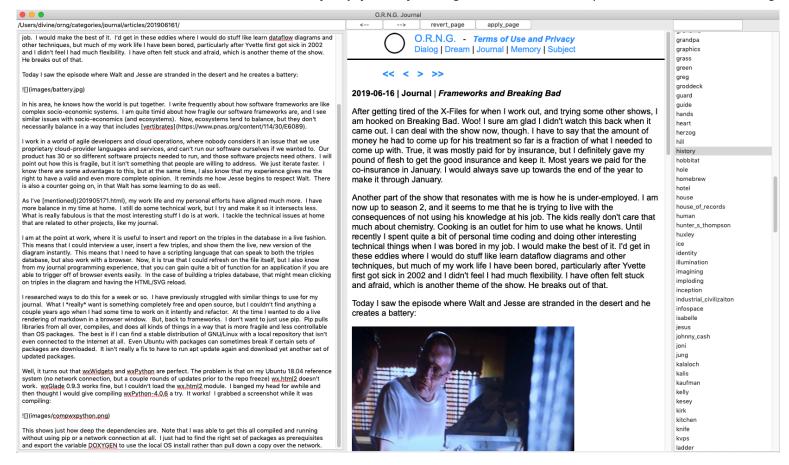
I have made this journey before in different ways in my life. I've authored many websites. What you are reading is a culmination of all of my past efforts and what I have learned. I will try to avoid repeating myself and leverage existing documentation, as well as enable readers to find the information locally. Most importantly, as I go down this track to the end of the line, I am doing it with love, with a kind of wonder and faith that I had when I was young.

#gerry rafferty #ouroboros



2019-07-13 = Subject = New CMS = LR

Ahhh... so many starts on different journal software. That is OK. The significant thing about this change is that I have finally dropped the Xojo component and moved to wxPython. This lets me relax a bit on the software distribution part of things, since it doesn't need to be compiled, and you don't need to purchase Xojo. I have tried every few years to find something comparable to Xojo as far as how the GUI worked, but until recently I couldn't get all of the pieces working right. Primarily, I have decided that I need web integration on the front-end. wxPython provides what I need with the wx.html2 module. I really enjoy the hybrid I get. Here is an example of the new CMS running:



I have spell check with markdown on the left (Mac OS X only at this point), the rendered page in the center, and the tags listed on the right. I am still using the CLI tool for new articles, also written in Python. I am composing **this**

particular article using iA Writer Classic, but any editor will do. The CLI tool will make it easy to work on my site the site that will explain how to operate, configure, and develop tools for knowledge management.

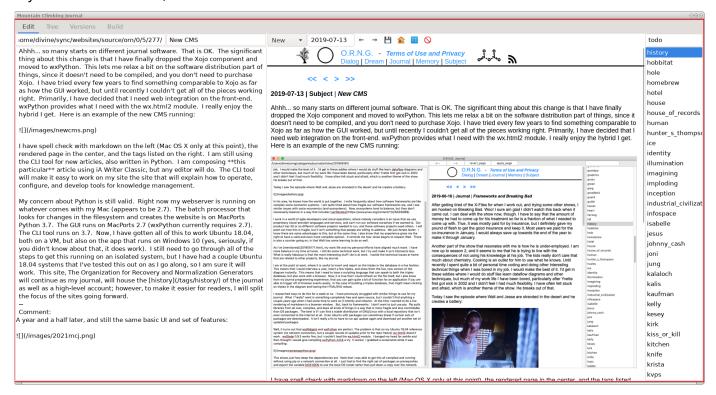
My concern about Python is still valid. Right now my webserver is running on whatever comes with my Mac (appears to be 2.7). The batch processor that looks for changes in the filesystem and creates the website is on MacPorts Python 3.7. The GUI runs on MacPorts 2.7 (wxPython currently requires 2.7). The CLI tool runs on 3.7. Now, I have gotten all of this to work Ubuntu 18.04, both on a VM, but also on the app that runs on Windows 10 (yes, seriously, if you didn't know about that, it does work). I still need to go through all of the steps to get this running on an isolated system, but I have had a couple Ubuntu 18.04 systems that I've tested this out on as I go along, so I am sure it will work. This site, The Organization for Recovery and Normalization Generators will continue as my journal, will house the history of the journal as well as a high-level account; however, to make it easier for readers, I will split the focus of the sites going forward.

#history #mcj #wxpython #dash

Comments:

2021-01-30:

A year and a half later, and still the same basic UI and set of features:



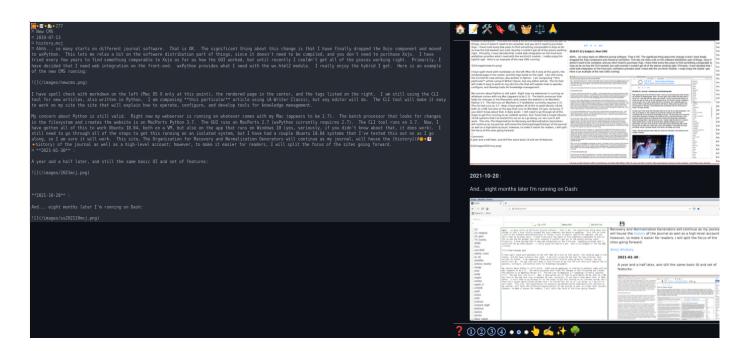
2021-10-20:

And... eight months later I'm running on Dash:



2024-09-17:

And a few more years later, I'm running on Deno, CodeMirror 6, and pure JavaScript:





2019-07-17 - Journal - All in You - LR

During my workout today I watched Kiss or Kill, the Australian film from 1997. I first watched it over six years ago, when I was on my Kiss or Kill exploration. At the time I could only find it on video tape. For some reason I thought that the movie fit into this next phase, whatever that is, and I needed something from the movie. I had to watch a copy from Italy in a region-free player, which was surprisingly inexpensive.

The cool air from the messed up Arctic flow made it feel like fall today, with bluster and rain. I am in an eddy after the push to get the graph and new form of the journal working, and I needed some quiet in the tub to figure out how to proceed. I know, roughly, what to do, but I don't know the stance or priority. I laid in the tub as the windstorm blew the door open.

I was able to get into a meditative state. It was a rare state, actually, a bit more of a disconnect from my bleating, connected conscious mind than I have been able to pull off for quite awhile. I started thinking about the Phlegm House Bathtub and the meditation I had then. The advice that Christ gave me in the blue room (it is all in you), and my interpretation that he meant that it was all in me to enjoy the forest didn't seem right. That is not what I am doing. I need to do something, create something, that is not necessarily about me enjoying the forest. This is different than being passionate about something. As I was thinking this, I heard another voice with a different tone, a sense of authority chuckle a bit and say, "Yes, that's right." I remember that bit in the Crowley "Autohagiography" where he said that god and the devil were fighting for his soul all night, but his only question was which one was which.

This is a bit of a turning on this for me. I have always assumed that the Mountain Climber metaphor and enjoying the forest were related. With the Ouroboros Tree idea, I am definitely moving through the web in a couple of different ways (literally on the WWW, but also on a triples/semantic perspective). As for enjoying the forest, we are in collapse. This is a turbulent time. It is not a time to be enjoying the veins in the leaves, at least not as a primary preoccupation, at least for me. I do enjoy my walks. I to feel all of the forces in play from ocean, to sky. But just having it "be all in me to enjoy the forest" isn't really cutting it for me. It reminds me a bit of the steak in The Matrix. [Funny, I looked up the Moody Blues song after I finished the last sentence, and the post was made by somebody with a Matrix character avatar (Neo). Also, I finished reading Mom's letters today, and one of them was around the time of the Mississippi trip, where I was listening to Question of Balance a lot.]

The split, here, within the bathtub vision of 1986, is Gnostic in stance, then, and I think this fits a bit with Kiss or Kill and PKD. What is real? The movie shows that kind of shaken reality. I have run into this before. That entry is also surprisingly appropriate, now that I re-read it. I don't have to decide what this means tonight, but I'm certainly tapped into the right area. Also, that night in 1986, Geoff gave me the Gnostic writings (Nag Hammadi).



2019-07-20 = Subject = Roll On = LR

I know what to do, how to do it, and why. I don't have time to worry about who is interested. I shouldn't. I have certainly fulfilled any obligation, real or imagined, that I might have to let my friends and acquaintances in on my adventures. They know where I am and how to check in if they are interested. Building up the new site will take quite a bit of work, but I've done it before, and I can do it again. This time, though, I have a couple of decades of related experience behind me.

It is time to roll.

#mcj



2019-07-20 • Dream • Bricklan • LR

I was in a barn-like building, in the top part, where the hay was. Either there was no more hay where I was, or it had been converted. I don't know if there was hay in back of me. I was looking at the top ridge of the barn, the one that goes over the large barn door in the top part where you load the hay in. I was hovering my mouse over the ridge and noticed that the "i" had info when I hovered, as though it was an active link of some kind. It was a filesystem that belonged to the law firm I was working at (or had worked at). The link wouldn't open. I had assumed at first that the files were mine, because there were others I had written over the years, personal files, pieces of my journal. I became skeptical of it, though, when I noticed that there were multiple "i" icons along the ridge of the barn. It was as though the "i" was a feature of the filesystem itself, and not something I had written.

I was then outside the barn. The sky was blue with clouds, and it was seventy degrees or so - pleasant and calm. I was looking through the filesystem. I couldn't remember exactly what I was doing when I had authored the files. Roughly ten years had gone by since I had started this particular set of files. It was likely a home directory or backup of the root filesystem of an old computer I had used. One of the files was a description of my journal scheme, one of the many over the years. I called it "Salt". It was mild hashing, not cryptographic, just enough to make it invisible to search engines. One of the files was by Dan Bernstein, describing his website/blog. I looked at it and was happy because it was so similar to some of the ideas I had had about journals in the past. I thought that perhaps I might use his style instead, and port my journal to that. [In real life, Sean woke me up at this moment.]

I told Sean my dream, partly so I could make that weave between conscious and sleeping that happens when you wake, the weave that keeps the memory of the dream with words, but also because I thought she might be interested despite the technical nature. In my dream it was simply "Dan", but when I told Sean it was Dan Bricklin. I was thinking of Dan Bernstein, though, as I was remembering his simple and cocky infrastructure programs (DNS and MTA). I read recently about Dan Bricklin, as I think it is the 40th anniversary of VisiCalc, so that is probably why I told Sean "Bricklin".

I got some coffee and wrote this down, as it is fairly detailed. Writing down dreams is important if you want to explore, and memory of dreams is like an offering, something to graciously accept, so I wanted to get it down, accept the offering of insight from my unconscious mind. I had to do some searches to figure out what Dan it was. I chose the title, misspelling his name; however, there are no accidents in this area of unconscious mind exploration. I don't know that I've looked at Bernstein's blog since my djbdns and qmail days. I ran qmail for awhile. Yvette turned me on to qmail. She was a fan of Bernstein. I remember her being surprised that I hadn't heard of him.

#apple ii #yvette

Comments:

2020-01-14:

This could very well have been Dan Brickley, as he is all over the world I was investigating at this point in time.



2019-07-20 - Apps - Removing Image Metadata - LR

Quite a bit of metadata is included in images. This metadata can be used to determine identity, among other things. There is a perl script that is available for most GNU-style package managers called exiftool by Phil Harvey that, among many other things, can display and remove metdata. Here is a list of the metadata in a jpg file, displayed by the exiftool -list command:

```
$exiftool -list img.jpg
ExifTool Version Number
                               : 11.48
File Name
                               : img.jpg
Directory
                               : .
File Size
                               : 1192 kB
File Modification Date/Time
                               : 2019:03:06 22:02:00-08:00
File Access Date/Time
                             : 2019:07:20 20:53:43-07:00
File Inode Change Date/Time : 2019:07:20 20:53:41-07:00
                               : rw-----
File Permissions
File Type
                               : JPEG
File Type Extension
                               : jpg
MIME Type
                               : image/jpeg
Exif Byte Order
                               : Little-endian (Intel, II)
Make
                               : samsung
Camera Model Name
                               : SM-S327VL
Orientation
                               : Horizontal (normal)
X Resolution
                               : 72
                               : 72
Y Resolution
Resolution Unit
                               : inches
Software
                               : S327VLUDS4ARF2
                               : 2019:03:02 11:05:57
Modify Date
Y Cb Cr Positioning
                               : Centered
Exposure Time
                               : 1/1533
F Number
                               : 1.9
Exposure Program
                               : Program AE
TS0
                               : 40
                               : 0220
Exif Version
Date/Time Original
                               : 2019:03:02 11:05:57
                               : 2019:03:02 11:05:57
Create Date
Components Configuration
                             : Y, Cb, Cr, -
Shutter Speed Value
                               : 1/1533
Aperture Value
                               : 1.9
Brightness Value
                               : 0
Exposure Compensation
                               : 0
Max Aperture Value
                               : 1.9
Metering Mode
                               : Center-weighted average
Light Source
                               : Unknown
                               : No Flash
Flash
Focal Length
                               : 2.5 mm
Maker Note Version
                               : 0100
Device Type
                               : Cell Phone
Raw Data Byte Order
                               : Little-endian (Intel, II)
```

Raw Data CFA Pattern : Swap : Off Face Detect User Comment : ?Z Flashpix Version : 0100 Color Space : sRGB Exif Image Width : 2576 : 1932 Exif Image Height Interoperability Index : R98 - DCF basic file (sRGB) Interoperability Version : 0100 Sensing Method : One-chip color area Scene Type : Directly photographed Exposure Mode : Auto White Balance : Auto Focal Length In 35mm Format : 29 mm : Standard Scene Capture Type Image Unique ID : M05QSJA04NA GPS Version ID : 2.2.0.0 Compression : JPEG (old-style) Thumbnail Offset : 6434 Thumbnail Length : 11233 Image Width : 2576 : 1932 Image Height Encoding Process : Baseline DCT, Huffman coding Bits Per Sample : 8 Color Components : 3 Y Cb Cr Sub Sampling : YCbCr4:2:0 (2 2) Time Stamp : 2019:03:02 11:05:57-08:00 : 1.9 Aperture Shutter Speed : 1/1533 Thumbnail Image : (Binary data 11233 bytes, use -b option to extract) Image Size : 2576x1932 Light Value : 13.8 Megapixels : 5.0

Scale Factor To 35 mm Equivalent: 11.7 Circle Of Confusion : 0.003 mm Field Of View : 63.7 deg

Focal Length : 2.5 mm (35 mm equivalent: 29.0 mm)

Hyperfocal Distance : 1.25 m

Remove the metadata using -all=:

File Size

\$exiftool -all= img.jpg 1 image files updated \$exiftool -list img.jpg ExifTool Version Number : 11.48 File Name : img.jpg Directory

File Modification Date/Time : 2019:07:20 20:59:09-07:00 File Access Date/Time : 2019:07:20 20:59:12-07:00

: 1174 kB

```
File Inode Change Date/Time
                               : 2019:07:20 20:59:09-07:00
File Permissions
File Type
                               : JPEG
File Type Extension
                              : jpg
MIME Type
                               : image/jpeg
Image Width
                             : 2576
Image Height
                               : 1932
                             : Baseline DCT, Huffman coding
Encoding Process
Bits Per Sample
Color Components
                             : 3
Y Cb Cr Sub Sampling
                             : YCbCr4:2:0 (2 2)
Image Size
                              : 2576x1932
Megapixels
                               : 5.0
```

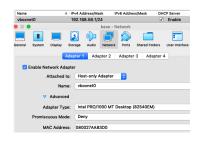
Here is how to install it on Ubuntu 18.04:

```
usr-1@srv-1:~$ sudo apt install exiftool
Reading package lists... Done
Building dependency tree
Reading state information... Done
Note, selecting 'libimage-exiftool-perl' instead of 'exiftool'
The following additional packages will be installed:
  libmime-charset-perl libposix-strptime-perl libsombok3
  libunicode-linebreak-perl
Suggested packages:
  libencode-hanextra-perl libpod2-base-perl
The following NEW packages will be installed:
  libimage-exiftool-perl libmime-charset-perl libposix-strptime-perl
  libsombok3 libunicode-linebreak-perl
0 upgraded, 5 newly installed, 0 to remove and 177 not upgraded.
Need to get 0 B/3,311 kB of archives.
After this operation, 20.0 MB of additional disk space will be used.
Do you want to continue? [Y/n] Y
Processing triggers for man-db (2.8.3-2) ...
Setting up libsombok3:amd64 (2.4.0-1) ...
Setting up libposix-strptime-perl (0.13-1build3) ...
Setting up libunicode-linebreak-perl (0.0.20160702-1build2) ...
Processing triggers for libc-bin (2.27-3ubuntul) ...
usr-1@srv-1:~$
```

Note that this is the only time I will take up space on this web site running a package install with output. While it is good to see this one time, there is no reason to repeat. For further information, see the package management page.

#image #pkg_mgmt #principles





While the focus of this site is on Ubuntu 18.04 in a self-contained, non-network way, it is useful to have a networked version of the reference OS that can can communicate locally. This allows configuration and testing of a non-networked system from another system that is connected to the internet. While it is easy to mirror this site, it is also quite likely that you are reading this from the internet. VirtualBox is a free tool, now owned by Oracle, that lets you run the system so that you can connect to it and use it, but the machine itself is not able to connect to the internet. To do this, set up a host-only adapter. This allows you to log on from the host system via ssh, but still

isolates the machine from the internet.

Another useful tool to run with an isolated VM for testing purposes is the shared folder. To install this, you need to install the guest additions. After that, share a folder using something like this:



Figure 48: Share Folder

To get this to automount, don't do it in the GUI, do it in fstab. usr-1 is uid 1000, on our machine:

scratc /home/usr-1/scratc vboxsf rw,uid=1000,umask=022 0

Configuration files and other items can be placed in the shared folder and referenced via symlinks. As an example, to share a terminator config file, we created this symlink on our host system:

In -s /Users/divine/.config/terminator/config /Users/divine/scratc/terminatorconfig
On the VM, we used:

ln -s /home/usr-1/scratc/terminatorconfig /home/usr-1/.config/terminator/config

#networking

Comments:

2020-12-25:

This site went from Ubuntu 18.04 to Knoppix 8.6.1 to L1G3R as the standard base to continue. I am pretty sure that L1G3R is the future here, pinned at a deeper level in source; however, it is also true that most of the software discussed here works fine on Ubuntu and Knoppix. Right after Ubuntu 20.04 came out, I tried Graphviz, and it failed on some graphs I had. I found that I could recompile it, but other stuff broke. I imagine, eventually, the Ubuntu packages will settle out (well, Debian, right?) and Graphviz will work again, but, well... I had a dream that made me resurrect L1G3R, so here we are.



2019-07-23 • Subject • Home Cooked Chicken Wings • LR



you need.

#recipes

Sean got me hooked on hot wings. I never understood what the big deal was, but they aren't too heavy, they taste good, and they are relatively inexpensive. It started out as a side to pizza and ended up being a main course. Today I decided to take a stab at making my own instead of ordering, and they turned out quite good. I know that this goes against the rules of wings, but personally, I'd just leave the wings intact instead of breaking them apart. Place them on foil on top of a broiling pan, so the grease can drip through, and bake them at 350 degrees. Flip them a couple times and brush more Valentina on. I actually started with the wings frozen, but I wouldn't recommend that. Bake for roughly an hour. Make sure all parts of the wings are over 165 degrees F. They aren't as tender as the pizza kind, but I like the firmer chicken myself. Bobo thought they were great. I've had quite a few hot wings at this point, and these tasted just as good as any I've had. Valentina is all



2019-07-24 • Subject • Future Leak • LR

It is fascinating to me how a direction I might turn to in 1, 5, 10 years is revealed prior. As an example, the idea of this site, the letters themselves, stand for Organization for Recovery and Normalization Generators. Yes, it was a backronym, but it was based on the idea that there would be a recovery effort post-collapse, and fragments of data, whatever was remaining, would be normalized. For me, and in the original examples, this necessarily meant key-value pairs (KVPs). I have since seen how triples are likely more useful. Plus, there was always a missing part with KVPs, because you needed a unified row to hold a string of KVPs together. There is also the equality predicate itself, so, really, KVPs are a subset of triples. My point is that I have circled in on this for many years, roughly a decade, ever since my first experience with KVPs and NoSQL at Infospace.

I don't believe in much. I keep saying that. I experience things, but I also have a keen awareness of the "brain in vat" problem. This is the point about dreams. It is a perfect "brain in vat" scenario, with the same kind of self-delusion. My dreams are contained in my skull. I am sleeping. There isn't some kind of aether connection. Jung will chide me and say I am failing in a "merely in my skull" analysis. He would say that just because it is "in me" says nothing about how vast. Perhaps that is true, but we are in the realm of easy and intense delusion, regardless of how the future leaks out. I've found in general that I can map dreams to existing archetypes, sure, to credit Jung, but it is a constant struggle to just call my dreams reflections on what exists in my skull. And, really, isn't that weird enough? PKD's pink beam came from his own cut-up. A stroke. But a more interesting thing is how his previous work all pointed to his Exegesis.

Burroughs' idea that the future leaks out of the present with cut-ups has a similar feel. What is the cut-up? Is it a stroke, a tear in your brain from stress, brain blood smeared on glass, a stage in sleep that facilitates pathways normally clogged with consciousness? I know that we all want to see patterns, we want to see beauty (but scary and ugly - horrifying leaks out too). Likely we have a civilization-wide Matrix collective delusion of both progress and armageddon, the poles oscillating and fighting towards exhaustion.

But bring it back in a bit. This is the good thing about a journal. It is true that it is a climb, that we are both climbing "the mountain" and are the mountain at the same time. It is like closing a movie that is read from a book, the part where the reader closes the front cover down after turning the page to "The End". Whatever the mechanism, close the book, stand up in the electric, take the offering, and move forward with knowledge that the future leaks out when the present is cut up.

#bob dylan #burroughs #cut up #infospace #tibetan book of the dead



2019-07-25 • Subject • Relax Down • L R

It has been an electric, transformative, yet tiring week. Something kind of snapped this evening, and I relaxed a bit, watched some silly vids, drank a couple of IPAs, and ate some Phad Kee Mao. I looked at a piece of fencing that for some reason was laying across the bottom of a volleyball pole... OK... a bit of a story... The previous owner of the house had this iron (steel??) bowl in the front yard. He called it a "singing bowl". My neighbor, a grumpy old biker who has gotten softer since taking care of his grandson, told me that it was actually just a piece of trash from the back yard, the bottom of an old volleyball pole. I took the "singing bowl" not too long after that and used it to burn trash in and grill skewered hotdogs.

The world seems less intense and urgent. True, we have tilted much. True, we are in collapse. True, we have beat the 2012 Arctic ice record for lowest extent on this day ever in recent history. True, the French are so hot today, 108 degrees in Paris, that supposedly they are working late at their air-conditioned offices, drinking water instead of wine, and not smoking (I don't get the not smoking part.) But, you know, I *came* from all of this.

So, anyway, I was looking at the fencing and thinking that I would like to finish my bench. Last year I was at the dump and found a couple of cast iron bench ends. They are sitting in my car port with some bikes that were sitting out for free on my street. I think I will rebuild the bench with the leftover fencing I have. There is no reason to use fancy wood. I'll sand it and put some acrylic paint on it.

As of today I got all of the scripts to work for the CMS. The last piece was the graph. Now for the slow ride.

#foghat #uteotw



2019-07-25 • Journal • Dead Pigeon • LR

There were a pair of pigeons that made a nest under 520 where is crosses over NE 7th St. A month or so ago I saw a single pigeon arrive, perch on the top of the concrete ridge, look confused, and fly away. Today I saw this pigeon on the ground near the nest.



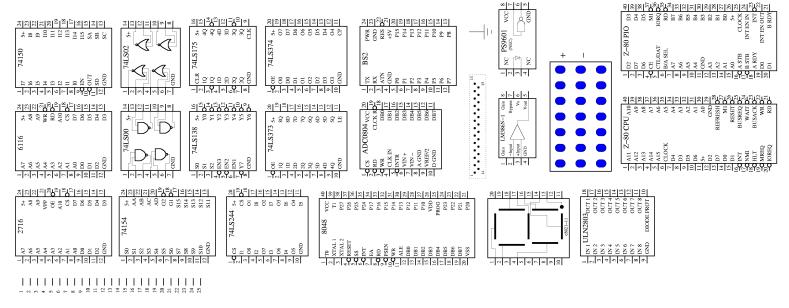
Figure 49: dead pigeon

#uteotw #walk



2019-07-30 • Subject • XFig Diagramming Tool • LR

Xfig is getting a bit old and cantankerous, but it still works well and can manage some very complicated diagrams. It also comes with some vector graphic conversion tools (transfig). Here is a collection of Xfig diagrams I've made over the years.



If you would like a complete set of the fig files, you can get a copy here.

#diagramming #image #xfig



2019-08-03 • Subject • Bits of Tree • L R

I suppose it fits the ouroboros tree idea that in the end a journal can be as simple as a graph on a filesystem. I've written before about a filesystem watcher in regard to MQTT, but it strikes me that the rendering of a current version of a site is much more difficult than transmitting a site if you simply transmit the changes.

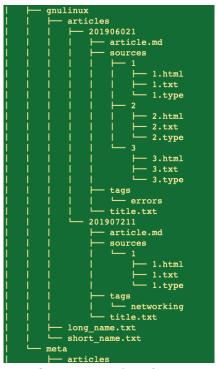


Figure 50: Bits of Tree

As for the graph part, true, there are formal versions of this idea. Ontologies are generally graphs (knowledge graphs). Anybody working with ontologies at this level knows it is a tree. The thing is that we all have a perfectly good, optimized tree store on our computers already. The challenge for me is to quit squeezing, back off a bit, and look 100 yards down the road. For me, what this means specifically in context, is that knowledge can be transmitted using triples. Open-world assumption knowledge transmission using light and appropriate tech, as well as iron glove cast in steel certainty of disconnected operations at rest.

#orng #ouroboros



2019-08-06 • Apps • Raspberry Pi MQTT Broker • LR

This is very simple. The main win for me was using ApplePi Baker on my Mac to create the server from the OS image.

https://ubuntu-mate.org/raspberry-pi/

ubuntu-mate-18.04.2-beta1-desktop-armhf+raspi-ext4.img.xz

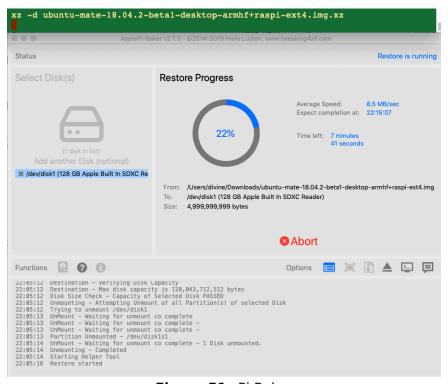


Figure 51: Pi Baker

If you are on GNU/Linux, you can just use dd or cat to transfer the image directly to the SD card.

Creating a broker is as simple as:

sudo apt install mosquitto

After that, talk to Steve. He'll help you out.

#mqtt

Comments:

2020-12-25 :

MQTT kind of faded out of focus. It started with this, and later I thought I would use it to transmit triples between collaborating team members. I ended up using Unison. Now I have this odd little Rasberry Pi hanging out not doing much, but it seems to run forever.



2019-08-07 • Subject • Knowledge • LR

Perhaps the tree of knowledge is an imprint in our minds, an archetype that precedes use. Collectively we build the tree, nerve impulses from missing limbs.

#mqtt #ouroboros

$$\Diamond \Diamond \Diamond$$

2019-08-11 • Journal • Forward and Backward • LR

Looking backward I see knots and unravelling, joy, and life. Looking forward, well, I just feel a sense of peace looking forward. The past is many metaphors of various voyages.

#ouroboros



2019-08-14 • Subject • SignalQ Launched (again) • LR

It has been close to two decades since SignalQ got its start dedicated to the free transmission of information. Much has happened since then. We hope you enjoy the new look. Here is to another 20 years of free transmission of information.

Comments:

2023-08-24:

I sold the SignalQ domain last year.



2019-08-14 • Dream • Sphere Web • LR

Rabbit was working from home. I let him know that he still needed to put up the servers for the Christmas rush. Sphere came in the office later and wondered why Rabbit hadn't known before the day they were needed, and exclaimed that this happened every year. We told Rabbit he should put it on his calendar, but we knew he wouldn't.

I was then in a datacenter reviewing the new server that was put in place. Rather than a rack, there were wooden bins on the floor all attached in the center of the room. They were in a cabinet about as high as a kitchen counter. I looked at our server cabinet and the activity lights were not blinking much. The other cabinets had much higher usage. The server(s) were made by Oracle. I asked Sphere if we had some usage statistics, and he bristled a bit. I continued that I didn't think we really needed as much server power as we had purchased. There were 50 or so bundled network cables running to our cabinet.

#rabbit #sphere #work



2019-08-17 • Journal • Guardian Angel • LR

Six years ago or so I was running to catch the bus and just missed it. As the bus drove away, a man in a light blue, late-eighties Thunderbird rolled up and shouted "You want to catch your bus? Get in!". I got in, and he pulled out and accelerated, swerving into the traffic to get behind the departed bus. He told me that he was disabled and no longer worked. He had neuropathy in his legs and feet and he couldn't walk well. He passed the bus and dropped me off at the next stop. I thanked him and never saw him again. One time I noticed a Thunderbird just like his in front of a house, and thought it might be his. I thought of him like a guardian angel, and would call him that every time I passed.

One time a few years later, I saw him sitting outside of his house in a chair in the sun. It was him. My guardian angel. I was timid about it. I often thought I should go up and introduce myself. "Remember me? You saved me from missing my bus. I think of you as my guardian angel." I didn't, though. Sometimes that stuff can be kind of creepy.

A couple years ago I saw him sitting in the chair and waved at him. He waved back. He slowly looked more and more feeble after that, and his car disappeared from the street. I didn't see him sitting in his chair anymore, and eventually the chair was gone. Today I walked by and thought that I would knock on the door and find out how he was doing, but the house is torn down.



#thunderbird

Comments:

2021-01-13:

The house is all done and sold and lived in by the new owners, now:



Figure 52: guard house



2019-08-31 • Journal • Sojourn • LR

I took off two weeks to see family: eight days on the road, making a similar route as this trip in 2008, but fewer family is alive. Related to MCJ, I did get some advice under the San Jose sky near the Egyptian Museum that my view is too narrow over time.

San Jose was founded in 1777. I talked to my mom at lunch yesterday, and she said that when she was a child it was just a dusty farming town, but I also see that the Egyptian Museum, which serves as an anchor and reference for me and the sky, was first opened in 1928, so the feeling of something different in the town, something older, seems reasonable. The current mass of people and their propensities are a small blip on the history of people living on the Guadalupe River.

As in 2008, this journey usually has some focus on my journal efforts. I had some bolder ideas for the related sites, but I think I have enough right now to work with, and it is aligned with the advice, particularly since my paid work is useful in my mind, and unique. I did share it a bit when asked on the trip. Only one person got the full story, and two got various pieces. Based on the advice, I am watching more historical shows as I work out. Interestingly it is along

the line of "old books", one of the climber ideas. The last one I watched was The Pillars of the Earth. Outlander looks like my next view, which is a bit of a hybrid.

Finally, today I got the scripts and site publishing stuff in order. This entry is the first time I've been able to write a new entry, as I had changed some of the structure of the files. More on the journal software will be posted here.

[2019-08-31: After I posted this, I watched the first episode of Outlander. Yowser... I couldn't have picked a show more appropriate for this entry.]

#climbing #mcj



2019-09-02 • Journal • Labor Day • LR

Oooof.... it has been a long time coming on this current journal version before I felt it has finally matched my last version. While I enjoy the disconnected processes, getting them all running for a particular domain is cumbersome. Finally, I finished the terminator config files so that I can get a set of shells running on the right site. The details of this will be posted over time on MCI and SysAdminTools.

As I write this it is 4:40PM. I've had two weeks off, and need to go to work tomorrow. I found an extra IKEA rail for the bench I built to put in front of the mud hut, so I need to put that in. Besides that, a bit of cleaning, reworking the footer on the sites, and I'm ready to go back to work.

#mcj



2019-09-03 • Subject • Nina and Lene • LR

I have looked for this video of Nina Hagen and Lene Lovich singing in the street for many years. I finally found it today. I have no idea what the significance is, or why I have thought about it so much. Likely it is simply a portal back to my Nina Hagen days in 2010.

#nina hagen

Comments:

2021-10-20:

I'm not aware the Nina Hagen days ever ended.



2019-09-07 • Subject • Intro Wander • L R

Everybody wants to know the answer to the question "Are we down?". This could be anything from systemic collapse to the ability to take credit card charges. From an IT perspective, this leads to the desire for dashboards that have green and red notifications indicating the health of various systems. In reality, though, health is always in transition, rarely pure green, and not even a yellow indicator is enough to guage accurate system health.

Systemic health is determined from multiple sources. The closed-world assumption of system health with known states like red, green, and yellow, is less helpful than the open-world assumption. Modern systems constantly converge on a better set of states when operating well, using a variety of sources to assist in the definitions and movement. This variety of sources itself is often in transition.



Consider the global socio-environmental-economic system that we are part of. From a human perspective, the system is "down" in varying degrees, and from no particular measurement. We have an intuitive idea that we are participating in a system that is collapsing in some ways, experiencing explosive, positive growth in some ways, and in other ways the state transition is unclear. Generally, in a complicated system, rather than being down, resilience of the system is a more accurate characterization of the health of the system. Not only are the readings of the system diverse and conflicting, but resilience is a disposition that is only apparent via stressors to the system. This makes defining green, red, and yellow states prior to system failure impossible by definition.

At the same time, there are also reasonable binary states for system components. Can a web server accept connections over HTTP? Is the packet loss over a network connection less than 90% over a particular interval? Is the level of smoke from a forest fire considered lethal for a healthy human in their twenties at a particular

longitude and latitude? Is water available from a public water spigot? Is the water temperature over a three day interval in a river too hot for salmon to spawn?

What we end up with as we face our predicament is a need for collaborative, open, ever-changing response network and knowledge base, facilitated by unencumbered transmission of information and verification of source integrity. Creating software and designs free of charge, as a tribute to Yggdrasil, the tree of life which captures us, spellbound through all worlds.

#mcj



2019-09-09 - Journal - Elton John Again - LR

I left work at my normal time, at 4, just at the edge where the traffic starts to get bad. I mounted my phone on my magnetic mount for the traffic conditions and Psychic TV was on the music player (Infinite Beat). I scrolled through the songs and decided to listen to Elton John's Greatest Hits. The first time I heard that album I was a few years younger than Bobo. I was in sixth grade and a student had brought the record in to play at school. We listened to it on one of those school players that were in a wood box. I loved the songs on it. A couple of years later I finally purchased the album. I remember playing it during the same summer that I went and saw the Bee Gees on their Spirits Having Flown tour in Seattle. We had bad seats, behind a concrete support, but I still liked the concert. I would play Elton John's greatest hits and the Bee Gees on a stereo system that I got from my Grandpa's best friend's son. He had left home and left his player behind along with a 45 of the Beach Boy's 409. I blasted it as loud as the player would go without distorting. I had that player for many years, up until I bought the system I ended up selling to Sigg.

At some point I stopped listening to Elton John because I found out he was gay. I figured that if I listened to his music that I would become gay, and I didn't want that to happen. (I don't think that anymore of course, that is silly, but I was quite young and had no idea about these kinds of things. I led a pretty sheltered and innocent life.) Later on Yvette started listening to Elton John more, and it ended up in our record collection. I think Taylor liked him. Yvette also liked the Captain Fantastic and the Brown Dirt Cowboy album as a girl. I don't remember listening it by choice since 1980 or so. I moved on to 80s music then 60s music, then all kinds of stuff that wasn't Elton John. I remember listening a bit to Captain Fantastic and some others as part of Yvette's Elton John revival. I didn't dislike the music, it just wasn't the kind of music I would put on for the drive home usually.

But, today was different. I enjoyed the entire album. I have to add that Rocket Man is a genuinely strange song even without Chris Elliot.

#bobo #elton_john #grandpa



2019-09-15 • Subject • Beanie Weenies • LR

I foolishly stand on my toes, looking over the crest of the hill to find something new in this barren, forsaken land of worn bots, crusty old images, and echoing stances of self validation; however, there is nothing, still nothing new. I refuse to turn away completely. I open another can of Beanie Weenies, eat it cold, and toss it next to the other hundred empty cans... my hobby, I suppose. Perhaps tomorrow will be different.



2019-09-19 • Dream • 4 Groups • LR

I dreamed that Derby, one of the guys at work, had this idea for four groups of people to work collaboratively by setting tokens they checked out and then checking them back in. I didn't like the idea. I thought it would be better if each individual person in the group checked out their own edits from a central database live. I was overridden whenever I tried to speak up. The planning meeting ended and we decided to do it Derby's way. I protested to my boss that my way was better, but my boss told me that people couldn't see that my way was better, so it didn't matter. (This was the morning before I got laid off in real life because my ideas about graphs were not something my team could get their head around enough.)

#work

Comments:

2020-04-29:

It turns out that collaboration was one of the biggest challenges that I had with Cruft Buster. I didn't end up using a centralized database. I ended up using Unison to sync up trees on the filesystem. It is more similar to Derby in the dream.



2019-09-19 • Journal • Laid Off • L R

The very same day that I had this dream the prior night, I had that oh-so-familiar team of two sitting side-by-side across from me, looking awkward. Quite simply, I was told that my ideas, while certainly passionate, professional, and useful, were not particularly useful for the company. It is true that the burden is on me to show the value of what I'm doing, but I had made some good progress. I suspect that it was a higher level problem with the unicorn guy.

#unicorn #work



2019-09-20 • Dream • Banging Categories • LR

I had a rough night. I decided to not take benadryl and melatonin like I usually do, in addition to the flurry of the day, so I tossed and turned quite a bit and didn't get to sleep until 2am (I did get up for a bit and rework some websites). Sometimes when I am restless, I have a recurring dream of some kind of obstacle. In this case I was trying to categorize lines of writing. I was writing some kind of parser, but everything got jumbled up. I tried all night long. I'd wake up, roll over, fall asleep again, and right back to the categories problem.

#work



2019-09-20 • Journal • Seattle at last • L R

I met Sean downtown in Seattle for a beer and bite after her work. I could tell that I was a significantly different person since two years ago, in that way like you have been through a long ordeal and when the ordeal is over you feel different. I felt stronger. I love Seattle. I do not like Redmond much at all. Ugh. I commit to never work in Redmond again.



2019-09-28 • Dream • Old Road • LR

I was heading into town to meet Sean for lunch. The road was torn up, and even though I could recognize some of the landmarks, the road became more and more un-drivable. I finally gave up, parked my Mazda pickup, and walked into town on foot. I found Sean, we had lunch, and I said we needed to go back into the forest to find my pickup.

Sean was skeptical that I was looking in the right spot, and wanted to make sure I was sure before wading through the underbrush and looking for the pickup. To reassure her, I pulled out a map that showed two yellow train cars and some other features on the map. I told her my pickup was near the train cars, and that those were Charlie's train cars.

We made it through the forest, and got to a clearing where the road was torn up. We went into one of the train cars and there was a yellow dust covering everything. I told Sean how I had found a sickly mouse in a cage last time I was in the train car. Sean said that Charlie must have been doing experiments on small animals, and this is where he killed all of the mistakes. I agreed, and we left the train car, worried we would get sick from the yellow powder.

I saw a train go by us, right in front, close enough that the breeze blew our hair up. There were crouched, with slightly iridescent, widely ribbed bodies like the hair on the attendants in Caterpillarplasty. One of them stood up and opened their body, and it covered an old-time carnival ride. The train was loaded with all of the rides of a carnival, tilt-a-whirl, rock-o-plane, etc.

#charlie #forest #mazda #pickup #train



2019-09-29 • Dream • Old Address • L R

I had both a rental car and my current pickup, and was struggling to get the rental car back to the agency, since I had two vehicles. I parked them on an odd gravel side road. I called the rental agency on the phone to see if they could pinpoint the rental on GPS, but the phone conversation kept cutting out. The woman on the phone told me to find a rental agency. I drove my pickup to the rental agency, and a young man with a clipboard asked me a few questions about my usage. Finally, he looked up and said, your "4351 address, can you complete that... 4351...". I said, "No, that is my SeaTac address." I did remember the street name in my dream, which seems kind of odd. Usually I don't have that kind of correlation with tangible stuff like street addresses. I thought that perhaps I didn't really need an extra car. (I'm not sure if I meant an extra rental car or car I owned.)

I was then at WarmSW campus. I had a "kids these days" kind of attitude as I looked at a wall of cubbies with backpacks in them. I thought to myself that I had been to the campus when it was just a small building in Bellevue you could walk right into without a card key. I was there with somebody else, a recruiter perhaps? There was an indoor shooting range. I'm not sure if it was for real guns and target practice, or if it was for some other reason, but was made to look like a target range. I had a stuffy nose (cold in real my real life), and grabbed one of the Kleenexes off of the top of the open stack that was sitting on the plywood edge of the range. It brushed my cheek and it was already wet, which grossed me out, so I dropped it. I grabbed another one (and another), and blew my nose.

#car rental #phone #seatac



2019-09-30 • Dream • Get out of the car • LR

I was walking up a steep hill(1). There was a dirt road going up the hill and a Yugo (2) full of women(3) was trying to get up the hill. They got stuck, but they kept trying to go up the hill repeatedly, the wheels spinning in the dirt. The driver backed up a little bit and looked at the patch where the front wheels were spinning and looked for something on the ground that made her car slip. She didn't find anything, so she got back into the car with three other people and was trying, again, to get up the hill as I hiked by them. I wanted to tell them that they were just going up a hill

that was too steep, and there were other routes that would get them to the top. For some reason I didn't interrupt them, I just kept on walking until I reached the top. At the top of the hill there was a six foot wooden fence. From a distance it looked like it was all one continuous fence, but with the path I took there was a notch where the fences met off-axially, slightly past each other, that you could walk through.



In the second dream my dad had just purchased a new silver Celica. I helped him push it around the corner of the house he was living at, so that he could park it. He then got in it to drive away. First he pulled forward and ran into something on the corner of the house. The front fender was made of foam, so he didn't break anything. I yelled at dad to get out of the car (5), but he didn't listen and kept trying again and again, ramming the car into the obstruction. He then tried to back out, and t-boned a car in back of him. As before he did it again and again. He pushed the car he hit backwards and another car hit that one, as it was sticking out in the road. I was trying to get around the car to get my dad to stop, but it was too dangerous. I kept yelling, "Stop the car! Get out of the car!", but dad couldn't hear me. Finally dad stopped and got out of the car. One of the damaged vehicles from the associated wrecks he caused had a load of stacked, thin Styrofoam boards. He broke off a small piece of one of them to put on the damaged cars so they knew who hit them. I told him I was sorry he had to deal with this.

- (1) Steep Hill is a road marker, figuratively.
- (2) I'm really not sure if a Yugo was front-wheel drive or not. It was about the size of a Fiat 500, and I woke up thinking it was a Yugo, so using dream rules, that is what it is. It is odd that it was so specific, but the rules of capturing dreams are there for a reason, namely that there are other reasons for things, puns, other associations. I did some GTS and figure it was likely a 1986 Yugo GV, which is front-wheel-drive.
- (3) If anything, females in my dream represent my anima, which is personified for me as Medusa, although my thought is that it is also a universal anima, an archetype.
- (4) Toyota doesn't make Celicas anymore. The real-life Supra looks kind of like what I saw in my dream.
- (5) Oooo... good dream stuff.

#car #dad #hill



2019-10-03 • Subject • Standing in the Way of Control • LR

It seems to me that in general civilization is about gaining control. This might be dominance over people, ability to store and distribute water, more bling, light at night, advanced medical care, access to food 24x7, etc. Whether control is gained by letting market forces guide behavior, or a command economy enforcing the mix of control and beneficiaries of control, the end goal of civilization is the same: control. This isn't that strange of an observation about civilization.

Current civilization mostly runs on oil. Even if civilization ran on magic material X, it is hard to imagine that it wouldn't deplete resources and cause destruction at a similar rate. Even if magic energy source X existed, and it didn't deplete resources or create the kinds of negative externalities that current energy sources and raw materials create when utilized, we still need to convert the existing infrastructure to something that uses magic material X, and this would be done mostly with oil. This is the situation with solar energy, but we also have issues with scale, intermittency, and storage. Further, oil is ingrained deeply in many products, including food production. I think it is fair to say that there is still a hard correlation between current civilization and consuming the earth and creatures on it. We are feeling the effects. The idea of rolling back civilization to some form that might work, is equally unthinkable and politically impossible, almost by definition. We just have to ride this one out, and the end of

the ride looks scary (i.e. collapse and severe drop in population). If we had simply bootstrapped our civilization with oil, as Buckminster Fuller advised, we wouldn't be in this predicament.

That isn't what this is about, though, this article is about the idea of control. As the civilization example shows, there are issues with control, mainly that it can be elusive and illusory. Did we grip so hard trying to gain control that we lost all of it? It appears there is a decent possibility of that. As we ride this out, what else can we do? Well, let's look at the idea of control a bit, and come back to that.

What is the opposite of the kind of control I'm talking about as far as principles? It seems to me that the sermon on the mount, or the more concise version, the sermon on the plain, might very well be the opposite of control. This **is** a wee bit of a strange observation. At the time of Jesus, civilization was not really in a balanced state. Civilization was generally oppressive, although it gave citizens various mixes of control as described above, usually at the price of submitting: ceding individual control. Now, of course, when civilization is in play, it is to the benefit of those in control to convince people to let go of control so that they can jump into the control void for themselves. From this perspective, then, Christianity might be a good tool of control. I am thinking that Gossip's song **Standing in the Way of Control** is an interesting way to address this problem, as standing in the way of control could illustrate a way to keep the void, to keep God, instead of simply letting somebody else into the control room.

Gossip - Standing In The Way Of Control

I suspect there is a double meaning of this song, where you can stand in the "way" of control as a stance, personally, or you can "stand in the way of control" which creates a void, or simply prevents others from controlling you. Now, we all came from this idea of needing control, but what is the opposite? At a personal level, what does it mean to stand in the way of control, to use my bastardization of the Gossip song? Do the teachings of Jesus fit these principles?

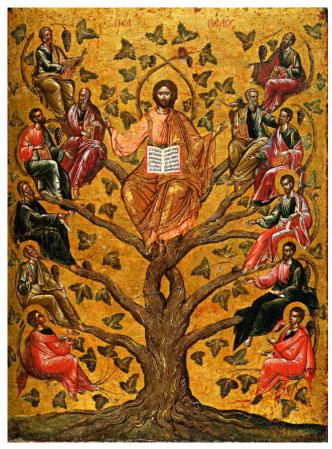
First off, while I was raised as a Christian and was officially confirmed as both Episcopal and Catholic as a youth, I am not religious in that sense as an adult. My interest is one of a socio-economic-ecological perspective. While it is true that the sermon on the mount has been part of my life for many years, I had to look up the general points for this essay. With that caveat, let's do a quick run through of the ideas of the sermon on the plain/mount and apply an initial reaction from the perspective of control:

- Be poor: you certainly have lost control over tomorrow. Don't worry about that loaf of bread tomorrow.
- Be hungry: don't fret about the feeling of hunger. You will eat eventually, or die. Either there is food or there isn't. If you are hungry, eat if you can. If you can't eat, you will be able to eat later, you must assume. With the control perspective, this is more about trying to control future hunger. In the movie Red Headed Stranger, the story revolves around a town well. Some trappers sell water to the town from a spring they control. The Preacher discovers that the supposed dry well really does have water, so he re-digs the well and they put up a windmill. The trapper family comes down from the hills and destroys the windmill, and as they do the father of the trapper family says as he is destroying the town windmill, "You ever again get to thinking you can depend up on God and the Wind to bring your water, you remember this day."



Head trapper, Larn Claver, and family destroy the town windmill after the preacher goes rogue. Red Headed Stranger, Charter Entertainment (1987)

- Weep now: nothing wrong with weeping. Control for ideas of happiness leads to unhappiness. Like hunger, allow weeping in the present. It will be followed by joy, naturally, as it is part of the sine of life. Trying to control this is a mistake.
- Not liked?: don't worry about others disapproving of you.
- Love your enemies: love is a pretty wide/deep word that isn't very specific, but what if love was simply the finest aspects of not controlling somebody for some purpose?
- Don't judge others: judging has the intent of relational control. For instance, I might judge somebody for driving a different class of car. That relationship does not hold in lack of control, since I'm rejecting that whole part of relations. I'm not even worrying about tomorrow's bread, FFS.
- Blind leading the blind: this accepts that knowledge and leadership is learned, and not an innate quality of existing without some form of hierarchy of transmission/capture. Just because you don't worry about where you get your bread tomorrow doesn't mean you don't plant a field of wheat and bake a loaf of bread. The issue is not about resilience; it is about standing in the way of control structures. Knowledge can assist resilience by helping to understand the ontology of planting a field or baking bread, adapting to the current socio-economic-ecological stressors in real-time. Likewise, knowing what plants are edible or not is information that can be taught. I am pushing it a bit far on this. I imagine Jesus didn't talk ontologies and resilience in the face of socio-economic-ecological stressors, but he was a vine, as in John 15:4, and his knowledge is transmitted via his disciples as branches, so that is in the general area:



16th century Eastern Orthodox icon of Jesus Christ as the True Vine.

• A speck of sawdust in your eye: this is similar to judgement, but is more specific. It is possible to improve your own self. In the case of the car, if you are tempted to judge somebody for the class of car (perhaps you think luxury cars are driven by looters, for instance), then turn that on yourself. Are you really that much different?

Do you drive a 1967 Beetle, for instance? Is that really less looting all in all, or is it just another way to gain control in a way that is more palatable based on some ideas that were marketed?

- The tree and its fruit: judge by outcomes. Is this way of living good or bad? Take a time period of 5,000 years, say, and compare different forms of civilization, from the most basic, to the more complicated. What bore good fruit? That is a way to judge. Note that when you are doing this, it is a fallacy to gauge "good" on how much control there is, with more control being better. A better gauge is the health and well-being of the entire garden, creatures and humans included.
- Wise and foolish builders: this is a conclusion that if you don't heed the above, it will lead to flooding, the loss of your house that be dragons. Small side note here: "The Great Tribulation" is a period where 75% of all life on Earth perishes in a relatively short period of time (3.5 years from some readings). It is interesting that the decline and recovery does kind of map to business as usual in Limits to Growth with reserves doubled (Figure 36).

I am not alone in this correlation, it turns out. What started as a kind of thought experiment appears to be somewhat of "a thing". In his book Christ and Culture, H. Richard Niebuhr quotes Rabbi Joseph Klausner as he writes about Jesus:

...instead of reforming culture he ignored it. "He did not come to enlarge his nation's knowledge, art and culture, but to abolish even such culture as it possessed, bound up with religion." For civil justice he substituted the command to nonresistance, which must result in the loss of all social order; the social regulation and protection of family life he replaced with the prohibition of all divorce, and with praise of those who "made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake"; instead of manifesting interest in labor, in economic and political achievement, he recommended the unanxious, toilless life exemplified by birds and lilies; he ignored even the requirements of ordinary distributive justice when he said, "Man, who has made me a judge or divider over you?" Hence, Klausner concludes, "Jesus ignored everything concerned with material civilization: in this sense he does not belong to civilization."

Particularly with my recent focus, the Phlegm House Bathtub vision has a bit of a different meaning to me now. One other interesting coincidence about this entry is that as I started writing this correlation of civilization vs. Jesus, Sean sent me a video of a church near her childhood home. I told her that I just so happened to be writing an essay about Jesus and civilization, so she sent me a picture of it:



The church, without the extensions, looks quite a bit like the one in Red Headed Stranger, a simple church archetype, much like Little House on the Prairie.

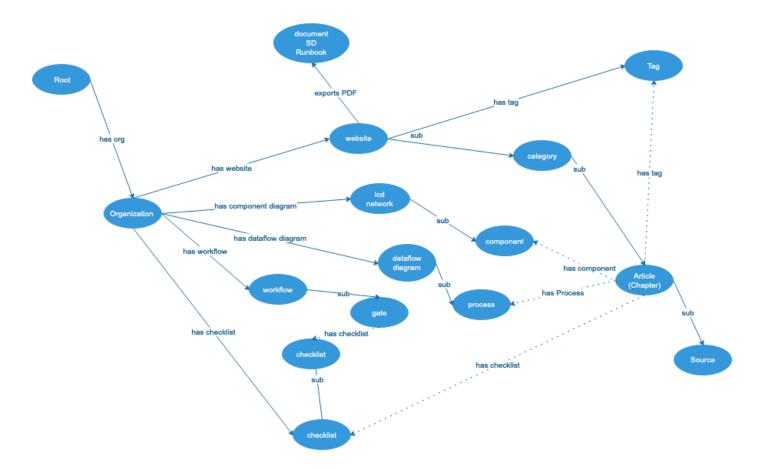
I am going to try and cultivate some of these ideas in my own life. In what way can I stand in the way of control and protect the void that remains? I think there is some hope in that. I suspect that this is one way to dampen the extreme tendencies of current civilization. I get it that we have to ride this, but I don't think practice will hurt. Further, we will be forced to face some of the realities of control as we face extreme stressors to our socio-economic-ecological system. I am also interested in the idea that teaching doesn't have to be about control. One of the things that I'm shifting to is the idea of being a docent. It does not demand control; it facilitates understanding.

#church #civilization #control #forest #jesus #sean



2019-10-06 • Journal • Head for the Hills • LR

Time to pull out all of my late eighties, early nineties industrial music, shut up, and get working. Wax Trax (and my Stanley Thermos of coffee) got me my math degree at the time. I summon you, Wax Trax! I need to build this:



Braindead Sound Machine- Dogvillasan

When I stuck this on my wall, I used the same stapler from my peace flyer:

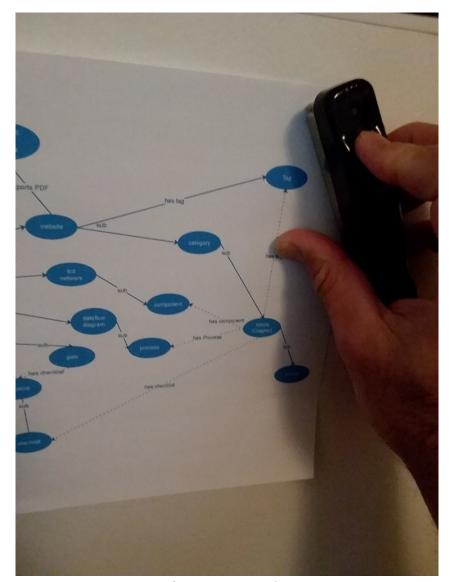


Figure 53: stapler

#front 242 #math #tcb #work



2019-10-06 - Apps - Custom Graphviz Nodes - LR

I needed a better network symbol than the ones that come with Graphviz, so I had to figure out how to create custom nodes. Graphviz generates vector drawings, so in order to do that, if you have a custom shape, you need to create it in a way that Graphviz can pass information to the object in order to generate it correctly. Graphviz will pass the coordinates of a rectangle that it wants to place the object in to a PostScript object. This way the object can decide how to scale. It is a bit more difficult to do than scaling an image.

I have to say, PostScript is extremely fun. It is like a Logo HP Calculator. In the script below the stack is retrieved and set as variables. Just imagine left to right using Reverse Polish Notation. Take the number of X on the right, multiply the radius of the circle by two, subtract from X and draw a line to the this coordinate from the current, etc.

```
/network {
    50 dict begin
    %pull in the placement data
```

```
/xdef {exch def} bind def
      /fflag xdef
      pop
      /sides xdef
      sides 0 get /right xdef
      sides 1 get /top xdef
      sides 2 get /left xdef
      sides 5 get /bottom xdef
      %set the radius
      /r top bottom sub 2 div def
      newpath
      left r add top r sub r -90 90 arcn
      right r sub top r sub r 90 -90 arcn
      /upy bottom r 4 div add def
      right r sub upy lineto
      right r 2 mul sub bottom moveto
      right r 2 mul sub upy lineto
      left r add bottom moveto
      left r add upy lineto
      left r 2 mul add bottom moveto
      left r 2 mul add upy lineto
      left r add bottom moveto
      right r sub bottom lineto
      fflag { fill } { stroke } ifelse
      closepath
      end
} bind def
```

Here is how you set up the dot file (gv is what I use to keep the extension from being detected as a Word template):

```
digraph {
    charset="utf-8"; overlap="false";
    splines="true";
    sep="+20";

1 [label="255.255.255.255/24" shape=network peripheries=0];

2 [label="255.255.255.255/24" shape=network peripheries=0];

3 [label="Router" style="diagonals" shape=square];

1->2->3;
}
```

Use this command to load the shape in the n.ps PostScript file to render the t.gv dot file and output to another PostScript file. If you open the final file, in this case r.ps, you can see the code pulled into the final PostScript output. This is why you need to use PostScript and can only have a PostScript output. If you have images, the scaling has to be simpler, and stuff like labels inside the image would be difficult or impossible.

```
sfdp -Tps -l n.ps t.gv -o r.ps
```

Here is what the output looks like using the GNU gv viewer:

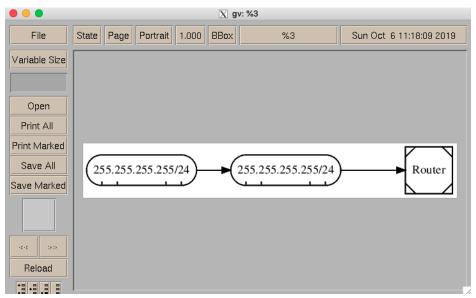


Figure 54: gv viewer

Inkscape is the best program I could find that would convert the postscript file to SVG:

```
inkscape r.ps -l t.svg
```

#diagramming #graphviz



2019-10-08 - Subject - Resilience is a Disposition - LR

This article will introduce my perspective and interest in resilience of socio-economic-ecological systems. I will explain how resilience is grounded in the present moment and within a system that is experiencing stress. I do not address specific kinds of stressors or speculate about future collapse of systems, but, rather, provide a flexible modeling system that facilitates resilience.

I am a typical engineering type. I like to design systems that are stable and adaptable. I'm not a real engineer. I work in IT. Oh, I suppose I have my MCSE, which is a certification with engineer in the name, but I don't think it counts, because it is a vendor certification and not a professional body for the purposes of broader licensing. I work on some of the same kinds of problems, though, as far as systems.

For the last six years, I have moved more and more into systems analysis. I interview the people who have an interest in a system: stakeholders, operations, engineering, and sponsors. The system might be used to create public bonds, or it might be used to manage an entire workflow for a company. I help those I interview understand how the entire system works now (as-is), down to all of the little bits of data that flow around. I act as a mirror for them, showing them what I understand, and refine until we all agree. We then try and understand where they would like to be in the future (to-be). Once I understand as-is and to-be, I am frequently responsible for designing a system that fulfills the requirements, capturing the design decisions in a document called a solution description and creating visualizations (diagrams) of how the components fit together.

I've noticed more and more that there is a tendency in organizations to replace the entire system before they understand as-is. There is also a slightly different problem where people assume that they can iterate towards a system that works for them incrementally, before understanding as-is and to-be. The problem with both of these approaches is that at some point most of the old ways the system was used will come up again as needs, or as pain that also existed in the previous system. On the other hand, proper analysis takes a significant amount of time.

There is a derogatory term applied to too much analysis and not enough action, analysis paralysis, and I have seen both sides of those clouds. There needs to be a balance, and over time the balance has shifted away from analysis and towards "Fuck it. Ship it." Part of this is that there is confusion about the focus of analysis. For a UI, it is true that you need to quickly get it in front of a user to find out what works and what doesn't. The underlying machinery, though, the way data flows, how it is secured, how it is used, is something that needs to be understood before you just toss the analysis and ship.

One of the most time consuming parts of analysis, after the interviewing process, is creating the models used to represent the as-is. Usually the to-be is easier, since everybody is so used to the models and their current process due to the exercise of establishing as-is. Typically a diagramming tool is used to create various diagrams that serve as models for an IT effort. Often this is a mix of beige box blocks representing system components and text drawn on lines to signify the kinds of data flowing. Sometimes networking configuration is added to the diagram. I prefer to start with the Gane and Sarson modeling technique, as it only has three symbols, and it facilitates broad and deep diagrams without making the diagram too confusing to read due to the convention of zooming in on a process. The interviewing part is difficult for me, as there is a lot of information coming in. I limit interviews to an hour and apply the knowledge to the model to use in the next interview. Rarely do I need more than three interviews for a particular area. For quickly changing systems, the analysis can be out of date before it is done, because of this cycle.

What can we do to make the modeling part of the process faster? Consider Graphviz. Graphviz does all of the routing of the lines automatically, and it turns out that it can handle large data flow diagrams with multiple levels just fine. But it also is a window into something even bigger: the idea of capturing various domains of a system as an ontology. A domain, in this sense, is a perspective related to a set of knowledge. A data flow diagram has groups of people (entities) that serve as a source or sink of data that is transformed by a process before being stored or retrieved via data storage at rest. This model can be built out quite large, but it still exists within the domain of entities, processes, and data stores. A system component diagram of a network might have devices, servers, cloud providers, routers, firewalls, WiFi access points, etc. This would be another domain. Another domain might be docker hosts, individual images, and failover between regions of a cloud provider. Each domain has particular characteristics, a vocabulary of what the objects are and how they are connected. As I mentioned earlier, these domains are often mixed in order to create one diagram. In some cases this can work; however, data flow diagrams can get very large, and mixing in other domains can be confusing in the visualization.

Many tools exist for storing and managing ontologies; however, they were were originally developed for bioinformatics, the world-wide web, and telecommunications. Only relatively recently have these tools been used for IT. One thing that you get with an ontology is meaning, and this is another reason to stay within a domain. As an example, if X is a process and Y is a subprocess of X, and Z is a subprocess of Y, then it can be inferred that Z is a subprocess of X. There is a rich language used to express these kinds of relationships, and software that can infer meaning from these models. Now, if you put a network component X' that X runs over, the implication that Z uses that network component is not valid. What might be valid is if Y' is a subnet of X', and some inferences could be made in that relationship. That is why mixing domains with models is problematic. It is possible to cross domains with references. That is, I can relate a part of a data flow to a network, server, or application component yet still maintain the value of relationships within the domain. This forms what used to be called an "Expert System" from the models themselves. My guess is that the value will be a factor of 10X over the more labor-intensive manual methods because of the inference and extensibility of the models.

One other advantage to using ontological methods to build these models, is that it is easier to build models collaboratively. Ontologies come down to just three things that build out the models: subject, predicate, and object. X is_a_subprocess_of Y, for instance. These are called "triples". It is much easier to divide up a system and pin down relationships at this level than it is to have somebody modify an existing diagram. Simply inserting a component or process into an existing diagram can be labor intensive, usually. With ontological methods, though, all you need to do is add some triples and redraw the entire diagram automatically. This should effect both velocity in a collaborative way, but also raw speed for a single individual. My past experience with interviews and back-and-forth diagrams using different domains makes me think that the speed with which this can be done will be 10X over the previous methods I've used.

The 10X value and 10X velocity advantages mean that the historical friction with analysis paralysis may be moot

now. Users still need to be interviewed, but even that could be aided if visualization took seconds instead of minutes. Imagine sitting down with users and having process diagrams come together instantly in the interview. This is why alternative methods involving sticky notes are so popular. It brings a form of visualization and collaboration to the group. It is useful to see the analysis form in real-time. It is still a bit of a waste though, because you end up having to capture all of those tiny squares somehow, often ending up in a diagram. It makes more sense to capture immediately.

Another principle that I want to apply to all of this, and it seems to be working across domains, is the principle of reasonable constraints for the sake of simplicity (convention over configuration). What if I constrained the graph of the domains to a filesystem tree? This makes the mechanism visual, for one, kind of like the sticky notes. It also keeps the system from becoming too complicated. This is IT. Already there is concern about too much analysis, to the point where much analysis and BA roles are tossed in favor of just putting something, anything, in front of the user and figuring it all out later. I am continuing to develop this constraint using the ideas of ontology. So far I have it working for data flow. I suspect that keeping this constraint across the domains I'm familiar with will work. It also means that it is possible to use pen and paper, as this diagram from 1855 demonstrates. Like sticky notes, these techniques are visual enough that they can be performed without computers. Certainly they would be compatible with Collapse OS and the like. (Tip 'o the hat to you, Virgil.)

What does this have to do with resilience of socio-economic-ecological systems? Well... As I was learning about ontologies, I ran into this article by Desiree Daniel called Resilience as a Disposition:

"In domains concerned with global change, achieving resilience in socio-ecological systems is highly desired; however making this concept operational in reality has been a struggle partly due to the conflation of the term by these domains. Although resilience is vastly researched in sustainability science, climate change and disaster management for some reason this concept is not dealt with from an ontological perspective. In this paper, the foundation for a formal theory of resilience is laid out. I propose that the common view of resilience as 'the ability of a system to cope with a disturbance' is a disposition that is realized through processes since resilience cannot exist without its bearer i.e. a system and can only be discerned over a period of time when a potential disturbance is identified. To this end, the constructs of the Basic Formal Ontology are applied to ground the proposed categorization of resilience. In so doing, I adhere to the notion of semantic reference frames by employing a top-level ontology to anchor the notion of resilience."

What this means is that we can't really design for resilience. Resilience happens at the time that the system is faced with stressors/threats. We can design for specific threats, but this is not directly related to resilience. This makes sense if you think of this from a psychological perspective. It isn't like you can prepare for every single stressor you might face. You need to prepare by building understanding and practices that facilitate resilience as stressors appear. My efforts, porting all of the various domains of IT analysis and tools from my 30 year career into simple, file-based ontological models, will be useful as we modify our processes in response to threats. Further, over the long term, it will help us answer questions like "Where are we now?" "Where do we want to be?" in ways that have not been possible before at a small scale. I think that providing answers to those questions quickly and flexibly will help us make better choices in the future.

Now, I have said all of this, but I am just a career IT person with some ideas on making this work better. My ideas will be used by others and improved. This is just what I have to offer, a tribute to her. I know some domains. I am going to capture those using a tree model that I think will be useful to domains outside of IT. For those within IT that want to do this, I can help by mapping their particular combination of IT into this model. I am an IT docent.



2019-10-12 • Journal • Tree Script Done • LR

I finished the script that generates all DFD levels from a tree. One of the interesting things about this project, is that the structure of the data falls out of the simplicity of the code. I may think I have the simplest tree structure, but the process of automating the parsing and generation of the diagrams shows where it might be simpler.

Now I need to take the DFD model and use a similar tree mechanism to get component, website, workflow, and checklist trees/scripts and then merge to get a single tree schema.

Currently the tree is simple enough that it can be updated fairly easy from a filesystem; however, dusting off my Forest Ranger program makes sense. I am still having trouble with the wx stuff and Python 3.7. Likely that needs to rest for a bit before it works well.

I have verified that the tree structure works well with git. That was another way that I simplified, as some things wouldn't work well with git. I have a Raspberry Pi in the attic crawl space that is running my git server. Once I get all of the pieces together *big*, *first priority* and working in full web presentation w/ solution description and run book sites, then I can start working on some of the funner stuff, like setting up MQTT for collaborative tree modifications.

So:

- Leave editing mechanism as-is with trees. Remove graph generation from Forest Ranger and focus on just
 the connection tool so that it is quicker to build out the trees. Forest Ranger can trigger the Python script to
 regenerate by domain for now.
- Build out the other domains, create multiple diagrams for each domain, and integrate into runbook and sd.
- When all are created and working smoothly, create a complete demo, including inference with graph databases, collaboration, and the full flow from analysis to documentation. It could be the sole part of L domain, and could be sent out as you secure work.

#tcb



2019-10-18 - Journal - Stranger Brain - LR

I drove a friend to an MRI scan, and it turns out that the most convenient place to have this done is in an office complex that I worked in during the late nineties. I read The Stranger in the Woods while I waited. It was evening, just after rush-hour(s), and the large building was mostly empty. I got lost once finding the restroom and stumbled into the break room, where the sole administration staff was grabbing something to eat from the fridge. She directed me back to the main waiting room, but the place is so big that it had another waiting room in the center of the building as well, surrounded by dressing rooms. I snaked my way back through the building until I found **my** waiting room, where I had left my book and glasses.

As I waited, a teenage girl with a letterman's jacket entered a dressing room. I thought how scary it must be for somebody so young to have an MRI. What could it be that needed so much equipment? As I was thinking this I read a part in my book where it talked about MRIs and the brain scans of people in solitude. The book is about Christopher Knight and how/why he was able to avoid any human interaction for 27 years in the Maine woods near some vacation cabins. Knight craved it, savored the solitude. The author explained that many people crack under solitude and it had to do with identity. Identity fades without normal human relations, and this identity keeps people going through life in most cases. He goes on to talk about how an MRI shows that the brain of people in solitude is still fully lit up, it is just that different parts of the brain light up, a deeper part that developed in humans prior to the cerebral cortex.

#control



2019-10-19 • Journal • Leaving Las Vegas and Song • LR

Six years ago or so I purchased Leaving Las Vegas from a sidewalk rack of VHS tapes outside a second hand store. I had seen the movie before, but I didn't remember it that well. I've watched it several times since then. Tonight, though, I wanted to watch for one thing in the movie. I wanted to focus Sera's commitment to never ask Ben to stop drinking. My memory was that Sera complied with his wish, but I wasn't sure. I got the answer I wanted. Because of my focus on that one question, the movie had an interesting slant to it. I still think it is both one of the saddest movies ever, and the best love story ever.

Besides the movie itself, what struck me tonight was that I didn't have anything to drink while I watched the movie. My logic around drinking during the movie has shifted. Part of it was that I was focused on Ben's request and wanted to give my full attention to the movie, but another part is that I am much further from the movie than I have ever felt before. Whereas in the past I think I wallowed a bit with Ben as some kind of sick tribute, I am fully outside the movie, now. Another thing I noticed was that Bobo was in the next room singing songs to himself while I was watching the movie.

#bobo



2019-10-19 • Journal • Breathing • LR

I got all of the main pieces working for the data flow domain, and am preparing for my Friday presentation. I need to invent a company that shows how this works and start building it out with areas I zoom into. The browser window on the right auto-refreshes as I add connections and objects on the left. It is pretty fun, actually. As I brought this up and started working on it this morning, I realized that my breath was easy and smooth. This also happened last week after I took a nap mid-day, weaving in and out of full consciousness as I planned my idea. Instead of the more jagged, interrupted breath, my breathing was a deep sine wave. I wonder if there is a tail wagging the dog problem with breathing. The prevailing idea, at least in my rise through the alfalfa sprout eighties, is that you use breathing exercises to bring focus and clarity to your mind, and then intentional and spiritually aligned action follows. It is possible, though, that focus and clarity help your breathing, that we are looking at this in the wrong direction.

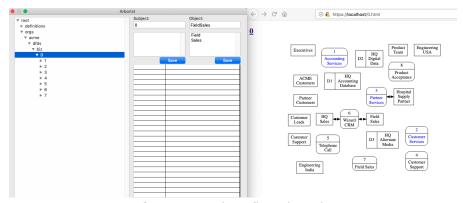


Figure 55: data flow domain

#ouroboros



2019-10-22 • Journal • News Fluffer • LR

The hardest lesson for me to learn is that most people are generally happy enough with things the way they are, that they don't explore divergent realities that they might individually create or experience. They might complain about our current reality. They might wring their hands in frustration. They might act as a socio-political fluffer of the rolling top twenty current idea stars, but they have too much invested in the way things are to come up with an entirely new movie. They don't feel empowered. They don't have time to think too much about how things **could** be for themselves, for the world. They don't have time to **work** on anything related to how things could be. They don't have time to seriously **face** current reality, but at the same time, current reality consumes people's energy, attention, and imagination.

People recycle. People participate in the community. People vote. People have favorite sports teams. People do the entrepreneurial thing. People have hobbies. People make their business more efficient. People create new avenues for revenue with their employer. People have opinions about politics and society. People have causes. People deliver fruit baskets and bandages to neighbors and the sick. People create an entire world of values and

stories around all of this, a weave of significance and identity. That isn't what I'm talking about. I'm talking about the weird ideas, the strange books and connections, the unknown destination of seven people on a three hour coffee tour towards a new place, fueled by french fries, where they end up stranded - the disassociative experience of letting another's alternative reality play out in your own over twenty years or more if necessary - played out until it explodes, implodes or is fully, fractally formed. I'm talking about consuming projects, divergent, strange realities that have the capability to transform our current and future world.

When I was young - bopping around communal households, living in the back of my truck, in my Step Van, and cabin... talking for hours with others that had an abundance of time - most people I knew were interested in figuring out new ways to be in the future and change the present. I experienced this with many different people, people who discussed alternative worlds and sweeping new ideas. Some who might read this were there, and did experience this with me, and that is part of what drew me to you in my life or vice versa. Some of you showed me some of the most interesting and fascinating things about the world and ideas, and I am grateful for that. I started out quite innocent and oblivious. For fifteen years, when I was aged 16 to 31 or so, most people I knew had the time, capacity, and interest to travel the stranger routes of imagination.

I don't think I ever let go of that time. Perhaps I just never grew up? I am stuck in that mode of thinking. I follow every thread until I have gone further than most people find reasonable, until my ideas are thought of as crazy. It is not really my priority to judge the ideas first; I follow them until I see what fruit they bear, even if the fruit is my own creation and illusion. I am a pariah more often than not; I'm not safe to engage. I'm a bore or suspicious. I'm not right somehow. There are certainly exceptions. This isn't an attack on those I know. This is just my perspective most of the time. It isn't even about value. I don't believe that I can know for certain that anything I may explore actually is helpful in the end. I feel I have an obligation to do my best to try for that, but there is a foolish arrogance in **knowing**. I do try again and again, and I do follow those threads as far as they will take me. And, for those few people who happen to intersect in interest and time, I cherish those that remain. I just miss the days when almost everybody I knew also had the time and the capacity to travel with me.

#ouroboros #work



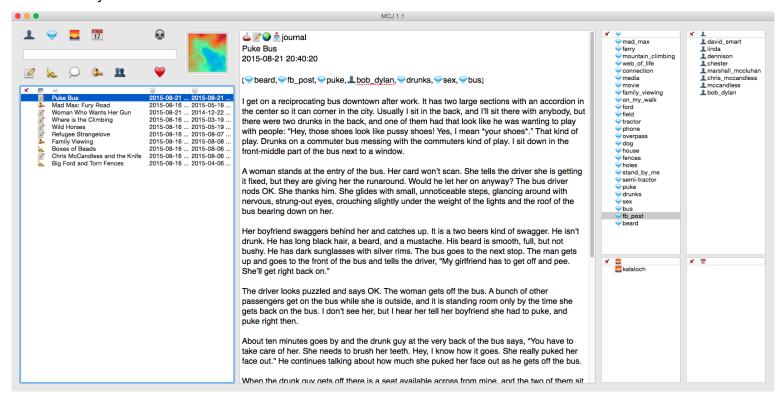
2019-10-26 • Journal • Long Slog • L R

I met with the VC incubator MP yesterday. He was familiar enough with what I was working on, that he referred to it as a DAG (directed acyclic graph). He, along with a conversation I had earlier this week with another IT veteran, have helped focus my own understanding on the nature of what I'm doing, and where I think it will go. I do not have a product. This is a stance of mine, certainly. The MP did offer that he could see some vertical applications of my ideas, but overall they had no use for me. We talked a bit further about what this meant. What I have is a method, and normally what people do when they have a method is write a book or blog. I told him that I do have one, and am building out the world of ideas from that perspective. I didn't get too much into the dog food part of it, that I'm using the very same ideas as a content management system, so "blog" for me is a bit more extensive, but we did agree that this route is a bit of a long slog. I need to build out and weave the domains, show the cross-domain inference capabilities, and find some big, messy IT shop to work in. Personally, I need to start pacing myself a bit better. Preparing for the meeting yesterday tilted me. I spent too many hours working on the presentation and it affected my health. I need balance. I need to become healthier during this slog. I can't let it consume my health for the sake of progress, since overall I will need my health and energy when I have finished the domains and am ready to share wide.

Psychic TV - Set The Controls For The Heart Of The Sun #ouroboros #work



When I found my old entries, at Sean's insistence, and reconstructed my old journals last year, I never was able to find this entry:



It has been laying around in my home directory for years. It serves as both a reminder and as a symbol of loss of content due to my thrashing. This was one of the prettiest versions of my journal software. The entries were stored in a steganographic image using a routine I created of my own design. I enjoyed the feature of storing the article in an image, because it was easy to share an image as a journal entry, but it was kind of private at the same time. The harvesting engines of our online lives would find it difficult. It wasn't intended to be secure, just difficult. At that point I had tried for many years to get anybody to see the beauty of the journal. I figured that the reason I didn't get more interest is because my journal system was too complicated. Over the years I created 100 or so videos that tried to explain the journal system.

There are likely other factors to this, I understand now, besides assuming it was too complicated. First off, people don't have the time. Even when they do have the time, there are also issues when people don't understand a different idea. Through all of my ID/obscurity and other related technical features over the years of MCJ, I got the feeling that nobody really got it the same way. There were some good ideas in this particular journal design. One of the fabulous things that it allowed is that the main entry could be copy/pasted right into an email. The formatted text was utf-8, so you could gain tags and visual context easily. My mistake was in assuming anything at all based on the reception by those I knew. Interest has nothing to do with value. Understanding has nothing to do with value. If I thought it was beautiful, I should have continued along that route rather than abandon and go with the simplified interface. That is the reminder.



Figure 56: Ouroboros

The thing that crystalized this for me a bit, is that I **know** that my ouroboros idea has value. It is good through history, and it is needed now. It will be needed during systemic collapse (of any system). It doesn't exist in the form I envision, yet. It is actually very simple, but, unfortunately, I will need to build the whole thing first before I can use it, because people in general will not be able to understand how truly simple it is unless I can show them. I really just want to implement these ideas somewhere in some IT shop, but now I have to build the bridge in order to land that job. The benefit of this approach is that I will have it fully documented as well, so the ideas can persist.

```
Like a cartoon
I open my mouth,
And jumbled, broken
Bridge girders and
Unplugged power tools spread
out in a smothering and expanding swath with each breath.

I close my mouth,
And the nightmare fades
For those sharing my river valley.
But, I am choking on my own girders.
Cords strangle my neck. Blades slash my throat.
I need to move on, breathe, build my bridge across, and walk it.
```

#mcj #ouroboros



2019-10-28 • Journal • American Animals • LR

I watched American Animals during my workout the last couple of days. It is a painful film to watch. I almost stopped watching it a few times. There were two parts that redeemed it for me. The first was when the real librarian talked about their transformative experience. They wanted it for free, without working for it. The second part, close behind, was when the credits closed with Rodriguez singing Crucify Your Mind. I am in the middle of transformation, and the coupling with the song made sense to me, and served as wisdom. Even more than the lyrics, which are perfect for

the movie and the librarian's words, is how Rodriguez handled his sojourn from fame. We could all use a dose of his humbleness.

#movies #work



2019-10-30 • Dream • Outside Bathroom • LR

Sean and I had just moved into a new house. There were two rooms that she didn't know about. The previous owners of the house were a lesbian couple, and they had a den with green walls and an adjoining bathroom. The bathroom had a jacuzzi where one end opened out onto a public swimming beach.

#sean



2019-11-02 = Journal = Why? Hope? = LR

I met Sphere for dinner and beers. I tried to explain my idea, and he thought I was trying to design forward by creating a model that could account for future stressors. He held up The Emperor's New Mind by Penrose as an example of why I couldn't do that. I countered that I was not designing forward, just providing models that were simple and flexible that could be used at the time that stressors appeared, from the other side of the system experience, not a forward design. We agreed on our predicament in general, but after our dinner I didn't feel that Sphere felt there was anything truly worth doing in this regard.

I usually reject the word hope. But, as I think about all of this, hope is why I am doing what I am. I have hope that we will eventually learn to better model our situation, target, and proposals. Really, it comes down to a decision on my part, that is purely mine to make about hope. If I truly don't think there is any hope at all, then there is no reason for me to do this. I get it that we will likely go through a period of "might is right". Actually, Sphere challenged me on that as well, and said we have always been in a "might is right" world. My response is that there are degrees of that. Plus, in this case, in the context of models, "right" is more of an analysis step that is somewhat disconnected from political structures. What does society want for itself?

There is a free modeling tool with causal loops and flow. The author has done some professional work using this tool, and there is even a simulation of World3 available on the site. I am not doing any of that. It is cool that it exists, but my focus is on connecting the dots with structural meaning. What I am doing is an offering to that other side. I need to finish my IT domains, weave them, and present, along with the structural use of the system itself using just a graph (trees with relative symbolic links). I am putting this on the web and sharing the general idea. I am also doing this professionally as an application of the ideas to the IT domains I work in. So, this is a form of hope. There, I said it.

#ouroboros #sphere



2019-11-27 • Journal • Source of Anger • LR

My job interview today didn't go so well. I am missing some key skills for the role. I had hoped that I could compensate with some of my other efforts. It may still be a possibility, but I don't feel good about how I did. Another thing happened, though, that surprised me. I was asked about why I left various jobs. She bounced around between different jobs and asked me why I left. She got to the time in 2009, and I paused, told her it was a little weird to get into this, but I told her that I left because I felt I didn't want to be trapped at that place. I had felt trapped before, when Yvette first got diagnosed, and didn't want to be trapped again when it metastasized. I thought I had a way out with the Supplements gig, but that was a mistake.

Bobo came in towards the end of the call, after we had talked about 2009. I waved at him as he entered, and he went back to his room. After the call I went in after him and reminded him to clean up his room and the bathroom as

he had agreed. I started Dippy, our robot vacuum, and made a slight crack as I shut the door that I had to shut it because his area was so dirty. This was true, but I could feel an amount of anger that was out of proportion with the situation. I realized that the anger came from the interview. It wasn't because I wasn't happy with the interview. Interviews are to find the right fit. With what I know right now, without talking to the hiring manager, I am not convinced it is a good fit. Yes, it is a bit disappointing, but it is not something to get angry about.

What I realized I was angry about was resentment of Yvette and her fight with cancer. I had always thought that the anger came from my childhood. I wanted to escalate with Bobo. I wanted some relief. I wanted to be angry. I could feel it. Instead, I realized what was happening and just went to my bedroom and closed the doors until I calmed down. I figured I would just work on my software a bit, put some energy into that instead. Sean told me that I should tell Bobo how I felt and what had happened, and I decided she was right.

When I told Bobo about it, his normal half-defiant defensive posture on unscheduled talks softened. He was quiet, nodded as I explained all of how I felt, and where I thought it came from, and what the interview brought up. I told him that I realized I wanted to escalate with him, be angry with him, but that wasn't right, so I just left. I asked him if he could relate to what I had said, and he said yes in such an affirmative way, that I think he has similar issues. I asked him if he wanted to talk more about it, and he said no. Perhaps it will come up again, perhaps not. He seems to be calmer, now. I think the talk was a relief for him.

I looked on the web to try and figure out what kinds of things I could do when I realized what the source of my anger was. Ironically, writing in my journal was recommended, but my journal was non-functioning because I had added the graph capabilities for the presentation today, and it broke my regular journal. I got it fixed, though, and was able to write this.

#anger #bobo #cancer #sean #work #yvette



2019-11-29 • Subject • What am I Doing? • L R

I was able to prove that the document domain and the data flow domain work together with the tree constraint yesterday. This means that the data form I used to generate the graph of how data flows, and the documentation in website format of the details of the organization around the data, can both follow the same model. There is no database. Anybody can just browse around the tree on a file browser, and edit the files right on the tree. Rendering the tree into the multi-layer graph can be done with about 300 lines of Python (plus a graph visualization tool called... wait for it... graphviz). My tree becomes a "graph" when I associate the leaves of the tree with other leaves. Besides being tangible for most, as the model lives on a filesystem in source form, this is also quite portable to other systems vs. having the source store housed in a database.

I am focused on the stability of systems in general, but specifically I am concerned about the stability and sustainability of our current industrial civilization. One recent realization that has plagued/excited me, is that resilience of a system is only something that can be realized when stressors threaten the system, i.e. there are clear, visible threats. This is interesting for many reasons, but one of them is the general critique of "so, why didn't you do anything?" We may know the system is too complicated and unstable. We may know that we can't keep growing exponentially with finite resources. We may know that it is quite likely we are being manipulated into circus-thriving passivity by those who are very aware of how fragile this all is. But, the thing is, we can't come up with something that can be done.

I got pulled into the Thunberg debate recently. OK, so I jumped in with both feet. :) I actually agree that the Paris Agreement is not the answer. It seems reasonable to try and accomplish the goals, but the problem is more of how. Our economy is based on oil. I am not aware of any plans that can get around that and satisfy the Paris Agreement that are politically possible. I'm also a weird hybrid libertarian. I am more along the lines as far as large action, of Andrew Mason's "The Point". Mason founded Groupon, but before that he started The Point. The idea of The Point was that individual action was only effective at a certain tipping point of collective effort, and that we could use technology to commit to and establish that collective effort. While I agree with everything Thunberg says idealistically, from a pragmatic perspective, I don't, not without working plans and a tipping point of commitment with those plans.

Remember those folks that I am sure understand much of this, but are perpetrating a circus-thriving passivity on us? Well, it is true about the respectable think tank style folks, I imagine. But it is also Huxleyan in nature. That is, I have met the enemy, and the enemy is us. We thrive as a culture on the trivial and the circus-like. We have no attention left after our dopamine-exhausted minds hit the stage for reals. But I also never underestimate the Orwellian machinery, the machinery that crisis might allow in, like the mobilization of the last world war allowed. This is a new bit for me, in that I don't think I had associated the idealistic, condemning Thunberg speeches with the Orwellian opportunity for dominance by those same folks that are aware of the crisis in the first place.

There is another aspect to this. That is that hate, in particular hatred between classes of people, both economic, but pretty much any identity, will likely be leveraged more and more as our crisis unfolds. I think that the dialog here, and the way conversations were hijacked by foreign interests, certainly back that up. This is packaged up as entertainment and monitored to sell us stuff. It is still dangerous and counter-productive to any real progress. And, I will say, as Thunberg also mentions in her speeches, that any real progress means "changing the rules". That means an almost 180 degree shift in power structures. And, no, it doesn't mean that we change the world by sharing here (aka Louis C K Thank You, Scott). I don't believe that we have the capability to do what is needed at this point, anyway. Our ability to act, for the most part, has been successfully destroyed... for now, at least. And, no, marching for selfies doesn't work, either.

The surface of the world I describe above is pretty grim as far as action. I am wary of the identity politics. I don't see any political action that is useful. I even see Trump hysteria as part of the entertainment (both sides... pure genius). I can imagine some 180 degree shifts that might help, but even then we have to deal with the .5 to 1.1 C increase from global dimming. So, what can I do?

Remember that bit above, buried in words, about resilience? Well, as crisis after crisis threatens various systems, being able to model quickly is useful. Even better is if we can have inference. That means that we are able to quickly assemble a visualization of a current predicament and determine a plan. This is a Situation, Target, Proposal tool. The situation would be the "domain" of interest.

Say that the domain is fresh water distribution. Say that we are in the city of Auburn, WA, and the situation is that fresh water is simply *not* running. Perhaps a pump lost electricity or broke and there are no spare parts. We need to be able to gather all existing information and model the system we have, establish a target (how many people will get water and where), and propose a tactical plan (and eventually a strategic future-looking one). If we can query the model using standard inference we can ask the model things like, "how many people lose water if we don't fix pump house A?" By distilling my model down to a simple tree, I can make this kind of thing easy to bring up quickly. Notice how none of this can happen effectively before the crisis itself? We don't *know* what parts of our infrastructure will fail first. We can only model afterwards. This is kind of like psychological resilience in humans (making lemonade from lemons).

Another huge aspect to all of this is that in a time of crisis, the current ecosystem of cloud services, operating systems, and software development is mind-numbingly interconnected and fragile. I am capable of documenting how I do all of this on Ubuntu 18.04. This is a GNU/Linux distribution, but the key point is that it has included software. All of my work, all of my documentation will work on this. My guess is that it will take me another year to get through all of this. I expect I will be employed soon, and this will push it out further. Likely I will never be done. This isn't a project, though. This is my "baking pies" circa 2019.

#ouroboros #resilience



2019-12-06 • Journal • Weave • LR

I got the intro site up. Now I need to build out the IT org and figure out a way to layer the journal over and among the org in a way that leaves the demo domain and the intro site intact and isolated. Intro and demo only cross-reference each other. Currently the ITD site looks horrible on mobile. I haven't decided if that is OK or not.

I already know that I can layer the journal over the DFD generally. This will lead to another interesting but still valid add. All layers are around the DFD. This includes all layers of the web domains.

Cod and Orng use the predicate "manifests". For instance, I could have a long story about Royal and the laser printer. I could say that the story manifests part of ITD that documents the printer. Manifests uses a symbolic link as an object. It will pull through parts from other domains kind of like how the SVG parts are pulled into the ITD.

Embedded system component diagrams, workflows, and checklists are each generated separately, is my current guess, but I am still unclear how DRY works. I'm doing that thing where I look at it and then go do something else (take a nap, walk, drink a beer in the sun, take a bath, work out, go to bed for the night and sleep on it... almost anything will do as long as it is away from the computer and my mind is allowed to spin off for awhile). The thing is that none of this stuff exists. I can do it anyway I want. What constraints are useful?

I need to get to the point where I can start creating narrative around ITD and fill out the rest of the data flow. It is so boring to do that raw, and, if it is boring to me, it is boring to the reader, probably. The stories will make it better.

Arewedown is operational. It could have workflow, checklists, and system component diagrams, so it is a good guinea pig.

I am re-watching Planet of the Apes, and I noticed that the musical score is sampled by Snake River Conspiracy in Breed.

Comments:

2019-12-08:

After much consideration, I arrived at the idea that any kind of graph or anything that can generate the .txt include file, is referenced as a category under 0. They are distinguished by predicates (has_related_dataflow, has_related_system_components, had_related_diagram, etc.). The diagrams can zoom if needed. The rest should work all the same. They can go under graph.

2019-12-08:

As for the ITD includes from the other site, just add a predicate has_include with a shortcut with an object of a relative link.



2019-12-09 • Dream • Core Structure • L R

I was in the tub, trying to calm my mind before I went to bed. I was thinking over the changes in how people look at the world, and how systems analysis is not valued like getting through the four week sprint is (or the year-end profits). I drifted a bit and saw a long cylindrical, organic pod that was glowing. It was cut in half, so you could see cubbies like internal leaves, kind of like a cross section of a shell, but the branches were fairly plain. The center part gave off a whitish-yellow light and illuminated the veins that ran from top to bottom. Some of the veins, cubbies in 3-d, had things stored in them. I asked the vision what it was, and it said it was the core structure.

#ouroboros



2019-12-09 • Journal • Bootstrapping Flow • LR

I'm making good progress this morning. The flow domain will work fairly easily, and I'm filling that out. I can use that to model components. The only remaining domain is checklists, and the other main feature is includes.

As I was working on this, I thought that one of the main things I'm doing here is creating an equivalent toolchain to bring up an integrated, agile set of tools for creating the 80% plus covering of IT docs (or general system docs). Much of this is determining constraints that work, but there are also many hours in doing things like putting a label on an edge in Graphviz for a particular kind of diagram and making it reasonably visible. There are many details. The idea of bootstrapping a homebrew computer also comes to mind. Pretty much everything is dead in the water and it is exceedingly difficult to see a successful outcome. I remember hand-assembling the code to get my Z-80

homebrew to load a program into memory via the parallel printer port. It took days to finally get a program to work, tapping it in bit by bit.

#ouroboros

2019-12-15 • Subject • Double Dutch • LR

At one point I figured that major cycles in my life took 7 years. That is a thing, ya know: seven years. I used to map out the 7 years occasionally, but 10 years seems more accurate to me now. It takes magnificent landmarks before it is possible to distinguish the journey. "Hey! I've been here before, but my perspective has shifted." Now, it is on a sine wave, so five years crosses the x axis. It starts at zero.

OK. Here is a strange one. I think it is possible to reverberate backwards. It is possible to have an event significant enough in your life that it vibrates the rope of your existence from birth to the event, changing the frequency to make the length of the wave correspond. Other events shift. What really bends your mind is when the timelines change to adapt. Bends. Your. Mind. Wait, what? That is in the past???

In the now, we have an overarching challenge, a schoolyard game of jump rope between birth and death. The amplitude and rhythm may change with the controls, and it is possible to share skips with another rope of life, and with partners, but the frequency doesn't change beyond that, just bobbing back and forth, smiling and laughing as you head towards the heart of the sun, where the rope disappears, as do the controls, as do your partners, and your laughter echoes in waves into the universe.



2019-12-21 = Subject = Meatloaf = LR

Preheat oven to 375

- 1 pound 93 percent ground beef
- 1 cup fine bread crumbs (regular canned crumbs or food process dry bread)
- 1 onion
- 5 medium eggs

Put on some nitrile or latex gloves and knead until all smooth. Spray bread pan with oil spray lightly and mash the mixture into the pan. Mostly cover with stripes of ketchup. Bake until it measures 170 degrees throughout (roughly an hour).

#recipes #meatloaf

Comments:

2023-08-24:

I've been using cream of wheat packets instead of bread crumbs, and 5 eggs seems like too many. I use 1 or 2 now.



2019-12-21 • Subject • Split Pea Soup • L R

- 1 pound of split peas
- 1 onion
- 1 bunch of celery
- 12 oz. of cubed ham

Put an equal amount of split peas and water into a large crock pot. Heat on high until the peas start to break up after a few hours. Put in chopped onion and celery and cook for another hour. Put in cubed ham in and cook for another hour or two. (Bobo approved).



2019-12-21 • Dream • What is the problem? • LR

I have been angry and depressed about the lack of interest in my ideas, as well as the lack of job search success. True, I go through periods of optimism and am sure about what I'm doing, but yesterday was rough. Something a friend and IT colleague said a couple weeks ago bothered me. He made a comment about how it wouldn't work to just share my ideas with my friends. He wasn't being mean. What bothered me was that he was in IT, and it was clear that he wasn't considering the idea for his own concerns in his role, he was just adding value in a networking way. This is something I haven't been that good at, myself. I don't network well. My perspective is that I will get exposure due to the nature of the web. I've done it before. It did get me thinking about how I was likely bothering my friends. It showed a perspective that has been poking in, but I haven't fully faced it: these ideas are generally not interesting to the people I know. They are just being good friends or networking. I imagine there are some exceptions, but more and more I'm convinced that I just have to continue on with this blind to feedback as far as the overall value of the ideas.

With this frame of mind, I decided I needed to work on how the broader pieces fit together, so I worked on signalq. I scaled back some of the completeness for arewedown and areweresilient by making them focus on fictional Cruft Buster models instead of dealing with monitoring. I could feel the shift of discouragement that I've had many times in the past. Sometimes I will completely destroy whatever I'm working on, but in this case I was just scaling back.

Sean slept while I worked, and woke up around 2. She has been sick. I worked out while she took a shower and watched Aliens. Bobo called me just as I was finishing my workout and wanted a ride home from school because it was pouring rain, and he had no hat. I picked him up and got in a wee traffic jam on the main street near our house, and by the time I got home, a half hour later, I was angry, depressed, and grumpy. I sat in the back room and drank a beer until Sean joined me, and we watched the tail end of the second season of Twin Peaks and ordered some pizza.

I laid down next to Sean and closed my eyes while she watched cat videos. After about fifteen minutes I had a half-awake correction by an inner voice: "Do you know how excited you would be about the possibility that you could create this when you were young?" It is true. The array of related items, the usefuleness, isn't anything I have experienced before, and I have the opportunity to create it. While I know that parts exists in academic settings or very large, entrenched IT (TOGAF, etc.), there is nothing out there that is light like this.

With the motivation of the inner voice I got up and rolled back the changes I had made to Signalq. I then went to bed with Sean and slept wrestlessly. I dreamed for much of the night that I asked people about my idea, and they told me that the problem was I didn't tell them what was wrong with what they already had. In my dream I had them repeat this back so I wouldn't forget, because I knew I was in a dream (presumably). When I woke in the morning I didn't have a clear idea of what they said, but I think that "not understanding how what they were doing was wrong" is close enough.

Often I have those kind of restless nights where there is some kind of thing I'm working on and solving in my dream, but usually it is gibberish. This was the first time it matched a real, recognizable problem. I shouldn't forget the advice. It is likely a failure, a blind spot for me. The reasons why this makes sense are very clear to **me**, but I am soaking in it. I will have to introduce the problems I see at the beginning of Cruft Buster. Eventually I will need to talk through the whole idea as a video presentation, but I can't do that until I get the different domains built out.

#ouroboros



2019-12-24 • Journal • Light and Models • LR

I woke up at 2:30, worked for a few hours, and went back to sleep. As I was going back to sleep I saw a very bright light shining down. I noticed it, paused, woke up briefly, and went back to sleep and saw it again. I've only had this happen this intently one other time, when I was meditating in the attic of Portland Street. It wasn't like sun, and it didn't feel intensely warm, but it was a source of warmth, like the light had some radiant heating of some sort to it.

Later in the day I watched this and he makes an important point about how old models can break the present. This led to this and this.



2019-12-30 = Subject = Chimp Notches = LR

I've been floundering around for months now, struggling with some conflicting information. I am convinced to my bones that models can help us as a species, in particular broader system models. I am convinced that we are deprecating the need for models as a culture, and replacing it with in-the-now streams and four-week cycles of interest. We are also outsourcing our models in our organizations through cloud services and object-oriented approaches that abstract arbitrarily. Apparently, natural humans without social/learning/language/models are just a minor notch above chimpanzees, from what I can see as I'm reading about cognition. We generally use all kind of models and frameworks to change and deal with our world. It is a huge area, and one that I've been kind of blind about... a tunnel vision. I realized a pattern between the types of models I've used to facilitate IT, and have been translating it into a useful model, but I have been stymied by the reaction. I don't know one person that sees it as I see it after a full demo. People get the excitement and the energy. People see parts of it. But I don't think that anybody gets it the same way I do. My epiphany on this, is that it is the very nature of models themselves. It goes back to the slight difference in notches we are above chimps. We understand our world within models and frameworks. This explains the disconnect. One thing that was quite exciting, though, is that I found a thread of knowledge, models that already exist around this area, that the VW Idiot guide author wrote about. Because of this, and the fact that everybody knows why books like that are good, I am refactoring all of my model explanations around that book. Getting somebody to jump right in to using a tree schema as a cookie cutter data model across documentation, data flow, and component diagrams doesn't work because people don't generally work that way cognitively. I have to use a model they are already aware of.

#chimp_notches #cognition



2019-12-30 • Journal • Attorney • L R

Bobo left at 7am this morning to get on a bus to go downtown during rush hour on a Monday on his Christmas break to attend mock trial. It is run as an after-school activity by a Seattle attorney. Normally she goes to his high school, but during break the high school is closed, so she hosts the trial at her downtown office. They had to audition for parts like a play. Bobo auditioned and got attorney. Taking the bus *back* is a bit of weirdness, as the road construction has shifted the routes around, but he did it without needing to call me.

#bobo



2019-12-31 • Subject • 7 o'clock • LR

In 2019 I learned about cognition and models, and how they relate to our civilization. It came in from 7 o-clock. I saw it from the corner of my eye as I was attacking the relatively banal problem of IT documentation. In the last month, the implications have exploded my world view, my personal model of the world. The great thinkers I have followed over the years that guided me, all show up on my radar, now, 360. Some damage, but I'm still flying. In 2020 I will fly with my new instrumentation and weapons, full of fuel, and few obstacles. I intend to fly far. I have a mission.

#ouroboros



2020-01-02 • Subject • Pause If Weird • L R

One of my big life lessons is to stop and think carefully when things don't seem right, rather than just continuing on, assuming that my approach is reasonable. Usually this shows up at work. As an example, I might observe that it is odd that there are a bunch of files with names similar to the accounting files in a directory that I'm deleting. This is a good place to stop and consider if I am deleting the right directory. If a part seems to be taking a strange amount of torque to remove, perhaps I'm removing the part wrong, or it doesn't actually come off. The assumptions about what is happening when things are odd is often initially wrong. (I am cleaning up old files like I've done millions of times to save space on various systems, or: well... some penetrating oil will fix anything.)

The shift this last month to understanding the limits of cognition, and how assumed shared models, whether the models are frameworks of words, like an engineering perspective*, or cultural models, seriously mess up communication. I think this is the answer as I pause to wonder why things don't seem right about engagement over ideas about industrial civilization. I can see this happening in so many ways. BUT, it doesn't matter too much at this point. What matters is that I focus on the handbook model and *get it done*.

* On my first job doing design/architecture, my project manager asked me for a document that detailed my plan for implementing a solution that solved some application latency issues. The CIO had made an executive decision on exactly what needed to be done, and cornered me and the PM in her office, telling us her decision, and asking for a timeline. I said two weeks to implementation seemed fine. My PM got very agitated at this. After the meeting with the CIO she found me and lectured me that the timeline was way too short, and I was on my own. At the time, I didn't understand just how complicated new systems were in a big environment. This was much different than every other job I had had until then. She demanded that I come up with a plan to meet the deadline, so I emailed her 9 bullet points in an email. To me, this was appropriate. This lead to a big confrontation, but my boss helped me out by coaching me on what a solution description should look like. I use the same model to this day. Later I learned that the PM had worked at NASA on the Space Shuttle project. There are many model disconnects in this particular lesson.

#handbook #ouroboros



2020-01-03 • Journal • Mad Men • LR

I am still working on the CB sections. I got most of them laid out and somewhat legible after moving from the full page version yesterday. I purchased 6 seasons of Mad Men from what appears to be somebody selling everything off of his sailboat. I am convinced that the series will be enlightening about a world-view/model that I have not fully understood, that runs outside of mine. Both my dad and my grandfather (C) have the same world view (is my guess... we shall see). On a related note (to me), I have been watching The Matrix franchise. It seems cornier now, but I can tell the ideas behind the script are rich. A new item I've been considering: MCJ is about rock climbing your unconscious mind via a journal. We may be dimensionally challenged as far as cognition of actors, goals, and tools, but what causes many of our actions, our unconscious mind, has more dimensions. (Which leads back to marketing.)

#mcj #unconscious mind



2020-01-04 • Subject • Dichotomies Rule • LR

Every weakness that can be exploited in our cognitive ability, will be exploited, and identity will be leveraged to make us willing victims and/or looking another way. We will separate the world into two teams, because of this, even though hundreds are a more likely number. Dichotomies rule. Meanwhile we are made the tools. We=all of us, many teams. It is difficult to even talk about without lapsing into my own cognitive limits. Gee, it sure would be nice to be able to puickly model the teams involved and gauge where we are as a species, where we want to go, and how to get there.

Astrology, regardless of where you fall on validity, is a model that is more sophisticated than our cognition allows, as soon as it analyzes interactions of two different people with us. Three party interaction towards a goal is too abstract right out of the tap.

#cognition



2020-01-06 Journal Visceral Match LR

I finally broke through the barrier on CB as far as simplifying what it does and expressing it. It is funny... I still remember first realizing that the schema was a universal approach. I could picture it end-to-end, and it hasn't really changed that much since then. It has just taken quite awhile to turn what I realized into something that works. It doesn't fit anybody else's model, though. For some, I imagine, it is related to the Upton Sinclair quote: "It is difficult to get a man to understand something, when his salary depends on his not understanding it." But for most, it depends on the reader's model(s). This is language, audience... we call it many things, but for those paid to manage systems, particularly in information technology, it is more visible, as though the insides of the animal are exposed and pulsing. The models are always close, and they are attached to their models in a visceral way, so a match between models is crucial for adoption, and more difficult. Calling the output a handbook helps.

#handbook #upton_sinclair



2020-01-08 • Journal • Donut Class • L R

Bobo hunted me down this morning, and found me, barely awake (5am).

"Hey, Dad. Can I have bus fare?"

"Sure, why?"

"I have an extra five minutes, so I figured I'd walk down the hill to the bakery, get a donut for breakfast, take the bus back up the hill, and then go to school."

I go get a buck fifty.

"Actually, I have a dollar already. Just give me fifty cents."

At this point I have a few paragraphs of questions about the logic and advice about his health choices. I note a couple wins, here. (His goal is not to get as much money as possible. He is using his own money for the donut, as he knows that is purely discretionary, but he also knows I will pay for or provide transport. He is getting exercise. I decide to back off.)

"Take a vitamin."

"OK. Where are the vitamins?"

"On the kitchen counter in front of the radio."

He is in the shower now, getting ready for his trek.

He stopped by again. He was dressed in his regular orange beanie, orange shirt, underpants, but the dressing had not progressed beyond that. He told me about his epiphany about how good coffee and donuts are together, and ran his plan for the walk/bus/school trip by me to see if I agreed. I offered that it all sounded fine, but he couldn't rely on the bus leaving inside of a 15 minute window.

#bobo



2020-01-10 • Subject • What is the goal? • LR

The issue is not AI itself. The issue is what the goal is. I now know what the basis for AI is in most cases. Consider schema.org, DBpedia and OBO Foundry. These are ontologies, collaborative efforts to establish meaning in a way that computer agents can navigate. On my own efforts, I am using this tech to more efficiently model systems.

While I am using a minimum of collaborative knowledge for simplicity; I am aware of, create my tools so they are extensible to, and take advantage of the open and free ontological ecosystems. There is no need to create stuff that already exists.

Computer agents follow goals; yes, the same agents as The Matrix; here is the interesting thing: quite a few of the people who could understand and relate to what I am creating see it within the models they have. For instance, for highly successful people, networking is an important part of their life. Myself, I'm horrible at networking. I am guilty of reaching out only when I'm looking for work. That isn't networking. Now, I'm willing to help others in the other direction. I'll give references and give people a boost when they need it, but a constant world-view of networking for success is not really my thing. For that matter, success is not really my thing. My goal is to create something useful, something genuinely useful, something that will help us out of our clusterfuck. I am not accusing people who are good at networking of not caring about useful things. It is just an observation that my goals are different, and it makes the interpretation of models different. Different models of The Matrix makes The Matrix look different to agents, so we have to have common models and related goals, or the agents spin.

Boom! We are all agents. But humans are bio agents, and rinse/repeat for every single time we look at the world. Our language, background... all of these form different models. As I've described what I'm doing to a couple different very smart people, they latched on to the AI part of it. One person criticized it because computers can't really ever be conscious (Penrose's The Emperor's New Mind). One person even associated collapse with AI, as though my worry was along the lines of The Terminator. It isn't. My worry is more along these lines, which is simply multiple stressors with extremely complicated modern industrial civilization supply chains. I realize, now, that everybody has their own model(s), including myself. Roughly at the same time I read that human cognition can only deal with a couple of different actors working with a tool towards a goal. So, not only do humans box everything up in their own set of unique models to comprehend the world, there is really no alternative that is reasonable to expect. It isn't some kind of freaky bad genetic flaw humans have, it is simply a cognitive limit coupled with freaky good features.

OK. Here it is: humans *can* use ontologies, aided by computer agents, to establish common models of systems. We can do it *now*. Everything is open and published and growing. True, this is motivated by AI efforts (as well as health/medical), but almost every area of knowledge has been defined. This solves the problem of differing models. This is an interesting twist on The Terminator. It is exactly the mechanism of AI - what do things mean - that will help us quickly model systems in a way that is standard and the same. I don't care *one bit* if a car can drive itself, but I do appreciate the fact that this means a common model of transport in the world of streets exists. AI tech can help us in this regard.

Here is the catch: what is the goal? If the goal is **more money** in the next five years, then the way to get more money is to ignore longer term negative externalities. From this perspective, if we rely on computer agents to make business decisions, we will aggravate our own situation. Of course, the implications of the goal **keep global warming under 2C** is mind bogglingly horrible for our lives short term. It might be wise to look at that, but it is likely a political impossibility. At least we can model this stuff leveraging open, collaborative ontologies that exist, and come up with something better than our limited cognition can come up with without tools and agents. We can come up with reasonable goals within a common understanding of the world, leveraging the machinery that was primarily created to make more money as a goal. We can own that and plug in our new goals. We can own it all, really. Technically these things are necessarily open and free, at least for now.

#cognition #handbook #ouroboros #unicorn



2020-01-14 • Subject • Fremen • L R

It isn't just caffeine; there is more to the orchestrated motion and weave of ideas, the juicy promise of ink and blank paper in an open notebook at a buzzing cafe; there is more than caffeine at work here, but it is welcome, it is rare: ride the caffeine worm, as the Fremen do, through the desert, and fill the notebook with the new.

2020-01-19 • Dream • Two Trips • L R

I was going on a trip to a vacation place I had been before. I was behind a bunch of family and got separated somehow. I flew for some of the time... just me, through the air, no plane, and at one time I landed on a freeway, but the freeway went under water. The freeway was abandoned and submerged. I arrived at an island that seemed much like where I knew everybody else was going. Nobody had arrived there, though. It was confusing, because the town was similar to what I remembered of the real vacation place, just much smaller. There was a small restaurant on the waterfront. Somebody I knew, perhaps an old boss like Charlie, hung out at the restaurant and wrote, because it was mostly abandoned. He could hang out there all day and drink coffee and eat a bit. He was a regular. Along the waterfront were many shops. Between two shops was an apartment building. I looked in and recognized it as one that Yvette had stayed at. I was not living with her. It was as though we had been separated for awhile before her death. As I noticed this I saw Ernie. He was gathering some of Yvette's things.

#ernie #yvette

Comments:

2020-01-19:

Ernie had to travel by himself to gather his mom's things when she died.



2020-01-22 • Apps • Cruft Buster Log Format • LR

Cruft Buster data is a tree that is modified locally, and includes symbolic links that make the tree a graph. Logs can be thought of in multiple ways, one of which is observing the incremental changes to a system. Log entries are sometimes stored in a database and sometimes stored in a flat file. For the purposes of Cruft Buster, though, it makes sense to store the log nestled in the leaves as well as in a traditional flat file. The format of a log entry in the leaves looks like this:

```
20200403T175116.019Z^^knoppix^^thick^^narrative.md
```

This is a UTC time, username, hostname, and changed item, delimited by ^^.

To make the system as robust as possible, this is generated by relatively stock Unison, with some small modifications to get the format standard. The modified source can be compiled easily on most systems, and is available from here. The MD5 hash is daa5b23a143d7a2c6b5d19bb412e897a. Changes are replicated to a central hub using this command:

```
unison -terse -auto -batch
```

And this configuration file:

```
knoppix@thick:~/.unison$ cat default.prf
ignore = Name .*
backupnot = Name Z*^^*^*^*
backup = BelowPath source
backupcurrnot = Name *
```

```
backuplocation = local
maxbackups = 200
ui = text
perms = 0
rsrc = false
include root
knoppix@thick:~/.unison$ cat root.prf
root = /home/knoppix/websites
root = ssh://knoppix@192.168.52.199//home/knoppix/websites
```

Additionally, the modified Unison creates log entries like this:

```
L1G3Rmod-UTC-2020-05-02T16:12:52.587Z[END] Deleting source/trb/0/1/1/has_tag/logging.md
L1G3Rmod-UTC-2020-05-02T16:12:52.587Z[END] Deleting source/trb/0/2.title.txt
L1G3Rmod-UTC-2020-05-02T16:12:52.587Z[END] Deleting source/trb/0/3
L1G3Rmod-UTC-2020-05-02T16:12:52.587Z[END] Deleting source/trb/0/3.title.txt
L1G3Rmod-UTC-2020-05-02T16:12:52.587Z[END] Deleting source/trb/0/tags/logging.md
Synchronization complete at 09:12:52 (296 items transferred, 0 skipped, 0 failed)
knoppix@thick:~/websites/site/log/files$
```

These can be parsed and fed to other more traditional log ingestion and analysis programs. Note that the modified Unison logs here stick everything on one line instead of breaking up the entries on multiple lines like stock Unison.

#cruft_buster

Comments:

2020-01-22:

Generally, nothing gets pushed up unless it is done intentionally, since rsync is using the -n option. This makes it easier to code in stages if some of the other rsync flags need to be added or dealt with. Also, the source code for all components will be in a live state on Tributary Software.



2020-01-28 • Subject • Ecosystem Escape • LR

I finished up the first pass on the sync routine for CB. It will allow simple collaboration. The scenario is a bunch of people in a room or online collaborating on documentation, but my implementation is primarily so I can work next to Sean in the other room on my articles and systems documentation.

The next problem is to get all of my Python code running on an Ubuntu 18.04 install. I am avoiding the Python package distribution ecosystem. The idea of a software ecosystem isn't that new. Perl has it with CPAN and others. There are problems with relying on this. I cannot be assured that "pip install wxpython" will always work for my needs. Perhaps I don't have internet connectivity?

```
[447/888] Compiling sip/cpr/sip coresxfileName.cpp
[448/888] Compiling sip/cpr/sip coresxfessageDistog.cpp
[449/888] Compiling sip/cpr/sip coresxfessageDistog.cpp
[450/888] Compiling sip/cpr/sip coresxfessageDistog.cpp
[451/888] Compiling sip/cpr/sip coresxfessageDistog.coresxfessageDistog.coresxfessageDistog.coresxfessageDistog.coresxfessageDistog.coresxfessageDistog.coresxfessageDistog.coresxfessageDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistogeDistog
```

It gets a bit weirder. I am currently compiling wxpython from source in another screen, and it is hung up on all of the sip compiles. Sip is owned by Riverbank Computing. Sure, it is opensource. But the world does tend to go sideways a bit. Projects fork off or deprecate particular features. Companies (cough... Oracle... cough) change their stance. I remember trying to get a full Webkit browser running under QT, and I ran into some issues with license changes for the features I was using. My mission is particularly complicated, because I also test with MacPorts. My main point is that a snapshot in time, like a complete Ubuntu package repository and wxpython source code, is quite useful and facilitates autonomy. Autonomy... my-o-my we are painting ourselves in a corner with cloud in that regard. I am not so sure I will approve any project without an option to "bring it home". Dealing with some of the huge underpinnings of projects that are run by commercial companies, both for infrastructure and code, is another important consideration.

I could go on a bit about why the current software ecosystem is so fragile in general, but I don't really have to. All I have to do is say that my mission is to make it so that I can show people how to build an AI platform that generates documentation. I can show it end-to-end, from the initial disk image booting to running SPARQL queries. And, yes, AI is pushing it as a commonly understood name. Really, this will be more of an expert system. The inferences it will make are relatively simple. Now, when you make simple inferences on data flow models of an organization, this is miles above Visio, so... win. It is pretty similar, though, to the AI that is talked about so often these days.x

#ernie



2020-01-31 • Dream • Backwards Down Hill • LR

It was dark, and I was driving down a winding hill, kind of like the one going up to Lake Holm Road from Neely Mansion. I realized that I was looking out the rear window of my pickup. It was my current pickup, Kalis. I reached down to verify that the shifter was facing the wrong way (it was still to my right). The road curved so much, and it was so dark, that I realized it was probably best if I kept driving backwards until I got to the bottom of the hill, since I was navigating the dangerous road so easily. I was confused as I tried to place the road when I woke because I thought the hill was leading down to the bottom of Fauntleroy creek, but it was too curvy to be 100th. It was more like the road up from Neely Mansion.

#kalis #pickup



2020-02-01 • Subject • MCJ Yaaahhhss • LR

Here is the thing about a personal journal: It forms a framework to climb the mountain of your life both internally and externally. Pitons, ropes, maps, etc., are the extended pieces of this metaphor. We all have life, a glorious, rare, click of life. Our dreams, our experience, though, is unique. Now, if I try and comprehend what is happening to me right now, and how I will react, I need access to all of the past placed pitons, ropes, climbing partner I'm belaying with, etc. This fits with the limits of human cognition. I am building models of my past with my journal so that I have a better model of where I am. A journal *should* be agnostic, much like how climbing gear shouldn't be prejudiced against a particular mountain. Sure, you might need a RURP sometimes, but for the most part your journal, your climbing gear, is a toolkit for the climb. What the journal does is mitigate the problems I have, and humans in general where I am grappling with my mmediate situation to gauge my place. This can be useful for immediate survival, but it hinders a purposeful journey. This is *also* why I respond to dialog with a journal reference. From my perspective most topics have 30 or 40 pages of past reference in my model of the world. I suppose I am making everything about me, but, really (as Sunn pointed out last week), that is a basic truth. I would *love* to see similar reactions w/ the framework in dialog. Instead, we see the instantaneous references to our feed outside of our control.

This is where my current efforts intersect. These same limits of cognition that we inherently have as humans can be applied to dynamic systems. I am picking particular domains (data flow, for instance), as the focus of the journal, as the literal version of the mountain. This is the same idea: the personal journal extended to what I have done in my career. I have added flexibility of chosen domains, as a useful tool needs to manage multiple mountains, and,

even break out of the entire metaphor for a completely different toolkit. That is, the set of climbing gear completely changes.

#mcj #sunn



2020-02-13 • Subject • Bathrooms and Shit • LR

I had a dirty bathroom dream again. It was more graphic than normal. There were many stalls. All open, in disarray, dirty, and broken. I've probably had this dream in various forms fifty times that I remember. I actually saw shit smears this time.

Ballou told me once that she thought friendship should grow organically. I think what she meant was that we often tend to force things, project things, or imagine things, but friendships should really grow like vines with posts and fertilizer and sun. This is related because I looked up dirty bathrooms (again) on dream moods. What a fabulous site. It is too bad their search engine is broken. I think for a long time I have had these dreams because I need to move on. I need to cleanse myself of old emotions.

And, so, that is what I intend to do. It is very difficult for me. I have clung too hard to the past, those that knew me. It is time to look forward, embrace those who seek me out, old, strong friends from the past, and find new friends as well. I need to quit reaching back in embarrassing silence.

#forest



2020-02-24 • Fiction • Pin Holes • L R

Once upon a time there lived a man named Gear. He lived with his wife, Wing, in a small cottage along a big river downstream from a factory that made bicycles and washing machines. Both Gear and Wing worked at the factory. They would have lunch together and eat peanut butter sandwiches, fruit, and dessert biscuits. Gear greeted all of the visitors of the factory in a bright blue uniform for his job. Wing made the creases in the washing machine lids using a gigantic metal press. Each day after work, they would walk home from the factory, holding hands and talking about their day.

One evening after dinner, Gear decided to go for a walk along the river. He walked further downstream from the factory and stopped at a clearing in the brush on the river bank. The river was a muddy, grey color. Most everything was grey in their town, because the mud from the river would blow around in the wind and settle on everything, even the trees.

Gear noticed the edge of a box with yellow and green stripes on it, poking out of the mud. He pulled it out and rinsed it clean in the river. The box was made of tin with a rubber seal that went around top of the box, keeping water from getting in between the box and the lid. There was a hatch with a piece of wire twisted through it to keep it closed. Gear removed the wire and carefully opened the top of the box. Inside were twelve needles, like long pins, arranged around a tiny drawing of a sun, with rays that stretched out to each needle. The head of each needle was shaped like a tiny pear, and they were all different colors.

There were instructions printed on the lid:

- Look as far to your left as you can
- Take the right-most needle, the red one, and poke your eyeball with it on the right side of your eye. Don't push too hard, and make sure you only poke the edge of your eye.
- Let the needle stay in your eye while you count seconds to fifteen. This is how long it takes for the medicine in the head of the pin to take effect.
- Wait for at least four days and repeat the procedure for the other eleven needles, rotating around your eyeball until they are applied evenly.

Gear wondered if it was wise to poke his eye with some needles he found in the river. Eventually his curiosity overpowered his fear of poking his eye with the needle, and he followed the instructions exactly with the first needle. After fifteen seconds he took the needle out. He noticed that one of the rocks on the riverbank appeared to breathe. It was beautiful. He went home to Wing, and told her all about it, but Wing had never seen a rock breathe before, and told Gear he probably shouldn't be poking himself in the eye with needles he found.

Gear ignored Wing's advice, and every four days Gear would continue with the other needles; each time he saw something new. One time he saw color in the river instead of muddy grey. What was stranger was that the he always saw the color, a ribbon of bright blue and white, that wound along with the river. He would get distracted as he walked with Wing, looking at all of the beautiful changes he saw during the next two months.

He would talk about nothing else with Wing. He would describe the color of the river, the wisps of smoke waves that fluttered through the hair of babies in strollers, and how everything he saw would pulse with breath like what he saw with the rock. At first Wing was convinced that the needles had some kind of poison that was affecting Gear's brain, but after a few months she was unsure, as it didn't appear to wear off.

Nobody in town would talk with Gear anymore, because they thought he was insane. Nobody could see what he was talking about. When Gear told them that he had a box of needles that they could poke in their eyes to see the same thing, some people threatened to report his box to the authorities as a danger. Gear would go for long walks after dinner to watch the river, the bushes, the sky, and all of the other beautiful things that he saw, now that he had poked the needles in his eyes.

Gear felt lonely because he saw all of these beautiful things that nobody else could see. He put an ad in the newspaper to see if anybody else had found the box, but nobody replied. Wing decided she would try the box, and it worked for her too. Gear and Wing would walk even longer and farther together after dinner and talk about all of the beautiful things. They tossed the box into the river for somebody else, and lived happily ever after.

#goggles



2020-02-26 • Subject • Devo Days • LR

It is a cheat, in that there are more than two options, of course, but play with me, here. In general, I think that we are in an anti-intellectual swing of human interest and interaction. Now, we can say stuff like "yay science!", and we can link to science-like articles on social media, but it seems to me, in general, that intellectual musings and interactions are not really in style right now. So. Do you think it is because our attention is stretched too thinly and we have no more capacity (ala Huxley Brave New World Revisited), or do you think it is a genuine cultural trend, you know, kind of like how Devo broke the anti-intellectual swing of the seventies (in reverse... what broke Devo... so many options, there... when was that... oh my... a whole other discussion is possible for what broke the swing that broke the anti-intellectual seventies)? Is it the nature of social media platforms? I guess that is a third option.

#social media



2020-02-27 = Subject = 1 over X = LR

I've shared beliefs about industrial civilization and our current situation pretty regularly. Some agree with me generally, but understandably most people are just moving on with their lives in the same way we all have since before WWII. There are minor flutters of difference in behavior. I think that is one of the most fascinating things. We have segmented ourselves off with political fronts that amount to the same thing. I know that seems inflammatory, but it is true (well, to me).

Take any issue, and, well, more and more I don't care that much if it doesn't see past collapse. Even, from that perspective, from old books going back to 1800s, I can see that the sensibilities, desires, and ideas of life are fairly consistent. This is where we live, where I live, where you live.

I am aware of two people, besides myself, that have studied this in great detail and are actively working on items within the perspective I describe that looks past collapse. Here is what is interesting: there is no solution. There is no path that gets us from here, past the event horizon, to the other side. The in-between part is Like a 1/x graph. Nothing here gets over there. Of course this is only true from a cognitive/model perspective. Stuff will get from here to there, just not as part of a model. My point is that no ideas can be planned on to survive. Lifeboats/arks don't work.

One of the people along with me for the intellectual journey, works as a professional life coach. She is going to graduate school. Another person is a programmer from Québec. Each of them are convinced of the 1/x idea. There is no possibility of tracing present effort to the future. There is no faith that tiny steps here build to big steps, because we understand that the structural problems are insurmountable. But we are not giving up. All three of us have cast our own efforts within this model. It is odd, this barrier, this event horizon. Funny... it is similar to the barrier of death. What happens after? There is no expected tracer for me. I know some believe in a persistent, independently aware soul. That would be kind of cool, but I don't believe in that myself. I believe that I go back to dust and the stars without sentience.

It is from this perspective that I find this song so beautiful. Is it my imagination, or is Moby singing this from the other side. I think he is.

#civilization



2020-02-28 • Journal • Will it scale? • LR

I have been stuck on some low-level parts of my model ideas. Primarily, this was dealing with the problem of multiple people working on the model and replicating the work between them, but still keeping all information local, so the models and associated documentation can be rendered completely independently. I got all of that working yesterday, and, finally, have a file format that works, is compatible with existing open/free tools, and is simple. Hey... if anybody wants to do two-way file sync out there, let me know.

Now... here comes the fun stuff. I have to choose my inference engine. Unfortunately/fortunately there is only one choice. I won't base my stuff on Java as a framework. I actually consider that a principle and a requirement. The question, though, is if the inference and graph engine can scale. Well... here is a human.

You can click a couple links and find the human is associated with TMEM45B, a gene associated with lung cancer. So, this will scale.

#ouroboros



2020-02-29 • Subject • Homebrew Paperclips • LR

I was thinking about my old homebrew computer and supply chains. There is a heavy similarity between bootstrapping a homebrew computer and bootstrapping an economy. This extends to applications, and even more so to application ecosystems. We are unsustainable at an application level. For most, it is too complicated to deal with the dependencies. Funny... we use containerization in both supply chains and in providing applications (Docker, etc.). The funny thing, though, is that at the core, the systems are actually more fragile than anybody knows. For instance, I noticed a sequence of apt commands in a container definition the other day. Apt is a way to deal with the details of dependencies. In this case what ends up happening is you have a bunch of containers grabbing libraries and support applications from various OS distributions. The level of complication is mind boggling. If you add on front-end ecosystem stuff (javascript), etc., oh my... what a mess. We end up downgrading the developers and engineers so that labor is more uniform, and, instead, we rely on shipping/supply chains real and software to bring us life from large companies. I could go on...

There is only one way past this, from what I can figure, in my area of work, at least. There is only one way to address this. (Well, besides SOP, which is 8 billion people running around in small, oblivious circles, watched over by

machines of loving grace.): efficient, real-time models that focus on easily understood relationships rather than object-oriented style frameworks and abstractions. *No*, what we are doing is not tweaking a UI in a week. I mean: how do our efforts fit into X broader system. I don't think I understood how well this meshed between actual supply chains and software tool/app chains until recently. This is the battle, the front lines. I'll tell ya, though, nobody wants the full deal. They'll say "full stack", but what they really mean is reuse of abstracted efforts. And, true, all is abstracted in the end. You can't continue to program a homebrew with paperclips. The point is just that you understand the system balls to bone, and where your place is in it, rather than hand everything off to some big cloud company to handle the details. Ugh.

This is not just the same-old response. I have spent much of the last few months trying to understand a small piece of software ecosystem, answering a relatively simple question. What, exactly, is involved with getting a Python-controlled web browser using Webkit with GUI (GTK) bindings? When you have this, you can build applications directly from data and, conversely, manage the system in the opposite direction. A web browser truly is fabulous, and CSS and Webkit are amazing pieces of UI/dev. GTK comes from the GIMP. GIMP is the GNU Image Manipulation Program. GTK is the GIMP toolkit. Well... again, I could go on. The thing about a UI toolkit like GTK is that it has OS implications. There is a very extensive list of dependencies as well as multiple package managers (pip, apt). Here is the other big part of it: just like in real supply chains, large players insert themselves to make money and gain control. That is fine and all, but if you want to do something a particular way and ensure you can continue to do it, you need something different (open source, and free). This is Stallman's freedom. The QT side of the UI family (a similar, and often prettier UI) has some blocks, particularly with Webkit, that I've run into. Likewise, there is only one truly free graph database that doesn't need Java (which, although free in some ways is challenged by the level of abstraction). OK... forgive the tech ramble, but this is all I live right now for work effort.

(Usually the answer is to run this all web-based, but there are reasons related to supply-chain stuff that make this unacceptable to me. Regardless, webkit is great tech. I need a web browser... just not cloud.) This is how modern containerization works.

From my perspective this vid creates more questions than answers, but it might be good for you.

To be clear, I am doing the opposite as far as principles and philosophy. Likely what I have to do is replicate everything I am doing on kubernetes or somesuch (there are others) and compare/contrast the supply chains, etc. My main issue, is that this all works great if you want to rely on a cloud framework, but building something like this out to *own* is expensive and fragile (my current thesis, anyway). By pulling out the UI local (GTK/Webkit) and focusing on models and data (Machine learning/Graphviz), I believe I can get the 10x efficiency. And, my-o-my, in a very recursive way, we need that for our supply chains for resilience.

Just gotta put this in as a period to the above sentence

Seriously great vid by Eric Cline. I triple-dog dare software developer/infrastructure readers to watch that vid and give some thought to how current software/devops ecosystems work.

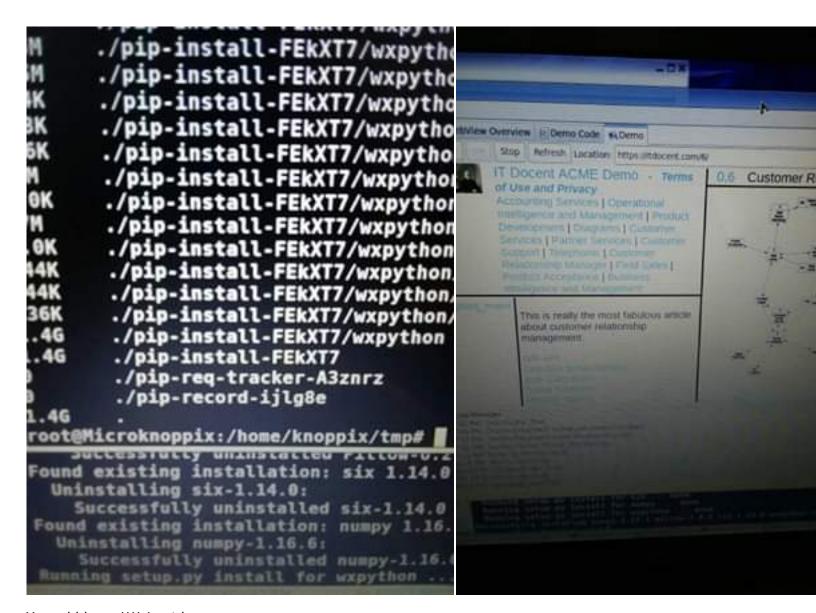
#bootstrap #civilization



2020-02-29 • Journal • wx Supply Chain • LR

Up to 1.4 GB of tmp files so far to compile the python gtk ui w/ webkit. I blew through 2GB, and had to bind the tmp directory to a different partition. "Python 3 with GTK and Webkit /w CSS" is a hard problem to solve.

As I'm working on this, I found a reference to a docker file that used a combination of git pulls and apt commands to create the image. Ironically, I am looking at files like this to figure out how to get the dependencies in place (just to get wx.html2 GTS sometime... I'm not the only one). I **wish** I could get across what that means somehow, how fragile that can be. But, as Sean and I talked about just the other day, it is much, much more meaningful when you can see a live slider bar that scans through versions of a model graphically, than it is going into depth on this stuff. I have of variety of readers on this site. I'm just excited seeing these patterns resonate.



Yaaaahhhssss!!!! I get beer now.

This is the supply chain for "wx.html2". Seriously... if I run ldd against the library, this is the output. I know... it is weird I'm using i386, here. The supply chain for 64 bit is just as long. I'm using i386 because that is the preferred format for a GNU/Linux distribution I like right now. It's sole purpose is to boot on *anything* and provide a full suite of apps. I need to coexist with it. Now that I know the full list of dependencies, I can make this work on anything. It should even compile on Rasberry Pi. What is even more complicated is that these dependencies interrelate. You have to compile them in a certain order.

This is the guy that made the OS that I want to co-exist with as a liger.

The problem with wx.html2 goes back a long ways. This is what is happening behind the curtain while all the happy CD folks are adding apt commands to their Dockerfiles: There is a large swath of GNU/Linux systems out there (including Ubuntu 18.04 and derivative... which means the Windows install for the Linux subsystem...) that have this and related issues. Even if they don't, it is in the middle of the Python 2 to Python 3 and GTK 2 to GTK3 transition. To be even more specific, wxpython wraps the actual OS windows widgets, using WXwidgets, a C++ library, so Python can use it. That means that any change in the native controls need to be dealt with. While it is possible to create a standalone app (much like how Docker works, actually) by including the entire UI library, what you end up with in that case is an aged set of UI interfaces where there are usually good reasons to not use them. Soooo... there are good reasons to understand the entire supply chain for this item. Once it is mapped, balls to bone, it is easier to navigate upgrades to the OS. It is an interesting focus for a supply chain. From my perspective it is like focusing on water coming out of the tap at somebodies home, because wx.html2 has the benefits of the full chain. So, not only do I not want to just pay a nickel for the jug of water (a la Red Headed Stranger... great movie), I want to control the supply (chain).

One other thing. I want the same version of Phoenix (wx) across all of my systems, 4.0.7. Besides all of the other stuff in motion, Phoenix is in motion too. It is a major rewrite of the 3 series which was under a completely different group. the 4 series (Phoenix) is much better, complete... and has wx.html2. I need to develop for the same version of wx.html2 running against the same version of GTK, etc.

One other thing, in my best Columbo voice. Pip (the python version of CPAN) tries to find binary builds based on matches with what it perceives your current OS to be. If it fails, it tries to compile. You can force it to *always* compile again, which is what I did. I was not able to simply go "pip install wxpython", which would amount to a pip installer for wx.html2 via wxpython. I really just needed the dependency list from Idd, like I added above. I have fought this wx.html2 thing for close to a year now. Believe me, if the supply chain was stable I would be happy. As long as I have to break it apart, though, put in the analysis to ensure I can create Phoenix 4.0.7 w/ wx.html2 at will, it is worth it to go all the way down to the full toolchain (libc.so.6 is a reasonable root... down to GNU C Library).



Figure 57: wx html2 supply chain

#computers #ouroboros



2020-03-01 • Subject • Ectoplasm Glee • LR

I love that ectoplasm-glee-blast when the coffee hits your brain with more force than normal at the same strength blend (instead of the typical balled up wet washrag, tossed with some sprinkles). Don't ask why... just enjoy.



2020-03-02 • Journal • Bene Gesserit • LR

Bobo asked me for a ride to school today with a new, male, assertive confidence; something done with his voice, so it counts as male, mostly, but I've heard women do it too, and, for that matter, the Bene Gesserit. He also has a lingering amount of sheepishness from his younger self, a warbling uncertainty in the background, that he is trying to cover up.

I was in the middle of something, following a new discovery about mind map formats, and challenged him a bit. I asked him why he wasn't ready, in a medium-aggressive tone. The reality was that I knew he was going to be late, so I was all ready to go. It is the main exercise he gets, and an important part of raising him to be independent, so I strongly encourage him to manage his own schedule in the morning and get himself to school on time.

During the drive I told him that when he did this it affected my morning. I had other things that I was doing. I get my most productive work done in the morning hours, and it is a bad time to break. While it is true that my schedule is very flexible, I have much work to get done by summer, so any time spent as a chauffeur takes away from that. Bobo puts his ear buds in as soon as he gets in the car, so our time together during drives is proximity, not communication, in this circumstance. I let him be. Bobo took his ear buds out to listen to my mild scolding, apologized, and put his ear buds back in.

I wished Bobo a good day as he got out, and he seemed a bit surprised that I hadn't been grumpy or taken the opportunity to emphasize my scolding one more time. He wished me a good day as well. I decided I would take advantage of the venture out into the street-world to stop by the bank, as I'm out of cash.

The ATM closest to my house is one of those ones that has a room that is locked for privacy and safety, and you use your card to enter, but in this case somebody had ripped the door off of the hinges, and a homeless man was sleeping a few feet in front of the machine. His face was covered with an old sweatshirt, and his hairy belly stuck out from the top of his sleeping bag. I withdrew my cash and went home.

#bobo



2020-03-07 • Subject • Aggie Smart! • L R

Creating a nested and distributed fictional narrative with embedded tangential design is a luscious approach to privacy. There is only one thing you lose: identity. That's ok.... that's ok. I don't matter from that perspective. What is worth doing if identity doesn't matter? Now **there** is a fabulous question that turns current sensibilities around. What happens if "I matter" "I'm slighted" "I'm smart, see, I shared science!" "I'm a good person!" What if that goes away? Now, supposedly we have a human need to share and get recognition. I can see that that is true from a certain perspective, but I am not convinced that it has to be associated with identity. Another way to look at this is the work of people who died rejected, but hundreds of years after their death their work was important. Or, alternatively, I think of Sixto Rodriquez, who, somehow, manages to have a healthy perception of identity before and after his rediscovery. Identity is deeper than just a name, of course. What I'm getting at is what a person creates is their identity. I can go through my list of friends, family, and acquaintances, and for most of them I have an idea of what they create in the world: systems that run medical exchanges, jazz venue, inexpensive toys for distraction, laser distance measurement for autonomous vehicles and bombs (and caring for every related family member, extended and close), SEO, belly dance and eye glasses, local craft fairs, retirement planning... I could go on and on. There are only a few people that I don't know what, exactly, they create. Perhaps some primarily create a persona, an identity. And, whoops, bringing in persona, which is different than identity, but certainly related. No,

no, no... don't want to get too Jung here. I don't really know that stuff in detail, but I see the truth in it, if that makes sense. No thing. Nothing. Disappear.

#identity



2020-03-12 • Subject • Alexander the Great • LR

We really are in a self-correcting system. There is enough DNA and creatures and life smeared around this fabulous blue ball... who knows what will happen. Yes, it will be extremely unlikely we can move agriculture fast enough to support our populations, particularly with the broad array of negative externalities that are in motion (bees, loss of fertile land, flooding, extreme weather events). True, cognitively, humans don't do particularly well at considering complex dynamic systems. There are generally two teams (us and them using at most two methods).

Where are we as a species? We appear to be tracking the World3 model, and others. Of course, as our population goes down it will be because of the crisis of the day, marketed to us in a way to buy something. We will continue to think in terms of teams. What can help break out of our cognitive limits? We use models to break out, but models we grok end-to-end, and are able to choose and able to discern limitations to. Likely we won't stress end-to-end agile modeling until severe crisis is upon us and the true meaning of resilience is visceral.

We all use models constantly, now. Language is a model. We have deep archetypes (house in dreams, Medusa, etc.) that serve as models for all in our unconscious mind. We render all models in our bioware, and every human renders differently. This makes collaboration difficult, so we often fall back to our two team model and leave the serious work to cloud overlords (which has a ruleset of profit above all in their Al).

Here is what is really interesting: translating models into a common ontology that renders the same, gives us a way to collaborate, investigate, and build upon models of any dimension, and with the same meaning. No longer do we need a dictator to get us out of extreme crisis, to break the problem of governance by committee by different bio-rendering. We can decide where we are, where we want to go, how to get there and map it.

There is some time between now and when that will be needed. We are still in the two team mode with tools of ball, bat, and glove. I never thought about it before today, but football has just one tool, a ball. You can't really catch a baseball in a baseball game without a glove. I think that is different than overall protective gear. You don't have to wear a catcher's mask, but you do have to have a glove. As a kid that was a milestone... when you owned a baseball glove. So, cognitively football is easier than baseball or polo... wow, polo has the player, the horse, the ball, a mallet... the extra dimension of the horse is huge.

#cognition



2020-03-13 • **Journal** • **DAGs Splendid** • **L** R

Huge milestone today. Anytime I come up with an idea that is really good, I have to assume that somebody, somewhere also thought of it. I would rather re-use their work for a variety of reasons, but mainly it is because if there is something good that needs to exist, I am obligated to create it. I don't want to waste my short time on earth.

I spent 30 years or so in IT creating various systems and documentation, and realized that there was a common model and that there were existing free tools that would use that model to analyze complex systems. I also know that the way the analysis is done forms the core of what people call AI, to a large extent. At the most basic level these are maps, or ontologies. Sometimes people call them taxonomies or trees, even (or DAGs Directed Acyclic Graphs). When the relations between nodes have meaning and are complex, this is what most people mean by AI in practice. It is how good search engines work. It is also called a knowledge graph. It is a model re-used since the tree of knowledge of good and evil (everything) in the Book of Genesis.

During the last six years, one of the main things that I've done is analyze complex systems using a method from the 70s called Gane and Sarson named after Chris Gane and Trish Sarson. They created a set of conventions to create

an ontology of business systems, but it was centered around data. They didn't call it an ontology, that I remember, just a data flow diagram (DFD). I realized that all of the modern tools from genomics that used ontological analysis, as well as the Al/machine learning stuff could use the same model. Further, using existing graph/Al/ontology tools yielded a 10x simplicity and 10x efficiency over how I did it in the past, manually drawing the diagrams with Visio. Further, that it solved one of the barriers to making systems analysis keep up with the speed of change. This has broader implications with systemic resilience in that the only real time you can be resilient is at time of crisis. Being able to model at 10x is key. This is why it *really* matters, and why I am at war.

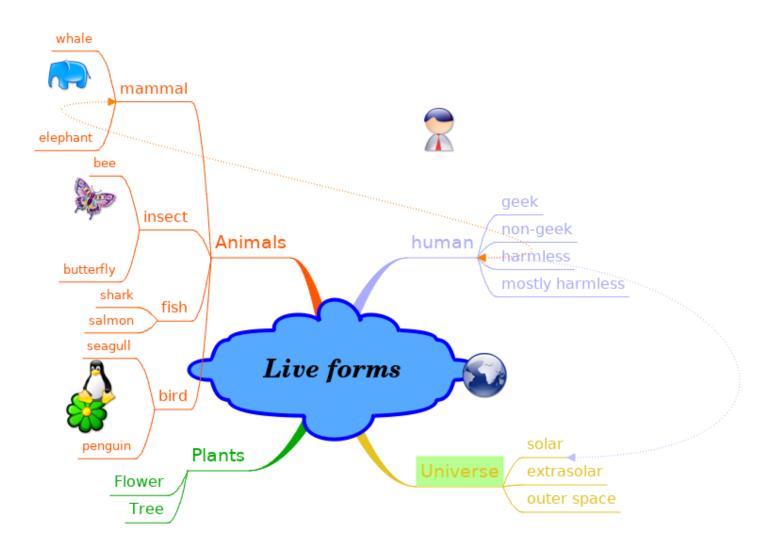
At the core, the basic idea is quite simple. Now, it is true that I get blank looks from most, and I couldn't get my last employer to see the value. I realized that I had to build this up in a simple way to show how a global organization could use these tools. The largest global organizations (AT&T, Accenture to name a couple that have authored analysis and tools along these lines) are aware of these techniques. Most of IT, though, at least where I have worked, have gone through rounds of layoffs to purge the old-school architects and analysts, and more and more IT is run by "fck it. ship it" folks. Seriously, this is a sticker you will see on devops folks' laptops. The idea is that analysis is too complicated. There is a mistaken iteration, that what really matters is what the user sees, so the development process is driven by that; however, architecture and freedom *do matter* for a business organization or individual. It gets more complicated... I'll weave that in. First, for you folks driven by user stories, this *was/is* a big problem. Old school got too bogged down and neglected the user. We went too far, though, in abandoning our end-to-end and architectural/system understanding and are becoming enslaved by the cloud military-industrial-entertainment complex.

There is a bit of a culture war going on, and I am in the middle of it. My experience is that more and more people narrow their scope of interest. For a metaphor, it is similar to how most people can't fix their own cars. It used to be that tech folk were bringing up Linux servers and running websites and soldering at home, but it isn't that way anymore... at least less and less. The culture is that we don't have the time to really understand things end-to-end. We rely on cloud providers to provide the infrastructure, and the cloud providers rely on the work of the open source folks from the last 20 years to create their services, while at the same time degrading the value of the individual contributors. This is facilitated by cloud, in that it is possible to segment the app from the infrastructure (I could write a small essay just about Kubernetes and how misleading it is, but this is long enough). It is more economical to have folks work on tiny pieces than it is to hire staff that understand the big picture, from networking to the user application. Now, those roles do exist, certainly, but they have moved to the main cloud providers who are locking up that expertise and convincing businesses to go cloud.

In my mind, the freedom and power of computing should belong to everybody. This is why the cloud providers have what they have, to a large extent. People like Richard Stallman are key to how this rolled out, along with Linus Torvalds and many others that worked for what they thought was the good. (Richard Stallman is the latest PC casualty, BTW. He created most of the world we see, at the base, because he saw the importance in regards to freedom, and he was forced out of the FSF because he defended a professor in the AI lab he worked at who treated women inappropriately.)

A few weeks ago I started installing and testing every mind map program I could, because mind maps work like ontologies. I wanted to make sure that before I started the front-end tool coding for my idea, the front-end for mapping systems into ontological form, that nothing simple existed. Protege, which is the tool meant to do what I want, is too complicated. Further, it runs on Eclipse running on Java. Whatever I do has to be independent, pure GPL (Stallman's contribution to the world if you want to pick one... close second is GNU). A mind map app just felt like the level I wanted. It is so easy to use that people are supposed to be able to use it real-time in brainstorming sessions.

Not only did I find a front-end tool that had the right license and handled the relations, it turns out it has enough features to directly handle the metadata associated with a Gane and Sarson diagram.



Notice how there is a link from human to mammal and human to solar? This link is what transforms the app from just a mind map to a full graph that can be ingested directly by AI tools. It can answer questions like "Is a geek a mammal?" There you go. You now understand the basics of AI. True, the AI efforts of the big providers have bazillions of relations, but this is the core. Also, look at the simplicity of this interface. Imagine how easy it is to model in general.

Well... I could go on some more, but this is probably enough for now. I have a lot of work to do to refactor this tool so it directly hooks up to complex visualizations (Graphviz by AT&T) and populates a graph database for AI-type queries. After that I will look for work. I'm not sure if I will even go back into IT again. I may focus on the idea of systems resilience with agile modeling as primary, with IT as an application. It is a shame, in a way, because all of my domain knowledge is IT for the most part, but IT has just become so bogged down with the small iterations and divorced from the full architecture. Funny, though, because at the same time I will have a complete stack end-to-end, a tool that can be run outside of cloud, that can replicate state for teams working on modeling in real-time. All of my programming, now is in Python using the wxPython widget UI tool-set, and the applications can even be modeled with trees. I'll have IT in a box with this screenshot on the front-end and a query screen that you can ask the model questions "what parts are in Salesforce?".

#ouroboros #resilience



2020-03-15 • Subject • Limb Pulling • L R

Let's pull apart a typical web service. Let's go down to the root of the system tree. Arguably the root of the tree started when Richard Stallman was frustrated with his Al lab's laser printer. He started writing a free version of tools, not UNIX, but UNIX-like, so he and his neighbors could have their own operating system. He set up a license to protect the rights of him and his neighbors, and the tree grew. Linus Torvalds added a kernel. The tree grew and grew, eventually including many different kinds of licenses, but the genesis was arguably Richard Stallman's frustration with the laser printer.

It is possible to compile an entire tree today, an entire, complete operating system and application stack from source using efforts like Linux from scratch. There are many dependencies, and things need to be done in a particular order. The libraries and compilers are in constant motion. If the libraries a compiler uses to compile a different version of a GUI widget change, it is quite possible that the GUI widget will fail. With distributed development effort this is a frequent problem. Recompiling the entire tree of source for a user is cumbersome.

The problem of dependencies was resolve by package managers: apt, yum, yast, etc. These package managers orchestrated compiled, compatible modules. If a user wanted to install a particular word processor, the package manager would install the compatible packages. Even the best package managers have dependencies that can't be resolved. As an example, if a word processor relies on GTK3, but it also uses modules that rely on GTK2, one either the word processor needs to be downgraded or the module needs to be recompiled for GTK3.

In addition to the core applications, libraries, and operating system that applications rely on, we weave applications together with various languages that also have modules with related dependency problems. Pip is used for Python, along with other alternatives. These language modules as well as the OS and application modules are written by people around the world.

Frameworks get their own special treatment. The licensing and intellectual property issues with various frameworks cause unique problems. Vendors attempt to lock developers into their frameworks. Some frameworks are purely open/free, but many are either dual-licensed with significant features locked, or some frameworks are not available to businesses without additional licensing. I don't mean to conflate free and ownership, these are two different issues, but they are related.

In addition to the OS, application, development stack, and frameworks, operating on a publicly accessible network is risky and complicated. Understanding load balancers, firewalls, capacity planning, disaster recovery, fail-over, security, etc. is a huge task. This is another reason why businesses are compelled to rely on cloud. There are many levels of complexity.

#bootstrap

Comments:

2020-04-04:

I lost steam on this one and abandoned. Perhaps I'll pick it up again later? I have some stuff to build.



2020-03-15 • Subject • System Crisis Management • LR

We live within a system experiencing change, the earth, a system that we rely on for life. From a human perspective, and the perspective of many other lifeforms that we share the planet with, the overall change is negative. As a species, we have contributed to this negative change, and can expect disruption to our way of life. While it is true that we should attempt to minimize our contribution to the change, it is also true that much is in motion now that cannot be stopped. What remains is a series of emergencies, Dunkirks, and each one will need to be managed in a resilient way.

Resilience. This is a key concept. Usually resilience is associated with psychological resilience in the face of a disturbing change, but as Dr. Desirée Daniel points out, "... 'the ability of a sytem to cope with a disturbance' is a disposition that is realized through processes since resilience cannot exist without its bearer i.e. a system and can

only be discerned over a period of time when a potential disturbance is identified." This was published as one of the many papers for the 2014 Formal Ontology in Information Systems conference.

From a broad perspective, the earth is a self-correcting system. There are enough DNA, creatures and life smeared around this fabulous blue ball, that it is unlikely that a 200 year bump in greenhouse gases, or even nuclear meltdowns from wide-spread infrastructure failure will permanently rid the planet of life. Who knows what will happen long-term. As Chernobyl shows us, life adapts. For humans, if the planet warms as predicted, it seems unlikely that we can move agriculture fast enough to support even a fraction of our current population, particularly with the broad array of negative externalities that are in motion (bees, loss of fertile land, flooding, extreme weather events). Our civilization is also intimately entwined with oil at many levels, and this adds another complicated dimension as we respond to climate change. In order to be resilient as a species, we will be required to act quickly at each crisis. Using Daniel's definition, we cannot react until the particular crisis is upon us, and that brings us back to the focus of this blog.

System planning, design, engineering, and operation are different efforts that are also important. These efforts are very familiar to people that work with any kind of system. A new system is planned, the design architected, a solution engineered, put into production, and, finally, operated. This is generally how we deal with systems, and it works well. The problem with this is that we can't predict crisis. We can guess at what pieces of the system are more likely to fail. We can shore up those parts of the systems with fail-safes, but, as many have experienced, sometimes the fail-safes fail, and sometimes the entire system fails as we test our fail-safes, ironically. How many times have you read an explanation of a system outage, and the root cause was a generator test for a datacenter? While all of these things are important, this is not the focus of this blog. The focus of this blog is on resilience, which happens at the time of crisis.

Usually in a time of crisis we have not been able to plan for it. If we did plan for it well, we don't consider it a crisis, as crisis is averted. As I mentioned earlier, this is the nature of crisis, and why this blog focuses on resilience. At the time of crisis we gather together and come up with a common understanding of the situation. We discuss what our target is, where we would like to be in the future, and what goals we have for action we take. Finally, we evaluate various proposals to reach our target and decide on action. This works well for systems with relatively few dimensions and relations. For instance, if the water supply from a reservoir is provided to a city via a canal, and a landslide takes out part of the canal, the situation, target and proposals are fairly easy to arrive at. This is also something that can be planned around to avert a crisis. The socio-economic-environmental systems that are stressed, right now, have many dimensions and relations, much more than can be predicted or managed. Further, much of our society relies on computer systems which are increasingly complicated. In order to be resilient, we need to be able to quickly understand many dimensions and relations at the time of crisis. This is not a contradiction. It is a goal, the only approach available at time of crisis.

Cognitively, humans don't do particularly well at considering complex dynamic systems. While we are better than other apes, we still have limitations. We generally think of complex issues as having two teams (us and them using at most two methods). We use models to break out of this. Language is a model. Archetypes in our unconcious mind serve as models. We render these models in our bio-ware, and every human renders differently. This makes collaboration difficult, so we often fall back to our two team model and outsource the serious work to third party analytics and playbooks. Often there is a strong leader who understands the situation better than most and can guide response, but this has limits.

Artificial intelligence technology has changed this, and in our favor. I'm not talking about science fiction rogue Al, I'm talking about what Al is based on, knowledge expressed as relations, knowledge graphs, or ontologies. This is the world that Dr. Desirée Daniel is working from, the expression of knowledge in a way that machines can use. Translating models into a common ontology that renders the same for everybody, gives us a way to visualize, collaborate, investigate, and build upon models of any dimension, and with the same meaning. No longer are we hobbled by different bio-rendering. We can decide where we are, where we want to go, and how to get there and map it. This does not mean that we avoid different approaches. We need all human perspectives to work through our problems. It does mean that we can agree on a model that behaves the same no matter who runs it. It also means that anybody can own these tools and work together to tackle our large problems.

The tools and models matter, but we also need to be able to do this quickly for a crisis. This means that we don't

have time to set up complex analytics or enter into a business relationship with a third party. We need to be able to model quickly and form decisions based on the models. The creation of the models should be able to be done by anybody involved in the crisis management, and shouldn't require technical skills. The nature of crisis is that we don't know what the situation will be. Who is available to respond? What area of knowledge or expertise will be needed to build the models and decide on an action? These answers will not be known until the time of crisis, so it is important to make the tools easy to use.

Owning these tools is an important goal for individuals, businesses, organizations, countries, and the world. Unfortunately, over time we have ceded our control of these types of tools to large cloud providers and software companies. Much of this is because of the complexity of the systems, but another part of this is the nature of business. By the time you get to the point of AI and complex modeling and analytics, there is a significant amount of complexity involved. It is usually a good business move to rely on companies that specialized in providing this. From a resilience perspective, though, there are risks with this because of system dependencies both physical and technical. The most obvious risk is loss of internet connectivity. A less visible risk is the current way that most people develop, deploy, and manage new systems that provide the tools I'm describing. Infrastructure is increasingly deployed in a way that hides the complexity of the system and cedes ownership.

#chimp notches #resilience



2020-03-17 • Subject • Nesting Doll Disappointment • LR

The levels of disappointment and sadness for me go back in nesting dolls of memory and experience to the very beginning. At the same time, the brilliant moment, now, is beyond words in extent, freedom, and promise. I am here! People still surprise me in flourishes of insight, integrity, and beauty, but mostly they disappoint with their shallow consideration, predictable reactions and idiotic battle lines. And, social media as a touch point of communication is the worst perspective to form a more positive view. This is what most have chosen to use, which wraps it.

#civilization



2020-03-19 • Subject • Bootstrapping • LR

The stress in this post was assuming an existing system was being analyzed. Another type of crisis is when there is no existing system. How do you bootstrap analytic infrastructure to do modeling in the first place? More importantly, how do you bootstrap a new system of any kind? From a positive perspective, if you want to model a new business but don't have any money, what do you use? It is unlikely that a new organization has the resources to afford and operate current forms of technology, as they need both money and expensive talent. What is needed is something that is self-contained, able to provide collaboration without relying on paid cloud providers, and is simple to use so that expert staff is not necessary.

This is the silver lining of change. What needs to be done? What relationships exist, and which ones need to be strengthened? The beginning of any new effort often starts with something resembling an ontology.

[There will be a lull in posts until there is something to show. I am working diligently to produce a demonstration. The intent is to provide a completely open and free end-to-end solution that provides ingestion, modeling, and AI/ML. For more on the technical ideas around this see Cruft Buster. ~Aggie]



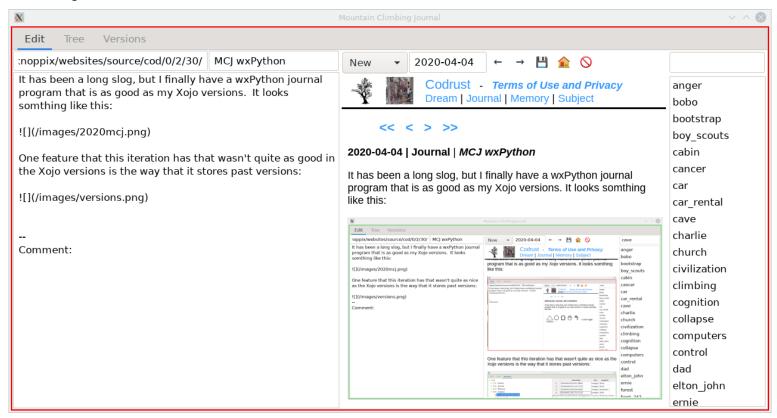
2020-03-25 • Subject • Seaming • L R

Truth laying in a seam of gold underground in a dark cave, once found, holds all interest, and the pull of the find consumes all effort, as it is traced by eyes peering out greedily from skin encrusted with dirt and sweat.

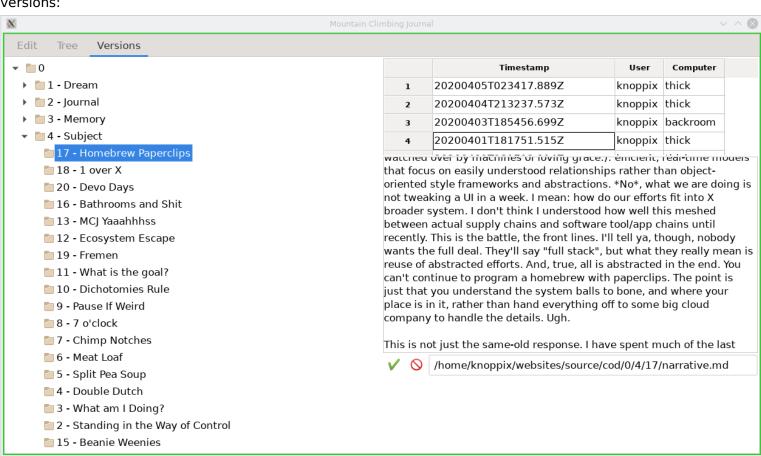


2020-04-04 • Journal • MCJ wxPython • LR

It has been a long slog, but I finally have a wxPython journal program that is as good as my Xojo versions. It looks something like this:



One feature that this iteration has that wasn't quite as good in the Xojo versions is the way that it stores past versions:



The versions are important, as they allow collaboration on ontologies. It is a large loop of effort.

#bootstrap #ouroboros



2020-04-11 • Subject • Grandpa Waves • LR

Toward the end of his life, my grandfather stopped expressing any political opinions, or, really, any strong opinion. He would tell stories, mainly WWII war stories, or of trips to Mexico in Jeeps with his best friend and the problem of flat tires in the desert. He would dismiss a particularly aggressive opinion with "Whatever". More and more his "whatever" faded in tone, so it was like he was talking to himself. When he was younger he would get in knock down, drag-out (figurative) fights at the dinner table with his son, my mom's brother, about politics. What remained as his expressed opinion faded, was joy just being with those he loved, living in the world, his evening three finger vodka, launching his boat himself off his homemade truck winch, and fishing. I don't think this was because of weakness. He knew what his opinions were. It was more that the wash of love mixed with suffering and sand overwhelmed whatever opinion arose, bobbing up briefly to the surface. He only had to wait half a moment for the opinion to be immersed and irrelevant again, from his perspective, in the wash.

#grandpa



2020-04-13 • Subject • Is it Worth it? • LR

Dichotomies are dangerous. First off, they illustrate a limitation of cognition. There can be three or three thousand or three billion teams in various interactive flows. With that in mind, I'd like to lay out a dichotomy that makes sense to me, that balances my own pessimism.

It is OK to be pessimistic about predictions or the perceived right action that is being subscribed to en masse. It is OK to believe that our global socio-economic-environmental system will collapse. I've written about the idea of 1 over X that forms a barrier between the present and the future, between now and after collapse. The dichotomy that makes sense, is that work and action are either intended for now, or on the other side of 1/X.

What we do is relevant to one side or the other. Normally what we do, since we can't really imagine the other side of 1/X, is we focus on this side. This is depressing. It may be motivating, but it is depressing. Why am I keeping myself from human contact with social distancing, if there will be other waves of infection? If there is no way to turn back the climate triggers and the arctic ice melts, triggering more positive feedback loops, then why do my efforts matter? What if I die tomorrow? What if my ideas of a persistent soul are incorrect? There are many variations of this.

One approach to 1/X is faith - having faith in some form of right action, usually preached on this side, even though it relies on a particular form of reality on the other side of 1/X. There are also general platforms of action and belief, like the Three Jewels of Buddhism or the Sermon on the Plain. These are probably decent benchmarks for action, but they don't fit well into the idea of work. Work might be art, or it might be your job.

One pitfall to dichotomies is that the teams mean different things to different people. So far, I've been general enough to avoid this, and I want to keep it that way. Everybody's version of 1/X is different, and there are likely many shapes, sizes and types, some concentric, some intersecting, and some disjoint. Think about your own 1/X. What is it that you can't see past that serves some form of relation with your work?

Start asking questions about your work. Would I be doing this if I do not have a persistent soul? Would I be doing this if the human population of the planet falls to 1 billion people in the next century? Would I be doing this if I have to stay holed up at home again next year with another round of disease? Would I be doing this if Jesus was a Mushroom? Would I toss the ring into the fires of Mount Doom if the Shire is destroyed regardless of what I do? Many of these ideas have devastating implications for our typical scaffolding of self and our work.

Split up every question into the dichotomy of now and after 1/X. When the work, the action, the belief is consistent between the two, then you have learned something quite priceless about your work, something that is on a firmer

foundation than, say, kindness. Again, it is probably a bad idea to go against platforms of right action. That alone can take a lifetime of learning to become better and better at. Kindness is a worthy rule, but sometimes work seems more like a Buckdancer's Choice, so try and find work that aligns on both sides of the dichotomy. Likely, whatever your exact take is, you will be wrong, so make sure you take that into account too. Don't bake in extra 1/X fallacies trying to solve for the commonality in the 1/X dichotomy.

#church #civilization #control #identity #jesus



2020-04-16 = Subject = All Equal = LR

Why do we never specifically talk about the cost from a resource perspective of humans being alive? Why is it always abstracted? We'll get down to insurance and healthcare costs in the abstract, but we never make it specific. I have been struggling with this particular idea for years.

First off, of course, the specific is difficult. We love our family, and will do anything to help. So, we can't consider, say, the cost of hospitalizing everybody over 60 who gets sick without including our own family. Individually, then, this makes sense. I feel I have an obligation to help my family to the extent they need and want. I get a get-out-of-jail-free card for my own proven record in this area.

But this isn't enough to explain this in the broader way. What I mean by this, is, why don't we, as a people on this limited planet, directly address the problem of the cost of too many humans staying alive for as long as possible? The specific example (above), while it makes sense as a partial explanation, doesn't fit with the urgent needs of the broader socio-political-economic-environmental system we are part of.

Why is this such a conflict? First off, our leaders are not idiots (for the most part). And, by leaders, I just mean those that are running things. It might be a think tank at RAND. It might be French military intelligence. It might be one or more CEOs. It might be the Dalai Lama. We don't have a problem with asking people to sacrifice in times of war, so why is it that our leaders don't address this and coax us into focusing on the broader system? I don't believe that the answer is simply that people aren't willing to sacrifice. Individual people are pretty stout at the core, I think, and wartime mobilization efforts and volunteerism/sacrifice during, say, WWII, demonstrate this. People often sacrifice for the broader good.

The usual answer to this would be that it is not politically expedient; however, that doesn't really work with me to explain it. I *suspect* that what actually happens is that it is like a game where real leaders all know there isn't enough, so it is a juggling act of politics and feel-good "taking steps". I've seen the taking steps approach endlessly in my field, where too few people with too little skill run too many systems that are too complicated. Frankly, the current solution of agile and containerization is more of an abstraction that hides the core issues, and serves more as reinforcement of my criticism than a solution. (Anybody in IT, bring it. I'd love to argue this one. I recently dug into containerization, and it truly was as bad as I suspected. And, no, Kubernetes doesn't directly address it, unless you want to assume large global overlords that regiment staff with tiny tasks.) And in IT, like the overall messy world, management knows that full solutions are untenable. We are left with taking steps.

We also have the problem example of the Iron Man saviors. Why does Bill Gates, likely a very smart man, pour so much time and money into saving humans, when he must know there is a population problem? This is the go-to dance move by philanthropists these days, save humans, when it is an undisputed fact that death is as natural as birth. Death frees up a world *for* birth. The whole deal with flattening the curve is to insure we can spend as much money as possible (by attempting to free up beds for future waves), along with a vague hope of a vaccine before the next wave (or an Ebola-type control, which we know by the guessed r factor is not rational).

The easy, immediate conclusion, is one of raw power and paranoia. That is, the leaders are evil from the start. If they aren't evil then they aren't leaders, or, at least, they are overwhelmed by evil. But I don't think that is what we are at our core, individually. In other words, the conflict is just a form of power struggle between the haves and have-nots. But that never really satisfied me. I think the Iron Man types truly feel they are helping, or, at least, they are doing the only thing that they think will help.

I was thinking about the scenario in the Bigsite production of PKD's The Man in the High Castle. One of the plot lines is that the commander's kid gets sick, and the commander struggles to reconcile his party's stance of how to deal with those who they deem don't pull their weight in society. It is all fine if it is somebody else's kid, but not if it is your own kid. I think about this often, because it is the instant response to this kind of conversation. These ideas sound like the Third Reich, and in the PKD story, it is exactly that.

As this was all running through my head, along with the reminder that Bigsite produced The Man in the High Castle, I saw a news blurb about a Web 2.0 billionaire and his universal basic income push. The theory was that automation will displace jobs, so humans needed to still live via UBI (all absurd from the above perspective, but a useful bullet point). As I was reading about this, I thought, well, if the billionaire was fine with UBI, I'm fine with it.

BAM! This is it. The only way that this works with any kind of ethics is if everybody plays by the same rules. The billionaire certainly doesn't feel he lives on UBI. I doubt he is willing to live without modern healthcare. It really is a game of leaders just taking steps, yet understanding the real situation. There is no dilemma there/here, then. The catch is that unless everybody in the world agrees to the same basic human rights (or UBI), evil will leak in. So, we continue to push for the right directions, but in a limited way that we know won't help and will likely just aggravate things. There are a couple of real questions here. The first is, can humans exist together in a world where all is equal and we plan our impact specifically? This looks something like a UBI of, say \$1,000/mo. for everybody in the world, and no hospitals, cars, etc. (is my guess). All use public transport, and we deal as a people with 4C rise in temperature over the next 100 years.

Of course, the previous paragraph is Pollyanna. It won't happen. Pragmatically, then, we revert to libertarian to avoid evil. But, there is a core piece there that is my entire insight around this. It is impossible to come up with a broad solution outside of "all equal". All other things turn to evil (or libertarian). We can mobilize, sacrifice, but in areas of death, it has to be equal, or it is evil (do I need to explain?). We have to put in structures of, say, composting, but as soon as society fragments into "some more equal than others", the entire structure falls apart. This means that the only rational way forward is to push on stuff that appears good. Make vaccines, save lives now, think short-term. Make sense? Did I close that loop for ya?

Comments:

2020-04-16 Aggie:

I want to make something very clear. My purpose and point was just that this resolves several issues I have with any of the explanations, at least for me, for why we move forward as we do. Primarily this is an understanding of as-is. The only way I can see out of this without evil is equality, regardless of left or right. One would be the UBI route. We figure what resources we have, what we need to do it, and all ships rise and fall. The other "equal" route is more difficult. Perhaps it is anarchist in nature. Perhaps it is libertarian. These are similar, really. It is easy to just say everybody gets X. Once humans get all scrappy in a libertarian or anarchist scenario, while it might not have the same pitfalls of evil philosophically, it can degrade. And, really, either extreme is not something I can imagine happening. So, we are left with taking steps, even though it doesn't really solve the larger problems. This is not my expertise. I'm not a poli-sci major or anything, just a geek working on modeling systems that facilitate answers to questions about systems. Again, my point was I had an aha moment about why, something that explains the insanity. Hybrid enforcement, layers of government, or 1 percent benefactors of the 99 seem quite problematic for me (tend to evil).

2020-04-16 Sigg:

"All Equal" requires a hefty amount of Big Evil to make happen. And it still wouldn't happen, but the Big Evil would definitely persist. "Some animals are more equal that others," is where any "All Equal" plans always end up.

2020-04-16 Aggie:

We are saying the same thing, at a certain point. First off, this is not, as I clarified, a plan. It is an explanation of as-is. I acknowledge your caution, above, and admit that this is a huge problem. I can imagine some ways to make this equal if everybody plays by the same rules. This would mean we figure

out what we need to subsist in a way that is sustainable over time and we all agree that is what we use. That probably means beans and rice and operating composters, but it could be done with 100 percent agreement without it being evil. The question of whether it will happen or not is a different question. It likely can't happen without it becoming evil (A web 2.0 billionaire overseeing the composter operations from his helicopter, for instance). I don't really want to tackle evil. Again, I'm just a systems analyst geek. Now, if I had to start over again, if I wanted to understand evil better, and form an opinion as my work rather than armchair fb posts, I would have started here.

2020-04-16 Sigg:



2020-04-16 Aggie:

^ that reference is a true-life branch in my own path of life. A professor named Baryl Crowe at TESC tried to get me to take his class, Society and Modern Evil, based, significantly, on works by Hannah Arendt. That is not what I chose to do.

2020-04-16 Sigg:

Facebook isn't for this...;-)

2020-04-16 Aggie:

"facebook isn't for this".... well, it is not for any kind of expectations of working out the controversial issues. Mostly it serves as a form of confirmation bias on issues. What I'm raising, since it isn't really a plan, and isn't really an argument with anybody in particular, is simply a personal understanding that has been bothering me for quite some time that I thought might be interesting. True, expressing it in this way is kind of like the cat. I think this has a slightly different flavor and intent than, say, for instance, expecting to change people's opinions about gun rights (just as an arbitrary example, there, Sigg. ;-))

2020-04-16 Aggie:

Although! One time one of your posts did change my mind about some gun legislation. I'm not that hard a sell on libertarian ideas, though.

2020-04-16 Sigg:

I've already written and then deleted one post related to current events this morning.... Never mind, he says... lol ... it's sunny outside. Time to go do some firewood and garden work and repair the flat tire on the tractor...;-)

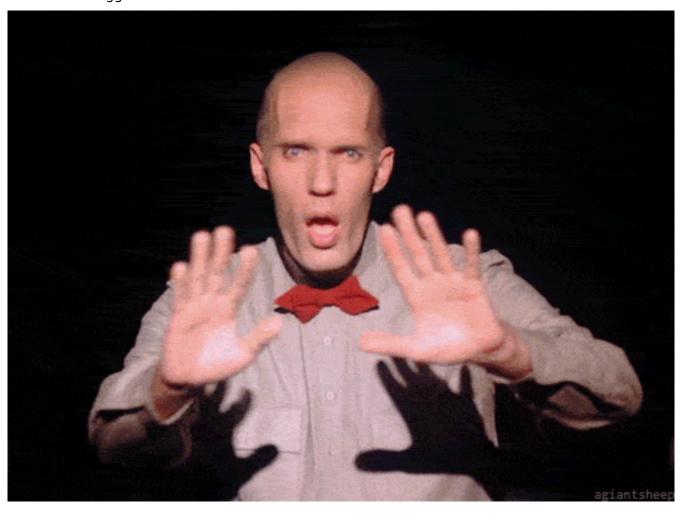
2020-04-16 Aggie:

As long as you stay away from Kelso, Sigg, you're golden.

2020-04-16 Sigg:

hahahaaa... gotta go to Kelso tomorrow, actually. Making a hyper-organized errand run... Kelso is included...

2020-04-16 Aggie:

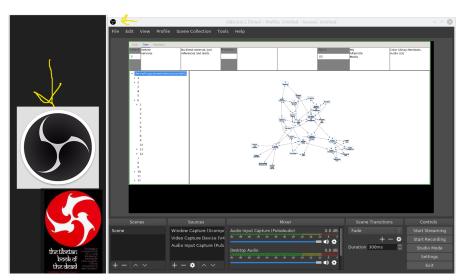


Sigg:





2020-04-17 = Subject = MCJ Tomoe = LR



I am putting together an updated presentation of my modeling tools, and I noticed that the logo on my video capture software is similar to the symbol on the Tibetan Book of the Dead from the Phlegm House Bathtub Vision.

I have several beginnings and endings meeting at this moment in time. First off, is the circle from this vision in 1986 until now. The advice I received in the vision was "It's all in you". I then looked at a leaf in the forest, noticed how beautiful it was, and understood that it was all in me to enjoy the forest. Without going too far on the comparison, I was looking at the veins in the leaf, which looks kind of like a tree, which was in a forest of

trees. It isn't that far of a stretch to make the comparison between my focus now and that advice.

Another beginning is how I got my start in enterprise IT. I worked for a staffing firm that grew from several local branches to a large nation-wide company. Part of the reason why I have this presentation on my screen is that I interviewed with a hiring manager that I worked with at the staffing firm. It went well, and he would like me to meet the team next week. The presentation itself will be good to have, but the hiring manager is also open to the modeling tools themselves. I described them in my interview. So, that circle intersects the beginning and present as far as enterprise IT.

One interesting change in how I think of the idea of mountain climbing is that I think of the journal as a key tool for climbing rather than an indulgence. As an example, keeping a journal of daily life along with a dream journal can provide supports and even a guiding rope as you climb the mountain. Lately, though, I've thought more and more about how hard it is to create new things. For instance, the image above shows a graph where the nodes can be clicked to create relations and edit the metadata. It took me many months to figure out how to do all of this end-to-end, a full climb. I can describe in detail how to do this, starting with a single DFD ISO image that is easily downloaded from 30 or so mirror sites. This truly is a satisfying climb, vs. simply focusing on a small part of a single rock on the mountain face and relying on cloud providers to cover the rest of the journey.

Another circle is my approach to this broad modeling project. I started with the DFD as my presentation; however, I had to move the UI over to wxPython vs. Xojo, which meant learning Python, come up with roll-back for the entries, develop a robust two-way replication mechanism for file-system trees, and migrate my journals and website to the new schema. I am just getting back to the GUI for the DFD entry as I imagined originally. I am wrapping an entire year since I first started working on my graph ideas, and that article itself had ouroboros in the title.

#mcj #ouroboros

Comments:

2020-04-17:

It is also fairly easy to see the three hares in the white of the symbol on the book, which was Yvette's symbol. Technically, though, and in context, ground, path, and fruit from a Gankyil work well. This is closer to a Tomoe than three hares; however, once you see three hares on the TBD cover, you can't unsee it.

2020-04-17:

And... I just so happen to have Eno's Here Come the Warm Jets playing during this entire time, which also wraps to '86.



2020-04-22 • Journal • Tub Pits • L R

I started sobbing, silent at first, just the quick heaves of my chest, and after a good ten seconds, tears ran down my face. I was listening to Cat Stevens' song Father and Son. That is what triggered it. I don't know exactly why. I could guess, I suppose. Perhaps is it my relationship with my father. Perhaps it is a general perception of the loss of my innocence. Perhaps it is a perception of distance and time. Regardless, I turned off my Cat Stevens soundtrack as I worked, and switched to Tangerine Dream. The change in music eliminated the feeling of grief.

I worked for a bit more until I finished fixing the current bug in CB, and took a bath. I let my mind and body drift in the hot water and considered what had happened. I realized that it was a kind of pit, an abyss of sorrow. Sure, there were realizations to be had, progress to be made, but overall I am unclear on what is accomplished by looking at pain like that, re-experiencing it, re-opening wounds. From a dream perspective, until the full experience is faced and reconciled, the dream will recur. The problem with conscious connections is the idea of papier-mâché. It is possible to re-write stories with too much consideration, creating demons from mosquito bites. I remain unclear.

I've had a similar experience of sobbing and grief with some of the more powerful presentations on climate and the human experience on the planet, particularly The Cross of the Moment and Gary Snyder's reading. To this day I can't read Snyder's poem without breaking down a bit. While another touchstone in this area is George Carlin's

routine on Saving the Planet, it has a much different feel. The Carlin routine is not in a pit. There is something about comedy that is common; it is on a different level.

I thought about other pits. What was the characteristic of a pit? I also thought about how pits weren't something you just considered all of the time. It seems unwise to identify the pits and then go revisit them, peer deep down and reconnect with the sorrow and pain. Sharing pits is futile. It is unlikely that anybody will connect in the same way. Whatever it is that caused tears to stream down my face will likely not be the same for another person, even though they may recognize the nature of the pit and have their own version. More importantly, though, they are likely not revisiting the pit if it is a pit, for the same reason I switched to Tangerine Dream.

My considerations became more visual as I laid in the bath, and I realized that most of my life and the life of others was in a field of mud above the pits. I thought about the Starlit Mire:

Out spake a Star: "Be silent, thou that slipped! The mud that caused thy fall still mirrors ME"

I suppose we do fall into pits. Is this a different kind of pit than a hole? I'm not exactly sure. I thought again about the Starlit Mire. There are stars above the mud. I realized that the topology of this world was symmetrical. What I considered stars, intensely beautiful things, were likely just as impossible to share. What I saw, experienced as beautiful, with diamond-bullet clarity, had an equal pit of sorrow, grief, horror below the mud we inhabited.

We survive together in mud, then, pointing out our pits and stars to each other, but we are lonely on this plane, because we only share triggers, archetypes, and references. We create golems, avoid pits, long after stars, but, mostly we are mud.

#dad #mud #pit



2020-04-24 • Subject • Middle Aged Men's Fluffers • LR

Have you noticed the similarity between news shows, rockabilly/hot-rod Betties, and a new group of young women hosting political videos on social media? I have. I imagine that at a small-block powered burger-eating slice of time at a drive-in in the fifties, some women dressed in approximately the same way, certainly more conservatively, but similar. The men in this same slice of time might have dressed in white undershirts, talked like The Fonz, and didn't have beer bellies. There is likely a seed of truth to the fantasy. Now, though, if I see somebody driving down the road with a genuine Ford flathead powered hot-rod, it is a middle-aged man closer to death than peak earning power.

The magazines, the culture, though, are relentless. Betties are splayed out on cars, breasts splayed out of tiny tops with tattoos splayed out on exposed skin. I admit, I like all the splaying. It is yummy. I appreciate a good revved up deuce as much as Bruce Springsteen and Chris Thompson. Still, though, I can't help but put the men I see driving the actual hot-rods in real life next to the Betties in the color glossy magazines, video shows, and web sites. I recently signed up for Pinterest, and find myself following an alluring collection of old rusty cars in beautiful, natural settings. I can see the alternately layered world of old cars with Betties offered as a new thread of interest to pinup, but I resist, not because I don't enjoy some good Betty splaying, but just because it has become tired to me, unoriginal, and transparent.

The act of restoring an old car is a fabulous fantasy, or, if you wish, an attempt at sympathetic magic. Take an old car found in a field or barn, strip it down, treat the rust, weld new pieces... welding is good, sparks flying, quite virile. Here is another interesting bit, put a splayed Betty behind that torch, snap a pic, and it becomes even more appealing. Eventually, with enough money, the once broken down old car is shiny and vibrant. Sometimes there is an art to keeping the old tarnish but updating the running gear. Overall, though, the magic is taking something old and making it new again, cool again. Make that old car great again.

The addition of Betties into the mix helps keep the cultural identity afloat. I will call it a male culture because it mostly is. I am sure there are exceptions, but I have not once seen a restored hot-rod being driven by a female. In addition to the mechanical aspects, there are social and philosophical aspects to this. There is a whole culture, a way of looking at the world, that the cars represent. It is the way of looking at the world that is opposite of, say, the practical Nash Rambler way. Cars are fast, bold, disposable, wasteful. As the culture ages, as the men lose

their stamina, fluffers are needed, and the Betties are up to the challenge of keeping the image alive, at least long enough for the shot.

Let's consider news shows. This same aging hot-rod culture that replaced the practical Ramblers, replaced Walter Cronkite with news show Betties. Consider the talking heads you see on your news program. There is almost always a Betty in there. Granted, a much blander, Barbie version, but, still, you can make them out. Instead of old cars, old ideas are reworked and made to look new again. More so, though, the Betties caress the old ideas into something uncharacteristic of a middle aged man resistant to new ideas.

The new Betty version in a rash of political videos that I see on social media has a stronger likeness. This is where the bridge between old school Betties and the present is most apparent. You can almost pluck the images straight off of the hood of a '55 Bel Air and set them up talking about rightish issues. Generally, though, less boobs, more glasses. Too much boob splaying would make it apparent to the middle aged men, clinging to old ideas of freedom and technological optimism, that they are being fluffed. I'm not immune. The Id is a powerful force under the surface. I can just see the similarity, is all.

#collapse #identity



2020-04-26 • Subject • Matrix Batteries • LR

I was laying in bed, drinking coffee, letting my mind wander around the news that people aren't necessarily immune after recovering. This, coupled with news of lockdown extensions and likely mutations, as well as a flurry of big company inc(s) making ventilators, made me think of waves of people getting set up on at-home ventilators via telehealth in between surviving waves - shipments of oxygen tanks, and food, delivered faceless to people as they holed up, their only connection to the world managed by large companies for communication, livelihood, entertainment, health, and food, the world becoming increasingly virtual. Then.... BAM, I realized that we are creating our own horror story. Humans are putting themselves in pods, just like in the Matrix. Apparently this is the moral and right way to exist.

What does it mean to be human? How can it be that this definition changed in nature so extremely in the last few hundred years? What are we willing to do to avoid death? What of the natural world are we willing to destroy? This goes beyond the current crisis. The first Matrix movie struck me as truly revolutionary when it came out, a brutal attack on consumer culture. The steak scene, for instance, can be taken in multiple ways. I feel more and more like we are treated like tiny batteries to keep the global machine running. We are dehumanizing ourselves and feeling good about it.

#civilization #social media

Comments:

2020-04-28:

Sigg suggested that I look at the writings of Wendell Berry. After some investigation, I decided to read his Landscape of Harmony. Primarily I am interested in the challenges of human cognition, specifically: that we use models to understand how we fit into society, and this includes language and the vision of people like Wendell Berry. Models also include physical and psychological lenses, and interpretation challenges due to paradoxes of measurement. I am pouring my personal work into developing agile methods to generate models that can be quickly set up and queried. The models are simple enough that they can help analyze systems, even in Berry's case, as they can be laid out on paper if needed.

2020-04-28:

On the surface, my immediate criticism of Berry is similar to my criticism of Thoreau (and, for that matter, Sigg). The broader system, the global socio-economic-ecological system, is not taken into account, besides by the most surface analysis. All of us are looking at industrial civilization from within industrial civilization, and the conclusion that none of this is sustainable *at all* is not allowed in the conversation in preference for positive forward motion and a form of optimism. I still need to read more Berry, and my

guess is, as Sigg told me, that I will bring some more color to the questions about what it means to be human for 190 thousand of 200 thousand years of being human.



2020-04-29 • Journal • Victory Lap • L R

I got the AI to work with my model, today. I started there, back in September, with a working set of rules and AI, but I took a long trip in a circle getting the schema to fit with my journal, and figuring out how to make the whole thing collaborative. The final piece was seeing if I could infer that system processes were related if I set it at a deep level. After a day of struggling with the peculiarities of Virtuoso, I figured it out. All of the changes didn't keep the tail end of the new MCJ from fitting with the AI. So, I'm back at the beginning again, and I know the dimensions of the circle. I can relax a bit now, and focus on the main wins at first, and then spiral down the documentation incrementally. add stuff

I watched a movie with Rachel Ward in it today, while I worked out, called Double Jeopardy. Decent movie. I have had an interest in her since I saw Against All Odds for the 99 cent movie while I was living in The Hobbitat. I didn't know until today that she was in Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid. I've seen it before, but perhaps I will watch it this evening as part of the celebration of Al. I started with a victory lap beer.



As I was watching Double Jeopardy, I noticed my throat was scratchy. I think it is just the pollen, but it crossed my mind that I might have some kind of killer virus or something. What if I couldn't finish documenting how all of this works, particularly now that I got the AI working? I chuckled a bit because I don't know that many people that really care that much, yet it is foremost on my mind. I **have** to get this done before I succumb to a killer virus. It is kind of odd to have something be so important to **me**, and so unimportant to most people I know. I'm OK with it, though. I like to think it explains some things. If people were generally interested in new ways of looking at stuff, perhaps we wouldn't be in the situation we are in. I swear there is a form of collusion to resist new ideas. Regardless, though, it works. I can document it, get it online, and move on.

As I was drinking my victory lap beer, I noticed a bumble bee gathering some pollen from the flowering kale from last year. A honey bee was buzzing around some other flowers as well. I thought how in balance they were with the flowers, and how the pollination worked with the plants and bees. The thought crossed my mind that humans needed to recede a bit to make way for the bees, and it reminded me of the conclusion on the Georgia Guide-stones:

Be not a cancer on the earth — Leave room for nature — Leave room for nature.

I love it that the rules are so concise, yet "Leave room for nature" is repeated twice. Yes, we need to leave room for nature. I still want to finish my documentation. Perhaps it will be interesting to somebody in the future.

#civilization #georgia_guidestones #mazda #ouroboros #pickup

Comments:

2020-04-29:

I ended up watching it. I don't think I've watched it since it came out in 1982. One thing that was somewhat interesting is that there are clips from Double Indemnity in there, which I get mixed up with Double Jeopardy.



2020-05-05 • Subject • Where Does Stuff Come From? • LR

The resolution of crises often revolve around simple questions, involve tangible decisions, require a solid understanding of the situation, and leverage inclusive collaboration. As an example, we could ask the question, "Should we send a fire truck to the hospital on fire north of town, or to the power generator south of town?" The question is

simple, and needs to be done quickly with a limited set of people collaborating on gathering information needed to make the decision, and either vote collaboratively, or defer to an authority that uses the information to decide.

There are many things that can change after the decision was made. Perhaps the power station blows up right after the fire engine is sent to the power station, and there is no way to recall the decision, as communications are down, so the hospital burns to the ground. Even if an authority makes the final decision, it is quite likely that collaboration on the knowledge to make the decision was required. If the decision was made without key information - the cooling tower had already burned down, for instance - then blame might fall on those relied on to cull and relay the information.

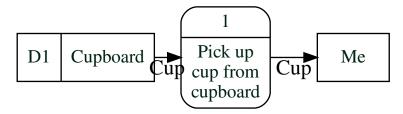
Maps are a structural form of knowledge that can be made with relatively certain statements. In the case of the fire truck scenario, for instance, all concerned could map out the various dependencies that needed to be considered. Big fat caution here, though: **dynamic systems are very difficult to model with values in the flows**. This can be done by models, either computer simulations or physical, but dynamic systems modeling is not the topic of this article. This article considers maps (technically graphs), as a way to analyze a situation or problem.

For larger problems, the idea that situations and strategy can be resolved by simple questions is counter-intuitive to many. The web of dependencies is too big. Because of this, we expect solutions to large problems to be solved by an authority with access to complicated knowledge frameworks and intelligence consoles, something beyond our understanding. Alternatively, we might fall back to divisive, tribal approaches, and tell different stories that explain the current crisis and blame it on another tribe.

Maps can help solve larger scenarios by breaking the situation down into smaller questions that are not subject to as much debate. What does a power station need to not blow up? A cooling tower, working plumbing, electricity for the pump, etc. What composes a cooling tower? What parts of a cooling tower are flammable? These questions are quite useful in decomposed form. Further, they can facilitate inclusive agreement and transparency.

What is the most complicated system? Well, likely the global supply chain and related socio-ecomonic-political-ecological components of the collective agency supersystem. Even within this system, though, we can map out bits of information, relations within the graph, the distance between towns, gas stations, diners.

The global supply chain provides stuff. Consider the simple question "Where does stuff come from?". Let's answer this for a coffee cup. We can model this with three symbols. Let's say that D stands for materials sitting at rest, and is signified by a rectangle enclosing the D and a reference number. Let's say that a rounded box transforms materials by transporting, baking, mixing or other changes, and people/groups/organizations are symbolized by a square box. From a simplistic perspective, cups come from the cupboard. A diagram showing how I obtain the cup in my hand could look like this:



D1= where cups are stored at rest

1 = the process of picking up a cup

Me = myself

What material is it made from? Does it have glaze on it? Where did the components of the material come from? Did you buy it? How did you buy it? How did you get the money to buy it? Who did you buy it from? How was the item displayed at the store? Did it arrive on your doorstep in a cardboard box? Did you find some clay and bake it in the town's communal kiln?

As humans we are limited cognitively when considering the number of participants with different goals, some common, some not, working with different tools. We often think of the world as divided into different teams, and we can collaboratively use several tools together at the same time, but for more complex systems we need models. This is why we often relapse into tribal modes of thinking of the world, particularly if we don't feel empowered to own our methods of modeling.

Spoken language maps to a model in the minds of those in the conversation. Written words are a bit more concrete, but still work as a model, particularly if the topic is a framework like law. Science and engineering are models of the world with slightly different perspectives and rules for use. These models ratchet civilization forward. As an example, it is fairly easy to consider the manufacture of a cup if clay is gathered directly and baked in the town's communal kiln, but for more complicated models of creating stuff, it is impossible to imagine without models. Writing is required to maintain a civilization of any size based on agriculture. Industrial civilization is more difficult to model. Let's turn our focus to industrial civilization. Here is how the supply chain might look for a cup made in a factory:

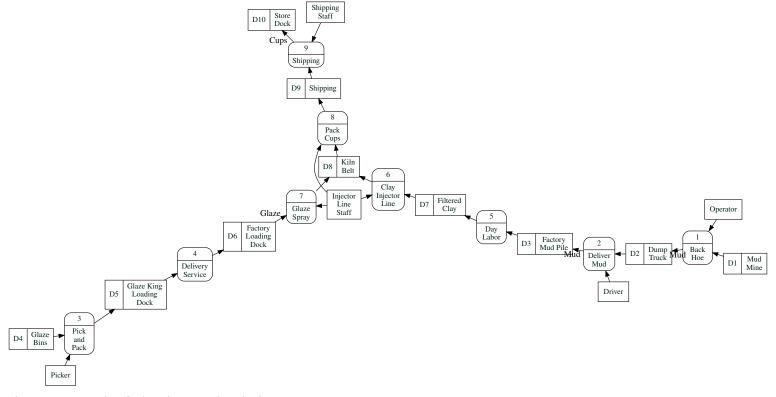


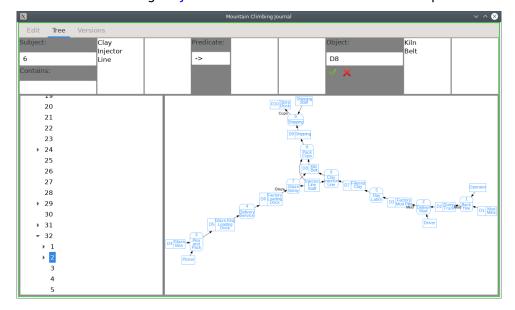
Figure 2: Graph of Simple Supply Chain

D4 = where various kinds of glaze are stored at the glaze supplier

D8 = cups fired in a kiln by the workers on the clay injector line

D10 = cups at the loading dock of the store ready to be stocked

This was made using MCJ and Cruft Buster. Here is how the triples are entered:



A bigger question, related to where stuff comes from, is what negative externalities are associated with the item. Negative externalities are things like pollution or resource usage that are not directly related to the item. Generally, the clay or metal in the manufacture of a cup, for example, is accounted for as direct cost, as is labor and other

normal expenses. Usually externalities, either positive or negative, are not tracked. With a cup there is some pollution associated with transport, not only of the item itself, but all things associated with it: the people who made it, the breakfast sandwich they bought at the drive-through on the way to work and the sandwich wrapper. It forms a transitive web.

If a worker drives a car to go to the store at the mall where the coffee mug was displayed, there is some obvious environmental degradation associated with that. Not all externalities are negative. A singer in the park might get direct income from a tip jar, but a positive externality would be enjoyment of the park for all visitors. Negative externalities would be singing that is so bad it detracts from enjoyment of the park, or perhaps the singer leaves litter behind. Negative externalities are subsidized by the surrounding socio-economic-ecological system where the activity takes place.

A cup is a relatively simple thing. A smart phone, though, is so far out of the realm of a cup, that it is almost a silly idea to even try and compare the supply chain webs, but I will try. Smart phones are interesting because of the layered webs of intellectual property (IP). Some components represent tiny little moonshots as far as the extent of the web of creation, CDMA, for instance. Guarding the IP, monetizing it, is more important because of the scale. A large portion of the cost of a smart phone is IP. The small moonshot analogy is interesting for multiple reasons, but the most entertaining is how the actual US moonshot bootstrapped the supply chains that allowed the manufacture of other consumer and military items.

Consider our simple cup graph. Items like loading docs, clay injectors, back hoes, and shipping routes all need to exist before a cup can exist using this model for manufacture. Getting this up and running takes some time and energy. Once the supply chain is operational it can be kept afloat by the participants. If the delivery truck breaks down, the participants can fix the truck without needing to understand the entire system. This is what I'm calling bootstrapping. For cups, it is somewhat trivial, at least to us. The equivalent in 1177 BC might take some serious Egyptian scribes and leaders to bootstrap, though. And, as a side note, WWII bootstrapped other industries and supply chains. There is a significant amount of IP that was financed by wars.

IP is often related to supply chains with technical items. Consider "Where does stuff come from?" in the context of AM radio. This becomes "How do we convert signals in the air to sound in a speaker?" The answer might be a transistor or diode, and it might be patented IP. There are many more items that we need to trace. Rinse and repeat for fifty years until you get to smart phone.

In addition to the direct sources, the water, air, and other resources and associated negative externalities of a smart phone are more significant and complicated than a cup as well. Now, if I go find some clay myself and fire it in a communal kiln along with 15 other cups, say, I will see the damage I did to the side of the hill and breathe in the smoke from the kiln. The negative externalities are in my face. If I create a factory to make cups, I can make millions of them. The negative externalities associated with production are now concentrated. I can load up trucks with clay and fire the cups in a huge kiln with conveyor belts and rows of people packing the finished cups into crates for shipment.

For most people, not only the tangible, direct costs are hidden, but so are the negative externalities. With a smart phone, the negative externalities are spread out around the planet. Somewhere there is a mine for a particular mineral that is needed, and it is likely that the ecological and sociological horror of the mine is disturbing, but it is hidden from view for most people. Take the above simple graph of creating and distributing a cup, add in the negative externalities, and multiply it by trillions, and we have the magic of industrial civilization. Now, there is an interesting bit of human behavior that is illustrated by this. Those that are horrified by the mine, might make it their goal in life to ban the mine. That might be a good goal, but unless the entire system is addressed, it is likely just a form of wack-a-mole or it is an economic disaster for all of the people involved in the supply chain upstream from the mine. Of course, we create amazing things as well. A smart phone, in many ways, is the pinnacle of that achievement, and is mind-numbing in power.

Not only do we have food, but we have all of the other items we are accustomed to. Consider a typical hospital room. Consider the equipment associated with treatment, the drug companies, the clinical trials, the drug testing, the distribution networks, and the intellectual property associated with medical moonshots. If we add medical to food, we have seriously increased our attention and the web we need to map out. But that isn't all. We have a very

rich and complex consumer society that requires other items, and there are few countries where the populace is not striving to obtain these items.

The answer, then, to the question "Where does stuff come from?" is: "Stuff comes from a very complex web of interdependent relations, each relatively simple, but when looked at globally it forms trillions of dependencies." I know what you must be thinking. "Ms. Codrust, if you are saying that stuff comes from a web of trillions of interdependent relations, then how can this possibly be answered?" Well, first of all, I claimed that the question was simple, and was important to focus on. I didn't say the answer was easy to determine. Let's move on to another two simple questions with complex answers: "Where are we now?" "How did we get here?".

Let's take a wander into information technology (IT). Prior to computers, the main basic question, "Where does stuff come from?" was solved by creating warehouses and tracking supply chains on paper. Let's take the cup example. To be profitable, we need to make millions of cups at a time with our factory model. (We are going to assume the factory model here. It is a reasonable assumption at this point in civilization with our population.) The factory needs to have a reliable supply of items to create cups. Let's say these are simple clay cups with a glaze. The factory needs clay, glaze, packing materials, stuff for the kiln, etc. The company owning the factory would purchase supplies from another company that specialized in shipping trucks full of clay and glaze to factories. The manufactured cups were then sent out to other companies that specialized in selling to retail outlets that sold cups. Some of these retail outlets had catalog sales that would deliver items directly to the consumer rather than the consumer traveling to the store.

Tracing where stuff comes from prior to computers for the consumer and retailer was relatively easy. The consumer got the the cups from a retailer, a street vendor, or their kid made it at school. Let's use the retailer as an example. Likely the retailer had their own warehouses that bought cups in bulk from either distributors with warehouses or directly from the factory. Smaller retailers bought cups from distributors with warehouses. The factory got their stuff from warehouses of clay and glaze. Those warehouses worked with mining companies directly or through distributors with warehouses. It was a web, but a fairly understandable web.

There are a couple problems with this. Even with what I've laid out, there is some fuzzy stuff on the supply chain. Perhaps the factory can buy directly from somebody with a dump truck and a back hoe, but what happens when Joe with a back hoe hurts his back? Well, what if the factory bought from 100 Joe's with a back hoe? They wouldn't need to rely on the distributor with the warehouse. If Joe with a back hoe is more expensive than ACME Inc. with a million dollar digger, they can buy from ACME. This kind of flexibility makes businesses more profitable and resilient. Make a note of this, though, because it is quite likely that Joe with a back hoe might be grabbing some clay from the easiest piece of land he can find, and it might have a larger negative externality (like he scraped the clay out of a nearby park at midnight).

In addition to the flexibility of vendors, another problem creeps in. This is the problem of warehouses and inventory in general. At the most basic level, how much clay should a distributor or factory store? Holding inventory is a cost. In the early eighties this is the core idea of "just in time" manufacturing (JIT). Having multiple sources for that clay helps. Having a hundred sources is better. If you have a hundred sources for clay, and quick insight into supply problems so you can reroute, perhaps you can just keep a one week supply of clay on hand.

Computers are good at tracking these types of complex relationships. It is unlikely that a factory could direct source clay from 100 "Joe's with a back hoe" (JWABH) and several ACMEs with million dollar diggers without computers. Notice what this did to our cup, though. Modern civilization now requires computers. What does all of this run on? Mostly oil. Further, the negative externalities of producing computers is much more extensive than a cup, much like it is with a smart phone. It is not necessarily true that there is less environmental degradation from me heading out with a shovel, finding some clay, and firing a cup in a kiln I made myself than participating in the complex web of a modern supply chain.

We need to pause a bit here and consider what this means. We are now at 1982 or so in modern industrial civilization. We have an incredibly complex supply chain with multiple sources, and are using IT to keep everything running. Additionally, we have many associated jobs. Besides the 100 JWABHs, we have shipping clerks, retail clerks, gas attendants, telephone operators, the person at the drive-through window that gave the factory worker the breakfast sandwich, the person that made the breakfast sandwich wrapper, etc.

Notice how in 1982 we provided more options at the front-end of the process? JIT focused on the JWABHs and multiple ACMEs with giant diggers. Between 1982 and today, we have used this same approach on the consumer side, using computers to map resources directly to individual consumers. Further, we have commoditized the human effort at all levels so that they are replaceable in the various stages, much like we have done with the end-points. In other words, we have transformed human activity and the planet into a big supply chain. Don't believe me? Look around yourself now. What do you see? What is behind the objects? Again, ask yourself the simple question, "Where does stuff come from?" and use some of the ideas above to answer the question.

There is one final bit that you should be aware of. Not only have we formed a giant supply chain without much attention to negative externalities, but our attention is being managed to optimize the profit from the supply chain. We aren't just marketed to. Our social interactions have become part of the global supply chain. We are doing this to ourselves every day.

I said at the beginning that anybody could lay out these supply chains and start collaborating on solutions. I also cautioned against tribal, populist approaches. It is possible to map out negative externalities. It is possible to map out supply chains. Much of the tech involved is free and open. Appendix A is a standard format for graphs that will automatically visualize the graph. This was created by AT&T in the 1990s. The supply chain can also be represented by a filesystem tree in Appendix B. Finally, it is possible to create models of an extremely large set of relations using tech that was refined by medical groups studying genes and other health topics. The model simple supply chain model from above is listed as N-Triples in Appendix C, can be analyzed in a graph database like Apache Jena. If you would like to play with a very large database like this, see DBpedia. If you doubt that we can tackle "Where stuff comes from?" with tech like this, please review this site, where many very complicated systems are analyzed using records like Appendix C. If you were able to follow the graphs above, the beautiful thing about this is that the most sophisticated models still use the same format. The only difference is in the meaning of the connected entities in the graph. This is meaning we can agree on.

See the supporting files here.

#bootstrap #civilization



2020-05-06 • Subject • Day One Shave • LR

A new blog is like shaving your head down to the skin, or giving away a car that is too heavy on your mind to own, or quitting a job; breath comes easy and full. Lights are more colorful.

#hard_core



2020-05-08 - Journal - Pronoia Stretch - LR

Two days ago I moved on from codrust to mudhut. Codrust marks a period from last August until this week. I used to do this in my journal/blog with sections named after food (hawg burger, electric fried hot dogs, etc.). I don't generally know **why** I'm shifting, but I can tell when it is time. Sure, if pressed, I can come up with a reason, but usually it is wrong, as I find out later. For instance, I shifted last August, and was laid off a month later.

Things don't really happen as we are consciously aware of them. This is one of the core deals with the journal and dreams. Dreams live in the unconscious mind by definition, but applying words and sentences coaxes out the strangest things. Weird puns show up years later, as do previously unnoticed correlations with colors, places, and people. It is natural to miss this during the average day, but it is important for me to at least try and remember that my psyche is generally aware of more than my conscious mind. Sometimes things pop out.

I wrote a giant article this week, where I focused on using the analysis tools I've developed during the last year. I decided to use an example of supply chains. I **thought** that what I was doing was finally coming up with a kind of analysis that was rich, but everybody could relate to. It was also the first time that I morphed data flow into something different. Instead of data, I used parts of cups. As I mapped it out, when I finished extending to the

more complex supply chains like diodes and transistors, I realized just how deep the relations went. It was kind of shocking, even though I knew all of this at an abstract level. It also fit well with what is happening, particularly with oil, as we are experiencing a drop-off due to the friction on the supply chain, as well as outright breakage.

My supply chain example ended on a somewhat dystopian note, as we are all part of the supply chain. I thought of how the stay-at-home orders were pushing us further into the Matrix, and the social distancing reinforced this. Were we being controlled? Was this purposeful? I'm not sure where I picked up the tendency to first jump to paranoia... well, probably the way I was raised... but I often fall back to conflict theory and paranoia on most things. This isn't to say there isn't a decent amount of valid conflict theory out there. This is one thing I remember learning in college. Pick any complicated topic in sociology, and the deepest research is usually done by conflict theorists. One of my favorites, and very related to my own interests is Harry Braverman and his book Labor and Monopoly Capital.

Almost immediately coinciding with finishing the article, and with synchronistic progress on the job front, I knew it was time for another perspective. I needed to close this particular blog out. The Where Does Stuff Come From article served as a conclusion. I needed to pause. Perhaps I needed to just focus on the operational aspects of Cruft Buster using SysAdminTools and LogIntegrity. Perhaps I needed to just read more and write occasional journal entries. Perhaps none of the above.

At first I thought I would just stick to the operational sites, but it has been almost two years that I have had a steady availability of my public journal in some form, and I know I will miss that outlet. Regardless, Codrust was done. I happened to have a relatively bare blog open already, mudhut, that I had originally planned to do a model with old tech and/or map the Domesday book under King William. I never got there, though, so the blog lay with one entry. I started the new blog by replacing the single small entry with another introduction, and let it rest.

After I found my new resting place for my journal at MudHut, I felt empty. Nothing was happening. I had exhausted all threads. It is a strange feeling for me. When I get in this state, I have a hard time figuring out if I'm depressed or not. There is likely a negative side to these efforts, in that I pull myself forward in motion as a coping mechanism of some kind, but I don't really feel like picking at that too much. Good comes from these cycles... I suspect... at least I suspect enough to continue, and my tangible goals like getting Bobo through high school seem to fit, so all is good.

This morning I was thinking about the idea of pronoia. It accompanied some thoughts about how the really smart people behind modern supply chains all knew what I had discovered. I generally don't think that anything I learn is really new. I can find research and writings about almost everything. My challenge has always been to get anybody in the middle of their career to think differently about anything. I may know for a fact that what I'm talking about is an order of magnitude more efficient, but people are generally happy with what they have and know, and don't have the time or energy to change.

This is where the interruption happens, the surprise. Something has changed in the world. The way the world reacted to the virus was a surprise. For those that have spent much time with toddlers, I am sure you have had the experience walking along with a toddler on the sidewalk. The toddler is keeping up, looking back and forth in interest. Then, all of a sudden, with no warning BAM, the child runs exactly tangential to your path. The kid knows your path and has an innate sense of run-tangential.

Our response to c~19 has seemed irrational to me in the face of the supply chain. How will this work? My understanding is that this is what keeps the world treading water. It is everything. It is our food, our medicine, our roads, our plastic. If there is much friction, there is death, much more death than the threat of the virus deaths. The answer is it doesn't work, though. Here is the thing. I **know** that the global supply chain is the problem. It is burning up all good things on the planet. It is destroying our Eden. I can't have both things. I can't both understand how entrenched civilization is with the global supply chain, and be worried about the friction by staying at home and the associated disruption. The kids, the world, are doing a run-tangential. We are going to cause a global economic depression.

I finally got it. The people in charge that are running the economies of the world are doing a run-tangential. Perhaps run-tangential is exactly right. Perhaps we need to bring this all to a halt. From a global supply chain, true, it doesn't make sense. Consciously people will say, oh, we are just doing such and such because we have no choice, of course, it is just the right thing to do. Sure... sure... that is the story. But then I remembered unconscious mind and toddlers. This is how two things can happen. We mouth the words, the story, but the real reason is deeper. It is like our

dreams are seeping through.

This is where pronoia comes in. My immediate reaction is the dystopia stuff, which is true. We are falling into many versions of dystopia. It is so true that it is a bit boring, even banal to reflect on dystopia at this point. The thing to consider, though, is intent and authority. Intent and authority is where dystopia is evil. Individual people are rarely evil on their own. Individual people are generally good in their own world. If I just make a wee jump and add a little bit of faith in pronoia, though, it can shake me through to vision past 1/x. Perhaps this is all part of the universe conspiring to make things better for humans.

I did a bit of searching around key figures, leaders, companies and the keywords "supply chain" and right there in the search is the basic ideas of what this might mean from a pronoia perspective. You have to read between the lines of the PDF [Alternate Source] to see how it affects your livelihood, but this is a fairly complete report that matches where we are at (from my understanding, anyway). As you read, unfocus your eyes on the immediate, the tie-rod ends bouncing the pickup, and look 100 years down the road. There is a lot of whitewashing in the article. Pay attention to particular words like "direct control span". It might also help you to read the codrust article, as my history of supply chains is more readable (I think... YMMV).

The pronoia bit is that this is needed. That doesn't mean that small companies or individuals won't need the tech for free. Cruft Buster provides this kind of tech based on free and open software; however, the idea that anybody but the largest companies could actually pull off the logistics and supply chain stuff that is 99.9999% of the effort and problem is **silly**. This stuff is hard. Providing the tech in a neutral, open way, even if it is still hard, might prevent the scenario where only one company controls the global supply chain. Could happen... The main point, though, is that we may need supply chain collapse, and this gives us an excuse to make changes under the guise of something else.

We have too many people on this planet, sure, but it is also unclear how much we are really off. If we just stopped eating meat, for instance, we could likely survive in a sustainable way with larger numbers. But here is the more interesting bit: we all live as part of this giant supply chain. This is how we make our livelihoods. It is the supply chain itself, the global supply chain in all of its layers, that is strangling the planet. Further, we have become the product from the supply side, and even the last ten miles for delivery on the demand side.

Society, the world, decided to just abandon the supply chain and just stay home. So, yes, the stay-at-home approach means intense economic suffering. Yes, it means collapsing the supply chain even more into AI engines that manage end-to-end. And, yes, the typical feel-good entertainment version of this will likely be a part of any change. By that, I mean "Look! wearing a mouth covering! I'm in!" and getting support and a feeling of rightness. I am also wary of the social media culture of gathering virtue. To be clear, I wear a mask these days, as it is polite to business owners, other people who are worried about my breath, and my lover, who doesn't want me to get sick. I still bristle at the culture around this, from both sides.

I first encountered the idea of pronoia in this interview. I forgot how much Robert Anton Wilson talked about Alfred Korzybski, who could easily be called the originator of modern machine learning. Korzybski is famous for "the map is not the territory". The existing ontologies are mostly maps. This feeds machine learning rules based on ontologies. This is different than measuring flows. For instance, I may be able to map a supply chain without accounting for somewhat chaotic flows.

This same mapping can show us how to short-circuit the supply chain so it is more direct. We actually have the tech to do that. It is heavily tech by necessity. We need to remove large swaths. We need to pause stuff in the meantime. That is the idea, anyway. This is only "day three" on mudhut, so there is a huge, wide-open world, but I'm open and ummm... hopeful. Seriously... I mean that word... hope is an odd word for me. I know that I've cycled through the pronoia bit a few times during this article. Part of this is that I am not sure how to express it deductively. It is more an idea coming through, a feeling. The correlation with the video seems like a match, particularly with Korzybski and the other conversations.

#bobo #c~19



2020-05-10 • Dream • Screen Parser • LR

I had recently moved back to Eugene, and I wanted to go to the liquor store. I was using an online map app that was more sophisticated than the computer I was running on, and I had to break the program partway through or it would crash. I could see the start of the program, where it would show the map. It would then rotate the map down in 3D to start navigation. It assumed that you were using something that could parse as you ran, a mobile app or something, that would tell you where to turn based on parsing the map as it scrolled by. The computer I was on reverted to text in green screen in some spots, as it struggled to parse the map. I recognized the location of the liquor store. It was down 7th, towards the right, before Ferry Street Bridge, and down Franklin a mile.



2020-05-11 • Dream • Aggressive Green Curry • LR

I was working with Sphere and David (S). My job had changed. I don't know if I had quit, was laid off, or was just in between roles at the same company. David had worked there for years. He had recently taken over the role as monitoring engineer, and had moved up to Snohomish to be closer to his girl-friend. The move to Snohomish had preceded the change in his role, but for some reason his role also allowed this, when it previously hadn't. His choice seemed quite forward-looking when considering it in the present.

I went out to get some lunch at a greek restaurant by myself. I ate a dish called Aggressive Green Curry. I left the restaurant in a hurry and stopped by the parking lot booth, figuring I could pay for my meal and parking at the same time; however, the attendant said I needed a receipt for the lunch before he could charge me, so I had to return to the restaurant to get it. He told me that I should avoid eating AGC, as it would only upset my stomach.

#david_s #sphere



2020-05-12 • Subject • Freaky³ • LR

It is exactly one year after I shifted my personal focus from data at rest and private, solo journaling, to modeling system knowledge via ontologies. I wrote an article to kick off my effort last year here. My opening sentences called out the situation of impending collapse, unreasonable economic models, and negative externalities. I concluded that the methodology that I envisioned would help respond to various crises that we faced during collapse. And yes, this essay gets a bit on the freaky side of things with my religious archetypes and other associations, not the least freaky of which is the term collapse. But, well, it is a freaky world, my formative years were freaky from a nurture and information perspective, and my life has been freaky. Don't get me wrong, I cherish Freaky³, I wouldn't trade it, but it taints what I write and think. Still, I assumed collapse, as there appeared to be no way that humans would stop their forward motion, their all-consuming waste of the ecosystems that humans depended on.



My long-term strategy for the focus was that the modeling would be useful in my career, both for broader analysis like organization-wide data flow, but also useful for tactical efforts. I knew that my past methods using interviews and manually drawn diagrams of systems were too time consuming. My premise was that leveraging existing ontological/graph analysis tools to form agile capture and visualization as well as automated inference would resolve this problem.

At first, my employer was interested in how my ideas could help them. I focused on tracing data flow through their extremely complicated systems, and highlighting dependencies on an expensive third party cloud service that they wanted to eliminate. I made good progress. I generated deep data flow diagrams that showed the dependencies using about 50/50 inferred relations. They ended up laying me off, though, and eliminated my role, saying they had no need for my expertise.



I then spent most of my waking hours since late last September creating the entire system in Python, using a simple data store of a filesystem with symbolic links. The advantage of using a filesystem is that it can be managed with filesystem version control software like git. It was also simpler than a database, which had been my focus with MCJ for the last couple of years. I decided to combine this with MCJ to layer documentation on top of the graphs, and design a robust versioning and replication scheme to allow collaboration. Finally, I wanted to get the system to the point that it could handle simple inference, a form of machine learning/AI.

I finished this at the end of April, up to the point that I had inference working on a single dimension across all layers of an explodable graph. From that point forward my main focus is capturing the software, which I did here, and filling out the other domain documentation. Documentation is slow going, and a bit more boring than coming up with my own agile graph that can be queried and has a rudimentary form of artificial intelligence. No effort is finished until the documentation is complete, though, as painful as that might be. While I would like to move on to more sophisticated ontologies, the documentation needs to come next.

About this time, global focus and anxiety about c~19 reached a fever pitch, and we started shutting down the economy by staying home. I figured I would use the supply chain as an example of my modeling method, as it seemed immediately relevant. I wrote about that experience in [this article]898989Pronoia Stretch898989, but in summary I realized just how extensive and encompassing the global supply chain was and how it worked.

Now, as this paper shows, the extent and problems are not that much of a surprise. This is all tied together. My big aha moment was that what is happening now was simplifying the supply chain. This is the answer to the ouroboros problems. We normally can't break out. For instance, we can't move from fossil fuels because it is part of everything from food to medical to solar panels to electric cars.



There are some attempts to come up with different supply chains, but the whole thing is rooted in oil right now. Normally, just the resistance from the fact that all of our jobs and much of our personal time are part of the supply chain keeps us in the supply chain. It is not possible to extricate ourselves from it.



But it is what we need to do, because we are destroying all good things with this web of the global supply chain. We **need** to simplify it to stop the destruction.

My dad told me once that computers didn't save anybody money. What they did was allow companies to scale because of their precision, ability to crank numbers, and process information consistently. I never completely understood how this could be until relatively recently. The global supply chain in its current complexity could not exist without computers. And, while it is true that it might cost a single company more money to run their business with a computer than without one (at least when my father was selling computers in the 60s and 70s) the more interesting bit is that by scaling the company it allows other companies to grow along the resulting supply chain. This growth provides other livelihoods, which also become customers, and it grows and grows and grows. The wider and deeper it grows, the harder it is to control

negative externalities. But the economy grows, and that is how we view what is good for us.

By staying home, we have done the impossible. We have facilitated the simplification of the supply chain. Yes, we have also cut out an enormous amount of jobs, jobs that people need to buy food. Humanity has been given a gift, though, overall, as far as having a habitable planet.

So I have ended up in a different place a year later, than I thought would. This happens frequently with me. I can imagine that we could unwind the stranglehold the web of the global supply chain has on the world. I don't know which way it will go from here. Certainly it is becoming simpler as I write. Will it have a more direct-farm-to-consumer focus? Will it be a single global corporation that routes needed goods around the world, leaving most of the global supply chain branches dead? I can't answer that. Now, we still have big issues with climate change already baked in, so to speak. We will also come out of this crisis with cheap oil and hungry humans. How many hungry humans, and how rapidly we recreate business as usual, is likely up to



Humans on earth

Humans on earth with symbiotic virus

how $c\sim19$ mutates and its success at putting itself forward in the future. But there is hope, a small hope that our new-found symbiotic relationship with $c\sim19$ will save us from ourselves.

#c~19 #dad #dark_angel #ontologies

Comments:

2020-06-13:

I wrote the Dark Angel meme based on an idea that came to me in the morning. I used the same rules as dreams, trying to stay true to the first words that came to mind. Afterwards I considered what Dark Angel meant, and remembered that there was a show by the same name that I watched when it came out. I figured it would be interesting to watch again, so I ordered it off of ebay. I finally got around to watching it during my workout today. In the pilot episode, the Batman-guy says that the Dark Angel is a soldier created using recombinant DNA, a chimera. I really don't know what the guys name is yet, but he sure is acting like Batman.

2020-07-12:

Season 2 of Dark Angel is even more related to our current troubles.



2020-05-18 • Subject • Climbing Reset • LR

I am a sloppy climber. My face is splattered with pitons. I switch faces and mountains. Sometimes my faces and mountains are entirely external. Sometimes I don't know what is internal and external. Sometimes I fall. I do make progress, though, on multiple faces on different mountains, internal and external.

I see the way others climb. They appear to already understand the route and the mountain. They have the right amount of gear, the right amount of knowledge, and the skill for the climb. They make it look easy.

I also rewrite the rules of the climb, change my climbing equipment, and attempt to erase bits of the climb. Am I limited to old books? On page 37 of Pete Sinclair's *Journal of Explanation*, he writes about the idea of old books:

Finally, it has been seventeen years since Robert O. Payne called to my attention Chaucer's couplet, "And yf that olde bokes were awey,1 Y loren (lost) were of remembraunce the key." I've been looking for keys to memory ever since. The journal is one that helps me and may help others.

In the past, I have associated old books with a form of simplicity and reality. I also studied Chaucer and Middle English Literature at the same time as I learned about Pete Sinclair's journaling method. I morphed this into the idea that the extent of the world in the Canterbury Tales was a constraint that was helpful in interpreting the world. As I write this, I look up at my anchoring books, and I don't see any Chaucer. I see *The Last Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog*. The first paragraph in the supplement:

Charles Manson announced the new decade: "Death is psychosomatic," he said. "I am just a mirror. If God is One, what is bad?" he asked. His message is terrifying and inscrutable. It promised the marriage of two outlaw cultures: the hood and the head. Clearing space for the complex metaphysical gangster film Performance. Decreeing the ruthless realism of the new John Lennon and the grizzly cinema verité of Altamont.

I know most of the references. The ruthless realism of the new John Lennon is currently my favorite play in 2020. I've listened to the album *John Lennon* by *Plastic Ono Band* thirty times or so. Last year Tarantino's version of Manson and the Tate/LaBianca murders came out. I thoroughly enjoyed Tarantino's movie, but certainly that quote from the *The Last Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog* reminds me that something else was going as the time rolled from the sixties to the seventies.

Chaucer's point about old books and memory makes more sense, then. Further, from a perspective of climbing, old books form an anchor. This is directly opposed to information as a stream of attention. It also reminds me of the challenges of an agile mode of software design. We have transformed products into streams of attention, turning the spotlight of effort on customer features instead of anchoring product in a more historically intentional design.

Even the act of writing this has enriched my ideas about what I am doing here, right now, at the keyboard, and how it fits into my past ideas and those that I have turned to for inspiration and instruction. This is all that my climbing reset entails: a small bit I've learned, a bit of perspective from history; I have placed a new piton for "old books". Hyperlinks in writing help, as well. The fact that I can capture the more arcane stuff, scans of the first page of *The Last Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog* on archive.org and provide a link is a significant addition to the power of a journal.

#bob_dylan #mcj #mountain_climbing

Comments:

2020-05-18:

I was watching *Performance* while I was working out today, and saw a plane that reminded me of the plane on the Blind Faith album:



2020-05-18 • Subject • Ford Flathead • LR

There was an effort to create a new Ford Flathead V8 block that made it quite far.

#wrenching



2020-05-20 • Subject • Halfway to Divine • LR

David turned me on to this presentation by Dylan Beattie. Even if you don't code, it is worth a watch through to the end. He references one book, *Gödel, Escher, Bach*, that I have always held as a goal to read. I don't have that one anymore. I do have Knuth's books on my bookshelf. If my unemployment went on at least another year, I might have been able to read them more. I referenced them a tiny bit for some graph terminology. Knuth paused the series of books for years to complete TeX, so he could finish the books with computerized typesetting that he imagined. It reminds me a bit of Matt Kirby. Kirby and Knuth are brothers in a way. What Dylan Beattie shows, is the divine side to human exploration. We are grounded on one side by bestial acts, and on the other by the divine. We live somewhere in between, sometimes flying too close to the sun, and sometimes too close to the madness of the mud (RIP, Gen).

Out spake a Star: "Be silent, thou that slipped! The mud that caused thy fall still mirrors ME" ~The Starlit Mire by James Bertram & F Russell



2020-05-22 • Dream • Terminals • LR

I was trying to book a flight that was leaving in a couple of hours. The new system required travelers to book and purchase tickets themselves. The airline created a seating area with various kinds of terminals. Some were flat. Some were round with a CRT next to different colored keys. There were no instructions. I tried one terminal, and it was confusing, so I went to a different bay of terminals around the corner and tried on one of the combo/colored keys terminals. I noticed there were some telephones set on top of some of the terminals, and they had a code on the bottom that looked kind of like the code for the flight.

After trying for five minutes or so, I saw a group of airline staff and asked one if they could help me book a flight, since I was not having much luck doing it myself. A man in his twenties with blond hair grabbed one of the phones sitting on top, removed a cord from the side of the phone, plugged it into the terminal, and entered the flight code. The terminal then booked the flight. I asked him why he just didn't use the terminal, and he said using the phone connection worked much better. I asked him why all the terminals weren't connected to phones, and as he shrugged he didn't know, the other staff glared at him, like he wasn't supposed to share this with the customers.

#travel



2020-05-23 • Dream • House Move • LR

I was living with a bunch of other people in a large house. We had bumped along together for several years, and it brought all of us together. Most of the housemates were my good friends. Most of us were gathered in the living room, and we heard that we were going to be kicked out. One person had heard earlier, and was already packing to live in a single apartment. I knew that after this it would not be a communal house lifestyle for any of us. My dad offered to buy another house in a nearby neighborhood, because he felt bad our house was being dismembered. He knew it was touchy as far as getting people to sign leases, so he was just going to buy it and leave it vacant, figuring we would all move there together, but it was too late. We were all going our separate ways.

#c~19 #dad #sean

Comments:

2020-05-23:

No matter how many times I learn this lesson, I forget that dreams are about aspects of self, for the most part. True, sometimes a banana is just a banana, but usually there is some insight related to self. I thought maybe this dream was related to $c\sim19$, but Sean pointed out that it was likely related to what I experienced as a child, and how the softening of my father over the years could never change that. Some things can't be fixed.



2020-05-24 • Subject • The Big Lie • LR

I have been puzzling about our response to c~19 for months, now. One particularly fruitful tree of thought was when I mapped out where things come from, which led to a moment of pronoia, which led to the thing that nobody says. A summary of where I ended up: we have a very large global economy based on an intensely complicated supply chain that keeps us working, and most of it is based on oil. A symbiotic virus could be beneficial to the persistence and advancement of our species.

The conclusion is unacceptable to almost all, and this reveals the big lie. The big lie happens whenever the analysis approaches the topic of human life. First, to ward off misinterpretation: from a mountain climbing perspective, life is

an honor. This web we experience, inside and out, the mountain, is rare, and should be cherished. What happens, though, is that preserving that click of life, at the expense of the interconnected web of life, of which humans are just a part of, is horrifyingly bad. Some examples of this would be long term sacrifice of human gatherings for the purposes of art or celebration, or destroying ecosystems for vertebrates.

The big lie is a large part of our culture. Consider movies and television shows. The plot of most of these shows revolves around justice for a single person not being adequate; a person might die because of this, and the entire engine of civilization is brought to bear against the enemy. Some kids are out joy riding in a car, drive off a cliff, and fall down a mine shaft, and a two week effort involving the entire town succeeds in saving the kids from certain death. A more complicated version is a dominating regime hunts down and tries to kill all enemies of the state, and a rogue leader gathers all enemies and they are victorious against the state (or, in the case of Spartacus, are not victorious, but crucified and martyred). Often the big lie is supported by narrow-focus analysis. Only those that aren't in on the human lie will oppose it, for instance, when Spock says "Don't grieve, Admiral. It is logical. The needs of the many outweigh (the needs of the few)." Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan (1982)

Another good example of narrow-focus analysis is the conflict of WWII. The Allies had to devote all of their industrial output to fight the good war. If we didn't, the world would be run by Nazis, is the normal historical analysis. This analysis is narrow, because it doesn't consider that the economic situation of Germany after WWI was arguably a significant cause of nationalism in the first place. Now, don't take this and run off screaming "this article kills Jews" just yet. There is a way to weave this line of thought together that doesn't kill Jews in WWII. Further, I believe that some wars need to be fought, and in 1941, WWII needed to be fought. At the same time, though, we pushed civilization into a much higher complexity of supply chain because of the side-effects of the coordination between government and industry, which President Eisenhower warned about. There is something a bit more subtle than the caution of the military-industrial complex in his farewell speech:

Crises there will continue to be. In meeting them, whether foreign or domestic, great or small, there is a recurring temptation to feel that some spectacular and costly action could become the miraculous solution to all current difficulties. A huge increase in newer elements of our defense; development of unrealistic programs to cure every ill in agriculture; a dramatic expansion in basic and applied research – these and many other possibilities, each possibly promising in itself, may be suggested as the only way to the road we wish to travel.

But each proposal must be weighed in the light of a broader consideration: the need to maintain balance in and among national programs – balance between the private and the public economy, balance between cost and hoped for advantage – balance between the clearly necessary and the comfortably desirable; balance between our essential requirements as a nation and the duties imposed by the nation upon the individual; balance between actions of the moment and the national welfare of the future. Good judgment seeks balance and progress; lack of it eventually finds imbalance and frustration.

And here is the key. He is cautioning that all-out response to crisis must include broader analysis. As a civilization, it makes no sense that one year we are concerned about the pressure of human populations on the ecosystems of the planet, and the next we are willing to sacrifice person-to-person interactions, decimate large numbers of small businesses, and mobilize most medical effort towards the primary goal of resolving $c\sim19$.

Modern medicine has been at the center of the big lie for a long time. Yvette and I used to joke that she was the six million dollar woman. Quite likely, between 2002, starting with her hospitalization from pancreatitis, through to her death from an exploding pancreas, brought about by breast cancer spread throughout her body, I secured six million dollars worth of insurance coverage to pay for her medical procedures. At one point, not that far into the battle after her metastasis, her oncologist asked her if she wanted to continue to fight this battle. She took out a picture of Bobo, showed it to her doctor and said, "Yes! This is why!". Ah, and here is where the ideas meet in full color dilemma. Can I deprive my son of his mother for the many years she was alive? This shit just got real.

With c~19, the numbers are multiplied. How much of the global supply chain should we devote and/or destroy to save millions of people? Here is the question that is even more interesting: what if the total numbers are similar, but we are able to process all of these people through medical facilities and funeral homes as we are accustomed to? Is

that worth it? There are some iterations of the idea of flattening the curve that are exactly this. The most optimistic iteration is that we stay home, a vaccination is developed, tested, distributed, we inoculate 7 billion people, and the problem is solved with only 500,000 deaths.

But, back to Eisenhower, and his caution about spectacular and costly action: even in the most optimistic iteration, we will still have the same problems with over-population and a civilization relying on oil. Here is the thing, though: as humans we can't address this from this side of the decision that easily. It is harder to consider your wife and son than it is a broader analysis. Likewise, it is difficult to come to any conclusion that leads to the deaths of millions. Dealing with this from this side is difficult, in a way that looking at broader questions about WWII in 1941 is difficult. It may even be that it is immoral to make these kinds of decisions from the leading side, where choices about lives are made.

Let's go back to the big lie idea. There is a similar line of thought with super heroes. One person saves humans from destruction, often brought on by humans themselves. There is an implication that one person can make the difference between a proper, good civilization, and the many ways that a civilization can fail. These two ideas are joined in the television show The Six Million Dollar Man. A single man gets pretty horqued up in a jet accident. The government brings all tech of industrial civilization to bear, and makes a superhero that saves the world again and again. Sometimes superheros are just regular looking people like Clark Kent. In the end, the idea is similar because a single person is worth any amount of homage from industrial civilization, because that person might very well be our savior.

The big lie is the value of any individual human life. The big lie comes from the real dilemmas listed above. Consider the big lie next time you scroll through your news feed or watch a show. Is the focus an all-out effort at any cost to save one person? Is a billionaire playing the role of superhero, pouring all effort into creating a vaccine to save millions of people?

Would I personally do anything different than I did when faced with Yvette's cancer? Would I seriously consider keeping the US out of WWII, if I could make such a choice? What if I could rework the economic punishment of Germany after WWI? Here is the beautiful thing: I don't have to answer that question to make my point or have hope. In the abstract, Eisenhower is cautioning us about the big lie, and nobody would say he didn't think fighting WWII was worthwhile.

Eisenhower talked about balance. He meant this over time, and with the goal "to enhance liberty, dignity and integrity among people and among nations". Who, reading this post, and considering the current global situation, has an idea of how to reach this goal? Yup, nobody. Me included. We may have uncovered a big lie. We may have an idea of what our goal is. We may be unwilling to reconsider micro decisions like fighting cancer, base on macro considerations like the loss of arctic ice from the amount of CO2 emitted from six million dollars worth of medical treatments. But what do we do with this combination of information?

I have three answers, with an easy condition that we consider love in all three. Love, in a way, is a bit of a cheat. Love certainly can lead to paradox, yes, but we all understand the idea of love. It is arguable that love is measurable scientifically. One form of love might be a kind of compassion. This research shows that it is quite possible that as mammals, love is wired into us. I think love is real. I am OK with a wishy-washy definition of love as a guidance in the three answers, but the answer is not love.

Intuitively, I have to say that the overriding answer is the ecological system we are part of will self-correct. If our populations are too stressed living within our planet's ecological system, we will die. If we increase the global temperature 6C over the next 50 years, most of us will die. The big lie will not prevent this. We can make micro decisions all we want, and in the end it won't matter one bit. This isn't particularly satisfying for me. It might be somewhat reassuring that I'm not part of a complete destruction of the planet, the planet will be fine, but the opportunities for love are a bit more like holding the hands of loved-ones while they die. I suppose there is a bit of freedom from the big lie in this, well, besides death itself being a form of freedom. There isn't much that can be done with this, though, from a timeline perspective of individual effort. I will just leave this here, though, as the most significant answer to addressing the big lie.

The second answer comes directly from my son, Bobo. I am fully aware that this is doubly interesting because Bobo would not be the person he is without the nurturing of his mother, Yvette, the experience of her death, the guidance

and nurturing of Sean, as well as my own efforts, all of this wrapped up in many layers of the current big lie.

I was sitting outside of the orthodontist office using current c~19 procedures where we would text that we were there and the office would text when a chair was ready. I am spending thousands of dollars to shift Bobo's teeth, not to mention all of the trips in Kalis, time off of work, etc. Bobo said, that, yes, of course, we couldn't accept the loss of life by a do-nothing approach; however, the systemic issues would be resolved at a future time with better insight, and would be motivated by the very same systemic issues. Specifically, he was aware that our global economic model was not sound; however, he felt that the crisis we were unfolding in our response to c~19 would lead to a better world. It was the nature of civilizations responding to crisis, to end up in cycles of response and learned knowledge that pushed humans forward to a better place and different economic models. He didn't know it, but this is not that far off from the logic of my ouroboros ideas. He is stressing the sociological and political in the socio-economic-ecological combination, but certainly this is another answer: we will react to the results of our decisions and make more informed decisions at the time of crisis, **eventually**. We will learn what worked in command economies, and what didn't. What lessons have we learned from Pol Pot? What lessons have we learned from Hank Rearden, to use a fictionalized version. Certainly in two years we will have much better data on how our current reaction to c~19 plays out.

The third answer is Jesus, at least my own interpretation of his Sermon on the Mount (or Plain). Anybody who knows me well knows that I have a complicated religious perspective. Jesus spoke to me once, and only once. I see many relations to how my life and interests have unfolded from this experience. Further, like dreams, the weave with ouroboros is clear to me, now, in ways I couldn't have predicted. Most importantly, though, I think the answer is described completely in Standing in the Way of Control. This might be a tag-on to the second answer. Perhaps we stand in the way of control?

#bobo #c~19 #jesus #kalis #mountain_climbing #ouroboros #sean #supply_chain #yvette

Comments:

2020-05-25 :

I watched The Flight of the Phoenix this evening. I have been waiting to see this for years. It was one of my favorites as a kid, and I never got around to seeing it again. I got quite a bit out of the movie that I missed before. Certainly the issues of The Big Lie come up in the movie as well. And, likely anybody in the situation would find it difficult, perhaps immoral, to consider all of The Big Lie aspects. The man whose leg was crushed, for instance, could he have made the difference between having enough water or not? Who gets to make that decision?

2020-05-25:

Perhaps it would have been more appropriate to call this article The Big Taboo. A lie means somebody is purposefully being deceiptful, usually. It is probably more of a cultural thing, a taboo about analysis from the choice side, the leading side.

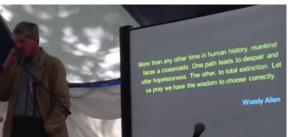


2020-05-28 • Journal • Heart of Earth • L R

I noticed that Guy McPherson republished Pauline Schneider's Going Dark Documentary. My own personal involvment in related concerns maps to Pauline's in some ways. My basic technological optimist point of view is clear in this interview with Medicine Bear that I did in 2006. I didn't fully understand what he was saying. I got involved with a transitions group in 2011 and learned about the complicated relation between oil, climate, and global supply chains. I have refined and explored my understanding about those relations ever since.

One quote from this documentary that always gets me, particularly the way Pauline says it is, "They will tear out the heart of Earth for a single day of power." I also enjoy how Pauline shows her love for Guy looking at one of his talks, and one of my favorite Guy McPherson references.





As I was watching this, I saw a link to this Noam Chomsky documentary. It is long. I made a batch of popcorn halfway through. Until today I had assumed that there was a direct correlation between linguistics and his political activism. This documentary is mostly pre-internet in scope, certainly pre-blog. I find it interesting that we have so much power to facilitate the kinds of information interchange he discusses in this documentary, but, instead, it seems like media is even more controlled than before, and people are less able to think critically. I also watched this talk, and he references a past age free from ads. He is doing this at a Google talk to a bunch of Google engineers and ad folks, which is an interesting dynamic in the talk that both he and the interviewer are aware of. Again, though, we could do so much more with the WWW, but we don't. The free, independent efforts are dwarfed by the giant engines of social media attention.

#mcj #mountain climbing

Comments:

2020-05-29:

I read a bit about what happened in East Timor, and what has gone on since. As with Guy McPherson, I don't find the specifics of their stances fit what I see as I read about the issues. As an example, while I can see the aerosol effect as quite likely, when I review the NASA numbers for global surface temperature for March and April, I don't see that they are as dire as Guy McPherson says. Likewise, from what I read about East Timor vs. Cambodia, it seems that the horrors in Cambodia were more extreme by a large factor. With both McPherson and Chomsky I am still attracted by their direction and general understanding of how things work. It reminds me a bit about the "seeing a dog" via Google's AI in Dylan Beattie's talk. The brain sees dogs. What is interesting, too, is Chomsky's professional focus is on linguistics and cognition. It is something to remember. An AI to find dogs will find dogs in any image. This doesn't mean that the dog-finding algorithm is in error. It doesn't say anything about dogs existing. It does mean that somebody with a cognitive tendency, rules, and skill to find dogs will find dogs anywhere. We all have this blind spot. It goes back to cognition, and, quite likely, is a problem with language as well, as language itself is a model. To go further, Chomsky thinks that humans are wired for language. Language itself is a model, so we have layers upon layers here. This is where science comes in, true, but science has its own issues; for instance, if I test for a wave, that is what I find, and this is an interplay between my cognition, my intelligence, what I'm looking for, and the nature of reality.

2020-05-29:

Comments are key for ratcheting forward. I am happy with feature-complete as far as MCJ.



2020-06-01 • Journal • Pee in a Bottle • LR

Today was my first day of work. I'm doing IT consulting for a short-term engagement that might become longer. It was a whirlwind of a day, starting with trying to get my phone number to ring correctly and sync up with the service desk to get my credentials. Right in the middle of it, the staffing company I'm working for sprung a drug test on me. I've never had to have a drug test for any job in my life. It reminded me of when I thought peeing in a bottle was a motor skills test.

The day left me quite tired. My brain is fried. I warmed up some pork chops I grilled earlier for Bobo, added some of the coleslaw Sean made last weekend that was leftover, and cooked up some pasta shells with butter and Parmesan for dinner. I'm happy to be climbing again, with a regular entry.

#bobo #sean #work



2020-06-05 • OS • VNC Key Repeat Problem • LR

If you have trouble with keys repeating over VNC connections, and are running x11vnc, add -repeat to the options for startup. On Knoppix:

sudo vi /usr/bin/knoppix-startvncserver

Add repeat on this line:

if (x11vnc -repeat -shared -loop -forever -noxdamage "\${OPTIONS[@]}" &) >"\$ERR" 2>&1; then
#remote



2020-06-07 • Journal • First Week & Jalapeños • LR

The work week started with peeing in a bottle, and ended with me providing the requirements for storage and compute that I gathered with Vym mind mapping software and automatically generated with Cruft Buster. This method is so much easier than what I've had to do in the past. On the one hand, I still struggle with the lack of interest or understanding of these ideas. On the other hand, well, somebody is paying me to do it... at least for three months.

I get angry about the lack of interest and understanding sometimes. I know many people where this would help them in their jobs, but they can't break out of their current way of doing things. I am aware that it is quite likely the anger comes from my own insecurity. It is anger that it is my own problem because I can't communicate well - mirror-like wisdom - but, that doesn't seem to help much. Sean tells me to let it go, but it is difficult.

I have a mish-mash of reactions to the general insanity of how we are reacting to crises culturally, and the inability of most people to learn something new., and I can't seem to navigate it well. I am slowly figuring out how to move on from this, but it is difficult. I need to be a mountain climber. Sean is right. I need to let it go, and turn that anger from shiny metallic purple armor to white light of future effort as I fix chinks in the web. I need to surf alone. Above all, though, I have enough metaphors.

Sean and I voyaged to Rainbow Cafe in Auburn yesterday, which opened for the first time in months. We talked to the owner a bit. He graduated from Auburn High years before Sean. He talked about how they had to toss all of their beer and other perishables, and when they opened back up they had only a day's notice. Usually I get a pint of Space Dust there, which they have on tap, but not this time. The staff shuffled around in the back room a bit and came out with an Elysian Men's Room, which was dated as best by June, 2019, and it did taste a little off, but it was good enough to order another. The waiter convinced me to try his favorite version of a Reuben which included mushrooms and jalapeños. I enjoyed it, but it pushed it into another type of sandwich.

#auburn_high #grandpa #mcj #mountain_climbing #sean

Comments:

2020-06-07:

I found the manifesto I talked about in this entry and posted it. I feel that I'm in a similar state of mind. I forgot I had posted a picture of me playing chess with my Grandpa.



2020-06-09 • Journal • Ride Bump • L R

Years ago, Bobo used to ride an elliptical bike I got him so he could get exercise during the summer. I had him wear a heart/step monitor to prove he had done his daily workout. Eventually, he and I agreed he could walk to Sky Park instead, and he has avoided it ever since. I got another smaller recumbent exercise bike when I hurt my knee, and sometimes Bobo uses that, but I moved the elliptical out to the cottage.

The elliptical broke at one point. It had a control panel that varied the amount of anti-magnetic field to a magnetic field, is the best way I can describe it. There is a metal disk that spins, and normally magnets resist. When the elliptical is on max, there is no current through the field, and the wheel spins with more resistance. I just ripped out all of the control wires, and it works fine:





This last week I heard and felt a clunk, clunk, clunk sound with every rotation. After work these days, my brain is fried. I can't even write. I feel like just laying down and staring off into space. But, I've also realized that I can do chores just fine, work on things, fix things, if they have to do with just my body and not typing or much thought. Last night I decided to fix the elliptical. I took of the cover and tightened all the fasteners I could find. I noticed the really big bolt, but mistakenly figured it would be fine. After twenty minutes of testing and trying to locate the bumping, I found that it was the big bolt right on the axle that was loose. Now it rides guite smoothly.

#bobo #cottage #sky park #work

Comments:

2020-06-09:

It turns out that the bolt was actually broken. Within fifteen minutes it was making the bump sound again. I forced a bolt with a finer thread through, and it appears to be holding with a nut on the other end.

2021-10-20:

This turned out to be even more interesting. First off, the resistance slowly receded, so I was getting out of shape and not knowing it. I fashioned a board and weights that provided friction. Secondly, I was just bolting this together with one side, so eventually the whole thing snapped off after several bolt replacements later. It is working fine as of today with this mod.



2020-06-10 • Journal • Suns Have Gone • LR

"The government killed him; he was not lard, so he must be a hero." is a sentence I had in my head as I woke from my dreams this morning. I watched the first part of this vid as I drank my coffee. In a flash it came to me how horrible this all might be, and I felt sick to my stomach. Later on, I was listening to music while I was working, finishing up the final bit of a solution description document that I exported from mind-mapping software using this script. I put on some Jean-Michel Jarre. When this song came on, I started crying, tears down my face and all. I don't cry that much, maybe twenty times total as an adult. I do love everything there was here. It seems to me that people are leaving, now, as well. They have lost any touch with a world that I knew was here, and it feels more and more lonely in that way, a bleak and lonely place. I've cried during this video as well, for similar reasons.

Again, after work, I was very tired. I sat in the sun, drank a beer, and was at peace. Later, while I ate dinner, I tried to watch a Jordan Peterson video about meaning. I got about 20 minutes in, and I suspect I would get something out of it that was related, if I had more J.P. fortitude. He speaks well. He is interesting. I just got tired, and had to move my body. I cleaned up a bit, and put some tools away from my adventures yesterday. Now, it is time for bed.

#uteotw



2020-06-14 • Journal • Crow Jiggle • LR

My visage may be statistically there, but I'm a quantum facade of chaotic jiggling bullshit jello. There is a core I trace, an elegant equation that arcs through my movements, expressed by the golem of my unconscious mind, brought to life in a spark, dance, and visceral embrace - roughly a century in this world.

In a flush of dark feathers, I'm entranced by my own sparkles. I pluck up the tiny glitter confetti, and feed my identity, troweling mud on lath for purpose. I see my lies when my love leaves, when the cracks form. The golem, my core, regains life, the old arc of battle, the nourishing clearing, the desolate mountain.

My love, let me tell you of my love. She can move between worlds, universes, with ease - flash - she is there. She is sparkle, and gathers her own pretties - fwoosh - a mind-blowing explosion and then gone again. She is just getting used to the controls, now, an inverse experience from the past when she mastered her star-hopping. In her bitch mare prime, she blazed bloody through the hearts of many. Now she dreams and works her days, tethered to an orbiting space station, against her will.

#sean



2020-06-15 • Subject • Rogue Spread • L R

I had an insight eight months ago, that civilization was about control, and that the stance of standing in the way of control could help during collapse, by avoiding the pitfalls of control, yet protect the remaining void. I acknowledged that this flip in interpretation ran counter to civilization in general, yet it was based in old religious ideas. [I don't think these ideas are unique to Christianity, even though it is based on the Sermon on the Plain].

A couple months ago, I had a similar thing happen with my realization that our approach to fighting $c\sim19$, and the virus itself, facilitated the simplification of global supply chains. It is the global supply chains, the deep, complex web of commercial activity that ensnares our planet in a way that we can't escape from, but yet we did it. Again, this is counter-intuitive. It breaks out of the "business as usual" vs. "save your nana" dichotomy.

I was laying in bed drinking coffee, thinking about the how we have generally abandoned knowledge and science in favor of tribal modes of understanding the world and delineating lines of battle. I don't know that many people who will even follow more than a couple links. I don't know anybody that has written about the world, or a hobby more complicated than mere consumption, outside of Facebook. More specifically, building actual knowledge through written words outside of immediate, present job, is not something I see much of. I know efforts like this exist. I just don't know anybody personally. I can see one of my friends tries to write richer blog articles, but it is more along the lines of personal experience.

On the other hand, almost everybody I know is either silent, or falls into one side or another on issues with algorithmic precision. There is little nuance in dialog. Those that attempt nuance are categorized in a tribal way. This has caused me a good deal of alienation. Mostly, I think, people are more likely to behave tribally on Facebook. The idea of showing improvement in police brutality via statistics or the tools of STEM is not interesting. People are reverting to tribal. They have no room for knowledge, at least not the way we have build knowledge with the written word, the basis of civilization.

And, yet again, I realized that this may be how this has to go down. If I think about 7 billion people on the earth, and the machinery of civilization, a web of control based on knowledge, perhaps we are wired tribal for survival as a positive. I can't have it both ways. The alternative with this many people would be a world-wide authoritarian structure. That is the only way I can see this working. However, this could easily become evil if all was not equal. I don't want the one percent surveying the composter crews from helicopters. As I was thinking about this, I could see a spread of rogue, tribal effort spreading like the game of life around the world.

This route likely has a bell curve of battle, and we are barely inching up the left side of the ramp. While I personally think the approach of preserving the tools of knowledge and creating a space void of control within ourselves individually is the prudent way through this, I can also see that the stresses on the global supply chain necessitate tribal, and, further, the interests of those benefiting from the global supply chain will likely form a significant barrier to the naive folks with supply-chain-powered iPhones using social media as tribal gasoline. Just because I can see the value in necessary change, doesn't mean I approve of the methods. There is always a third view, and even a hundredth view, and if we were able to break out of this and think about where we are, where we want to be, and how to get there, much is possible; however, we have not been able to do that, so it is really too late for that. I don't have to go along, though.

#c~19 #ouroboros #uteotw



2020-06-20 = Journal = S1 EP7 = LR

There are quite a few appropriate correlations between the old television series Dark Angel and the interesting times we live in now. I watched Prodigy, Season 1: Episode 7 yesterday. There is a terrorist group who calls themselves May 22nd, taken from the birthday of Ted Kaczynski. It seems to me that his observations about current identity politics is prophetic. Indeed, his core ideas about industrial civilization are astute. My own Dark Angel reference, was simply a meme accident, if there can be such a thing, but the ideas are wrapping.

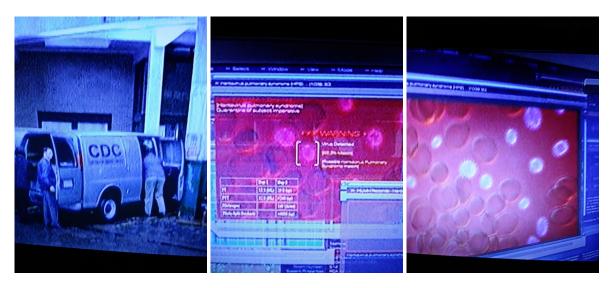
I forgot that there was an MKUltra connection with Kaczynski via Murray, so this means there is a Kesey connection as well. 2000 was a rich year in this regard. Bill Joy wrote Why the future doesn't need us, and Kesey died the following year. I looked up what interviews Kesey did in 2000, and I found this. The movie Fight Club was released in October of 1999. How does information travel?

#dark_angel #kesey

Comments:

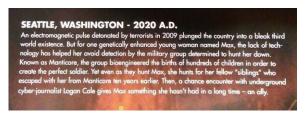
2020-07-23:

And even more today, including a CDC van and computer analysis of a virus:



2020-06-27:

It turns out that Dark Angel is supposed to be set in 2020:





2020-07-03 • Subject • Tech Won't Save Us • LR

I am a technologist. Tech won't save us (TWSU). It is an odd combination. The more I look through TWSU glasses, the more I see how we are in a combination of ponzi and shell game, and are manipulated towards compliance with various interests. For roughly half of my life I was completely puzzled by the life of the Amish. I get it now. Tech won't save us.

Here is a third bit. Tech could save us, if human nature was different. This drives great men crazy. I mean men. It seems to me that women act differently when faced with this no-win situation. Perhaps it is the character of men? Perhaps men are wired for a tools focus? Got a problem? Make a tool. I know how knowledge is part of this, though; there is something more going on, here. I watched Mel Gibson's Apocalpyto a couple weeks ago. It seems to me that I could weave that movie into this.

#bill joy #cathr #civilization



2020-07-03 • Journal • Blank as a Fart • LR

I've only worked four days this week, but after work, yesterday, I felt completely empty. I talked with Sean a bit and then stared off into the yard. After awhile I moved inside and sat in the den in the dark for an hour, while Sean put up some garlic and organized the random collection of resealable plastic containers that are taking over the corner cabinet.

This is happening quite a few times, lately. Work just destroys what words and ideas I have that are normally just bubbling and trying to come out. Here I am, though, after a night of good sleep, writing away... but I can still feel the shift, the slide into blank. And that is OK. I don't know if the normal storm is a curse or surfing, but I am beginning to like the silence more and more.



2020-07-04 - Journal - Insta Fourth - LR

Sean purchased a 3 quart instapot. We made a tyson kit with it, and it was OK, but I think with some experimentation we can do much better. First off, we also have a decent rice cooker, which has its place. I suspect it makes better rice than any other gadget or stovetop method. The challenge is to create meal packets. My idea is that we could separate the meat and veggie packs. Measure up chicken, pork, beef packs in quart bags. We could have different veggie and seasoning packs. This way Sean could have her own meal with no spices.

#recipes



2020-07-05 - Journal - Accordion - LR

It is time to focus on the accordion, my stash of writing and tools. There is really no reason, nor benefit, from a "stashing writing in an accordion" (SWA) point of view, to demonstrate how I was right about current events as they unfold. Perhaps I will be wrong. That isn't the point. The point is to place pitons, to climb, to advance in knowledge outside of the normal swirls of human futility. The streets are littered with the rubbish of fireworks this morning, the valley full of smoke.

#kesey #mountain_climbing #swa



2020-07-11 - Apps - Overlay Partition - LR

Thumbsup will create a workable photo site with modern mobile views. Knoppix 8.6.1 has a 64 bit version of Docker that it runs outside of the 32 bit install of Debian Buster. Since Knoppix will run on just about any x86 system from the last couple of decades, it is a decent choice to use as an OS to create something like a photo site, where you want to make sure you don't have to go through too many shenanigans to get the software to run, particularly since it runs Docker. There is a problem with Docker in that it doesn't deal well with aufs, at least with the version that is used on Knoppix 8.6.1. Further, if you want to share files outside of the chroot through a bind, you can't use Reiserfs. Because of all this, I modified the knoppix-newroot command to bind a subdirectory off of backups in my home directory:

```
for k in /KNOPPIX /KNOPPIX[1-7]*; do
  if mountpoint -q "$k"; then
   mkdir -p "/NEWROOT$k"
  mount --bind "$k" "/NEWROOT$k" && MOUNTS="/NEWROOT$k $MOUNTS"
  fi
done
mkdir -p /NEWROOT/bk
mount --bind "/home/knoppix/backups/bk" "/NEWROOT/bk"&& MOUNTS="/NEWROOT/bk $MOUNTS"
# Link first level
ln -snf /KNOPPIX/{sbin,bin,lib} /NEWROOT
```

To run Docker, start up the chroot environment and exit the default loaded container:

```
$ /usr/local/bin/knoppix-newroot
Setting up chroot-environment with symlinks, patience...
Chroot environment set up in /NEWROOT
Do 'sudo chroot /NEWROOT'
$ sudo chroot /NEWROOT
# knocker start
Knocker - Knoppix meets Docker V1.0
Checking architecture... 64bit Kernel, OK.
.
.
.
.
.
bash-5.0# exit
.
.
```

I imagine there is a way to modify this so I don't exit each time. I believe this is just an example of running knoppix within docker. I have simpler plans.

Pull down the docker image:

```
# docker pull thumbsupgallery/thumbsup
Using default tag: latest
latest: Pulling from thumbsupgallery/thumbsup
e7c96db7181b: Pull complete
bbec46749066: Pull complete
.
.
.
.
0d0527056aaf: Pull complete
8eee12e81b69: Pull complete
ea8ae027aa51: Pull complete
Digest: sha256:9d6b104e4d4d531daf0e749ac31d47eed914b429754317b2c9136482db8784ef
Status: Downloaded newer image for thumbsupgallery/thumbsup:latest
```

The filename and other exif data shows up in the album on information. Depending on the exif data, it might not look good, and you may want to remove for privacy. If you prefer to strip all exif information, remember that this also has the rotation information on the image, so capture that first:

```
mogrify -auto-orient pic*.jpg

Then strip all exif info if you don't want it:

exiftool -all= -overwrite_original pic*.jpg
```

Run the docker program that creates the album. Notice I'm using the bk mount point:

```
# docker run -t --mount type=bind,source=/bk,target=/bk thumbsupgallery/thumbsup thumbsup --input
/bk/met/media/ --output /bk/met/site --sort-albums-by title --sort-albums-direction asc
--sort-media-by filename
--sort-media-direction desc
```

When you are done and happy with the program, create a backup of the docker image:

```
# docker save thumbsupgallery/thumbsup > /bk/thumbsup.tar
```

To restore in the future, just use docker load < /bk/thumbsup.tar. Here is how the bk partition is mounted within the chroot:

```
# mount
.
.
.
.
/dev/sdbl on /bk type ext4 (rw,relatime)
.
.
.
```

Outside the chroot:

```
$ mount | grep bk
/dev/sdb1 on /NEWROOT/bk type ext4 (rw,relatime)
$ grep sdb1 /etc/fstab
/dev/sdb1 /home/knoppix/backups ext4 noauto,users,exec 0 0
```

What I find most fascinating about all of this, is from a conceptual perspective this is extremely simple, yet the details rapidly become complicated. The operating system, including Docker, can be installed on almost any system with five or so clicks and entries. Just boot up Knoppix and click the "install knoppix to disk" option. After you start your new system, just load up the Docker image and run it with some options that include source and destination locations for the images and website storage, respectively. This is complicated because the "ease of install and use" Knoppix conflicts somewhat with the "ease of install and use" Docker. Another complication is how you share the actual files. Now, while it is true that we have a pretty great snapshot of how to do this, we are fairly stuck with this procedure, as it is unique to the constraints of "ease of install and use". Say we wanted to install this on Ubuntu 20.04. Much of this would be different, and we would need to know quite a bit to change this. True, Docker would likely run in a more standard way, but we would still have to install the OS and remap our file shares. We could also use the npm method of install npm install -g thumbsup, but, well, the npm package management platform is owned by a large corporate entity. Besides the corporate ownership parts, package management tends to rot over time. With the method described here, we have a tarball of the Docker image, an OS that can be installed on anything, and a few commands and filesystem tweaks to run. Just a side note here. The Thumbsup Docker image is using Alpine Linux. It turns out that the latest iteration of Alpine didn't provide the correct features for Thumbsup, so the author recompiled ImageMagick by pulling a source tree from github and recompiling with HEIC support using this Dockerfile:

```
FROM node:10-alpine as base
RUN apk add --no-cache libgomp zlib libpng libjpeg-turbo libwebp tiff lcms2 x265
```

```
# Build ImageMagick with HEIC support
# Based on https://github.com/jarnoh/imagemagick-docker
# Copied from https://raw.githubusercontent.com/thumbsup/docker/master/runtime-alpine/Dockerfile
FROM base as magick
RUN apk add --no-cache alpine-sdk automake autoconf libtool bash
RUN apk add --no-cache zlib-dev libpng-dev libjpeg-turbo-dev libwebp-dev tiff-dev lcms2-dev x265-dev
WORKDIR /work
RUN git clone -b frame-parallel https://github.com/strukturag/libde265.git
WORKDIR libde265
RUN ./autogen.sh && ./configure && make -j8 install
WORKDIR /work
RUN git clone https://github.com/strukturag/libheif.git
WORKDIR libheif
RUN ./autogen.sh && ./configure && make -j8 install
WORKDIR /work
RUN git clone https://github.com/ImageMagick/ImageMagick.git
WORKDIR ImageMagick
RUN ./configure --with-heic --with-jpeg --with-lcms2
--with-png --with-gslib --with-tiff --with-zlib --with-threads --with-webp --without-x --disable-cipher
--without-magick-plus-plus --without-pango --without-perl
RUN make -j8 install
# -----
# Final Node image with all dependencies
FROM base
RUN apk add --update --no-cache ffmpeg graphicsmagick exiftool gifsicle
# Copy ImageMagick libs and binary
COPY --from=magick /usr/local/lib/libde265.so.1 /usr/local/lib/libde265.so.1
COPY --from=magick /usr/local/lib/libheif.so.1 /usr/local/lib/libheif.so.1
COPY --from=magick /usr/local/lib/libMagickCore-7.Q16HDRI.so.6 /usr/local/lib/libMagickCore-7.Q16HDRI.so.6
COPY --from=magick /usr/local/lib/libMagickWand-7.Q16HDRI.so.6 /usr/local/lib/libMagickWand-7.Q16HDRI.so.6
COPY --from=magick /usr/local/lib/ImageMagick-7.0.8/ /usr/local/lib/ImageMagick-7.0.8/
COPY --from=magick /usr/local/etc/ImageMagick-7/ /usr/local/etc/ImageMagick-7/
COPY --from=magick /usr/local/bin/magick /usr/local/bin/magick
RUN ln -s /usr/local/bin/magick /usr/local/bin/convert
```

This further complicates re-use from a certain perspective. Let me put this another way. Resilience from an English language perspective is "The capacity to recover quickly from difficulties; toughness". If the subject is a human faced with difficulties, a human will use intelligence to adapt, whether the problem is psychological, social, or simply a need for food. From a compute perspective, though, resilience means the ability to recover quickly from difficulties, but in this case the difficulties are a broken system. What kinds of things break an IT system? For a distributed system, any of the fallacies of distributed computing might break it. Perhaps the network is down. Perhaps the topology changed. There are also other usual suspects like hard disk failure or an OS upgrade that is incompatible with the application.

This last point is exactly what Docker is for. Alpine, for instance, is incompatible with Thumbsup. The author fixes this with a custom compile of ImageMagick. But, notice how specific this has become within the system? If we look at this from the simple perspective, we are just running a container on Knoppix, and could conceivably run it anywhere. When we dig in, though, we realize that we are really running a customized version of ImageMagic that is inserted into an Alpine OS that is running in Docker that is running on Knoppix, that has some specific, unique hacks to get the file system to bind so that all works together. Notice how in the compile command there are other libraries linked, like zlib? These kind of libraries can change over time, and zlib is particularly famous for this. So, sure, we can ensure that we can run this Thumbsup app always, but if we have to modify it in five years, it could be quite difficult. This means that we are not resilient from that perspective. We cannot easily change the system. We have a Docker resiliency paradox.

How do we get out of the paradox? The only way I know how to do this is to map systems so they can easily be translated at the time of crisis to new systems. This article, for instance, provides a list of the key technical considerations so that the software could be ported. It is a mistake, though, to assume that pushing the OS libraries and frameworks (ImageMagick is a graphics framework) into the container is necessarily a means to resilience. It will solve some problems, but it creates others. Further, a modern system like what is documented here relies on Github, the Alpine Linux distribution, the npm package manager/service, and many other distributed efforts that all have equally obscure abstractions and gotchas. This doesn't mean it is wise to build your own mobile-happy photo app, but it does mean that there are concerns of resilience that can only be solved with some sweat and documentation.

#docker #image #knocker #thumbsup



2020-07-16 • Dream • Market Rooms • LR

I saw a cafe outside of a mall that looked interesting, and they had some kind of beer on tap that was listed on a large tube about a foot in diameter. The name was listed in color with crayon. I couldn't make out the name. I asked if it was Ninkasi, and the clerk said of course it was, it was listed right there on the pole. I got a pint of it and waited for a friend at a table. The beer was kind of flat.

My friend didn't show up, so I went into this large market that Tia ran to meet up there. The market had a central area, kind of like Pike Place, where you could purchase food and beverages. The rest of the market had levels of seating with walk-ways between. It was all old wood, rustic. I bought another beer, and started to go down the walk-way to find a place to hang out and wait for my friend, but Tia said I was banned from going into any of the lower levels, rooms, or walk-ways. She said that the wedding party I had there the previous week caused a lot of damage to the rooms.

#beer #tia



2020-07-20 • Journal • Betty Home Again • LR

Sean's son decided he didn't want Betty, so I offered to buy Betty back for what he paid me, and he agreed. In the traditional Betty ferry crossing, here is a picture from yesterday's trip home:



Figure 58: Betty Home



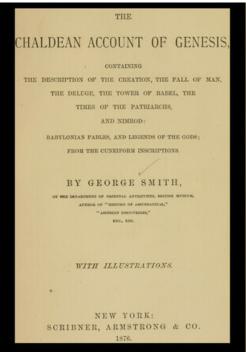
2020-07-25 • Subject • Consume Outside 23 • L R

It is almost not worth the stress on my fingers to write this, as I have written this all before; however, it has been edging up closer to me lately, and formed a ring of anger that I need to transform into white light and intent. I imagine how thousands of years ago, some great thinkers understood that at the base of knowledge was a tree, an ontology. Perhaps they understood the allure and the danger, the danger that we would consume ourselves as we weilded this knowledge. Perhaps they understood that we would be cast out of Eden with this knowledge.

And here comes the rogue in ragged robe, the freak in the desert, who says, "Let It Be", an attempt at popping the balloon and the payment. And here comes Bob Dylan: at last I am not bound outside of 23, my lyrics are the endless freedom cut-ups. And as they gather and replicate in the freedom inside 23, "What hath God wrought", the fractal explores itself out in culture and global supply chain consumption until the end, ignoring the directive to drop out, favoring any tree of focus that led to money. But dropping out is more like spitting out the grass clump placed by bullies.

And I can see the chimp notches adding fuel to the fire between teams. "Where the hell's my money!" screams Mojo Nixon, and the psychedelic is looped in. Let's start again? Plot out the this and that relation, and build out against the team that took our money. The idea of where we are, or what is better, or where do we want to be, these ideas are too complicated. I want street justice now screams the mob, as we spiral down and the fractal unwinds in complexity, and we all meet again, perhaps, learning the flowers.





OF THE CREATION. 91
or supposed events, and figures in their legences; thus
it is evident that a form of the story of the Fall,
similar to that of Genesis, was known in early times
in Babylonia.

The dragon which, in the Chaldean account of the



BACKGROUND, FROM AN EARLY BABILONIAN CYLINDER.

Creation, leads man to sin, is the creature of Tiamat, the living principle of the sea and of chaos, and he is an embodiment of the spirit of chaos or disorder which was opposed to the deities at the creation of the world.

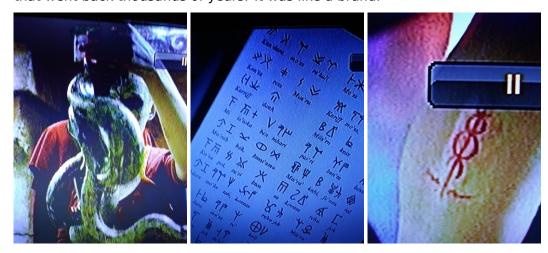
It is clear that the dragon is included in the curse for the Fall, and that the gods invoke on the head of the human race all the evils which afflict humanity. Wisdom and knowledge shall injure him (line 22), he shall have family quarrels (line 23), shall submit to tyranny (line 24), he will anger the gods (line 25), he shall not eat the fruit of his labour (line 26), he shall be disappointed in his desires (line 27), he shall pour out useless prayer (lines 28 and 30), he shall have trouble of mind and body (lines 29 and 31), he shall commit future sin (line 32). No

Chaldean

#23 #beatles #bob_dylan #bullies #burroughs #cathr #civilization #cognition #cut_up #dark_angel #jesus #mojo nixon #ontologies #ouroboros #uteotw #chimp notches



A couple days ago I ended up on a bit of a tree of life/snake bit going back to Mesopotamia. Today I was watching Dark Angel, and I saw the two snakes as part of a ceremony. There was also some writing that looked kind of like cuniform. The blood of the two snakes was pressed into the arms of the kids that were raised by this ancient cult that went back thousands of years. It was like a brand.



On the wall was this tapestry:



It looks like the Snake Goddess, Knossos. The cult had symbols on their foreheads.

More on the origins here

The combination of ideas with DNA and the double helix, reminded me that the tree of life could well be DNA. At the same time, as Bill Joy warned, GNR could well banish us from Eden, and at the same time that is knowledge. All of the ideas converge.

#bill joy #dark angel #ontologies #ouroboros



2020-08-01 - Journal - A Tale of Dishwashers: A Decade of Musty Water - LR

Two days ago, Sean pointed out that the dishwasher wasn't working. I pushed the cancel button, and I could hear the motor trying to drain the water and then stop. There was something familiar about the way it sounded, but I couldn't place it. This was dishwasher #2. Dishwasher #1 was only a couple years old when Yvette and I bought the house in 2007. I continued to fiddle with #2's buttons: start, cancel, bzzzt, click, start, cancel, bzzzzz, click. I started to get a form of muscle memory and flashback of something horrible, a crushing anxiety draped over me, making me want to hunch over and protect myself. It was late. I gave up on fixing it for the night. Sean and I went to bed, leaving a brownish-orange colored water in the bottom that smelled like dirty dishes soup.

Sean didn't sleep well that night, as the dishwasher heater kept activating. She opened the door so it wouldn't keep cycling. The next morning, I got up to make coffee for myself and Sean. I usually make instant coffee for us, but

Bobo was up, and wanted to make coffee in the french press. I helped him find it. It was under a pile of dishes in the sink. It is fragile, and one breaks every six months or so. I have a back-stock of replacements in the closet. I couldn't find clean cups to make coffee in. I tried to find the stopper for the garbage disposal so I could fill the sink and wash dishes, but I couldn't find it. I clogged the sink with a bag and washed some cups, but the dishes were piling up fast, as Bobo brought in his nightly stash from his room. The household needs clean dishes and coffee, certainly. The household was broken. It was unraveling.

I tried to drain the dishwasher again, hoping that the restful orange soup had loosed up something. I could hear the motor struggling and then stopping. It acted like the washer pump was broken as well, because the start cycle didn't work. I realized it was probably just because the dishwasher was full of water already. This all seemed so familiar, but I couldn't remember exactly when I had been through this before. Had I fixed this for #2 or #1?

I concluded that there was something wrong with the drain pump. I started to disassemble the dishwasher, but the counter was covered with dishes and grime. I couldn't find the usual spray bottle that I use to clean with. It has this human-safe soap that works well and smells like lavender. It sounds a bit silly, but I really like it, and it is much better than regular soap and water because it wipes up without leaving much soap behind. The feeling of things getting out of control continued to build. To make matters worse, I shared my grumpiness with Sean, complaining that I couldn't find anything and the french press was under a pile of dishes, and I blamed her for it. That did not go over well. The day was going downhill quickly.

Dishwasher #2 doesn't have an accessible filter. It has never really cleaned the dishes well, at least in recent memory. The dishes almost always have a musty smell. I have developed some voodoo procedures over the years to compensate. The best combination of buttons included "power wash", "heated dry", and "auto sense". I marked the correct button combination on #2 in black sharpie, so that it was easy to remember the correct settings. No tall cups could go on the top shelf; even 14 oz glasses were off limits. With these rules, the dishes came out OK, but not great. For as long as I can remember, I have smelled something off on the dishes. I figured it was because the dishes sat in the dishwasher for awhile with the door closed.

Because there is no accessible filter, every six months or so I have had to take #2 apart to clean the large bits of bone, glass, and plastic that clog up the water grate. It is a long process, as I have to remove both racks, the upper and lower spray arms, the power wash back-plate, the connection tubing, and disassemble the filter assembly. It takes about an hour, and each time I think that I can only do this so many times before the plastic holes start to strip out from repeatedly securing the water tubes to the back of the washer.

Considering the general inability of #2 to fulfill its primary purpose well, and the added problem of no easily removable filter, I decided to purchase a new dishwasher. It was surprisingly difficult to find any place that had them in stock. I found one place, a hardware store, and they had one in stock, so I ordered it online. Six hours later, I still had not heard back. I figured it would be easy. How long can it take to pull the stock from the back and put a receipt on it? I found out later that the same place said it could take 3-7 days. I tried to call multiple times, but no answer. I decided to cancel the order, figuring I would take another run at fixing it, because the best I could find was a shipped dishwasher that wouldn't arrive until next week.

After work, I pulled the dishwasher from the cabinet. I'm not particularly proud about the execution, here, but this is how things unfolded. I tried to hold the drain hose up, and attempted to drain properly, but during this, I got all excited about seeing if the drain pump was working when it was exposed, and so I tilted #2 on its side to look. Water rushed out. I mopped up spilled musty water from the floor of the kitchen with bath towels from the laundry, forgetting that I often pull bath towels from the laundry to clean the bathroom. I had ten or so sopping wet bath towels, and even at that, I didn't get all of the water mopped up. I had to use some paper towels. A mop is too slow to mop up water when it is flowing out onto the hardwood floors.

I dragged #2 out onto the patio, where I hosed out the internal passageways and grates. I filled up the bottom with water, and it seemed like the pump worked. It spit out water. I poked a piece of cardboard into the bottom of the pump, and the impeller slapped against it, brrrrrrrr. I was excited, figuring it worked. This seemed familiar too. I had done this at another time, taken the dishwasher apart to look at the pump. I still couldn't remember if it was #2 or #1, though.

I dragged #2 back into the house and hooked it up, bragging to Sean that I think I had it fixed, but I still needed to

test it. I hooked up the water, power, and drain hose, and while it did sound better, it still wouldn't drain properly. I picked up the drain hose and tried to blow through it to see if it was clogged, and I was able to blow some air through, so I figured the drain hose was fine. Sean came into the kitchen and told me that I should just face the fact that the dishwasher was dead, and it wasn't coming back. I reluctantly agreed, disconnected it, created another minor flood from my test water, and put the dishwasher on the back patio. I was covered in sweat and organic sludge from crawling around under the sink, disconnecting and reconnecting hoses, and sloshing musty brown-orange water around. Sean helped mop while I put away my tools and parts that were spread around the floor and counter.



I pulled out some paper plates, cups, and plastic forks. We were in it for the long haul. The kitchen, now, had mounds of dishes. One mound had a rack of dishes from the dishwasher on top of it, the failed load from the orange water. The dining room table had the other rack, also full of dishes. Sean and I went to sleep. I woke up early yesterday morning, and hunted around for a dishwasher online. I didn't really want to wait for another week. I wanted to pick one up. When did not having a dishwasher become such a big deal? In the past, I often didn't have a dishwasher, and would wash the dishes by hand; however, the flow of dishes seems difficult to deal with now. It seems like a required first world accessory. I could get all mud-hut later. For now, I needed to find a working dishwasher. I ended up finding one, the last dishwasher at Fry's, and ordered it online. Fry's said they would send me confirmation I could pick it up within an hour after they opened.

Later that morning I got an email from my bank, asking if I could confirm a transaction for Fry's. I noticed that they said that the transaction was denied. I confirmed that it was valid, but since it said it was denied, I called Fry's. I waited on hold, got transferred, but eventually I got a hold of the person who had tried to process the transaction. Sure enough, my bank had outright denied it. I told him that I had confirmed the transaction, so it should be good now. He was doubtful, but he ran it through again. He was noticeably happy on the phone, surprised that it worked. I got another email from my bank asking me to confirm the transaction again, but this time they said they approved it, but would lock my card if I didn't confirm the transaction. I let my work know that I would be taking a long lunch, and drove to Fry's mid-day.

Because of $c\sim19$, they can only allow 25% capacity, so the store had almost nobody there, because people didn't want to stand outside to

wait. I only saw four customers in the entire store, and they were a group of four men purchasing something. I stood near the entrance at the pick-up counter, holding my paper like a big ticket. Eventually one of the clerks in the check-out line came over partway, asked me if I was there to pick up, and said I needed to come over to the main check-out. Fry's is quite big, and these distances are significant. It is probably a good 100 feet from the entrance to where the open registers were. When the store is full, it all seems reasonable, but it is quite weird when the store is empty.

I finished up the transaction, and the clerk asked me if I wanted help out. For the first time in my life, I said yes. Usually I just grab a cart and hoist it into the truck, but this time I was a bit wiser about it, partly because Sean is encouraging me to stop my solo ways on these things, and partly because I can feel the stress on my body more these days. I held #3 down with a strap. It turns out that the sound-proofing on the back isn't held down well, just by some kitchen string wrapped around some small metal studs. I watched it flap more and more in my rear-view mirror on the way home. I also should have done a better job of holding it down, because a mile from my house it started sliding around. I got it home safe, though. Bobo helped me up the steps to the house and into the kitchen, also a first. He is strong, now, and able to help.

I started hooking up #3, and realized that the drain hose was long enough to reach the side of the garbage disposal

without an extension. I pulled the end of the old hose off, and looked down and saw it was clogged with all kinds of sludge and this white gristly bulge at the end. Apparently my test by blowing into the other end of the hose was not valid. I hooked up #3 and started a load of dishes. All was starting to come into place.

I looked at #2 on the patio, and it started to make sense. I think I had fixed #2 once by taking it apart and attaching it, but instead of really fixing it, the operation just loosed up enough of the sludge to get things moving again. At the same time, though, I had a vague memory of #1 having a similar problem. Had I purchased #2 in error? Then, I looked at the back of #2:





Oh! That date. I must have replaced #1 in 2010. All of the feelings made sense, now, the feeling of everything crushing me as my world unraveled. 2010 was not a good year at all. Not quite as bad as 2009, but not a good year. I figure that #2 is actually working, it was just a clogged. It might also be that #1 worked as well. On the off chance that #3 kicks the bucket early, I figured I'd wrap #2 in plastic and stick it in back of the workshop, next to the fence. Orange tape seems appropriate:

Today I ran 4 loads of dishes. The kitchen is almost back to normal as I write this. I still have to cut out the side of the wall to properly mount the dishwasher so it doesn't tilt, and level it, but that should be relatively easy.

#bobo #c~19 #sean #yvette

Comments:

2020-08-01:

I sat down to write the tale, and realized that the images for my journal were often over 5 megs in size. It used to be that the pictures on your camera were reasonable for web, as they were low-resolution. Nowadays, though, the size is relatively big. I went off on a bit of a tangent as I figured out how to resize all of the existing images on MHC. One challenge is that I don't want to shrink images that are already small. The results are here. I also did a search for when, exactly, I bought dishwasher #2. All-in-all, it took me two hours after I first sat down to write, before I started writing the actual tale.

2020-08-01:

It is enjoyable to write a real entry today. I suppose that all entries are real, but journal entries are a bit rarer, particularly the longer ones. Usually subject entries fall into urgent ramblings about collapse of industrial civilization and the horrors, and have most of my focus. Sure, there are exceptions, but mostly socio-political-ecological stuff has overwhelmed my journal since 2012. Usually I'll post the rant on social

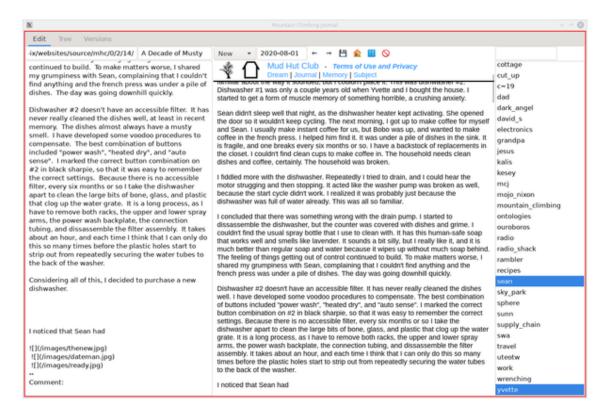
media and then pull it over into my journal. I think a large part of this is the mistaken idea that I can make people understand with enough words, enough writing, so I continue on with the subject entries. There is a problem of audience with that. Who am I writing for?

On the tech side, at my job, most people don't get what I'm saying. There are roughly five people that understand the idea of knowledge domains and data flow in an org, that I know personally. There are zero people that are interested enough to follow along and run some Python to generate the models. More and more, as time goes on, I'm getting better at letting this go. There are some wins. My current boss is a fan of the CB ideas, so he is starting to evangelize a bit around architecture, generally. He doesn't completely understand the domain or AI stuff, but he likes the combination of visualization and documentation. It is getting to be a wider and wider divide as I bring in religion. I have an odd mix.

Even with current events, I have troubles. The prevailing approach to political discussion is somewhat binary: "Don't you know? There are clear ways to look at current events!!!" Whenever I try and engage on one of these conversations, I quickly become alienated and alienating. Backing most of my beliefs around the current issues, is an overall analysis and understanding of the global supply chain and how it relates to population and ecological destruction. While I can see some of my ideas intersecting the beliefs of some people I know, similar to my work ideas, there are few people that fully follow the flow of thought, likely because it ends up being fairly futile. Even those I have been supposedly having intellectual discussions with about the issues, when I get a bit deeper with them, I realize that my main core ideas are something they have not really understood fully. All are just correlations with keywords of agreements, a form of confirmation bias.

I do share pretty much everything on the web. That is a change for me in the last couple years. I used to segment most of my personal stuff, and it rarely stayed posted for longer than a few months without a password. The web provides an outlet for my ideas. David S is probably closest, actually... so not entirely alone there, I guess, but he is a bit remote right now, not sure why. Sean is one of the most flexible and broadest thinkers I know. She has followed along, challenged, and made me think, but it is a bit different with her, because we are lovers, so we share everything. I do cherish her mind, certainly. And I have back and forth conversations via email with some people as well, that I value. Overall, though, I feel fairly isolated as far as the application and growth of the ideas. It is getting to be a wider and wider divide as I bring in religion. I have an odd mix.

The thing that is the most difficult is attempting to share what is beautiful to me. As I was writing this morning, looking at all of the particular bits of design that went in to my current journal software, I realized that as fabulous, as perfect as the current UI is to me, it is unlikely that I will ever know anybody that will run this particular bit of 400 lines of Python to create an entry in a journal. I find it so odd to have spent thousands upon thousands of hours on refining my journal software, yet not knowing anybody that runs it. This is consistent with almost everything I do now. To be fair, I wouldn't wish the current version of software on anybody except for a GNU/Linux geek. I'm replicating the entries two-way with Unison, so I can write anywhere at anytime. It is all open source. Perhaps somebody sometime will use some of it. It is mine. I love the way it looks: :



All of this has caused a bit of my back and forth with social media, as I realize again and again, that real engagement on any of my ideas is rare. Few people really looked at my social media profile while I was on there. I get frustrated, and swear off social media altogether. Social media is really about attention, not knowledge. I am supposed to post something personal that adds to attention, part of the stream. This isn't so much about a face page anymore, a place with details and status on a person. Sure, that is one application, but for most people, it is just a stream, a feed vying for attention. In the very beginning, as I understand, a face book wall was something that showed when other people tagged you in events or they wrote on your wall directly. Now it has become a way to lobby for an identity.



2020-08-05 • Journal • End of Dark Angel • L R

I watched the most of the second-to-last episode of Dark Angel. This has been an ongoing dive since last May. This is an amulet that Jason was looking at. This guy said that it was a symbol of Hermes, a messenger, but earlier it was a Babylonian symbol of fertility.



The symbol, again, is on the Advanced Recombinant Genetics shingle in the basement. In this same episode, handheld thermometers are used to scan people for fever to see if they are transgenics.



This whole Dark Angel journey has been particularly odd. I feel like I have followed it through, though. For anybody interested in some strange matches between current events and a TV series from 2000, this show is rich. It is particularly rich for me because of my Ouroboros connection and the tree of life. The tree *is* life, it is DNA. It is also our savior, or could be. Time will tell.

#dark angel #ouroboros



2020-08-06 = Subject = xx = LR

Desolation reveals truth as faint ridges on the dark hard earth. Trace the path with insistent fingertips. Never return.

Never return.



2020-08-09 • Dream • Old Phone • L R

I received a call on my flip phone that I answered. I knew it was the wrong person, just the correct phone. Somebody named Bob had the same IMEID (phone device ID) in the past, and he stopped paying his bills. I ended up getting the phone with a new phone number, but the phone company, for some reason, called the old owner, Bob, via the IMEID. Usually I just ignored the calls, but today I answered. The rep knew exactly what had happened, and said he could fix it so I didn't keep getting the calls. In the middle of the conversation, my boss showed up to talk to me, but it was after my normal work hours, and he could see I was on the phone, so he left.

#boss #cell_phone



2020-08-11 • Dream • Blank Rooms • L R

I was exploring some caves with a close friend. We entered through a concealed opening, and it opened up into these old rooms. I took a picture, and the room was full of people with colorful outfits. They were hosting a banquet. But with the naked eye the room was empty, just grayish-white walls dimly lit by our flashlights. I showed my friend the picture. We travelled to other rooms and saw the same thing happen, just different people doing different things. In the back was a small room with four people, one of them sitting at a desk, again, I could only see this when I took a picture with my camera (phone?), and not directly.



2020-08-18 - Subject - Breezy Ringlets - LR

I love that moment when I forget why I am angry. The sun comes down in warm ringlets with the breeze, tickles the leaves of the trees, and we giggle together about the absolute beauty.

#anger



2020-08-23 • Subject • Global Virus Reach • LR

What you think is right and worth doing comes from empire. I don't know anybody where this isn't the case. The differences are minor. About the only thing that is different, is that some people do dig at that a bit and try and understand their own telemetry in empire, what that means, and what is needed. PKD put it well: "the enslaved people cannot be rescued by departing the Empire [the BIP] because the Empire is worldwide."

I'm not on the same Gnostic extreme as PKD, but I get the insanity. I get the need to blame the entire situation on simply being the wrong reality (one of his favorite literary devices). My empire critique is simply around all of the social media bs, these silly battles, and yet all based in empire, every one of you (and myself). Much respect to those that dig, try and scrape away that veneer, try and learn something new. Much respect for those that create real knowledge... and, yes, I guess I respect that in myself, but I do also share... I just know few who have the cycles to break out... seriously, the BIP seems more and more true. And, no, this isn't on any side of the current lines. This is much larger.

Here is something that is related that bothers me. From what I figure, the written word is roughly 6,000 years old. Much of what we consider knowledge, then, is that old. The written word is required for civilization to exist, and civilizations tend to involve or become empire eventually. So, there is some pretty intense paradox writing about BIP at all, or even differentiating between, say, trying to build knowledge vs. simply being a tool for attention. From a certain perspective, then, the folks I know who just take their loot, have some fun, and take selfies putting out water dishes for dogs or putting the latest hashtag in the window of their condo vs. building knowledge are actually opposed to empire.

Is the way out of the BIP the opposite of building knowledge? I don't think that is what PKD had in mind. In fact, the key out of the BIP was a beam of information (knowledge) a pink beam of light that revealed the truth, the real reality (Gnostic). Now, this likely is a fallacy. I need to be careful. While the written word is required for civilization, and the written word implies knowledge, and this is required for empire (and empire most likely follows civilization), there are likely other organizing structures that could arise from the written word. The fallacy is that there are some significantly stable forms of humans organizing that had no written word. So, I am certain that if there was no written word there would be no empire. I am also certain that humans can organize in a harmonious way without the written word.

Regarding the BIP link from above, I used to think that the Burroughs "language is a virus" bit was about ideas, and it could be written or spoken word and music. This whole line of thought I have here with empire, as well as the general feeling (particularly on fb) that everybody is trapped in a Matrix nightmare, as well as the correlation with civilization and empire, plays out well in the context of Levy's interpretation of PKD. The entire organism has been infected.

While there are some fallacies in there around necessary outcomes, the general idea works if I go with the first sentence of this article. "What you think is right and worth doing comes from empire." It is true that empire poisons thought at a very basic level, no alternate universes required. In the days of the debates of not-yet President Lincoln, though, people could think still. The infection was not as complete.

How did we get here, then? For some reason, I love to fall back on science fiction shows (such a nerd, I guess), but what happened after Lincoln? The black oil happened. Oil. It wasn't just empire, it was the illusion of how things worked with cheap energy and hiding negative externalities. This helps me understand a bit, because I know there is no real difference between humans in general, nothing to explain the complete drop-off in ability to challenge the

fake reality presented (much, much like PKD... this is falling into place). So: 6,000 years ago the word. This leads to knowledge, and there are several cycles of collapse. Then coal and oil happened (mostly oil, but we did get a start at this with energy in general). Infection of the global organism! That does make much more sense. written word + a few cycles of civilization and empire + fossil fuels = the right temperature to infect the current world-wide organism. And, yes, that includes everybody I know, including myself. The only difference is if we notice the cat go by twice, signifying a glitch. Ya know... these longer fb posts end up taking an entire day for me when I re-write for my journal. I'm going to have to capture this raw and do that some morning. Not today, though, nope. Pretty excited about this... some fresh flesh here. And then... well... I can add paragraphs and such, heh. Oh... and likely there is a correlation to mass, the sheer mass of knowledge, that is another vector of infection. This is why we need computers to support the mass... and there we are back at global supply chain again. Ooooo... so ouroboros.



I'm trying to speak in more concrete terms. It is particularly difficult for others because I've built up my on short-cut of ideas, a weird combination of science fiction and religion, as well as my own allegories and metaphors. What I would really like to do today is put in this new instrument cluster for Betty, my 67 econoline, that, miraculously I got back. I started thinking about this instrument cluster thingy, though, and it is illustrative of some of the ideas, but in a concrete way. You can't really buy new parts that plug in. Some, maybe, but unless new machining has been put in, you are stuck with old parts. If you replace the gauge, usually you also need a new sender (the electro-mechanical piece that measures stuff like speed based on the transmission or some other spinning piece). But, the supply chain around the parts themselves doesn't exist anymore, and it is difficult to fabricate again. You can even see some of this with published CDs and DVD/Blu-rays to a lesser extent. It takes knowledge as well as lots of related supply-chain to create this stuff. There is a network cable that connects the brain-box to the instrument cluster... regular old cat5e. This means there is an entire computer in both boxes.

Sure, the supply chain behind both boxes is multiple orders of magnitude above the supply chain for the original gauges, but the computer-based one can be applied to multiple systems. So, from a certain perspective, my understanding of the world, here, is quite skewed. If I was involved in the supply chain directly, just to create, say, a speedometer cable, and sourced the metals, machined it, developed processes to weave and treat the cable, it could take a lifetime. Instead, I have something that *seems* easy and magical, as though all that unfettered capitalism created it simply because of some kind of magician's hand. But that isn't really the situation. The destruction this meter represents is mind boggling vs. the destruction that an old-fashioned cable represents. In the present, though, everything we see and talk about comes out of that magic. We can never really understand it. We have been infected in how we think of car gauges and systems. Ah, Sunday, a time for looters and legos and boats.

Some day I'll have power Some day I'll have boats A tract in some suburb With Thanksgivings to host

Jello is so very direct. Not many layers, there, and it fits with many I know... I often think about this song as I get older and watch my friends from a long time ago get used to pretty much every aspect of this song. The cool thing about the language virus bit, though, is that it explains things in a less judgemental way. Jello is a bit judgemental... heh... still, much respect for him and his battle. We still all go up and up.

Of course, I am an outsider. I didn't drink beer in the street with Jello like Sigg did.

Well, I dreamed there was an island That rose up from the sea And everybody on the island Was somebody from TV And there was a beautiful view But nobody could see

'Cause everybody on the island was saying:

Look at me!

Look at me!

Look at me!

Look at me!

(Why?)

Because they all lived on an island

That rose up from the sea

And everybody on the island

Was somebody from TV

And there was a beautiful view

But nobody could see

'Cause everybody on the island was screaming:

Look at me!

Paradise is exactly like

Where you are right now

Only much much better

#aladdin #betty #collapse #moody blues #ouroboros #pink beam #pink light #pkd #sigg #x files #bip



2020-08-26 • Subject • Home • LR

I have come to the conclusion that I am intellectually bored with pretty much everybody I know and everybody I meet, with the exception of crazy people on the bus. Sean is interesting to talk to, and certainly an intellectual equal, but she is not that interested in knowledge as structures, how that applies to IT in particular, nor how words fit into that idea. My macro to the beginning of the written word is not interesting to most.

I'm thinking through the people that I have talked to, or tried to talk to in the last few years. There were four people that got the base ideas. One heads an incubator run by a famous VC firm, a CTO and founder of quite a few businesses that Yvette worked for. One is the founder of a disaster recovery business pre-crash-pre-crash, somebody Yvette went to highschool with. One is a physicist... Yvette's brother Ernie. One is Yvette's son, Bobo. All of them I have known for many years. I think the biggest fail was a friend of mine, who, after I explained the whole idea, said, "I didn't know there was a program for that." He completely missed everything I had said in the previous half hour or so. Sean, my lover, has read multiple efforts at expressing various ideas, and grokked them, but, again, she is not particularly interested in the investment and growth of the ideas collaboratively.

Part of this is that people don't really care about where we are, how we got here, or where we want to or can go. Now, since I'm skeptical of even the written word itself, I get how my particular version might be off-putting, but it didn't used to be like this, back when we were in school (this is a key point... more on that later). I think that people are generally happy with what civilization gives them, their Matrix steak.



They have their corporate job or their house in the suburbs or their whiskey drinks or cigars or scouting lifestyle that appears genuine. Who am I to say what is truly genuine, right? But regardless, these people are not giving me what I need. I need some intellectual collaboration to grow more, and, right now, I'm going solo, mostly. Now, true, I am able to use my modeling ideas for my job right now, so that is a step forward. But I have no doubt that the broader application over 6,000 years is something I should not bring up with work. It is possible that I am in the process of carving out a paying outlet for these ideas.

There is more than pay, though. We are at an interesting point in the arc: Al is harnessing these ideas, and making it repeatable, avoiding the chimp notches. I can see how this is going down, machines filling in the mind-numbing lack of intellectual interest in anything new, replacing said people with chatbots and self-driving cars* to deliver packages. At the same time, I also understand how fragile the ecosystem is (figuratively and literally). So, part of my passion on this is preserving the mechanisms outside of the DevOps ecosystem. Another part of it is recognizing the cultural patterns, the imprints of the technical ideas over six thousand years.

What to do? There is nothing like wandering over ideas like this in person with drawings scribbled on notebooks with beers or coffees. I suspect that the answer lies in a college town, a new home. At the same time, I find the intellectual atmosphere in Seattle, Portland, Eugene stifling, poisoned because of the PC aspect as well as the entitled street urchin or woke protester. I've decided that I need to find that place. I would prefer to find it in my own country. I suspect that it might be Boone, where Sean has some land. Wherever this place is, it needs intellectually thirsty and adventurous people that have not been poisoned by the majority culture. After Bobo graduates from high school, I am going to find that place. I am going to find people who are interested in the kinds of weird ideas I'm interested in. I want to learn as well. I want that most of all. I want people who will listen to a couple sentences, understand it, and challenge me. I need to grow.

*This is a perfect example of the so-called disruptive ideas avoiding negative externalities in the equation.

#chimp notches #civilization #diagramming #ernie #modeling #ouroboros #sean #yvette



2020-09-08 • Dream • Mandate • LR

I dropped off my car for repair. The head mechanic had a special price for when the shop was idle. I had two vehicles. One was a cream sports car, kind of like Yvette's Bill had, an Alpha Romeo. Another was Betty, or perhaps a pick-up. I was dropping off the sports car. I knew the owner, the head mechanic. He was in a meeting with the rest of the staff when I arrived. He welcomed me to sit down, and asked me if I wanted to know what was going to happen. I said that I knew what was going to happen, that the largest mobile phone manufacturer was going to convince world governments to use their health app to control c~19. People would not be allowed to leave their homes unless they had a the app installed and testing them. The head mechanic said yes, that was true, and he moved to the next slid on his presentation he was showing the staff that had a picture of the different kinds of phones that ran the required app.

#betty #c~19 #wrenching #yvettes bill



2020-09-09 • Journal • Space Now • LR

I've been watching Space 1999 as I work out. I saw this, and it reminds me how 2020 was also referenced in Dark Angel:



Figure 59: Space 1999

The episode before last was about how the crew went into a fog on an earth-like planet and regressed to humans 40,000 years ago. There was speculation about if humans have really changed that much.



2020-09-09 - Apps - Unison on Ubuntu 20.04 - LR

Grab a copy of the L1G3R version of Unison here if you are using it with MCI, and run:

apt install ocaml-base
apt install ocaml
make UISTYLE=text
cp src/unison /usr/bin/

Comments:

2023-08-24:

I had an idea at this point that using Unison to sync changes would work well to collaborate. The referenced tarball is something I modified to make a log of changes. It works something like MQTT would, but the tree is replicating directly. As I write this comment, I'm posting over a regular old POST HTTP command, and the Deno run-time is updating triples stored in a Javascript Object. There are many ways to do this.



2020-09-14 • Dream • Needs Water • LR

I started out in a small outbuilding. This is a familiar structure in my dreams. I've been there before. It is a bit like a garden shed, just wood, lots of sun light and plants. I am alone, and in transition between spaces. I was then in the kitchen of the main house, looking out over my back yard. All of the topsoil appeared to have washed away leaving a hard packed, whitish-gray soil. The fence across the back, between my yard and the neighbor, was a white, metal fence, with gridwork wire on the panels, much like what is along the waterfront at the Olympic Sculpture Park.

I was washing dishes. When I washed a cup, I put the nozzle of the faucet tightly around the cup, creating back pressure. I noticed that water came up into the yard when I did this, and the outline where I had removed the sprinkler heads. I knew the pipes were still in the ground, but I didn't know that water would still flow through them. I figured out how to make it flow constantly, and filled the entire yard with water.

I went outside, and Bobo was playing in the water, swimming around and splashing. He was five years old or so. I walked further down the driveway, and the back yard drained into a small stream. Auto (as I called the cat... Yvette called the cat Otto for the first ten years until I told her I thought it was like the joke Auto Parts in Repo man)... Auto was laying on his back in the stream, wiggling back and forth in glee at the water.

I returned back to the house and told Sean about Auto, and remembered that I was referring to a cat that Yvette and I had owned, and that Auto and Lulu were really dead, so it was two other cats that looked just like Auto and Lulu that we had now, a tuxedo and calico.

I looked out over the yard, and the water had receded. Instead of the whitish-gray soil, the topsoil was brown, and looked healthy. Rows of cultivated plants were growing all of a sudden. I noticed the neighbor in the back was replacing the white metal fence with a cedar fence, and the face of the fence was toward me, leaving the uglier cross-beams and posts facing the neighbor.

#bobo #cat #dishes #fence #sean #yvette



2020-09-14 • Journal • Peace of Mind • L R

I've been on a bit of an obsessive slog trying to finish up my statement of purpose. I let lots of people know about it a few times. Everybody knows. The responses are pretty much down to zero. I have exhausted the share. At the

same time, though, I am pleased with the content. I've also been thinking about where I call home. I found a list of cities that were ranked as far as population cognition (seriously... kind of weird). Boone was on the list, number 23. If that doesn't work out, I am thinking about just traveling to different cities in the list in Betty. This is the backdrop of my emotions and state of mind.

I took a two hour break at work today, with a one hour workout. After my workout, I laid down and did drift off a bit. I recognized my feeling and state of mind as something I felt a few days after Yvette died. It was a sense of peace. At the time, I was very tired. Exhausted, but it exploded like a battle field and then it was silent. That was the thing, it was silent. It wasn't pretty. It was still full of the dead and the signs of war, but there was peace and relief. I'm not sure why I have that kind of corresponding feeling.

#betty #travel #yvette



2020-09-15 • Dream • 2nd Place Turn • LR

I was with Sean in a large, shared, public space. I wanted to show her this place that I had been to. I knew that I had to pass the first place that seemed correct. It was the 2nd place where we needed to turn off, in an area past the library.

Yvette had showed me how to get there previously. She had figured it out while she was in the hospital. If you take the wrong route, it is very confusing, and easy to get stuck.

Sean and I turned off at the second spot, but it was still difficult to get down to our destination, which was in the basement. I saw Target, across the street, and told Sean it was a shortcut, as I knew that the elevator at Target went to a common basement.

Sean and I went in through the side door at Target. Sean was doubtful that the door was open, but I reassured her that the door was always open. Just inside the door there was a spinning contraption that looked like it had an elevator car in it, and we thought at first it was an elevator, but it was just an art exhibit. The components were strung together in pastel blocks along a 20 foot chain. A bulbous spiral turned underneath a rectangular box, among other structures. It was lit up as it rotated and spun. It was similar to a rock-o-plane running along a chain like in the Crimson Peak machine:



Around the corner from the machine, we heard the ding sound of an elevator door opening. We went around the corner and there was an entire area of Target that was devoted to selling vinyl records. We figured there had to be

an elevator because of that. Sure enough, we saw it. The elevator door was underneath a glowing red sign that said Exit.

#cat #elevator #sean #yvette

Comments:

2020-09-15:

I told Sean about the dream, and immediately she said that I was trying to understand something that was buried deep inside me, and Yvette had tried to show me, and she and I would find it together.

2020-09-15:

There may well be an anima lens in this. It reminds me of Goth Woman Advice.

2020-09-15:

Sean and I watched Crimson Peak last week, which reminds me of some of my focus (target?), in that I become consumed with various efforts in a similar way to the machine Thomas Sharpe builds. Target also reminds me of the goals I stress in my statement of purpose.



2020-09-16 • Subject • Reading and Writing • LR

The most uniformly available tool to transfer knowledge about iteratively reaching a goal is being able to read, write, and follow analysis with the purpose of reaching agreed-to goals. It seems to me that even these skills are in decline, let alone the ability of people to run their own information technology systems. I am sure it varies, but it didn't seem this bad in previous decades. It does kind of fit with the power struggles and knowledge ideas. We are giving up our autonomy for AI, but in a way that caught me by surprise.

I never really understood what the battle over education really was. It seemed to me the the true rulers valued a balanced, four year college degree generally provided in the eighties. I see fewer people that get those kinds of degrees. Liberal arts education is ridiculed. More and more any kind of degree is ridiculed. I think I'd rather gnaw off my finger than go on and on about the value of education and reading and writing, so I'll just get on with the meat of Signal Q. I just think there is something beneath all of the hubbub that is related to education. I used to stress communication. I thought about it as a dynamic, fluid form of communication that would help people. The problem is deeper than that. We have all of the communication we can handle, and more. Who would have thought that it would be the ability to analyze and create knowledge that would be displaced vs. control of communication? Perhaps Huxley.

#aldous_huxley #knowledge

Comments:

2020-09-23:

Sean started reading extensively when she was five. Between that and her SCA stuff, I think this is why she is such a nimble thinker. Bobo was the same way, reading many books, more before he was 12 than I have read in my entire life. He read Dune when he was 13.



2020-09-16 • Subject • Personal Statement of Purpose • LR

"We walked around in circles singing whoa oh I said we could walk around practically forever singing whoa oh I said our heads were filled with things that Didn't really matter anyway we're singing whoa oh I said we could walk around for practically forever singing whoa oh"

~A. Mccarthy, C. Dorschuk, I. Dorschuk, S. Dorschuk Where Do the Boys Go? © Universal Music Publishing Group

Personal Statement of Purpose

What am I doing? Why? What is my purpose? I have a difficult time accepting that life alone is enough, particularly in the face of the damage humans are wreaking on the ecosystems that support vertebrates. This includes variations like a purpose of procreating and protecting my offspring. While protecting my offspring is a responsibility, I do not accept that it is my special purpose, despite the insight of Naven Johnson in the movie The Jerk:

Unlike Steve Martin, I did not study much philosophy. This statement of purpose is a form of outsider art, a naïve philosophical framework that I've patched together to explain my place, well after my nerd fervor played out my career in information technology and electronics. Looking back, I am not sure I would change that. I like the freedom I get as an outsider.

Before I can establish purpose, I need context: Where do I come from? How did I get here? What are the current problems? What are my strengths? What are my limitations? What interests me? While the answer to these questions are way too broad on their own, I am constraining the scope of the answers to the amount that they can help determine my purpose. This is not meant to be academically rigorous. It is my map of what I think, a summary of writing and thought in these areas. I don't expect that the answers are the same for any two people, but it might be generally interesting. This also has an aspect of commitment, in a Citizen Kane sort of way, by posting in the form of a statement of purpose. The ideas discussed in this essay are frenetically described in detail via the links behind the icons at the bottom of this page.

One limitation humans have is seeing patterns where none exist. Consider popcorn ceilings, textured ceiling that was sprayed on for appearance and sound deadening, popular in the United States in the 1970s and 1980s, where I grew up. Often, when I've found myself staring off into space, I've stared at popcorn ceilings. Like clouds, if I let my clockwork conscious mind drift, the texture in the ceiling can easily morph into a dragon or tree or whatever else my brain imagines. That is how my brain works. I make order out of chaos. This is part of what it means to be human. It is also one of our superpowers, but I do need to be wary of patterns, as they might not be there. I may be basing my purpose on an illusion. Another form of limitation is that humans have limited active focus. I can make out detail on an object I'm looking at directly, but the items on the side of my vision have neither the detail, nor the ability for me to cognitively distinguish the side objects in real time in the same way.

My unconscious mind also limits my ability to rationally evaluate my purpose. There are two aspects of this. First, I have unconscious desires that play out without me being consciously aware. Second, there are parts of my psyche where I share cultural artifacts of meaning with others that I haven't even met. I experience shared cultural artifacts with dreams. Rooms and cars have similar meanings in dreams by people who have never directly interacted. Some of these artifacts go back thousands of years, and show up as mythical figures. These artifacts form my perceptions, just as my human tendency to find patterns in chaos and my limited focus, guide, filter, and transform my cognitive abilities. While I am mostly blind to the terrain of my unconscious mind, I am able to occasionally map the territory with words as I wake from dreams.

The limitations I have are both what I have observed in other humans, and what I have observed personally. I don't think it is a fallacy, with the types of aspects I'm discussing, to extend this to all humans as I try and make sense of how we got to where we are as a species. Dolphins, crows or primates might share some of the same cognitive features as humans, but it is language that perpetuates our rich culture, that sets us apart as a species. With spoken language our species was relatively stable for hundreds of thousands of years. We laid our hands on the same place on top of other human imprints on the same cave walls for five thousand years in some cases. We grew our culture slowly with stories, an ebb and flow between geographically distant but occasionally intersecting groups of humans. We created art, reflections of the world we saw, reflections of our cultural memory as a foil to the flickering light in the caves we sheltered in.

It is written language that changed everything, exploding the balance. I'm including pictographs in my definition of written language. This corresponds to the earliest civilizations, starting six thousand years ago. Civilization requires written language, because of supply chains necessary to support large population centers. Even the simplest supply chains, like storing wheat to plant the next year, survive on through the winter, and then planting in the spring,

harvesting, and distributing, requires written language to scale to the needs of a city. We also use written language to create the rule of law. Documents capturing rights, freedoms, manifestos, and religious teachings are all woven into civilization. Similar to agriculture, science relies on written language in most cases, as it is the only way to collaboratively capture hypotheses and test predictions with any kind of scale.

Written language captures and improves chains of knowledge, the frameworks of tangible things. There is a weave back and forth, leapfrogging between the supply chain and technological advancement, pushed forward by science. Written language changes over time to capture knowledge itself. Consider the word entropy. While it is true that different humans filter and understand the word differently, engineers or scientists have a more precise, roughly shared understanding of the concepts behind entropy. An engineer might relate entropy to dismissing fraudulent claims of an energy machine. An astrophysicist might apply the concept to understand creation of stars. While it is true that knowledge can be passed on verbally, the collaborative and explosive, exponential nature of written language makes it fundamentally different, just as concentrated energy via fossil fuels propels civilization forward in severely varied versions vs. energy from burning wood.

Models, like trees, graphs, and blueprints, perpetuate knowledge at scale, similar to how the written word can scale civilization. The idea of a tree is particularly important in studying the taxonomy of living things. Not only does the word mean something, but the placement in the model means even more. Consider the word mustela. Mustela is Latin for weasel, and the word still means this in English, Spanish, and likely many more languages. More importantly, though, it is part of a taxonomy of animals as a genus that includes weasels, polecats, stoats, ferrets and mink. If we look one branch up in the tree we find the family mustelidae which has a subfamily of lutrinae, of which the otter is part of. These words don't mean much on their own. It is placement in the tree that adds most of the meaning, as well as translations to local language. In this case, we might infer the true nature of otters based on placement in the model, even though in our every day language we don't couple weasels and otters. Otters are cute and cuddly, but weasels are... well, weasels. The reality is that otters act like weasels, and that can be inferred from the model.

Models are an important component of science. Science formed our understanding of the moon, aerodynamics, and harnessing energy to land on the moon. This created entire areas of technological advancement and supporting supply chains that persisted both as a way to generate particular material items, but also as knowledge that could create new technologies. The tree of knowledge itself, as a model, is woven in through our collective cultural artifacts. We understand the consuming aspect of knowledge, and the tree and snake emerge in our cultural memory, both as a warning and as a symbol of power. Myth, structures in our unconscious mind, and our ability to discern patterns all play into how we perceive knowledge. Our civilization grew on this mix, in concert with our knowledge base and shared cultural artifacts. And here we have some closure in the consuming circle, the ouroboros, the snake among the branches in the tree of knowledge, a symbol as old as civilization, that appears in various forms across all cultures. We scaled civilization by reading, standing on the old words and bootstrapping to higher and higher levels, leveraging science and models, to the moon and beyond. This is the power of knowledge, knowledge of everything is at our disposal as we scale these last six thousand years. It is our goals that we need to be conscious of, as well as our path to those goals that is our concern.

We now live in a hyper-accelerated time, starting in the nineteenth century, when we started leveraging oil for energy and created the first computer. Ada Lovelace wrote this about Charles Babbage's computer in 1843:

"The Analytical Engine has no pretensions whatever to originate any thing. It can do whatever we know how to order it to perform. It can follow analysis; but it has no power of anticipating any analytical relations or truths. Its province is to assist us in making available what we are already acquainted with. This it is calculated to effect primarily and chiefly of course, through its executive faculties; but it is likely to exert an indirect and reciprocal influence on science itself in another manner. For, in so distributing and combining the truths and the formula of analysis, that they may become most easily and rapidly amenable to the mechanical combinations of the engine, the relations and the nature of many subjects in that science are necessarily thrown into new lights, and more profoundly investigated."

~Ada Lovelace, Note G, p. 722, Scientific Memoirs, Selections from The Transactions of Foreign Academies and Learned Societies and from Foreign Journals, edited by Richard Taylor, F.S.A., Vol III London: 1843, Article XXIX. Sketch of the Analytical Engine invented by Charles Babbage Esq. By L. F. Menabrea, of Turin, Officer of the Military

Engineers. [From the Bibliothque Universelle de Gnve, No. 82 October 1842].

Oil provided energy to build out even more sophisticated technology and supply chains. Electronic tubes and transistors accelerated knowledge even further, particularly with computers. With the help of computers and oil, supply chains could grow even more complex, and the synergistic build of knowledge domains gave us many of the current miracles of modern civilization. There is something more. There is artificial intelligence (AI). I'm not talking about Terminator AI, Skynet, I'm talking about artificial cognition towards goals. Let's set knowledge aside a bit and talk about cognition towards goals, and what that means. We have limited cognition as far as sight, see patterns (sometimes where none exist), and have various cultural artifacts and archetypes in our psyches that play out and emerge through our knowledge interplay in our cultures. It is shared intention, though, that is an un-intuitively limited cognitive ability that threatens our persistence as a species.

Unfortunately, our particular state of civilization cannot persist, and in more than the normal "everything changes" way. I could ask 10 different people why, and they would likely give me 10 different answers as to why civilization cannot persist in its current state. Perhaps it could be argued that civilization shouldn't persist, but that is out of scope of this essay. I think it is fair to say that the nature of the acceleration due to oil and computers and human cognitive limitations brought us to where we are. Ada Lovelace, in the quote above, both corresponds to the launch of computer science, but she also points to the idea that computers will not solve the problem of analysis and design of systems towards a goal. As humans and creators of the computers and their rule sets, we need to program computers towards the correct goals.

Shared intention is similar to goals, but when it plays out in real time is almost like mind reading. I use my assumptions about those I see, my knowledge of particular tools, and imagine how my shared intention either matches others I see or doesn't. It is a form of mind reading, and humans are surprisingly good at this within certain constraints. As an example, imagine that you are in a football game. You huddle, get some instruction, and then in real time you interact with the other team and establish shared intention of getting the ball across into the end zone. With football, there are no shared tools, just shared intention and a ball. In Lacrosse there is an addition of a stick as a tool, but there are still two teams. With Polo, there is a mallet and a horse. Now, imagine that there are several tools and teams. It is hard to imagine that cognitively this is something we can manage in real time without technological help. For instance, if I had to understand how to respond with a mallet in one hand, a glove in the other, amber and green balls, one you could only hit, and one you could only catch, with a team of ten people on my own team, some interacting physically per the rules of the game, and others that could only shout directions, and all of this with multiple teams, my cognitive abilities could not keep up in real time. And, while humans do have an advantage in this area as far as shared intention, this has limits.

Our cognitive ability does not give us global shared intention, then, as we can only cognitively play with a limited number of tools against one team for a shared goal. Even if everybody's team had a shared goal of world peace, we all have different sets of tools, and we can't deal with multiple teams. While we do build knowledge, we are limited in our shared understanding of that knowledge because of cultural differences. We have many strikes against us, then, so to speak, as we try and work collaboratively to win the game, to persist our species in a way that is beneficial over time. Nobody wants to burn down all the forests or pollute all the water, or flood our coastal towns. We just don't align, and we can't do it in real time. It gets worse. As we struggle, as we lose the game, we think our team is right, that our beliefs reflect reality. This bit from a TED talk helped me understand how we got to where we are:

"Think for a moment about what it means to feel right. It means that you think that your beliefs just perfectly reflect reality. And when you feel that way, you've got a problem to solve, which is, how are you going to explain all of those people who disagree with you? It turns out, most of us explain those people the same way, by resorting to a series of unfortunate assumptions. The first thing we usually do when someone disagrees with us is we just assume they're ignorant. They don't have access to the same information that we do, and when we generously share that information with them, they're going to see the light and come on over to our team. When that doesn't work, when it turns out those people have all the same facts that we do and they still disagree with us, then we move on to a second assumption, which is that they're idiots. They have all the right pieces of the puzzle, and they are too moronic to put them together correctly. And when that doesn't work, when it turns out that people who disagree with us have all the same facts we do and are actually pretty smart, then we move on to a third assumption: they

know the truth, and they are deliberately distorting it for their own malevolent purposes. So this is a catastrophe." ~Kathryn Schulz, from TED2011 talk On Being Wrong

For all of the marvels of human cognition and culture, we are crippled in several areas. We can create massive, sprawling, organic, consuming spreads of global supply chains, but we can't work towards the same goal with the same shared intention because any models are filtered through our culture and psyche, and real time shared intention is limited to two teams and one or two shared tools. To make things worse, our assumptions, as we attempt to communicate about what we see as a natural outcome of our knowledge, are often false. Humans don't naturally have shared intention at scale, nor an effective means to cognitively evaluate shared intention. And, in this failure, we vilify other teams and undermine what possible shared intention we had left.

That all seems pretty bleak, then, but there is hope. I've identified several problems above that can be addressed by knowledge if we are aware of our cognitive limitations. Think about the last conflict you had in a collaborative work session. It is likely that various people argued their stance, their narrative, but there was no real progress as far as a decision for the group. There are many reasons for this. Sometimes people see teams; for instance, they might be on the visionary executive team and see the other team as techno-nerds focusing on rabbit holes. One way forward is to focus on interest instead of stance, because sometimes people have more shared interests. This is an example of overcoming cultural artifacts and filters. Another way is to use alternative ways of sharing knowledge, like a tree or a graph. Sometimes simply writing down the understood requirements is sufficient to get agreement.

Let's go further, though. Let's scale the approach to the size of the problem using advancement of semantic techniques of capturing knowledge in relation to a goal. This forms the basis for some forms of Al. What might be a shared goal around the world? How about access to fresh water, sustaining food, and a wet bulb temperature of less than 32C? In order to have sustaining food, we need a sustaining ecosystem, which is also related to temperature and fresh water. A semantic technique forms relations between things that are well defined and put into a simple sentence. Like a sentence, the relations are subject, predicate, and object. Collections of knowledge in this form are called ontologies. For instance, there are ecological ontologies with entries like "An organismal quality inhering in a bearer or a population by virtue of the bearer's disposition to survive and develop normally or the number of surviving individuals in a given population." These are published definitions that anybody can use. Here is how this particular entity looks in a semantic graph:

Because they are published definitions, the can build on each other. A pioneer in this area is Barry Smith. He coached scientists that used these techniques so that they captured meaning. This is knowledge, but it is exponentially more powerful than a model like a tree, as different domains can hook together. There is a side bit here, in that Tim Berners-Lee imagined domains as domains of knowledge, so relations between the domains would be possible via hyperlinks. Much of the current work in semantics is mirrored in the world wide web.

Computers can take these semantic relations and build models of the teams and available tools in relation to shared intention. It is possible to plug in various shared goals and figure out how to reach those goals. Unfortunately, although AI is currently used extensively in our civilization, the goals are not conducive to the persistence of civilization at this point. AI optimizes the global supply chain, maps out logistics for shipping containers, delivers products via drones and autonomous vehicles, maximizes revenue for social media platforms, and will play songs or buy products for us by understanding verbal commands. In short, almost all large systems of AI are used for profit or power. I am not aware of any general goal related to the persistence of civilization or global shared intention. Off the top of my head, the only global shared intention that I am aware of is a fictional scenario in the movie War Games, where the military computer modeled global thermonuclear war and concluded that the only way to win was not to play the game.

The Internet, they say, was created by the military, but it grew and was financed by porn, at least in the beginning. I can believe that. And, so, by extension, just because most AI is used in concert with the global supply chain and is divorced from global shared goals, doesn't mean we can't harness the power of AI to further shared goals. Now, if you are running a large piece of the global supply chain, or a social media platform with the goal of profit, or even a search service with the goal of advertising revenue, it isn't particularly in your interest to change the AI. And, so, the natural cognitive limitations of humans play well in this sense. We devolve into us vs. them, with limited awareness

of shared tools. Our limited models lead us to the conclusion of malevolent purposes, when, really, it is a limit of cognition and the overall human cultural filter that keeps us apart. Meanwhile, the AI is used for different goals.

Within that context, then, I see the patterns of usage and the effects appear repeatedly. People generally split off into two teams. They usually use a limited set of tools in relation to a shared goal with a relatively local focus, or a focus that is ridiculously vague. The world is increasingly run by Al with goals that do not align with real global shared intention, and the Al itself is promoting this because of the programmed goals in a feedback loop. For instance, attention is caused by division into sides, and fed by tiny dopamine shots of likes. On the positive side, there is a large ecosystem of related tools available to model knowledge in more and more sophisticated ways, and the ability to create Al that has more universally beneficial goals. We are still in the midst of decades of relatively unrestrained growth of the global supply chain, with neglect of negative externalities, primarily because the goals were growth and profit and not the health of ecosystems. We are approaching the limits of that growth, and we will face the consequences. At the same time, we have the tools to more effectively determine our own goals and map to existing ontologies.

I don't see the value of a statement of purpose that is negative. My conclusion should be within the positive things that I can do. While I have no illusions about just how far we have pushed the limits to growth, nor the extent of the ecosystem feedback loops that are now in play, I still think it is useful to create a positive statement of purpose:

I come from the human perspective with limited cognition, as I described above. I have skills in computers, and can model knowledge using semantic techniques. I am interested in the myth and the fabric of written words, and how this has played out through the last 6,000 years, as well as how common structures/artifacts of our unconscious mind is revealed in dreams. What is needed in the world is understanding of our shared cultural artifacts and our personal journey that reverberates through our perception, and how knowledge can guide us towards shared, intentional goals. I continue to write both fiction and strange hybrids that layer archetypes and other cultural artifacts through my understanding of how the written word got us to the place we are, 6,000 years later. I publish software to map our personal journeys through journaling software. This helps us track and understand our unconscious mind. I continue to publish methods to create our own shared knowledge, with our own goals.

~Aggie

#ouroboros



2020-09-18 • Subject • Da Plans • L R

First off, regarding cognition and my conclusion that I eventually will need to move to find people that will challenge me: I don't think there is much difference in the actual brains themselves, it is more about age. Youngsters are more flexible in thought. By the time most folks get to be 40+ years old, they have pretty much figured out how their world works and just want to trudge on through with what they know. That being said, I haven't figured out a good way to see if a large metropolitan area has subcultures that are interesting. My thought is that the bigger cities, on this coast at least, are embroiled in a kind of social battle that sucks all of their energy and time (plus, the day to day battle just to do normal things). I should probably try and find a subculture near Seattle. It might exist. Maybe in Auburn? That is a ways off with our social distancing (and Bobo).

Second, regarding the persistence of what I have done: one of the leading CDN/WAF services that I've used for many years, has teamed up with archive org to provide websites even if the source host is down. I have fifteen sites, now, that weave everything I've written so far, along with source code and tools. I just checked, and as of today all of them are permanently archived. The cool thing about this, is that I can continue to document how to use knowledge and models to iteratively work towards goals that are outside of the normal AI, and it will stay, regardless of what happens to me or my ability to maintain it. It would be enjoyable to actually meet people and be challenged, etc. (besides the big huge /dev/null I usually get). But, I can settle for persistence. Actually, I told Bobo about all of this four months ago or so, and he got it. He asked intelligent questions about it. He understood why it was important. The other person I know that truly gets it and is active is in her mid twenties. Sean, as always, is supportive, but she is not particularly interested in building models around knowledge. She mainly likes to read my writing.



2020-09-20 • Subject • Disconnected • LR

There are many ways to create and use knowledge. It might be talking or writing, or it might be computers. The thing about using computers, is that more and more, computers are required to be connected to the internet to do anything. Until 1988 or so, networks were not common for individuals or small businesses. People purchased computers for word processing, spreadsheets, and small databases. Counter to the trend, though, I have concerns about relying on the infrastructure and software ecosystems involved.

Everything I'm creating can be done offline. Pretty much any computer made in the last 10 years will run the software. The entire set of software and websites are available here. My goal is to be able to work intermittently.

#connectivity



2020-09-23 • Subject • Climbing • LR

Repeatedly, I have noticed that mountain climbing is a way of placing pitons, bootstrapping forward based on knowledge. It might be pulling dreams forward one piton at a time, weaving keywords against journal and memory. It might be implementing a standard framework of system documentation, improving systems by starting at a basic, common understanding of written language to level-set minimum understanding and improve from the base camp to reach the peak. Perhaps I am a sherpa in that sense at work.

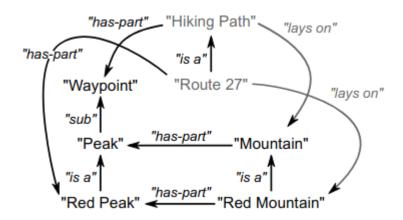
This morning I was working on the build tab for MCJ. I iterate through the L1G3R build tree to create the tree widget. When the user expands the tab it labels the text of the build step by looking up the title. I want to stick with the convention of the directories being a tree of numbers so I can use the rest of my code for documentation. Because I'm working in wxPython, I am able to reuse these components easily; however, my knowledge of Python and the classes is weak. Ever since I started electronics, I have had a bit of a lazy attitude at first, preferring to have samples so I can get something going right away. Over time I learn more and more. There is a period of time where I'm just treading water. I can create some decent things, but I don't truly have knowledge, I have recipes. This morning, though, I finally got to the point where I grok the object types I'm working with, and can use the API documentation more effectively. This is also a form of knowledge, both for me, but also because I am documenting this code and publishing it, so that anybody can start there, at least, even if they don't have connectivity. Finally, a build of an OS is a set of knowledge in a similar way. Having the root knowledge gives you the ability to own and morph. This is what fed the explosion of IT: Richard Stallman's freedom. This is related. For that matter, Apple is related, or was, at least

#connectivity #mountain climbing



2020-09-27 • Subject • Who to see? • LR

Sean asked me last week who I would like to see of anybody in the world. I thought about it a bit this morning, and there are two people. The first is Desiree Daniel, who lives in Bern, Switzerland. She wrote Resilience as a Disposition, which I have referenced many times. I also saw that another paper she worked on had a mountain climbing reference:



She is currently a post-doc research scientest in the department of geography at the University of Bern.

The other person is Vandana Kabilan, who currently lives in Stockholm, Sweden. She wrote Ontology for Information-Systems (O4IS) DesignMethodology. She is working at enfo.

I suppose it is a possibility that some day I might be able to talk to these two in person.

#knowledge #modeling



2020-09-27 • Dream • Hollow Bolts • L R

I was living in a boarding house. There were some people living in the house that I didn't know. The proprietor, a thin asian woman in her 60s, unlike the comic, told another man in the kitchen that he should pay attention to details. I said I was, that I was getting a new bolt for Betty. The rear suspension had been held on by two bolts that came up through the floor panel. They were loose, and so I tightened them. One of the heads of the bolt snapped off. I noticed that the bolt was hollow, and had been tacked on to the inner side of a mounting bracket by an ugly weld. I made a point of explaining that I was going to McLendon Hardware to buy a new bolt that fit inside the lower suspension. My idea was I would drill out the broken bolt and get some epoxy putty that would keep the bolt in place. I made sure that the other man in the kitchen knew I was "paying attention to details".

#asian

Comments:

2020-09-27:

I don't think I realized this in my dream, but the bolt that snapped could never be tightened, because it had been tacked on with the weld. The head of the bolt, exposed inside the van, wouldn't turn, so it snapped (wooo... good stuff there dream weaver).

2020-09-27:

I'll have to look this up later. I'm trying to get the new MCJ L1G3R build running, so I need to change focus. I remember snapping off the studs in the head of the flathead engine that I pulled off of Romeo. I stored it in the shed. I also remember moving an engine into the shed, and it was quite dangerous. I was balancing the engine, trying to push it, and it came close to falling over on me. I also remember doing something in the rain. It was stormy. I'm not sure if that is when I buried the block with the snapped off studs or nor. I think I purchased new bolts from McLendon that I still have that I was going to use to replace the bolts on the L head.



I'm kind of nostalgic, I suppose. That is one way to put it. Another might be that gained knowledge can be retained as a base camp of sorts, that all kinds of people have visited. Their initials are carved in park benches and tree trunks. His Sanderness has played guitar for years.

Here is a picture of him from a long time ago, early 2000s:





Until today, I had created this alternative story, where I thought that he had abandoned his computer boffin career to focus on his garage band music. I based my fantasy on the fact that he just abandoned procinfo. Why would somebody abandon a project like that, just disappear off of the face of the earth? Why, it must be that they got hit in the head with the stark kozmic fist of BoB insight or something and blammo... garage band for the rest of their life, viewing the earth movie as it explodes in color and light. Due to the wonders of social media, though, today I realized that, no, His Sanderness still has a day job in IT. No matter. After a decade of having my fantasy of the computer boffin with a garage band epiphany, my fascination with His Sanderness is intact. To that end, I compiled his version of procinfo, which I intend to include on L1G3R.

./procinfo Linux 5.4.0-48-generic (buildd@lcy01-amd64-010) (gcc 9.3.0) #52-Ubuntu SMP Thu Sep 10 10:58:49 UTC 2020 4CPU Total Used Free Shared Buffers Memory: 1091936 Mem: 16302460 16109096 193364 0 384768 1712380 2097148 Swap: Bootup: Thu Sep 24 05:17:28 2020 Load average: 1.83 2.21 1.76 1/1490 1319707 2d 8:52:39.79 8.3% 0 user : page in : 0:13:20.70 0.0% 0 nice page out: 1d 5:05:05.25 4.2% swap in : 0 system: idle : 24d 8:56:08.85 86.1% swap out: steal: 0:00:00.00 0.0% uptime: 7d 1:46:33.94 context :3512609834 0: 10 2-edge timer irq 35: 67 0 0 irq irq 8: 1 8-edge rtc0 irq 36: 67 67 0 2033943 irq 9: 0 9-fasteoi acpi irq 51: 7448453 2887430 irq 52: irq 17: 15307341 17-fasteoi mmc0, w 3 3 0 18-fasteoi 34090486 9985842 5842034 irq 18: i801 sm irq 53: irq 22: 529 22-fasteoi ehci_hc irq 54: 18 0 0 29 23-fasteoi 2353 0 0 irq 23: ehci_hc irq 55: irq 56: 0 0 0 0 irq 30: 1 1 irq 31: 0 0 0 irq 57: 1 0 1 irq 32: 0 0 0 irq 58: 1 0 0 irq 33: 0 0 0 irq 59: 1 0 0 0 irq 34: 346713444 1334264 142095442 irq 60: 1 1

#l1g3r #ozzy #procinfo



2020-10-11 • Subject • Messages • L R

I normally write dreams up at mudhut, but this is more luvcounter, so, there ya go. I dreamed that I was sequencing my build, and the build sequence was in the form of messages. That was probably four hours ago that I woke up, so my details are weak. I attempted to write it down, but my journal was broken because of some modifications I made to the man.py software. The more important thing, though, is that as I considered the dream, I quickly jumped to the idea that in my case the written word was knowledge, so the messages were structured and towards a goal, but in McLuhan's case, there was something fundamentally different about the world view I am subscribing to.

I have his book Understanding Media, and have wanted to read it for many years, but just haven't found the time to read it. Plus, now I have to read Schulz's book Being Wrong too... but I have so much to do!!! Sigh...

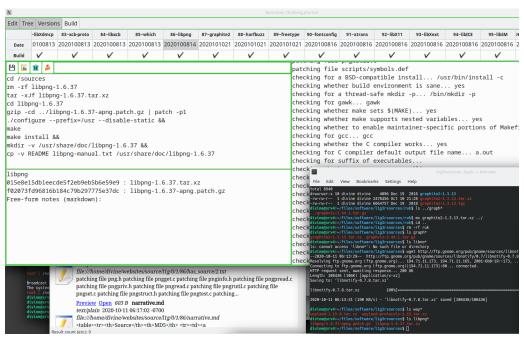


Figure 60: build steps

One thing that really struck me this morning, is how flexible OWA is, particularly from an operations perspective. While it is true that the build sequence for the OS is linear overall, I can still reorder, document, and look at bits of the tree. Ultimately, the whole is pushed to sources under websites. This is also where I point my Recoll local search. I can work on the build, and while it is compiling, I can bring up another instance of MCJ to research later dependencies. Also, I can do a search on the previous steps to see if I've already compiled it. At the time I'm writing this, I have 240 build steps. I may end up at 500 or even more by the time I hit libwx gtk3 webview-3.

#knowledge #mcluhan



2020-10-24 • Subject • Base Camp • L R

I have been on a mad rush to finish up the L1G3R build sequence, as my job is in a bit of a pause. Most recently I was working on adding LibGTS so that Graphviz could route edges correctly. I was able to fix it by searching around for the error and then, once I realized that LibGTS fixed it, it was easy to add the library and recompile Graphviz (Whoa! Graphviz is so old they don't capitalize the V!).

Conda is a CI platform of some kind or another, and relies on other CI platforms. I don't really care that much. As I watch this stuff, I see it as millions of different climbing routes facilitated by just as many sets of tools all woven together, kind of like the energy being in the series The Expanse in Season 2. (BTW, episode 5 of Season 2 is up there with one of the most beautiful shows I have seen. Fabulous.) Back to the CI topic; I get the idea, I just think that this is fragile and short-sighted vs., say, a base-camp mentality.

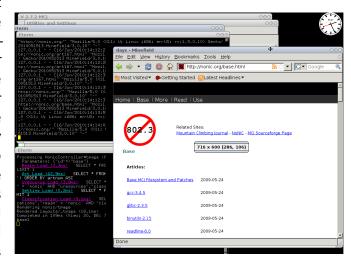


If CI is a constant energy stream that yearns towards a goal, powered by millions of drones that work without overall understanding, then what is the base camp idea? Well... there is a lot in that paragraph that might insult, so I better explain. The idea is that CI, ironically, is individual, all of the way from choosing out the socks to the ascent. This is facilitated by protective layers. For instance, storage, networking, etc., are usually secondary in a containerized world. Additionally, upstream and downstream concerns are farmed out. An engineer only focuses on a small piece. The build chain behind is constructed automagically, and the front-end frameworks are provided on the fly from thousands of different sources and providers without needing to understand.

This sounds good, in a way. A company can bring in hordes of engineers, all working on their pieces, broken up into 1 or 2 week efforts. My big issue is

that nothing is truly gained. It is all just part of the flow of energy, with a goal guided by higher powers. How is a base camp different? Well, a base camp has the purpose of facilitating various climbs of a mountain as well; however, it is utilitarian in function, and nobody changes or worries about it. You just have to get to the base camp one way or another. All interest is in ascending the peak, the goal. My issue is not about decentralized collaboration or specialization, although specialization is tricky, because it is often used to commoditize and degrade work so it can be molded towards a goal of profit vs. the needs of the weave of sytems that support the natural world. My issue is about waste and hiding real goals. My issue is about the illusion of progress brought about by isolated threads towards a common, nubulous blue light.

Let's say you are a writer. The extent of your needs haven't changed that much since 1980 as far a computers. Sure, the printers are better... there are many improvements, but if instead of following each one you just wrote using WordPerfect, or whatever it was, for as long as it was productive, it is arguable that this would be preferable to getting used to a new computer every couple of years. Your base camp doesn't need to change much over time. This brings up another point. Much of why we need constant churn (besides the economic advantage to keeping folks in a constant consume frame of mind) is because of security issues. I swear... a modern Windows 10 system uses most of its compute and storage for running virus scans and patching itself. It is easy to imagine a writer begin distracted by constantly installing software that provided various features



vs. focusing on the real goal of creating ideas and writing that conveys those ideas.

With L1G3R, I'm taking a snapshot of tools in order to provide what I need to communicate and infer knowledge. I'm doing this with a variety of tools, some of which haven't really changed that much in a decade. Graphviz, for instance, goes back 20 years. I don't need a CI chain formed by millions of people and trillions of dollars and owned by large cloud companies. All I really need is some place to start. Sure, I need to bootstrap the systems needed to

provision the base camp, but once I'm done, my "knowledge worker base camp" provides many tools and supplies. To move to the metaphor proper, perhaps the water dispenser for the camp is a bit musty, but it holds enough water, and you can boil it if it doesn't suit you. There are tents to sleep in, mounted on wooden platforms. There is even a medical tent to get you patched up if you need it.

Nobody really cares about downstream from the base camp. They only care about upstream, the climb, the outcome of the information technology provided. It is possible to *own* your own base camp and create knowledge about your business flows and needs, or write your novel, whatever your ascent might require.

True, I'm conflating working with CI and using IT solutions a bit, but this is intentional, as the streams cross with cloud. Let's put it another way, specific to L1G3R. There is enough tech with the graphing, communication, and knowledge management tools to freeze the system. If security is your concern, block all access. For that matter, this can all run on a stand-alone machine, no cloud, no network interface card.

I can feel it like sand in my mouth. I can't get it out of my head. All of the weave of six thousand years is reflected in the idea, and collapse is systemic from knowledge to industrial civilization. But the base camp idea seems like a valid way to move forward: create a base camp of knowledge tools for knowledge workers, those that actually want to improve things iteratively, anything, by simply establishing a goal, any goal besides the means to consume more. A goal of the means to consume more will always lead to gray goo eventually, not necessarily by GNR, but by our incessant optimism, short-sightedness, and laziness, as we cede all to the feed stock that runs us towards the overall goal of yet more means to consume. The head does eat the tail in the end through knowledge that fed and played out over 6,000 years under the same basic goal. Let's change the blue light goal.

"When the Power Of Love will replace the Love Of Power, then will our world know the blessings of Peace." - William Gladstone

There is also a pragmatic perspective in this, vs. an idealist. In collapse, infrastructure is fragile. In fact, it might be a decent definition. What comes first? Having a base camp for information technology and associated knowledge work, that doesn't rely on thousands of interrelated components woven together in the cloud by millions of Borg entities, could come in handy.

#base_camp #mountain_climbing



2020-10-30 • Journal • Wings Gap • LR

I have a Wings gap in my life. I've listened to Wings ever since a trip to my dad's friend's house in CA in December 1980. My dad's friend had a house guest that left all of his albums behind, and he gave them to me. Wings was one of them, the best. Actually... not quite true. The very first... well... besides the fact that it was on the radio all of the time... was when I recorded With a Little Luck on the reel-to-reel I got from Sunn. I loved that song. I'd play it often through an external speaker I hooked up to the Wollensak.

I remember putting Junior's Farm on mix tapes generally... might be Loverboy Working for the Weekend, Bruce Springsteen... who knows, but Junior's Farm was always in there somewhere. This went through to his album that had the Ebony and Ivory album... forget what that was, but I had it.

I'm not sure what happened, but when I moved from home I left Wings behind. A few years ago I realized this, and bought a set of Wings songs. Wings doesn't really seem like an album rock kind of band to me. Besides, all I had back in the day, besides the album with Ebony and Ivory on it was a greatest hits album. Actually, much of my music was greatest hits. They sounded best to me... besides Pink Floyd, Moody Blues and Joni... they always got the full album... and Beatles, actually. Also, greatest hits was what you got from the record clubs for free, which I joined again and again, getting free greatest hits and Foreigner albums.

So here I am. I have Wings on the headphones. I'm on my third day listening to this big collection, Wingspan is the name, essentially a greatest hits, but more so, 40 songs total. I enjoy the music. My-o-my, he sure was a loving, stoned man, and *in love*. Steadfastly optimistic. I like to listen when I get too crankish. McCartney will bring me out of it.



2020-11-07 - Subject - End of the World - LR

I had a dream a little over a month ago that I was triangulating, and it lead me to NoNIC, so I was inspired to complete the base again (Not a dream about triangulation, a dream that I performed a triangulation process on). What does that mean? Well, here

It is kind of weird. I have my own woven set of myth and relations. I repeat myself in cycles... this one goes way back to 2006. The main difference between now and 2006 is that the dev tool for the UI for MCJ is all Python and free (freedom *and* beer), vs. a closed and non-free programming language. I forgot that I used No NIC as the name for the oldntheway email (which no longer exists... I killed off a huge web of efforts and that identity).

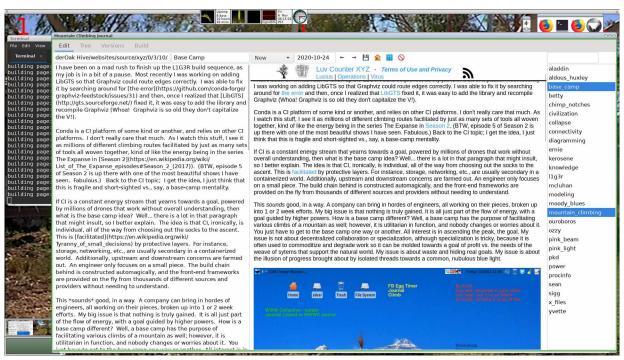


Figure 61: The full desktop

The OS works much better than before. The picture is from Until the End of the World, which, btw, they just released a 4k version that Wim Wenders oversaw, the full ~ 5 hour version. Quite a prophetic movie. Also, it is a fabulous caution related to this thread as I look inward to triangulate No NIC. The fix, I suppose, in the movie, for being too obsessed with your dreams, was to disconnect and write. There is a cold turkey aspect to this. Eugene keeps rewriting the story that Claire is in as part of the movie (and, Wim Wenders wrote the movie itself with Solveig Dommartin in real life). There is nothing wrong with recursion, self-reference, and re-writes. Lots of stuff works that way. The trick is to grow with the loop and not get sucked inward (I suppose... I'm mostly blind here, but I have some ideas on how to escape).

One small tidbit about the desktop. The control at the top of the screen on the far left is a screen capture tool. In the first desktop screenshot you can see a pattern on it. I'm using something called e16 epplets. They are kind of old, and that is part of why they are so tiny. But for some odd reason you can set screensavers for the screenshot epplet. It is part of an old window manager (e16) that has a loyal following. It doesn't have lots of dependencies, which is good if you are using an OS to compile itself (the whole running an OS to run the documentation and build tools for the OS while you are running the same exact system has some interesting comparisons to the premise of UTEOTW). The idea that your widgets have their own screensaver is hilarious. I love these e16 folk.

#e16 #uteotw



2020-11-07 • Journal • Ease Down • LR

Time to ease down again. I've spent a month getting L1G3R running. I'm posting from it. In the process, I found bread crumbs and examples of similar work I've done since 2006. I re-registered nonic so that I could have a place to focus on installing a live system. I also found out that there are archival Blu-ray discs that claim to last up to 1000 years. Perhaps that is true. I'm OK with 30 years. I am going to make up a bunch of discs that have a complete OS to give to anybody that is interested, including the entire journal and all web sites.

What is left? I realized that my OWL2 kung fu is like pillow fighting. Triples are great and all, but there is something more that I need to understand. I worked until late last night trying to figure it out, and tossed my book to the side on the bed and went to sleep, hungry to understand. In the end, I retreated a bit and used a canned wine RDF, but over time I want to understand that better. I need to re-write some of the cruftbuster stuff, as well as my supply chain model.

#nonic #supply_chain



2020-11-08 • Subject • What if? • L R

Let's not talk about Agatha. This pink beam of light is for you, dear reader. You'll have to do a bit of research on this one to answer it, but I absolutely stone-cold want to understand your answer, if you have the interest. I know you are capable. If you know me personally, please let me know. If you don't know me personally, relay it off a satellite and beam it to me, or just tell a friend, whatever is easiest.

Philip K Dick calls his pink beam of light event "2-3-74", after the incident in 1974 when he saw the beam of light and the fish necklace. Whatever that event was, it triggered a flood of creative work. His V.A.L.I.S. "trilogy" is a primary way to be exposed to the ideas, but there is even a movie out called Radio Free Albemuth that you could watch.

If you grok his 2-3-74 and review his life's work, it is clear that he circled many of the same ideas, but 2-3-74 erupted them. Certainly if you consider the depth and breadth of the ideas it becomes other-worldly and eerie along the lines of his own personal experience that he shared in his speech titled, "If You Find This World Bad, You Should See Some of the Others".

Most focus is on his exegesis as a freak eruption; however, I suspect that this is a possibility for any of us, as humans. Another similar idea is the idea of whoever wrote the story for the movie Henry Fool, and Henry's set of journals. The characteristics of the fire, the explosion, the pink beam are different, but I think if you look at both ideas over time, you'll see the comparison. Personally, I like the Henry Fool version, and even experience it a bit more like that, because I'm not a famous science fiction writer.

But back to PKD and his exegesis, and how it shows a form of human cognition. My theory is that this is a form of Gnosticism at root, in the sense of apparent instant knowledge (gnosis). What puzzled PKD is where this came from. He figured it came from the pink beam, specifically a satellite from the real universe. I figure, though, that there is something about human consciousness that shields/protects/obscures/prevents knowledge in a broad form. I choose to believe (there isn't any way to know, ironically) that all of us have the same basic structure in our brains. The only difference is the extent of the barrier.

In my life, I can see interesting circles and recurring themes as I bring out the various parts of my own version of exegesis. I also think that it is crucial to find that, whatever it is. It is our nature, as these monstrous headed creatures, to expose our exegesis, to ourselves, at least, find that gnosis, or, as the Gnostics would phrase it, insight into your own divine. (And, yes, this is inline with PKD's divine invasion... these things can be scary.)

Another way to think of the barrier is as layers of dreams like the movie Inception explores. This is another clue to what I mean by this question. Invert the movie, find your top, your object that orients you, and your reality should erupt more fully in some cases, rather than leaking through the layers like the cat glitch in the matrix. Treat the allegory of the cave like an allegory, fool!!! • My point is that answering the question could take many forms, but it should have a leaking aspect in your life. It should have a form of key you have used to access (like the top in Inception).

Likely it does not look like the normal banal political top 20 issues and consumer plays. I love it that PKD is suspicious of the worlds that come through. This is the correlation with the top (his is a Christian fish symbol). I really do want to know what yours is. What is at the other side of the four layers of dreams? How can you tell? What is the nature and the texture of the knowledge that you have tapped? How do you describe it? How do you stay in touch? How is this coming out in your work on earth, in your life?

The nature of an exegesis type of answer, what I'm looking for, is not going to be three words. The experience is more like an entire world (allegory of the cave, etc.). Answers like "practice kindness", or even the three jewels of various Buddhist ideas are not allowed. This is what I mean by the inverted Inception idea or pink beam. I'm trying to understand what your other broad world is on the other side of that barrier, not to compare validity of worlds, as they are probably all different, different windows, peepholes to the show. And, I suppose you could say that this approach itself is an illusion, but that doesn't really yield much, as I'm asking you to reveal the nature of what is on the other side, what your eruption might be.

I know that everybody reading this has this as part of their human hardware. We all have the ability to erupt into gnosis. But, more practically, we all have a central core of insight that likely leaks out through our lives that we guard in fear of going insane from the eruption. What I want to know, is: what is yours?

I ask this based on an assumption that everybody has this. I'm avoiding any idea that this is common between individuals, that this is a form of religious truth. Certainly Jung believes that it is likely much of this is held in common, but that is risky. For instance, dreams have common structure. Imagery of stuff like rooms and various scenarios like fleeing in a car are common, but it might be shared culture rather than more structural archetypes.

We can't all be Jung or PKD, but we all have that window, and a key. Well... probably I have beaten this horselover fat to death, but I did see this review of the Red Book that showed some of the danger with this. It supports my idea that we naturally have barriers to tapping into this kind of knowledge. I was trying to avoid bringing in heavy hitters like Jung, as I'm more interested in what I believe everybody has access to, and curious what it is. Again, not small little encapsulated truisms or top 20 lists of causes and canned identity fights, but the nature of your exegesis equivalence that you have glimpsed. What is it?

#pink beam #pink light #pkd



2020-11-09 - Subject - Armchair Sand - LR

A friend showed me this:

#Film4Climate 1st Prize Short Film Winner - "Three Seconds" from Connect4Climate on Vimeo.

Certainly there is some truth to this; however, in my mind the problem is not humans being too smart. The problem is in our commitment to analysis and loss of intellectual capacity to deal with systems individually. In my world I have watched this fall apart as the systems became more and more overwhelming in complication and we ceded holistic analysis for incremental steps to somewhere. While there is some validity to the criticism of analysis paralysis, understanding where we are, where we want to go, and how to get there is fundamental to any kind of change.

But it gets worse... much worse. In the face of systems that are complicated, we are letting others do our communication and operate our systems as a species as we wrangle with these problems. We communicate on private platforms guided by Al for profit, or we just give in to a tribal approach. We identify idols to hate or love. We burn down our corner store in rage, but don't think about the months after. We are unable to put together long form, written thought. We no longer capture knowledge. We act as cogs in service to the existing machinery that, more and more is exactly the Al running platforms that sell us stuff, whether it is Al on a puck that sends us fruit or how we get the news.

There is/was no shortage of analysis in the fifties, sixties, and seventies that mapped out what we were doing to the planetary ecosystems. The problem is that the system is more and more complicated as time goes on and drivers like oil get embedded. Like the problem in IT, now, even in the sixties it was almost impossible to holistically address the real issues. Instead of determining what our requirements were and how to get there, we continued to punt along four weeks at a time, manipulated by feel-good party platforms. (Sound familiar?).

This is no new story. We can start at any time, though. Pick any requirement. Do you want to maintain human population levels? What about wealth? Should wealth be determined by markets or something else? What about the environment? Do we want to keep under 2C warming? How do we do that? How do we verify? How do we enforce? Quickly, if you ask these hard questions, it becomes quite difficult an painful, so we fall back to taking steps. Instead of broader, systemic changes, we focus on easier things to feel good. But the truth is we are destroying Eden.

What I find most fascinating is that what got us kicked out of Eden was knowledge, but at the same time we cede the responsibility of knowledge to other forces. We cede the responsibility to the higher powers, those running the AI, those managing cloud infrastructure. Instead, we work week by week on small goals, unhooked from the broad system, because we have convinced ourselves we can't own it all ourselves anymore. The thing is, though, that AI run privately has one goal: profit. And, while this is not bad in itself, it is not addressing any of the broad systemic goals. Now, it might be a goal to make people think they are working towards the broader goal by buying our products, but it doesn't take much to realize that it is the same goal of profit, ultimately.

Here is the secret, though, what I realized a few months ago. *Any* focus on establishing the basic knowledge and engineering aspects of a system are worth it. We will need this at any point in collapse or recovery. While it is difficult to get the cycles before various systems collapse, it is a somewhat fertile time to bring up the questions again. Where are we now? What worked well? What didn't work? Where do we want to go? How will we get there? What is affected by this design, this plan? How can we verify progress? How will we know when we get there? The iterative aspects should be in the navigation, the constant tweaks we make to stay on course (or even abandon a particular voyage). This *is* the true value of iterative workstreams; however, ceding the holistic view is what causes broad, systemic failure like we will/are experiencing.

Just getting people to start to build knowledge in a way that facilitates this towards goals that are related to the broad system rather then outside goals of platforms is a huge step forward. What is even crazier is that this is now possible in a way that can be defined in agreed on meaning (a big change in just the written word, but is certainly being leveraged by the Als-for-profit).

Please don't take that to mean that systems analysis is *the only answer*. It is certainly something that is involved with my answer. It is certainly the largest problem (oil-ecosystem-population, etc). It is difficult to even imagine changing things without a systems perspective. But, not everybody thinks that way. Not everybody has those skills or interest. The author in the vid gets us to think. Changing systems takes traditional skills, not necessarily knowledge skills, particularly at the level needed for shared knowledge. Ideas and plans don't build things in themselves. (And the fantasy drone infrastructure and self-driving car system with robots is a factor more complicated as a system and *still* comes from oil, mostly. We likely will need good ole fashioned concrete as part of the mix.) We will need any/all forms of communication: art, writing, poetry. Tossing out individual analysis and the ability to build knowledge, though, is not going to be the solution. And, we need to own it rather than ceding it to the sky god and just leaving Eden. Again... we can do this at any stage of systemic collapse.

One other thing. It is certainly valid to say that we dismiss eating the apple at all. From my perspective, building knowledge really starts with written language, so you would have to forbid written language to fit with the story. We could insist on pure tribal. That is, rather than intellectual models and science, rather than calculations and knowledge necessary to support large urban centers, rather than the tools and weave needed to support civilization, we go tribal, pure tribal.

But it seems to me that once knowledge seeps in, it takes over in the form of power, so either everybody agrees they will leverage knowledge in a smart way, or the just diligently destroy all tools. But that will also mean that 95% of our population dies. As it is, likely 80% will anyway. Well... as it is, like some Huxley dystopia, we will cede it all, iterate in four week steps nowhere, working for the oligarchy who is running the AI privately for profit, and convincing us that the real problem is individual identity issues, prey on our cultish personality fetishes, and buy their safe house in New Zealand as the global ecosystem fails for large mammals. I'm going for the knowledge tools for everybody approach.

The answer is not Mars.

#civilization #drone #knowledge



2020-11-12 • Subject • Knowledge Gumbo • LR

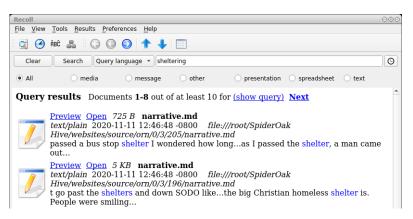
We all come from a golden weave of flourish and decay over six thousand years, scrawled from pictographs to semantic world wide weave; we all come from this. True, we see the plastic form of the cultural retainer we are stuck in now, bumps from the mold press against our lips as we press it to our teeth each night like a kayak against our thighs. The weave flows, tributaries and tributes, idols and horror bounce in the rapids, enemies and men to be feared. Our teeth rattle anyway. And her, Medusa, the vicious White Goddess, rips out any plodding man's viscera, dashed on the sharp grey rock.

There is a caution, a form of Wisdom born of fear of the rapids, that the weave is unknown. From a certain perspective this is true. We have six thousand years of civilization around written language. How could the weave be understood? Only a fool would attempt it. You will be cast out of Eden for that! And, again, she snakes around the tree of knowledge. She is always there. She will always be there. All answers are vicious. All rides crash. We cannot leave.

Before word, what was that? There were no accounting tables for grain. Our idol was Venus, a stone token of birth, reproduction, and breasts for sustenance. Here we are in word, though, in civilization, in our retainer, our law. "The words are just confessions of a mask".



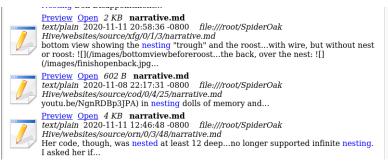
2020-11-14 • Dream • Flash Green • LR



I just had this flash, like a dream. Prior to the flash, I had been thinking about dreams and the movie Sheltering Sky and the discussion about dreams, and how, like dreams, the associations between word and serpents and industrial civilization and my anima and strange correlations that I let through into my conscious life, were like the Sheltering Sky: this was something that few were really interested in. This also has explicit correlations to the movie Until The End Of The World, the isolation and danger of introspection, which all wraps well. That was my state of mind prior to the flash. But the flash itself: I was in a hall. There was a

greenish light. I was alone. I was dreaming, but I was within another similar space, a dream within a dream. I was confused. My main concern, which I voiced as I receded, was "Where am I?".

I'm running my L1G3R OS right now. It has all of my journal and web generation stuff. It is all local. It can run without a network card. One particular item we have ceded to cloud in most cases that is somewhat difficult is search. The most sophisticated search is generally cloud. If I want to figure out where I am (I'm serious here), with a local journal, I can do a search. I was trying to figure out if I had written about Sheltering Sky in my journal. This particular search engine is

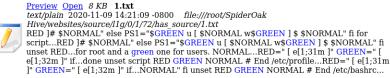


smart enough to realize that I might also be interested in the word shelter. There is a clue in that flash as far as purpose. It also fits within my statement of purpose. Any kind of iterative attempt at fixing chinks in the web needs an understanding of initial location. BUT, what I'm describing in my flash, though, is much broader. It is my identity reaching for itself, isolated. From certain Buddhist perspectives, I think that the flash is illusory, and I'm supposed to let go of that longing, that reaching, that trying to connect from within that green fog dream within dream state. Happiness has never been a priority for me, though. I scoff at it. I think I will let the nesting dolls be. I'll embrace the nesting doll dream fog and follow through on my isolated, echoing exploration of weave: mountain climbing and journal, from an extreme geek perspective, weaving worlds that aren't normally woven, more and more lost, but tethered to the mountain, recursive, willing, self consumption.

I just searched for I1g3r os on the cloud we all know and love, external cloud, and BOOM. Not a mystery. Most satisfying of all, though, is that the number one image listed is a picture of a RURP. This is a realized ultimate reality piton, developed by Chouinard (a mountain climber). The thing about outside search, cloud search, is that it runs on Al, on graphs, semantic relations. You can't really fool it. In the meat world (all of you reading this... well, probably some good and bots thrown in too, for "protection" or malware) look at shares like this and assume stuff like I'm selling something or I'm insane or sane but delusional (is that a thing?). But search knows. Sure, some stuff on cloud search is paid up to get top results. But people want knowledge, and search helps find knowledge. Search knows if I'm selling something. (Most social media is kind of dumb... it assumes most externally linked content is a sale of some kind, which might be reasonable and profitable to assume.) Web search knows if your web knowledge is bugged or clean. (My websites are likely the cleanest you will encounter. No bugs, nothing... just pure validated HTML.). Perhaps most I know are suspicious of intent, but cloud search just sees it as knowledge. (This is one thing I didn't completely understand back in 2010. I lost all ranking at one point with a link exchange. I thought that perhaps I would be penalized, and was willing to take that risk, but I was actually destroyed. Considering the time and my financial situation and responsibilities, it was worth it for the short term gain.) I see my stuff come up, too... I love that point of this journey. I am trying to figure out how to compile an additional piece, or solve a problem, and I'll see myself in the search, like breadcrumbs. Of course the breadcrumbs don't do much to triangulate, as it is me, but it is familiar. It still feels like a dream inside a dream, though, with the isolation, but the green light is cloud at that point. My oh my... that is a rich right there... well... better go back in.



cold, icy rain that fogged my glasses. What was...



Preview Open 3 KB narrative.md
text/plain 2020-11-08 22:17:31 -0800 file:///root/SpiderOak
Hive/websites/source/cod/0/4/14/narrative.md
for dashboards that have green and red notifications indicating

for dashboards that have green and red notifications indicating...in transition, rarely pure green, and not even a...known states like red, green, and yellow, is less...system. This makes defining green, red, and yellow states...

Where am I? Certainly I am here, lol. Seriously, the tech is as I imagined. The journal is proper for a climber. The tags proper show up as links to markdown documents that are either just tags (signified by symlink back) or an article if the target of the symlink has content. It is a great hack for a journal. BTW, the search engine I'm using is Xapian. For those of you out there building cloud tools as your day job, Xapian rocks. It is GPL2, so you need to share the source, but that still kind of works these days, because very few people attempt to own their own compute and applications with the preference to pay our cloud keepers, because, well, we cede knowledge in favor of the ease of most social media. Oh my... the freedom to be a dream within a dream, lost in a green fog as the rest of the world cedes to cloud. Kinda clever right there... kinda clever. I'm seeding the fog with knowledge as all re-cedes to our cloud keeper. I'm imagining a bearded UNIX guy, an archetype at the gate. Well... I need less clever and more content. Back to it.

#sheltering sky #uteotw #search

Comments:

2020-11-14:

I ended up watching Sheltering Sky tonight. It was good for me to see. I simplify the word-civilization weave a bit too much sometimes. There is much variation and beauty.



2020-11-16 • Subject • Collapse of All • L R

I was hired five months ago to work at a company based on my approach to systems analysis. Here is a short version of what that means: I have been desperately, obsessively trying to simplify the typical enterprise architecture (EA) analysis that shops with mature IT processes use, and put it in a form that everybody can use ... well, anybody that has ever written a tool using a scripting language. I'm using tech that all of the big cloud companies are using to run their stuff at root. They necessarily are relying on the work of others, and I know what that work is, where it comes

from, how to use it, and how to package it up in my own OS. Not only have I shown that this works, but I have traced the main intellectual effort behind some of these ideas. I can tell you where many of the main players landed. I put up a demonstration site last year, and the CTO of the company saw it, said we needed that kind of analysis, and they hired me.

After one week on the job, I realized that they had no idea how their infrastructure was really running, and it wasn't monitored, so I volunteered to postpone any data flow analysis, and used my modeling ideas to generate a vendor engagement design for monitoring. If you are in the computer world, you know that monitoring is somewhat unique, in that it spans all areas of compute, applications, storage, and networking. There are advantages to being able to correlate failure across these areas (failures are generally event based... on a timeline). Additionally, performance metrics are useful both for correlation, but for planning. If you work these areas separately, without any idea of how you are going to standardize the data or integrate it for correlation/planning, you lose much of the benefit.

Another problem with monitoring is that every group has their pet needs. If you just put **something** in right away, there is a constant flow of tasks related to a must have need. At the same time, I'm aware of that **any form** of analysis quickly ends up being labelled analysis paralysis. I figured that I would solve this by presenting a "simple" what and how approach to the monitoring requirements listed by four classifications. "What" is stuff like network interface state, hard disk able to write and read data, or CPU load. "How" is stuff like servicing alerts, correlating errors, and mapping dependencies, so that if rack power goes out that fact isn't buried beneath the 100,000 alerts behind that rack power dependency.

I knew they didn't have the crew to build all the monitors, so I wanted to make sure we found something that covered all of this. I did not fully investigate every area, to simplify. For instance, I'd simplify stuff like hard drive monitoring or OS monitoring or service state, assuming that any monitoring package that monitored that class of item was good enough at the level of money we were considering. As for the four steps for ranking, I've been in many efforts where somebody suggests "what about this?" and they or somebody else will bring it up at every. single. meeting., but nobody can ever come up with a good justification for it. It is just a game people play with new systems or any kind of analysis, really. I've done it myself on the other side. Sometimes it yields goodness. Still, it is useful to capture it as in "meh you have to do some work if you want this as a consideration, don't bring it up again, it is here". Call that (4). The other three were: 1 - we want to buy this and it needs to be turned on by end of the year. 2 - we want to buy this, but we will get to dealing with it later... next year sometime, and 3 - we want to be extensible to this at some time in the future but we don't want to buy it right now. It will just slow things down.

I got consensus from all stakeholders, and mapped to what, how, and priority levels. By all stakeholders, with a team so small, that meant everybody on the IT team was included, because they worked directly with the monitored items. This took a couple of months, but considering the fact that they had never successfully implemented monitoring in the past, it seemed like a win to me. Right about this time, the CTO told another outside consultant to just turn on some monitoring that he claimed we already owned, which nobody had shared with me or even knew about. I wanted to be a team player, so I pivoted to: OK, well, since we have this map of what we want, what are the gaps between this thing you just turned on and what we agreed on just last week was what we wanted?

All shut down. No response for several weeks. I worked on my OS and MCJ on my own time, waiting, and tortured my friends with emails and posts of tech I was fascinated with and building. Finally, I ended up working directly with two engineers that worked at the monitoring solution the consultant said we owned, to figure out the gaps. While it was true that the solution could actually do what we needed, it wasn't true that we owned it, so I brought back a bid of exactly what we would need to purchase to fit our requirements. Further, I demonstrated with the engineers in a recorded video, all of my higher level ideas (not that novel) around correlation, detecting anomalies, and capacity planning on the exact product. The engineers devoured my work product of the monitoring map. We created something good and useful.

By this time, the consultant had moved on to yet another idea. Still, I had a good set of requirements, and a video demonstrating the more sophisticated ideas live on a product that I had pricing on. All that needed to happen was management (multiple levels, as I have two bosses, one of them reports to the other, and the CTO is above that) needed to digest this information and decide to purchase. All was shut down again. I'm not getting any money. This went on for a month. I worked on my geek personal projects and tortured my friends more with MCJ.

Both myself and the vendor prodded management for status, but nothing came back. Late last week I met with my

boss, and the conclusion was that my approach was too complicated, and likely we would just toss any solution out after two years anyway. So here is an error on my part. I assumed that the solution would last longer than two years. I was transparent in my requirements analysis with my boss(es) at every step, so they certainly share some blame for this. We were considering products that cost 100,000 first year and 70,000 recurring, so the idea that we would just put something in over 3-6 months to get fully operational across all IT (compute, storage, network, etc.) run it for a year and then buy a different one was so far out of my world view that I missed it. In this new world, remember that folks. There is a lesson here. Ask that question. This blindsided me.

A secondary problem that my boss admitted, was that they didn't have the capacity to make a decision based on what I had provided. Note that my boss has reviewed and agreed with all that I had provided prior... the issue is that from an organization perspective they are really only able to kick the can down the road a week at a time. In that same meeting with my boss, we decided that I would focus on just the networking piece, as that was a more immediate need (much is currently not monitored at all). I agreed. Not wanting to repeat my same mistakes, I asked what currently existed (note I did ask this above, and even interviewed the stakeholders on as-is... in the end I didn't miss anything because the consultant was outright wrong). I found out that we did have a product, and there were some reports coming out, and we were monitoring, but nobody knew how to use it. I suggested that I dig in and figure out why it wasn't working for people, first, and that would lead to the requirements for free. If I could figure it out, great, we had it, and it was working. If not, we could purchase something that fit the need that wasn't filled. I'm shooting really low now, based on my previous experience.

Oligarchy

Somebody has to do it. You certainly can't.



My boss went to the CTO and the CTO vetoed the whole thing and said we had tried that in the past with consultants and got nothing, so we needed to abandon the current system. Further, that any monitoring system we purchased should provide what we need, so we didn't need to do much analysis. (Somehow, this is not in conflict with the fact that they purchased a system that nobody can use for some reason, and they are going to toss it. I am confused by this.) The conclusion is that I will put in a system for networking after establishing the most basic requirements like capacity. The punchline is that I likely have another two months of consulting serving as a technical lead implementing the monitoring system.

Now, you might think that I'm picking on this particular org. There are some obvious failures here. But it is my experience that this is how stuff like this happens at most places. We have generally become incapable of forward motion on our own volition towards an agreed on goal. We need to break up our efforts into smaller concerns, regardless of whether it fits our broader goals (like prediction, detecting anomalies and correlation). The takeaway on this, since I can do stuff like build an OS from scratch and network it, is that I can continue on contract to put this in and have income during the pandemic crisis.

Now for some tangents. If knowledge built civilization, and that knowledge primarily started with written language, then what does collapse imply? It is likely that this is correlated. That is, if we put in systems on a five year timeline, the rules hold. But what if things change so fast and the system grows in complication so fast that we can't design? True, this was my motivation for agile analysis; however, the problem is more with the capacity of people to actually use and create knowledge towards specific goals. This is illustrated by my somewhat absurd example above. I often harp about the idea that as we cede this stuff to corporations, we are ceding goals (their goal is profit, not necessarily our goals as a species or org or individual).

Even as I put together my OS, there are some items that I can't completely control. Both Rust and some of the Python frameworks *require* network connectivity to pull their components. That is probably too far out on a tangent to bring in, but in my mind I see the ecosystems of software and operating systems mapping with the same general problem with knowledge and complex systems.

The conclusion, always, for me, is that we are in the middle of collapse, and all is explained by this. Systems are too complex for individuals to own. Our intellectual capacity is hijacked by images and BS (like Huxley warned about). We have ceded this to large corporations. Frankly, I'll protest the oligarchy on this, but somebody has to build and

operate new things, so they get it.

The same thing goes for political discussion. The level of intellectual sophistication has gone to close to zero. We use three word statements to express our political stance. We are in collapse, collapse of civilization, and collapse of knowledge, at least knowledge built and maintained widely by humans without AI. BUT, there likely will be a persistent thread of humanity and knowledge that will continue to operate. Here is a weird idea. The thread that is operating is more and more AI. Now, it is AI with a goal of profit, but what happens if and when the AI plans further out? We need to protect consumers. True, at this phase it might be keeping consumers using zoom and staying at home and buying our products (destroying all traditional human economies), watching netflix and posting the current identity passion.

#knowledge



2020-11-18 • Journal • Eye Light • LR

I was in the bath, running over work conversations and facebook interactions, and after forty minute or so, in frustration, somewhat accidentally, I thought, "I'm so tired of I.", and I saw the faint glint of light, the same entity as the Eye of Providence. All of a sudden my mind was guiet, and I was just in the tub again.

#eye of providence #illumination



2020-11-19 • Dream • Wrapped Car • L R

This was a two slice time dream. In one slice, Sean had wrecked her car. She didn't have it anymore. It was a white race car with drug company sponsorship writing on it. The letters were blue, and part of the logo had two dots, something like this:



I did a search after I woke up, and immediately found Vioxx, so in dream rules, that is what it was. Sean said her mom used the drug (in real life).

I went back and forth between time slices. In one slice it was in the early nineties. Sean was asleep. She was laying down in the living room with ten or so other people. She was curled up like in the picture with her mom when she arrived exhausted in Phoenix, but she looked more like the picture of her with glasses in the corner with her computer (the one with the dragon head on the wall).

Next to her was her car, all wrapped up in shrink wrap, protecting it. She took the car with her at every place she lived, but she only raced it professionally. She loaned it out once, to a roommate, and he wrecked the car, so she didn't have one anymore by the time of my second slice of time.

I don't remember much about the second slice. It wasn't now, or even since we met again in 2014. I think it was earlier, like the middle 2000s or something like that, then I went back to the early-to-mid 90s and she still had the car.

#car #sean #shrink wrap



2020-11-19 • Journal • New Potato Caboose • LR

I have my very own personalized version of the Bardo Thodol going on. This is nothing new; it has been happening for decades, but those breadcrumbs sure do look familiar. I've been through these woods before, and that witch is going to eat us all over again. I have to remember... see the Eye of Providence in a dream-trance in the bath,

go past and to the left, listen to the Grateful Dead Anthem of the Sun album, and then I forget, but I end up in the forest lost again, for sure. I'm not good at this. That's OK. None of us are, but Anthem of the Sun sure sounds good. It isn't like I give up. I have the highest hopes that I'll break out, remember the bread crumb trail correctly. Here goes. My thought is New Potato Caboose is a womb door. How to remember?

"Your love becomes a toothless crone". Pretty much in line with my Hansel and Gretel reference, eh? It seems I have been here before.

When I was living in the cabin I had a kazoo hanging on the wall for Alligator. When I had guests (usually just one guest could fit in the cabin, but I seem to remember Sunn and K visited one time, but it is unlikely that I played Anthem of the Sun for them).... when I had guests I played the kazoo when it came on. I also had a pot and wooden spoon to play along when the rhythm devils got into it. There were three meals I made for guests: tacos (homemade tortillas and pintos), pepperoni pizza (there was a deli on the way on Steamboat Island road that had mozzarella and pepperoni), and broiled cheese and potatoes.

I. am so tired of I.

I did not know there was a PKD connection until today.

#eye of providence #hobbitat #tibetan book of the dead



2020-11-22 • Subject • The Truth About Planes On Fire • LR

I was thinking about Aldous Huxley this morning, in tandem with Ivan Stang, who was gallivanting around with Paul Krassner at the Starwood Festival. There are many more names involved, many perfect quotes. Now, here's an interesting question. Am I grieving more for the loss of freedom that our systemic stress has created, or am I grieving more for the living planet? Massive mobilizations like we are facing next year for vaccine distribution, as well as the consolidation and entrenchment of tech-heavy solutions, will only make things worse, will only accelerate the split of a traditional barrier to exploitation off from our day-to-day lives, leaving us with limited options provided by machines of loving grace in the hands of a few corporate overlords. Am I grieving the loss of intellectual curiosity of those I know? At one point most everybody I know was a consciousness cybernaut in varying degrees. Remember when just a new cassette tape could bend your head? We couldn't wait to explore something new, push what is there until it broke and we could find out what it was really made out of, how it really worked. Now it is just the same tracks of proper thought over and over and over and over by everybody I know (mostly, there are some exceptions). At work, and it has been this way for years, there is a kind of collusion for mediocrity by the majority. The interval of design is divorced (another part of the split, the intellectual and tangible wedge being driven between us and previous times). I may be grieving the intellectual spontaneity and originality more than the dying ecosystems for vertebrates. I'll have to mull that over... kind of horrifying.

The scary thing, is that from a certain perspective, the kind of freedom and spontaneity that I grieve is a luxury that as a species we can no longer afford. That is why things are happening as they are. We are simplifying the supply chain, minimizing the freedom, consolidating power, pulling the traditional feel-good value wool over our eyes. But more and more I realize that this is *the situation*. There is no way out. It is actually a necessary outcome (back to Huxley). So it is unreasonable of me to expect people to act differently. They are working at places that demand a certain kind of mediocrity. It pays the bills. I work at such a place. So was the last place I worked, and the time before that. I can go back 17 years or so, and it was hell if I tried to understand things. If I just let things go on autopilot, my life was much better, and it appeared that I was more successful at work (Meanwhile the business was about to lose their biggest customer because of a technical failure that I eventually uncovered, but not in time. My new years resolution for 2005 was STFU).

The varied options, the freedom, at one point worked well, but it relied on invisible negative externalities. But, now, the jig is up. We need something to replace the frontier. People *need* to feel that their stupid, repetitive list of 20 top reactions *to everything in the world* is helping, even though we have exhausted past promise. This is what bothers me so much about the Oatmeal Gene Roddenberry bit. After the airplane incident he didn't spend his time making better engines. He spent his time telling reassuring stories to a civilization going down in flames. Perhaps this is where we are at. I just resist it is all.



2020-11-23 • Journal • Base Camp OK • LR

Sean is away, isolating after visiting her dad and waiting for test results. I spent much of the evening trying to figure out what was next. For the last year and a half I had a sequence of next things that were next, with the last one being this. I took a bath, trying to figure it out, and had an understanding that my base camp was just fine, and I could climb any peak that caught my eye at the time, filling the time between ascents with making the base camp more useful to others. So, here I am, at the old Selectric, metaphorically, logging entries to the mountain.

#base_camp #mountain_climbing



2020-11-24 • Subject • Old Sex • LR

I often wonder when the alien-giger ectoplasm hormone force within me will fade, and think about this bit from The Republic.



2020-11-24 = Subject = Dookie = LR

There is a reference on the Dookie album cover, the green woman pointing.

What if...

What if the lyrics stopped right before the figure? What if the figure in black pointing was yourself, a caution of danger ahead... that be dragons if you project.

What if the question just stops there. "What is this that stands before me?" Over and over again without an associated self identity. The song would likely be boring, I guess. Projecting, the self-consuming aspect, makes electricity. Now Braindead moves to no chord changes...???



2020-11-25 • Journal • Plateau And MCJ • L R

Last night I was laying in bed and just smiling. I have made it to another plateau. I didn't even want to risk wrecking it by getting up and putting an entry in. I am released. I made it. Nothing but a bucket and a mop now. Nowhere except for where I stand. Just guesses, of course, nobody really knows, but I have been here before.

#plateau



2020-11-27 Pream Real Amber Root LR

I had recently started a job. I had taken over software maintenance for an application that would retrieve fertilizer for plant roots. The result was real, as in actual fertilizer, not just information about fertilizer. The application let you navigate a page, and it showed the root you wanted to fertilize on the screen in amber color on a black background.

I realized that the program didn't have direct links to the fertilizer. Instead, it had a search routine embeded behind the link when you clicked. I didn't like that approach, because the results were uncertain. I changed the application so that the user had to manually connect the root to the real link rather than all roots being connected to a generic search routine that used the value of the click to find the real root.

I put in my change, and realized I broke the application for most people, as you had to constantly change the link to the real fertilizer in order to get it on demand. I put my work away for the day in a magazine rack with sections that sat along the wall. I found that junk mail was mixed in with the notes of previous people that did my job. I recycled most of it. Some notes seemed useful.

The next day I had to go out in the field to visit somebody that was using the new version of my application. It worked for them right as I arrived, so I was somewhat relieved that putting in the direct link might work.

#computers #work



2020-11-29 • Subject • Taking Stock • L R

I sat down and was thinking over the last eight years or so of my developing ideas. None of these are uniquely mine, although it may be true I am one of the few that is synthesizing around all of these ideas. Perhaps even more rare, is that I come away with a positive approach considering these ideas. Some of them are more along the lines of belief and guess, like population levels, but they are based in the rest of the statements. Even if we only halve todays population in the next 50 years, that is seriously disturbing to most people, who would call it collapse and/or Armageddon. I've written at great length about many of these ideas, in various forms of sanity and metaphor. It is quite challenging to think all of these things and go to work, talk to people like a normal human, etc. I go around very conflicted, usually feeling like I have to bite my tongue and/or go off and insult people. These are not very congruent thoughts with the way we normally live, but for the most part they seem to prove themselves more and more correct over time (to me). I have something to do, now, a statement of purpose, etc., but it is still difficult and lonely to believe this.

- 1. Ignoring negative externalizes is the secret to what makes capitalism work.
- 2. Civilization can't exist without written language.
- 3. Humans by nature do not interpret written language the same.
- 4. Semantic structures like OWL2 and BFO can come much closer to a common understanding, common enough to recreate inference programmatically and consistently.
- 5. My guess is that world population will be at 1 billion within 50 years.
- 6. Humans are challenged in real-time cognition of other teams and tools such that they max out at several tools being used towards a common goal against one other team.
- 7. Models, including written language, can facilitate cognition of more complicated sets of tools and multiple teams.
- 8. Almost everything comes from fossil fuels, even alternative energy.
- 9. As systems become more and more complicated, alternative ways of perceiving progress have been utilized. These do not consider longer-term goals, but, rather, focus on narrowing intervals of gauging immediate results. These are not the same thing. If the root system is too complicated to understand, then we need better models, not better ways to perceive forward motion.
- 10. Complex supply chains hide negative externalities.
- 11. Complex supply chains provide exponential job growth along the chain.
- 12. Supply chains, data flow, and many other systems can be modeled utilizing semantic structures. We already do this in bioinformatics.
- 13. As we divorce ourselves from understanding broader systems, we are limiting our ability to understand broader systems with models, including language itself.
- 14. There are similarities between alternative ways of perceiving work progress and the use of social media for communication, primarily that knowledge is not captured; we have a stream of effort and/or attention rather than owning an architecture or domain.
- 15. We are becoming more tribal because we are reverting to our real-time cognition abilities in the absence of models.
- 16. Broad systemic, quick collapse results from multiple stressors to a complex system. An example would be the collapse of the Late Bronze Age.

- 17. There are multiple positive feedback loops active right now that accelerate global warming.
- 18. Humans are generally predisposed to be optimistic and think short-term. This is a biologically necessary trait. It did no good to think about all the animals that wanted to eat us, nor the other dangers we had to face every day. This is related to the long-shot things that appear like goals, but are not (mars escape).
- 19. More complicated systems are not the answer, neither are more complicated supply chains.

I figured listing as short bullet points was helpful, but if you are struggling to see how this all fits together for me, This essay might help. Even in the opposite direction, the essay gives some context to the points. My concern is that several of these (9, 13, 14, 15, 18) hinder any progress or engagement I might get with this. I am OK with just laying this out and building the tools, even if I just work away my remaining years not doing much with it besides just some websites. The listed points mean that there is sometimes an aggressive response to my ideas. I'm stuck, because I don't really have the patience nor the time (nor money) to go the academic route with this stuff; plus, it is a bit late. I'm in IT, so many of these ideas do apply, as we have complicated our systems to the point that we **have** to utilize computers to avoid immediate collapse. We tend to focus on 9, though, in IT, so it is a balance to accept that and not be to obnoxious when asking, "Where are we now? Where do we want to go? How do we get there?"

The weird religious and mythical symbols around knowledge are pretty intense, once you have that kind of slant. Civilization goes back about 6,000 years, about the time of the first written language. Further, the symbolism, the danger of what we would/could/were doing with knowledge coupled with civilization truly did get us thrown out of Eden. This crosses all cultures and religions in various forms (usually a snake, though). Hey... small inside bit here. The X on my Xfig site is superimposed on the art on the Sistine Chapel. That is a snake woman in a fig tree.

#chimp_notches #civilization #collapse #knowledge #modeling #ouroboros



2020-11-30 • Subject • Mediocre Bros • LR

Can you imagine somebody saying fifty years ago: The key to success, son, is only thinking a few weeks ahead. Don't learn new things unless it is in relation to a certification for your immediate work. Don't write anything longer than a couple of paragraphs, **ever**. Don't waste time reading past the second paragraph. Don't try and think of the broader system. In fact, don't try to think at all, or if you do, don't let anybody know. Be one of the bros. Drink trendy alcoholic beverages. Show you can act stupid (but not too stupid). Be **a tool**. Don't call it that, but you need to be a tool to be successful. This is the secret. In everything, try and be mediocre at what you do. Above all, appear like you are having fun and post it on the matrix feed. This is important. If you do this, son, you will be successful. Appearance is more important than content. Remember all of these things, or you'll end up in the basement with a red stapler.

It isn't just the intellectual stuff, either. It is a wide range of competence. I'm criticizing the kind of collusion toward mediocrity as a means to success that I experience more and more. There are exceptions, just like there are to every generalized statement. I was just thinking that the whole "competent man" lecture, over time, has disintegrated, like many things.

As far as my experience with women, it has been different. The anti-excellence, anti-knowledge, anti-intellectual stuff is much different with women. I learned how to do IT analysis from a woman. The two people in the entire world that I would like to meet with and talk to about intellectual stuff are women. Desiree Daniel, who lives in Bern, Switzerland and Vandana Kabilan, who currently lives in Stockholm, Sweden. Considering that I hate to travel, I'm probably out of luck.

#collapse



2020-12-02 • Fiction • Bat Aqua • L R

When Gear was two, his eye would wander. It drifted so far that most of his left eye showed white, while his right eye would look straight at you. On the school bus, Gear would watch trees in double as they approached, merge to

one as the bus passed them, and then split off into pairs again as the bus drove away. It made baseball difficult, because Gear couldn't tell how far away the ball was. When Gear was tired it was the worst. Almost everything was double. When Gear woke in the morning, his eyes were almost normal again.

Gear's mom took him to see the doctor, and the doctor suggested that Gear watch Television, alternating eyes with a special TV that had two screens, one for each eye. He wore special glasses that would only show the left screen to his left eye, and the right screen to his right eye. Gear would watch with one eye on one screen, with the other screen off. After a half hour he would switch eyes and screens. This was supposed to strengthen his eye muscles.

While Gear strengthened his eyes, his mother would make dinner and watch his baby sister, Wind. Gear liked to watch Batman. He would play different games while watching the shows. Every time Batman and Robin walked up a wall or got in the Batmobile, he would switch eyes and screens. Gears eyes slowly got stronger.

One time Gear forgot to switch the screens correctly, and Batman showed on each screen. When Gear switched the channel, only one side switched, and it showed Super Friends, a popular Television cartoon at the time that featured the superheroes Superman, Batman and Robin, Wonder Woman, and Aquaman. Every evening when his mom was making dinner, Super Friends was on one channel, and the old Batman show was on the other. Gear would watch both secretly, one with each eye. It was so much fun.

Gear did this for two solid years, until the doctor said his eyes were strong enough that he didn't need to do it anymore. The family celebrated by taking Gear out to his favorite restaurant, a place where you could feed your french fries to the seagulls. Gear showed off his eyes to his parents, tossing a french fry and watching it without moving his head. His eyes moved together in unison as the seagull grabbed the fry off of the top of the water.

On the way home, Gear was looking out the window of the car at the dim signs that passed. He was starting to go to sleep, and his left eye closed. He saw water rise up between the street signs and Aquaman sending radar signals at them. Gear sat straight up and shook his head. The signs were just regular signs, dim flashes of street names and mileposts. He started to go to sleep again, but this time his right eye closed. He saw a black Batmobile weaving back and forth between the signs with the cone shaped flame in back. He watched it until he fell asleep. His dad carried him to his bed and tucked him in.

The next day was Sunday. Gear played in the woods with his sister Wind and brother Sticks. They lived in a housing development on a gently slopped mountain covered in giant Fir trees. The houses in their neighborhood wound around the side of the mountain, and Gear, Wind, Sticks and their friends would often play in the woods at the center.

Wind wanted to play cowboy and posse, so they gathered their nearby friends that lived encircled around the woods, and started a game. It is kind of like hide and seek, but the posse works together to find the cowboy, and the cowboy gets a head start and three tricks. A trick might be a magic lasso that can capture two of the posse so they can't try and catch the cowboy. Another trick is "freeze time" that gives the cowboy more time to escape while the posse closes there eyes. There were twenty total tricks that Wind had listed in a small green book she kept in her dinosaur bank. Their friends would borrow the book during the week sometimes, but they always gave it back to Wind.

When enough children had gathered, they started their game. Gear was "cowboy", so he got a 10 minute head start on the posse. In the clearings between the Fir trees were vine maples. They looked kind of like a spider on its back. Gear closed his left eye and could see a giant sea of vine maples spread across the forest like a giant, single ocean. He could see a flow of squirrels, all at the same time that were jumping between the branches, using the branch as a spring to launch to the next branch.

This shocked Gear. He closed his right eye, and could see dark tunnels going between the giant Fir trunks, with the leaves of the vine maples creating a roof. Every tunnel had tracks from raccoon and deer that had used the tunnels to move back and forth between the clearings where grass grew, the back yards of the houses that had garbage cans sitting against the houses, and vegetables growing in gardens. Gear had memorized Wind's book of tricks, and he ran through the different ways to fool the posse.

"Ten minutes up!", yelled Sticks, and Gear could hear all of the kids run towards him. Gear yelled, "freeze time", and the sounds stopped. Gear only had a few minutes to think and decide what to do. He had revealed his position with his shout, so he needed to move fast. He closed his left eye. He saw the ocean of maples again, and ran to the

closest one, grabbed the lower branch and scrambled on top. He mimicked the squirrels he had seen earlier and jumped off the branch to another, then another, until he bounced to a neighboring vine maple without touching the forest floor.

The kids had started to run towards him again, but the sounds were fainter. Gear continued surfing across the tops of the trees with the giant Firs above his head and the maples below, keeping his left eye closed. It was hard to tell how far the tree branches were, but he was able to guess by looking at the shadows the branches made. He turned his head and could hear the echoes of his friend's voices. He could make out Wind's higher voice shouting out directions, "Go right, George. Go straight ahead with me, Sticks. We'll trap him near the rocks." Sound traveled up here on top of the maples differently. He didn't remember ever hearing the voices so clearly before.

To win, he had to get past the rocks and curve around back to where they had all started, and that was where Sticks and Wind were heading. He was almost to the rocks. Gear closed his right eye and opened his left. Everything was very bright, and he couldn't see. He fell to the forest floor. He should have waited before he switched eyes, but he didn't hurt anything too bad besides he bruised his bottom. With his left eye he could see the forest as a tunnel that led past the rocks and around the outside, bouncing off of the garbage cans and gardens, following the path of the deer and raccoons.

He raced past the rocks, past the garbage cans and gardens, and back deep into the forest. The leaves seemed to suck in behind him as he ran, and everything became quiet, like he was in a tunnel of dark cotton. He could hear the other kids, far away, as he burst into the clearing where the game started and shouted, "I win! Posse come home!".

Wind came back first. "How did you get back so fast, Gear?".

"I had to use both eyes", Gear said, and winked at her. Wind remembered how her older brother had sat up watching the screens when she was a toddler. It was one of her first memories.

Wind and Gear held hands and skipped down to their house for dinner. Sticks followed behind. One of the kids that was still in the clearing yelled, "See you next week!".

"Yeah. Next week," Gear yelled back.

#goggles



2020-12-04 • Journal • Break Barrier • LR

There is this idea that there are certain blocks to creative motion forward in some particular areas. I've had these blocks for years at a time. Somehow the particular item or investigation that was so crucial at one time, stalls, and it builds an even stronger barrier. Instead of breaking through, there are hundreds of other detours and other efforts, some seeming just as creative or interesting or productive, but sitting there, an old granite wall that just gets thicker and scarred, is the real block.

Right after I got laid off, over a year ago, I pushed to get the full, explodable DFD working. I created a few levels down for one area, but that is as far as I got. I haven't been able to look at it much, since. I got lots of other stuff working, like getting MCJ running on full wxPython or my dream that led me to complete L1G3R. The whole time, though, I didn't complete the explodable DFD.

I can look at this a couple ways. Sometimes this is just a pure block, and there is no other good reason. The block just grows and you can't push past it. But sometimes there is a reason, lurking in the background that you are unaware of, but when you are ready, it is also ready for you. I broke through today. I cracked open the DFD, Component, and flowchart code, and started working on them. I found the triples code that I used to generate the SPARQL in this article. At the same time, though, I remembered that the triples are wrong. I discovered this when I tried to load them here. I suspect that I need to refactor some of my triples, as they may not be proper. I'd like to keep it simple, to keep with my file-system idea. Any application to DFDs or system component diagrams or data-flow should be relatively simple to be useful.

#cruft buster #ontologies #ouroboros

Comments:

2020-12-05:

I found this this morning. It references a DFD the authors created that is published here. This is exactly what I need to get my cruftbuster stuff in line with a published ontology. It is not based in BFO, but I'm more concerned with simplicity and minimal inference, which I imagine this will do just fine. The article does not deal with levels, but I already have some conventions that help in this regard. Finally, this provides something that should also be compatible with owl2vowl.



2020-12-05 • Dream • New Locker • LR

I was in a locker room, and needed a locker to put my clothes while I took a shower. I saw a nearby locker with fresh paint, opened it up, and one of the cubbies was free, so I started putting my clothes in. An attendent came up and asked, "What's your name?". I said, "John", and he gave me a label. I wrote Johnny on it, but changed my mind and got another label to write my real name on it. Other people had used different cubbies. All of them were used except where I put my clothes.

I was standing next to concrete stairs as I did this, and next to the stairs was a shower and toilet in separate stalls with a plastic curtain for privacy. I was hoping to get the shower, but I figured I should probably use the toilet first. I undressed, and a woman that looked kind of like the women I worked with in the lunch room at my junior high, with grey hair, strong and stout, came up to me and said, "Oooo... I like barrel chests", and hugged me. I made a comment that she was like Orphan Annie, but she didn't like that. I then called her something else she liked better.

The toilet was open, so I got in, just as the woman occupant was leaving. The toilet was sitting towards the left and to the front of a large room. Another man was lurking nearby. He went to the corner of the room and mumbled, "If you're like me, you don't really care" [if somebody is in the room with you]. I moved a big black garbage bag away that was resting next to the toilet. (The same kind of garbage bag that had been sitting in the dining room for six months that Sean complained about, that I finally put up in the attic crawl space a couple days ago.

#lunch_trays



2020-12-06 • **Journal** • **Python Snake** • **LR**

I continued working on my new ontology for Cruft Buster based on Christophe Debruyne's work. The constraints I have for multi-level DFDs should work. I translated a bit of IT Docent into triples utilizing the DFD ontology and verified the set with a few different tools, including rapper from the Raptor project, as well as Python rdflib. I spent a good couple of hours trying to work through an issue on rdflib that appears to be simply that it works better on Python 2.7. I guess that is one good thing about me freezing the OS here.

Likely I can re-write the grf code on tributary software to use rdflib. I've always wanted to make it a bit more universal, anyway, so I could do component, data flow and flowchart diagrams using the same basic code.

#cruft_buster



2020-12-10 • Journal • Dylan Again • L R

I am wrapping up the new ctriples script based on Christophe Debruyne's Data Flow Ontology. It appears that I can include all of the diagram features that I had for the graph, including labels and comments for data flow connections (edges). It is fitting together better. As of today, I'm not aware of any filesystem feature for the data flow diagrams that can't be mapped directly into triples.

I put on Bob Dylan, for the first time in years: Blonde on Blonde and Highway 61 Revisited. That change is promising.



2020-12-13 • Subject • Ummm... Why? • LR

Sean asked me yesterday why I care about my ontology work. Good question. I suppose I have a battle I'm fighting in the interest of future, more grounded efforts. More and more I see a direct correlation between knowledge, global supply chains, industrial civilization, and the degradation of the living planet (at least for vertebrates); indeed, these aspects are synonymous at present. Ontological forms of knowledge can be expressed with agreed on meaning. This is why the big cloud companies and others in the software/cloud ecosystems need this. Civilization needs this to scale further.

If I think this, then why does focusing on a more efficient form of knowledge modeling matter? Imagine if everything you built to solve problems came from one of three big box hardware stores? I think of cloud service stacks (Azure, AWS, Google) as tools and materials purchased solely from a hardware store. We are losing the ability to build outside of those ecosystems, all woven together by the internet. The ironic thing is that these hardware stores were built on other people's work, mostly, that insured freedom to build your own tools without the need for going to a hardware store on the list.

It is possible to do all of this yourself, analyze new sets of knowledge, and act with the same kinds of insight that cloud and technology behemoths use to maintain their power, but *change the goal* from profit to whatever goal suits you, your tribe, or, even, your new civilization. Further, this can be done without network connectivity (gasp!).

Consider this video. On the surface, this appears to be a technology that empowers snow sports enthusiasts. These are IoT devices hooked up to mobile hooked up to cloud. It is about consuming (sports equipment, recreation), but it also leads the thought on a way to scale everything we use every day. There is no real opportunity here beyond another way to consume. I am *sure* that there are equally interesting efforts to do things like track forest fires and assist firefighters, and these are used as PR for both the consumers, but also government approval for data centers that suck down much of the power originally paid for by New Deal efforts. The underlying cloud infrastructure remains, and those working in this world are bound to the particular big box hardware store kit. Even when the circle of experts get to their "compute on the edge" discussion, the focus is not on empowering people to own their analysis tools; the focus is on staging it temporarily before it gets to cloud, and implementing yet more environmentally-degrading tech to improve connectivity. The "public good" has been hijacked to become the "business good" almost by definition.

But here is another problem that I see, more and more. If my knowledge/civilization/supply chain synonym hypothesis holds, then the instruments of change and knowledge, i.e. humans comprehending and changing systems on their own outside of the big box stores, will eventually barely be able to tread water in one week sprints, shopping only at the big box stores. We are at the end of all from this sense.

Many things could happen going forward. If I'm wrong, we will continue to grow in complexity, Al assisting us with knowledge and change from companies that convince us we are steering our civilization in the correct direction (and this turns out to be correct and sustainable). I know their Al is programmed for profit as well as appearance of doing good in some kind of bastardized Ayn Rand hybrid. (The key to this is that the most profitable models ignore negative externalities. A good example is using up the capital of cars of thousands of delivery drivers. Funny... it seems to me that we *knew* this when it was just pizza delivery. We knew that there were insurance risks and wear and tear on the cars, but somehow when a behemoth does this and sucks out revenue via negative externalities, it is "disruptive".) Another more likely scenario, is that we reach the limits to growth, primarily by realizing the true cost of negative externalities. OK. That is a very unfair characterization of the future possibilities. I just can't lay out the options and involve current solutions with a straight face. More likely, we are FUBAR.

One of the problems with my evolving theory, is that it explains why we can't break out. The problems are many. People think within these constraints, as their jobs come from it. We are involved in modern industrial civilization. Knowledge, and how we think of it is also involved. Further, it is my belief that any kind of reasonable goal that we plugged in to our new Al machines outside of profit, would yield results we cannot face. So, we can't talk about it because our communication is over these new channels. We can't think about it because knowledge is captured by big box stores and becomes our language in our day to day work. Even if we do break off and plug in the numbers, our results are not actionable. About all we have is if we can create perceived progress to sell stuff.

My why, then, is to help people after 1/x. Part of this is to maintain a small repository of live knowledge that is an alternative to the big box stores.

p.s.

I decided that perhaps I was being unfair, and I should see what the Decoded show had posted recently. The most recent I found was this. The idea is that a deep web of technology, offered by the big box cloud companies, can be used to save the White Rhino. This idea seems intensely flawed to me. Sure, we can create safe zones for a narrow population to protect from poaching, but negative externalities behind this technology and supply chain are tilting ecosystems that supports all life, and in particular, the balance that vertebrates need. I can see the pain, sadness, and passion behind the people in this video. They are human, and are aware of the changes to the ecosystems that support vertebrates. Their intent is good.

#civilization #collapse #connectivity #knowledge #modeling #ouroboros #sean #uteotw

Comments:

2020-12-14:

This essay illustrates a particularly troublesome part of how I see the world. I am capturing techniques and knowledge for use in a civilization that doesn't exist. Further, I am capturing it for a population that is unlikely to be able to even use it. Most everybody that I know is inside the perspective I'm criticizing. It isn't like the solution is people wiring up an Al box in their basement. If anything, I share more with the engineer stitching together an intelligence grid and monitoring network to save the White Rhino than I do with Guy McPherson, Greta Thunberg, or even Donella Meadows. The solution I'm facilitating is getting people to look at the simple questions (Where are we? Where do we want to go? How do we get there?), but do it in a way that is outside of the current framework of industrial civilization, which is just as silly in some ways as trying to save the White Rhino in the context of failing ecosystems and resource contention. Reflecting on this gives me a different perspective, immediately. Am I proposing a reverse bootstrapping process? Why couldn't this be done within a big box solution? Let's turn this around a bit more. It is reasonable to assume that any real change needs to come from civilization itself, by leaders willing to face the implications of the full supply chain. It is also conceivable that to actually analyze and refactor supply chains from within industrial civilization as-is, we would need the power the big cloud infrastructure providers supply. I am **assuming** that this is so unlikely that I only consider 1/x. This doesn't really change my statement of purpose. It does change the view of my fight. I am not fighting any particular entity. I am iteratively enforcing a pure engineering view with questions of requirements and direction that consider the full supply chain, and a reverse bootstrapping scenario is more likely within present civilization. This is a good thing to remember.



2020-12-15 • Journal • Menagerie • L R

I watched the second part of The Menagerie today while working out. It is interesting, because Sean and I had a discussion just this morning about how she thought in collapse people would not be able to operate existing machinery, they were so isolated. She used a diesel engine as an example. I was reading a book called The Knowledge by Lewis Dartnell. While I was interested in it at first, the fact that the author sets up the book in a scenario where the population falls drastically before we use up our resources makes the book much less appealing to me. This is for two reasons: first off, the pyramid we build from resources for industrial civilization is part of the problem, and recreating that, even in fantasy, is avoiding the harder question of where we want to end up; secondly, it seems much more likely that we will bump up against any and all limits to growth and suck what is left of the planet's resources down, pushing into more and more difficult avenues, so that when we do collapse it will likely take millennia to recover in some areas, and millions of years in others.

Vina says:

But they found it's a trap, like a narcotic, because when dreams become more important than reality, you give up travel, building, creating. You even forget how to repair the machines left behind by your ancestors. You just sit, living and reliving other lives left behind in the thought record.

This episode was written by Roddenberry, who I already have an issue with as far as the plane crash story. But this all kind of fits. We get the steak scene in The Matrix. In fact, the episode fits perfectly into the premise of The Knowledge. Further, another of Sean and my movies we share together, Until the End of the World, addresses the narcotic effect of the dreams. It really is a fabulous intersection of ideas. Also, just for creativity and style in working The Cage into a two-part episode, that was pure genius.

#uteotw



2020-12-16 • Subject • Prayer Strap • LR

I broke open mon.py again today. I need to add in the features to fully map IT Docent. I need to stare at the code for quite awhile to orient myself. I didn't put many comments in the code. I wondered why. The comments clutter it up, a bit; that is part of it. I also realized that I considered working on the code a form of prayer: beads running through my mind until the repeating patterns settle in and I can make progress again. I remember finally getting my Z-80 homebrew code running back in 1991 or so, tapping in the machine code with my makeshift front panel, just enough to bootstrap load via the parallel port. I had a similar feeling. Machine code is very unforgiving. Bootstraps are even worse, because you are mostly blind. Ah... bootstrapping, such a varied and appropriate word to current efforts.

#bootstrap



2020-12-18 • Subject • Gather • LR

Last night I wandered through code again in ctriples, trying to figure out how to set up pages for the subjects that had none. I thought "this is the end" as I got tired and confused, and set up The Doors on my player, but didn't play any. I left The End up as the first song in the playlist. I went to sleep thinking about my ctriples trouble, and woke up in the wee hours to finally figure out my problem. I put on The End just now, finally. It is the trimmed version, not live, so it has the helicopters. For a few months, now, on the fridge is a list of movies that Sean and I wanted to watch together, and one of them was Apocalypse Now. Earlier this week I tossed the fridge list, much like when I filed all of the DVDs I had saved up, giving up on the shared journey with videos, at least in the present.

The Doors now isn't quite doing it for me. I think I'll switch back to Iggy and the Stooges, Raw Power. I have two disks of Raw Power and More Power. I don't even remember when I got them. Yummy, though. I need to get back to the mission.

#john muir



2020-12-20 • Apps • Opening Recoll Links With Gvim • LR

Recoll uses xdg-open to find the default editor. Additionally, Nautilus uses a desktop entry to find Gvim, and associating the app with xdg-mime can use that entry. Assuming you have xdg-open installed, set up Gvim for gnome/Nautilus, by creating this entry in .local/share/applications:

[Desktop Entry]
Name=GVIM
GenericName=Text Editor
Comment=Edit text
MimeType=text/english;text/plain;text/x-makefile;text/x-c++hdr;text/x-c++src;text/x-chdr;text/x-csrc;text/x-java;text/x-moc;text/x-pascal;text/x-tcl;t

ext/x-tex;application/x-shellscript;text/x-c;text/x-c++;
Exec=gvim %f
Type=Application
Terminal=true
Categories=Development;TextEditor;
Keywords=Text;Editor;

Run this command to add this entry so that xdg-open can find it:

xdg-mime default gvim.desktop text/plain

#customization #recoll #vim #xdg-utils



2020-12-23 = Journal = YAP = LR

Yet another plateau with yet another resolution to focus on ITD, build it out, and start weaving horizontally into the surrounding stories and documentation as I avoid looking around for the next plateau. Or, alternatively, for the 100th time I have returned back to the room with the painting sitting there, adding a few brush strokes, and leaving again, constantly pulled to the never-ending streams of diversion only to struggle back again to paint.

#plateau



2020-12-24 • Subject • Letter to the Future • LR

What is the trick, the idea, the reason? What would I tell somebody fifty years from now? How would that be different than next year? Why is this not simply another form of technological optimism? Why would I spend so much time on something like this? The long version is here, but it is not that distilled and addresses other concerns like epistemology.

Take a slug of bourbon to cut through the oily academic product on the pompadour, and what do I have? What is it down at the root, so to speak?

Let's start with a journal. A paper journal is written in sequence, and does not allow horizontal cuts for keywords. Horizontal cuts connect across any number of conceptual barriers that make sense within domain of knowledge and even outside. Any reader of this should be familiar with the world-wide web. On the world-wide web, the most familiar idea is a "link". Technically, the most common version is "a href". It is a reference, a link to another item on the world-wide web. It is a horizontal cut.

In the case of a web page about a particular football game that completed the previous day, there might be a link for the coach of the opposing team, that when clicked on with a mouse, would retrieve the document associated with the link, perhaps a profile of the coach. By clicking on the link we cut across the clouds of information from the game to the world of the coach. With a journal we have a similar concept, but we are linking to a tag, or, even, another journal page or an outside definition or article on the world-wide web.

In the above football example, the game page had a reference to a coach page. This is called a triple. It just means there are three things, a subject, a relation, and an object of the subject having that relation. 1) Football Game 2)Had a coach 3)Coach profile. For a journal, the triple could show that a written dream journal entry on a particular day, has a relation of some type to another entry.

Let's get specific, and call a journal entry for a particular day "A". Let's say that on another day is an entry from the previous night, "B". The "A" entry is about a purple dress seen in a shop window. "B" relates a dream with a purple pickup truck and an attempt to escape a flooding river. Purple could mean many things. Most likely it is a color, and

that is what we mean in the context of journal entries and dreams. We could call "C" the color purple. The act of tagging means that "A" "is tagged with" an object that of a type tag.

C is a tag

C has a label "purple"

C is a type of color

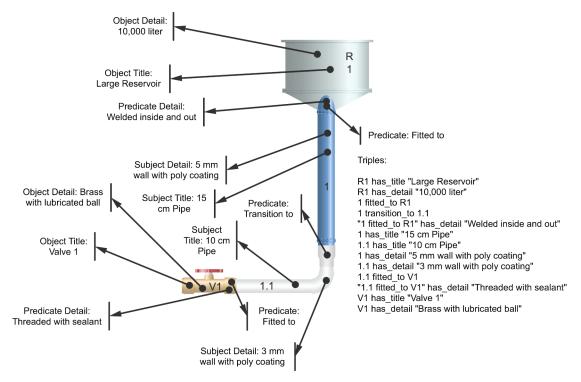
B is tagged with C

B is a dream entry

A is a journal entry

A is tagged with C

This is the start of knowledge about the dream entry, as it captures that seeing the purple dress in the shop window might have played into the color in the dream. More complicated collections of these triples can do things like capture supply chains or water distribution systems:



The people that conceived of the world-wide web, primarily Tim Berners-Lee, originally, are aware of the value of these relations, and have standardized how they are used. This has grown into a powerful set of free tools that can be used to model knowledge. There is an important distinction here, in that this is a map not a flow. I might know that my house is connected to the power grid, but this says nothing about how much electricity is going through my connection at any particular minute. Consider just the simple "a href" link. I can certainly click on a map and zoom in and click on another link that has a current measurement. The map is useful, but it isn't everything, and shouldn't be confused with the territory.

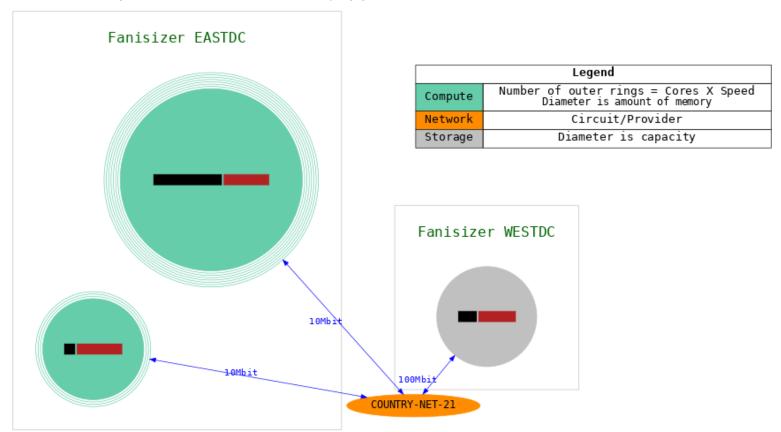
My showcase of the power of this technique is IT Docent. After 30 years in IT, it shows how to apply these ideas to data flow. Data flow, in my experience, is the core of IT. IT is Information Technology, which ultimately takes data routed from sources and sinks, transforms it, and stores it. Even paper flow processes can be modeled as data flow if the the primary purpose of the paper is as documents. Coupled with the wealth of tools used to provide meaning and visualize sets of triples, if data flow is decomposed into this immediately normalized form of relationships, it is extremely powerful.

Quite simply, then, I am bringing this power to any form of analysis, and using free tools to do it, assuming that whatever problem we face as a civilization can be aided with triples analysis. Providing this for free, free from cloud dependencies or corporate operating systems, gives people the choice, the ability to make better decisions, create better maps. As for flows, these tools are available, but this is more like the details of the car engine or pumping gas or Burma Shave sign support strength of materials and other spinning triangle infinitesimals rather than a map. Maps are a great start, though.



2020-12-25 • Apps • Visualize Compute, Network and Storage • LR

Spreadsheets of numbers are difficult to visualize. Here is a method to visualize the connections and capacity of infrastructure graphically. Run your spreadsheet through a script and set the sizes in a dot format file, and graphviz will automatically route the connections and display your infrastructure like this:



Notice that if you hover, the links are valid and provide more information. Link to text specifics or other diagrams, whatever you like.

Here is the dot file that generated the above graph:

```
digraph{
 size = "9,9";
 graph [fontname = "monospace", fontsize="18", color="grey", fontcolor="grey"];
 node [fontname = "monospace", fontsize="18" shape="circle", style="filled"];
 edge [fontname = "monospace", color="blue", fontcolor="blue", fontsize="10"];
  splines="true";
  "SCDB" [color="grey" label=<<table >
>
tooltip="SCDB\nFanisizer\ntotal cpacity: 56000GB\nused capacity: 30%"]
  "CORENET" [shape="oval" color="darkorange" label="COUNTRY-NET-21"]
  "tnn-web-01" [color="aquamarine3" label=<<table >
>
tooltip="EASTDC\ntnn-web-01\nFanisizer\ntotal memory: 461GB\nused memory: 20%\nConnections: 40/128"
href="https://itdocent.com/6/6/" peripheries=4.0]
  "tnn-web-02" [color="aquamarine3" label=<<table >
>
```

```
tooltip="EASTDC\ntnn-web-01\nFanisizer\ntotal memory: 700GB\nused memory: 16%\nConnections: 68/256"
href="https://itdocent.com/6/6/" peripheries=8.0]
   subgraph cluster EASTDC {
     margin="40"
      fontcolor="DarkGreen"
      fontsize="25"
      tooltip="Detail of EASTDC logical grouping"
      href="https://itdocent.com/6/6/"
      label="\nFanisizer EASTDC"
      "tnn-web-02"
      "tnn-web-01"
  }
  subgraph cluster WESTDC {
     margin="40"
      fontcolor="DarkGreen"
      fontsize="25"
      tooltip="Detail of WESTDC logical grouping"
      href="https://itdocent.com/6/6/"
      label="\nFanisizer WESTDC"
      "SCDB"
  }
"CORENET" -> "tnn-web-02"[dir="both" label=" 10Mbit" labeltooltip="CORENET <-> tnn-web-02" fontsize=16];
"CORENET" -> "tnn-web-01"[dir="both" label=" 10Mbit" labeltooltip="CORENET <-> tnn-web-01" fontsize=16];
"CORENET" -> "SCDB"[dir="both" label=" 100Mbit" labeltooltip="CORENET <-> SCDB" fontsize=16];
{ rank = sink;
   Legend [shape=none, margin=0, label=<</pre>
   <TABLE BGCOLOR="White" BORDER="0" CELLBORDER="1" CELLSPACING="0" CELLPADDING="4">
     <TD COLSPAN="2"><B><FONT POINT-SIZE="20">Legend</FONT></B></TD>
     </TR>
     <TR>
      <TD BGCOLOR="aquamarine3"> <FONT POINT-SIZE="20">Compute</FONT> </TD>
     <TD> <FONT POINT-SIZE="20"> Number of outer rings = Cores X Speed </FONT>
<BR/> Diameter is amount of memory </TD>
     </TR>
     <TR>
     <TD BGCOLOR="darkorange"> <FONT POINT-SIZE="20">Network</FONT> </TD>
      <TD> <FONT POINT-SIZE="20"> Circuit/Provider </FONT> </TD>
    </TR>
     <TR>
     <TD BGCOLOR="grey"> <FONT POINT-SIZE="20">Storage</FONT> </TD>
     <TD> <FONT POINT-SIZE="20">Diameter is capacity</FONT> </TD>
    </TR>
   </TABLE>
  >];
 }
}
```

#graphviz

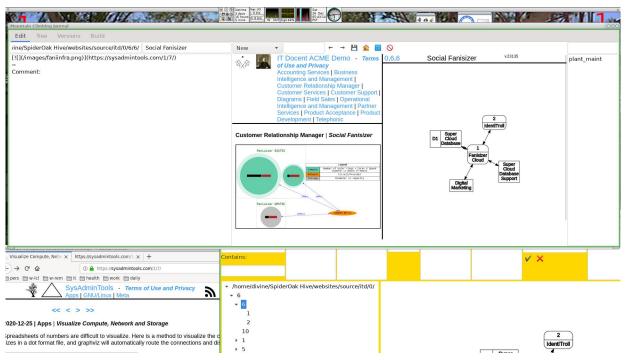


2020-12-26 • Subject • Playing in the Band • LR

I am looking forward to finishing out the year rounding out IT Docent, which has remained in the background as I finished up the rest of the tools. Seriously... I am almost done. I'm pretty sure I can wrap it up in 2020 at a state I can leave, much like how it took me 23 years to finally finish building and documenting my Z-80 homebrew computer.

I see traces of this idea going back to 2006 when I wrote Information Markup . I have a link in that article to this: http://www.oasis-open.org/cover/hierarchies.html , which is pretty much right smack dab in my world the last couple of years. I also learned a deeper analysis perspective between 2006 and 2008, enough to understand that knowledge of a system can and should be captured, and how to do it in a way that could be re-used through various iterations. At the same time I saw the tide going the opposite way as far as tolerance for analysis, which motivated the automated parts of my ideas. If I count 2006, then, which is fair because of the iterative understanding of systems analysis that started with Krista teaching me what a solution description was (2006) and learning DFDs in 2014, then this has been fourteen years. The homebrew had some idle periods, so I am on track for roughly the same kind of closure effort and time.

This is what it looks like:



At the base is a journal and content management system that first and foremost acts as a journal that stores all entries locally on a filesystem tree. (Journal= something to log dreams, daily experience, memories, etc., and correlate with keywords and classify by type, publishing as a complete website.) The top half of the SS shows how the IT Docent website is rendered and managed. IT Docent is unique because it follows the layered journal-on-DFD scheme, kind of like how the VW repair guide for idiots is, but re-imagined for IT. This lets you navigate the DAG (Directed Acyclic Graph) like a website with narrative. In this particular entry I'm also showing an infrastructure view with an associated website article on sysadmintools that explains it.

In the lower right you can see the tool I use to build out the DAG. I can define the nodes and text and then just click on the nodes to connect. It works much faster than existing tools like Protege, although I have loaded up the ITD RDFS file successfully into Protege.

Notice the Build tab at the top of the Mountain Climbing Journal page? It will build the OS that I'm running all of this on from source code (Linux kernel then glibc on up). You can actually download an image of the OS if you want, and run it in QEMU. Some of the tools, strangely, are getting more difficult to run locally, with full control, as we cede our ability to own our tech to cloud services. Time will tell if we can continue to sustain the complex ecosystem of services that drive our supply chain in an increasingly consuming way on many levels. As for me, I don't *have* to worry too much about that, I just need to make sure that I can run this end-to-end without requiring external technical ecosystem components, and publish it. There is a bit of javascript to render the DAGs and zoom, etc., but I publish explicitly and am clear about the dependency.

Last week I published all of this in the public domain, at least all of my code and tools. I don't really care to get credit. I just needed to see it *done* end-to-end as I first envisioned it back in May 2019. In some ways it turned out better than I thought it would. I simply asked the question "Can't these diagrams be automated?" and the rest just emerged from that. The trick to this, is at the core, the underlying idea is a standard that has been around for twenty years or so. Rendering a data flow as a graph and giving it semantic meaning cannot be monetized in the most obvious way it can/should be done. BOOM. Another boost was that there are a group of folks that created an official ontology for data flow that I can utilize. This is important because I am a bit of an outsider artist from this perspective, and having a cadre of ontology PhDs publish something that matched almost exactly what I imagined was both reassuring, but it gave me some firm ground to finish up my effort. That doesn't stop endless iterations of companies trying to put their own twist on it, hang a cluster of servers off of in da cloud somewhere and trying to make money off of the chain of work started by Torvalds, Stallman, Berners-Lee and many others, arriving at a world driving in tight circles going nowhere in one week sprints... well, unless you consider making the supply chain more complex and consuming at the expense of the living planet a destination. (I know, I know, most everybody on this email believes they are part of progress forward... forgive me. I live in a kind of limbo and isolation. Hate the game, not the player, right? Our world has been this way for many decades, likely ever since WWII.)

Here is a bit of a comedy in this: back in the late nineties, when I wrote articles, I would use a fake domain name of groceryshoppin.com. I thought the idea of purchasing groceries online was absurd, so it was my joke. At one point I even resolved the domain on my LAN. Again, many of you are in the world where it makes sense that people use up the capital of their 30 thousand dollar cars, burning up them up along with the planet ecosystems as a (presumably) stellar version of "disruption". About the only thing this will disrupt over four years is the lives of the tools that facilitated the lopsided wealth as they delivered products, accelerated by 2020. Funny yet? hahaha.:)

I was filling out the IT Docent part of this and got to the "fanisizer" process. It is a fictional outsourced digital marketing service, a large component of a modern company. Part of it is to boost viewings from the IdentiTroll social media platform. I registered both fanisizer and identitroll. My hobby, I suppose, after I wrap up IT Decent, will be putting up a parody of our digital marketing and social media world of the current day. Some of you are younger, and have been immersed in what "identity" means and how it plays out in our lives, and don't see the issue. I find it kind of absurd, much like online grocery shopping. I will be having some fun with that... pure mad magazine-level satire. There was some of this starting in the tkitty stories, for instance: Bridge Loan to Series C Financing. True, it is based on the absurdity of start-ups and the CEO's alternate reality bubble, but it is funner than droll triples. I intend to continue.

As for my statement of purpose, that still holds. Here is the thing that is really interesting. After all of this journey, all of this typing, all of the coding, learning Python... all of it, the core idea of this doesn't have to be typed. It all exists as standard tool sets and definitions without my work. Back to the 2006 article I mentioned above, it is all becomes dialog. "What do you call this thing?", "Who uses it?", "Where is the immediate data stored?", "How is the data transformed after the user pushes 'send'?", "How critical is it?", etc. There is an insight towards the end of one of my all-time favorite movies that was finally released in the full 5 hour version in 2020 (UTEOTW) where they are playing music together. The iterations towards understanding systems become like playing music. It is not technology, although it maps to tech that forms the music in different ways, much like different instruments need to be manufactured, a piano, for instance. Quite simply, we can relax a bit, have fun building/improving at whatever arc of global supply chain consumption and collapse we are at, and play music as we map to this: https://w3id.org/dfd and any other maps of semantic meaning. I can play music anywhere, and will insist on that freedom. But, most of all, as UTEOTW demonstrates and is explicit in narration, playing music with others in a band is the pinnacle of experience, and is perhaps the reason we are here on the planet: to make music together.

So... on to music and comedic satire in 2021, then. Thank you for the days.

p.s.

True, this is all online, but that will only go so far. If you know me, just give me your address and I'll send you a copy of all via snail mail. I will include some video tutorials as well, that don't exist yet... another 2021 task, even if the ITD model is done (I actually forgot about the video tutorials until just now... not quite as fun as my mad magazine-ish fantisizer and identitroll, but I do like rambling a bit.) I have a 25 GB cap, and right now I am only taking up 10 GB on the disk, so I could include an awful lot of vids. At a minimum, the disks will be spread around

with a label of "I dent IT; Roll!"... yes! In the spirit of Kabluey, then, I'll love you til the end of the world.

#krista #uteotw

Comments:

2020-12-26:

I'm thinking that 25 GB is a challenge, 13 GB of videos recorded in 2021. If the past is any lesson, few will ask, but I will leave "I dent IT; Roll!" strewn about in my wake.

2020-12-28:

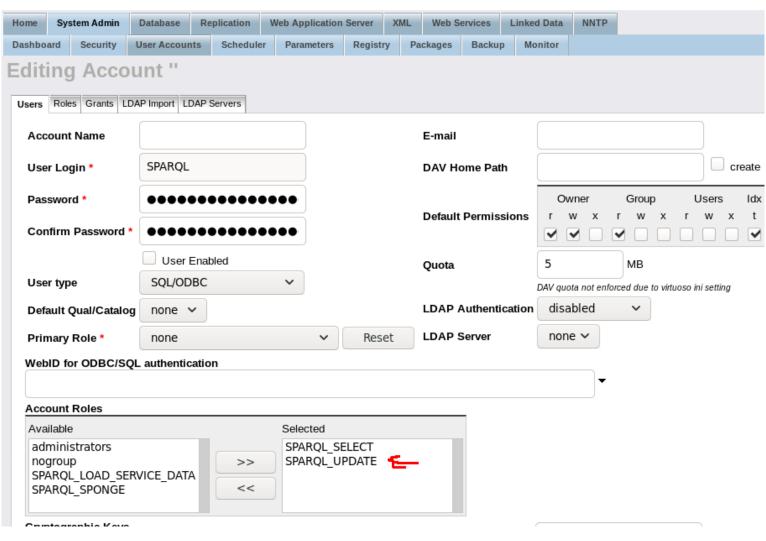
Today I feel like a refactor/replan is in order. Videos are too dense. It would be useful to distill all of this into a solution description that centered around this work. The entire world here and on the other sites is irrelevant to 99.999% of people. It takes a rare person and perspective to follow all of the threads here. Further, the videos would mainly be useful to somebody trying to figure out how to use all the tools. Sure, it serves as a showcase, a proof-of-concept for the ideas, but the distilled version should be immediately applicable. I need to focus on that: create a solution description that the majority of readers could digest in one hour, and ensure that prior art exists for all ideas, primarily Gane and Sarson and the published DFD ontology to supplement. Fanisizer and IdentiTroll crack me up. I'll continue with that for fun, but I need to make this more accessible.



2020-12-28 - Apps - Virtuoso Initial Perms - LR

Fix this error:

No permission to execute procedure DB.DBA.SPARQL_INSERT_DICT_CONTENT by ensuring that the SPQRQL login has update perms:



#virtuoso



2021-01-05 • Journal • Stubborn Glue • LR

I have been wrapping up many efforts. I have ITD mostly complete, but, more importantly, it follows the law. I had some stuff bass ackwards with my original attempt late last fall. My coat and pants are still covered in glue from my isolated hobby interests. The ideas are good. I can see them work all of the way through, from initial analysis to the model. I can't do much with the ideas, though, not at this point.

Where I'm working at, now, they are so far away from the need for analysis that the idea of using the ideas there is silly. And, my last work, that truly did need something like this, laid me off because they said they had no use (ummm... they were wrong in that). But more so, the ideas allow regular businesses to exceed at systems analysis, at least the mapping parts.

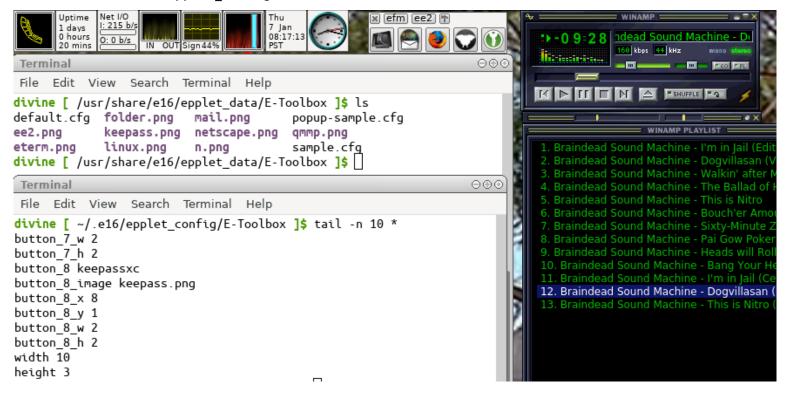
The memory of the glue, though, and building the plane, even refusing to fly the plane with my Dad, I think this is related. It is kind of like looking through the library for books on electronic schematics of any kind and following along with random parts I scrounged up from the junk TVs in back of the cement factory. Sure, Sunn and Matt were also interested in electronics - it was Matt that showed me where all of the old TVs were - but the time above the carport it was just me, trying to do something on my own, something I was interested in.

I have been getting slightly depressed over the lack of interest; however, I think the memory of the plane, and the joy at just flying what I had created comes at a good point. I have quite a plane I've created. Sure, my pants have gobs of glue and such, and I've somewhat alienated people with my focus and fervor, but, well, I really should fly the plane a bit, enjoy it.



2021-01-07 • Apps • E16 E-Toolbox Epplet • LR

I'm running L1G3R, which uses E16 as a window manager. I like to have buttons on the desktop to do various tasks. To create more buttons, just create 48x48 png files and configure using the files in /usr/share/e16/epplet_data/E-Toolbox/ and ~/.e16/epplet config/E-Toolbox like this:



That epplet on the far left cracks me up. It is a screen capture app that has its own screensaver.



2021-01-11 • Dream • Frozen Snake • LR

I recieved a brown snake in the mail that was short and folded and had a clear plastic band around the middle, kind of like how shoe laces are packaged. It had a Gila monster head. I decided to kill it to make a decoration of it, and figured I could kill it in the freezer, so I tossed it in. The fridge was like the one we have now, but it opened on the left. The door was too short, though, and there was a few inches open on the left, and I wasn't sure if the snake had escaped. I reached for my Mag cop flashlight so I could look inside the freezer to see if it was still in there, but it took me awhile to find. I knew I had two, but they weren't where they normally were. I figured that Sean had moved them. Finally I found one of them, and instead of the normal metal ring around the lens, it was missing. Instead, there was a cracked piece of plastic for the lens that was missing a wedge and had toothpaste dabbed on it so it interfered a little with the light.

#joni #sean

Comments:

2021-01-11:

I found this article on Medusa that says the snakes are cycles of birth and death. A Gila monster holds on and doesn't let go, as opposed to a rattlesnake that bites, poisons you with venom, and then lets go.

2021-01-11:

When I read about the death and birth relation to the snakes, it seemed familiar. I listened to Joni all day yesterday, and listened to this song.



2021-01-16 - Subject - Little House of Information Technology - LR

Consider what we expect as present day consumers in an urban area on a coast state of the United States. We have a complicated array of food and other consumer items that we feel we need to purchase, items and variety that we likely couldn't afford the time or money to purchase in the 1970s. What started off as a simple logistics problem for many, like, "How do I get the latest technical book on Sendmail now that the best technical book store has shut down?" turned into "How can I get face masks, the kind of nut bar with chocolate I like, a cabin air filter for my YupSportFour, and KorKor Chicken dinner kit for my tiny pressure cooker... by tomorrow?"

When I was a kid in elementary school, one of the most popular books in the library was Little House on the Prairie™. We all dreamed about those days, as did many of the adults. In the television series version of the books, Pa and one of his girls would take the wagon into town to get supplies, usually stopping by Oleson's Mercantile to pick up sugar, flour, and other goods. Whatever my personal ideal might be, or my past experience, at this point in my life I act much the same way. Pragmatically, purchasing the array of items we demand requires Bigsite. I am susceptible to indulging in a bit of hypocritical romanticism when I criticize Bigsite and other related aspects of current industrial civilization.

This came up at work when I was considering the predicament of managing on-prem compute, storage, and networking. It is quite difficult to handle the breadth and depth of knowledge needed to proceed forward with proper requirements and design. Much of my current focus assumes that it is possible to iteratively evaluate situations and improve reactions utilizing semantic triples. I had a flash of insight, though, that centered on Pa and his wagon. Everything has become exponentially more complicated, whether it is our consumer desires or work in information technology. Everything is backed by an intensely complicated supply chain. True, I know this, and I often write about it, but I keep falling back into the romanticism of Pa's time without weighing how reasonable it is for most of those I know to join me in my fantasy.

It isn't like Pa was an ascetic. He was just doing regular things that a father might do in that time and place. Imagine if Pa had to consider modern life, with the large array of consumer options, and even the logistics involved in operating a house. I don't see that he would be much different of a character than, say, Chevy Chase's character Clark in National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation or Tom Hank's character Ray in The 'Burbs (which both came out the same year). I suppose I could go back to a time where I would just wash my clothes at a laundromat, or back to Pa's time and use a washboard, but I really don't feel I have the time to take that on, not when Sean and I are working full-time and Bobo is living with us. Pa of today would go to Bulkbox and shop at Bigsite, particularly if he lived on a coast state near an urban center.

The example of the washing machine is even more interesting for me, as I was on the bench and not working many hours that week, so spent the time repairing it by replacing the spider arm.



It took a solid work day to do. I expected to be able to go to Bigsite and purchase the part, and I could. I have an array of tools, as well as experience, to fix the machine. I could go online and find examples of others who had did the same thing, posting videos, so some people did have the time and capability, but I suspect that my experience is in the minority. I doubt I could have found the part in stock anywhere I could reasonably drive to. The supply chain doesn't work that way, and there are way too many options. I was able to get the part I needed next day, including shipping, for \$100.

Most people would either have to call a repair shop or purchase a new washing machine. My guess is that it would take a repair shop at least three hours (vs. my eight) to tear down and replace the spider arm. Plus, they likely

wouldn't take the shortcuts I did, like simply oiling the dampeners, so the parts would likely total \$300, putting the cost of repairing the washer at such a high number, that the wiser choice would be to purchase new. In the middle of my repair job, my dad told me he had a friend that was knowledgeable about appliances and said they are only designed to last five years, so, he concluded you might as well replace them if they weren't under warranty. As

insane as disposable washing machines seem from some perspectives, in the present, in my current life, it makes the most sense.

It isn't just the situation with the washing machine. I desire a particular kind of keyboard, I type so much. I desire a vertical mouse, or my thumb hurts. I purchase LED bulbs, and need particular kinds for different lamps. My faucets occasionally need new valves because the inside is made of plastic and they just wear out. My idealistic side might say, "Well, just simplify. Just purchase staples like Pa did," but that doesn't really work in any kind of realistic scenario. Even for staples, because of the strange, skewed supply chain due to c~19, I can't find whole wheat flour in the store, and buy it from Bigsite or Boxbrick.

At work, the problems are similar. I am dealing with people who are barely able to manage their on-prem infrastructure, let alone handle analysis. I go back so far in IT, that I may be as old as Pa, relatively, so my satisfaction just purchasing sugar and other staples should be considered in the same relation. Those **of** this time don't have that many options. It is an understanding, a form of compassion, that I need to remember. Modern consumer behavior aside, we are so far down the road of industrial civilization, that our world views are tilted, and there are no answers, not at this stage.

I am still interested in the small apartment in Do Easy and Stranger than Paradise, or a simpler life living in Betty on a mesa somewhere. Perhaps I'll move back to my mud hut in Redmond and kick out my renter. I am still trying to collapse the extent of my world and personal concerns as I can, packing stuff up for Bobo, and getting rid of what I don't need. It just isn't necessarily the same collapse of knowledge as I may have thought. People are dealing with the world as they can.

Sunn said something similar to me last month, that I didn't understand at the time. He said that perhaps what I called collapse was simply change. If Pa could go to Bulkbox and order from Bigsite, if I could imagine that, then it does back up Sunn's point a bit. OTOH, part of me also thinks that Pa and Mr. Edwards would throw their hands up in the air and shout OMFG when they realize what we have done as a civilization. It's complicated.

The straw dress callously sweeping
Spent livers from beneath the stones.
And, Moore he rambles on and on
With exponential moans.
Mustard seed brand poultice,
Encased by skin around bones
And the sign becomes another verse in Desolation Row

#big site #boxbrick #bulkbox #civilization #c~19 #dad #sunn #yupsportfour



2021-01-16 • Dream • Lots of Gloves • LR

I went on a week-end trip with Sunn's church group. Before we left, Sunn had gathered supplies from the Goodwill on the military base nearby. He even got them to give him a free string of Christmas lights. We were returning from the trip, though, and Sunn was lining up cases that had stuff to return to the goodwill and stuff that we needed to put in the van for the ride home. Sunn had bundled up each case neatly with the extension cords and other items that went with the case.

After I loaded up the van, there were 30 or so people sitting against a concrete wall in the courtyard on the base outside of the Goodwill. One of the men had a blueish face and large, droopy circles under his eyes. They didn't bulge out much. It was like his entire eye, from the corners, were one big circle, with a line below his eye forming the perimeter visibly. He was talking to another soldier about how he was going to transfer to Vacaville in California. The men were complaining about Goodwill always taking, but never giving. I shared that Sunn had managed to get free Christmas lights from them.

Sunn knew a friend with a big house that had agreed to let our group stay with them overnight on our return home. The house was packed with the new people from our group as well as some lingering people from other groups and

the occupants. I felt out of place and alienated. I didn't know anybody. I was tired. I hadn't slept yet during the trip, nor used a bathroom. I started talking to one person, but they ran off saying they had to pee.

There was a bedroom in the back that I could see down the hall, and it had an open bed. I figured I could get some sleep. There was another man laying down in front of the bed on a small shelf. He and I talked for a little bit, and he said something along the lines of "if I had a dollar for every time I made that mistake, I'd be rich", and I told him I'd give him two c note. I was joking. In my dream I even considered if he would take me serious and I would owe him two hundred dollars, but I figured he knew it was a joke too. I laid down on the bed and noticed there was another person there as well, but there was plenty of room.

The bathroom became available, so I rushed in, worried that I would lose my place to sleep, but needed to pee more. I locked the door behind me. There was a row of strange toilets against the wall. It was hard to make out where the seats were. They were covered with flowers and knick-knacks. There were windows along the top of the toilets where you could look out over the water. A sign proclaimed that the toilets were green composting toilets. Each toilet was different, with different decorations. I couldn't make out the actual seat on any of them.

I flushed one of the toilets as a test and confirmed that it went to the outside in a whoosh. I saw one toilet that had a piece of glass art, like a large shell with fingers arrayed on the edge. After some experimenting with placement, I figured out how it fit down over the bowl so you could sit. It was ribbed, translucent red glass with streaks of other colors. As I sat down, I heard a knock at the door. The room was peaceful, a sanctuary.

#joni #sunn

Comments:

2021-01-16:

Somewhere during last night, perhaps as part of this sequence, I dreamed that my graduating highschool friends participated in and were watching a TV show where one of the women (Karla) had bagged a rich man. She was all tan, and it was staged as a reality TV show. - Back to Joni Mitchell again off of the Hissing of Summer Lawns and Shades of Scarlett Conquering, a recent listen.



2021-01-20 = Apps = Rendering dot with R on L1G3R = LR

Install R from source. We need the DOT package, and will use the static V8 when we compile the package:

```
divine [ ~ ]$ export DOWNLOAD_STATIC_LIBV8=1
divine [ ~ ]$ R

R version 4.0.3 (2020-10-10) -- "Bunny-Wunnies Freak Out"
Copyright (C) 2020 The R Foundation for Statistical Computing
Platform: x86_64-pc-linux-gnu (64-bit)

R is free software and comes with ABSOLUTELY NO WARRANTY.
You are welcome to redistribute it under certain conditions.
Type 'license()' or 'licence()' for distribution details.

Natural language support but running in an English locale

R is a collaborative project with many contributors.
Type 'contributors()' for more information and
'citation()' on how to cite R or R packages in publications.

Type 'demo()' for some demos, 'help()' for on-line help, or
```

```
'help.start()' for an HTML browser interface to help.
Type 'q()' to quit R.
> install.packages('DOT')
Warning in install.packages("DOT") :
  'lib = "/usr/lib64/R/library"' is not writable
Would you like to use a personal library instead? (yes/No/cancel) yes
Would you like to create a personal library
'~/R/x86 64-pc-linux-gnu-library/4.0'
to install packages into? (yes/No/cancel) yes
--- Please select a CRAN mirror for use in this session ---
Secure CRAN mirrors
1: 0-Cloud [https]
2: Australia (Canberra) [https]
70: USA (IA) [https]
71: USA (KS) [https]
72: USA (MI) [https]
73: USA (OH) [https]
74: USA (OR) [https]
75: USA (TN) [https]
76: USA (TX 1) [https]
77: Uruguay [https]
78: (other mirrors)
Selection: 70
also installing the dependencies 'Rcpp', 'jsonlite', 'curl', 'V8'
trying URL 'https://mirror.las.iastate.edu/CRAN/src/contrib/Rcpp_1.0.6.tar.gz'
Content type 'application/x-gzip' length 2952876 bytes (2.8 MB)
_____
downloaded 2.8 MB
trying URL 'https://mirror.las.iastate.edu/CRAN/src/contrib/jsonlite_1.7.2.tar.gz'
Content type 'application/x-gzip' length 421716 bytes (411 KB)
_____
downloaded 411 KB
trying URL 'https://ftp.osuosl.org/pub/cran/src/contrib/DOT_0.1.tar.gz'
Content type 'application/x-gzip' length 732007 bytes (714 KB)
_____
downloaded 714 KB
* installing *source* package 'V8' ...
** package 'V8' successfully unpacked and MD5 sums checked
** using staged installation
Found C++14 compiler: g++
> curl::curl_download("http://jeroen.github.io/V8/get-v8-linux.sh","get-v8-linux.sh")
```

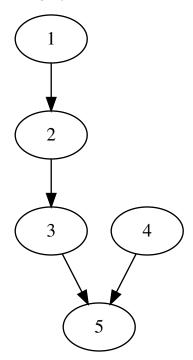
```
>
>
grep: support for the -P option is not compiled into this --disable-perl-regexp binary
> curl::curl download('http://jeroen.github.io/V8/v8-8.3.110.13-linux.tar.gz','libv8.tar.gz',quiet=FALSE)
[100%] Downloaded 10522980 bytes...
Using CXXCPP=g++ -std=gnu++14 -E
Using PKG_CFLAGS=-I/tmp/RtmpqSNy77/R.INSTALL5c8532074e44/V8/v8/include
Using PKG_LIBS=-L/tmp/RtmpqSNy77/R.INSTALL5c8532074e44/V8/v8/lib -lv8_monolith
Running feature test for pointer compression...
Pointer compression not needed
** libs
rm -f V8.so RcppExports.o bindings.o
g++ -std=gnu++14 -I"/usr/lib64/R/include" .
L/tmp/RtmpqSNy77/R.INSTALL5c8532074e44/V8/v8/lib -lv8 monolith
installing to /home/divine/R/x86_64-pc-linux-gnu-library/4.0/00LOCK-V8/00new/V8/libs
** R
** inst
** byte-compile and prepare package for lazy loading
** help
*** installing help indices
** building package indices
** installing vignettes
** testing if installed package can be loaded from temporary location
** checking absolute paths in shared objects and dynamic libraries
** testing if installed package can be loaded from final location
** testing if installed package keeps a record of temporary installation path
* DONE (V8)
* installing *source* package 'DOT' ...
** package 'DOT' successfully unpacked and MD5 sums checked
** using staged installation
** R
** inst
** byte-compile and prepare package for lazy loading
** help
*** installing help indices
** building package indices
** testing if installed package can be loaded from temporary location
** testing if installed package can be loaded from final location
** testing if installed package keeps a record of temporary installation path
* DONE (DOT)
The downloaded source packages are in
    '/tmp/Rtmpir2Cz6/downloaded_packages'
```

To render a dot file in R, enter R and run these commands:

```
> library(DOT)
> dot("digraph {
```

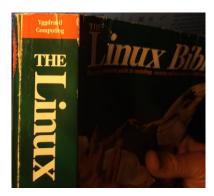
```
+ 1->2->3->5
+ 4->5
+ }", file="out.svg")
```

The graph looks like this:





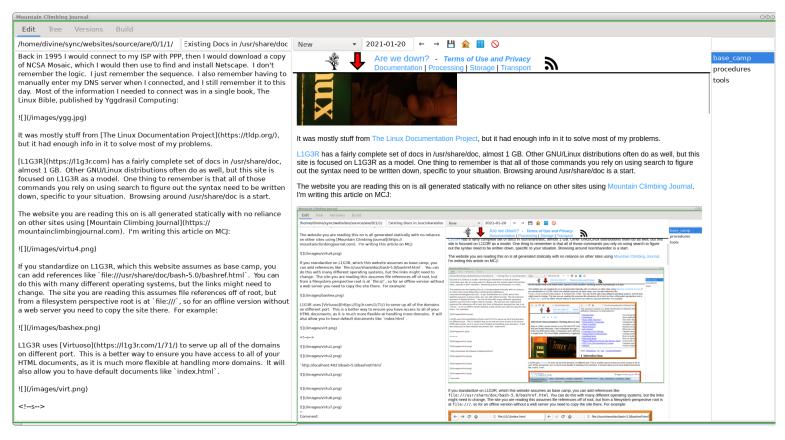
2021-01-20 Recovery Existing Docs LR



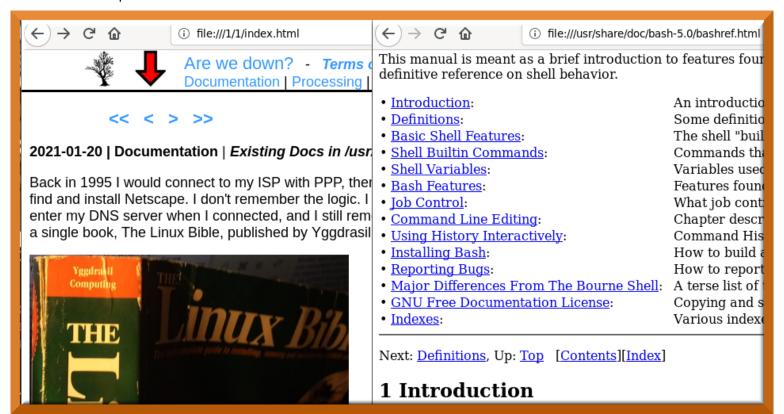
Back in 1995 I would connect to my ISP with PPP with my US Robotics modem, then I would download a copy of NCSA Mosaic, which I would then use to find and install Netscape. I don't remember the logic for Mosaic first. I just remember the sequence. Perhaps I just remembered or had written down the FTP site, or perhaps Netscape was, ironically, only available for download via HTTP. I also remember having to manually enter my DNS server when I connected, and I still remember it to this day. Besides configuration information for my connection, most of the information I needed to connect was in a single book, The Linux Bible, published by Yggdrasil Computing. It was mostly stuff from The Linux Documentation Project, but it had enough info in it to solve most of my problems.

L1G3R has a fairly complete set of docs in /usr/share/doc, almost 1 GB. Other GNU/Linux distributions often do as well, but this site is focused on L1G3R as a model. All of those commands you normally rely on search engines for syntax should be locally available when you are down. Browsing around /usr/share/doc is a start.

The website you are reading this on is all generated statically with no reliance on other sites using Mountain Climbing Journal. I'm writing this article on MCJ:

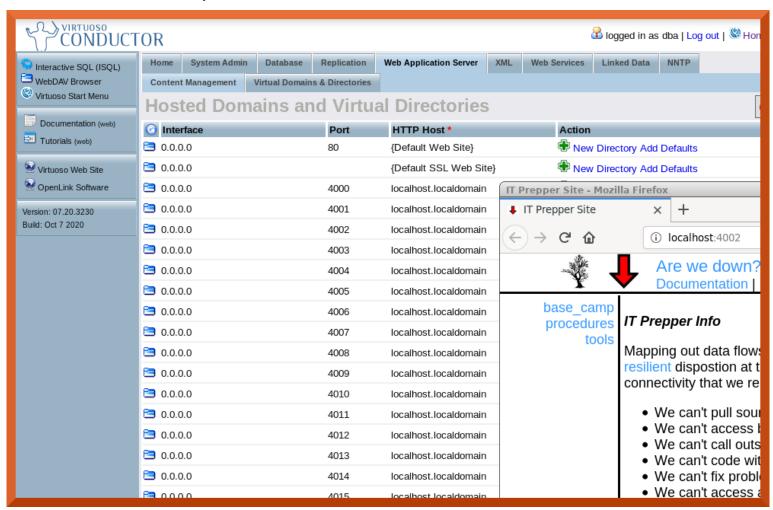


If you standardize on L1G3R, which this website assumes as base camp, you can add references like file:///usr/share/doc/bash-5.0/bashref.html. You can do this with many different operating systems, but the links might need to change. The site you are reading this on assumes file references off of root, but from a file system perspective root is at file:///, so for an offline version without a web server you need to copy the site there. For example:



L1G3R uses Virtuoso to serve up all of the domains on different port. This is a better way to ensure you have access to all of your HTML documents, as it is much more flexible at handling more domains. It will also allow you to have default documents like index.html. Here are some of the local domains that I host on my own machine, so I can

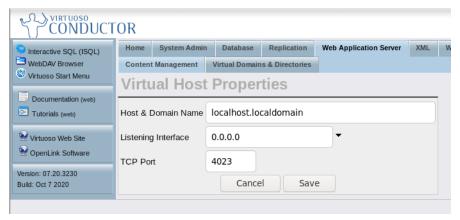
access all of them without any internet access:



To provide local access to documentation using Virtuoso, create a symbolic link under your virtual server directory:

```
root [ /usr/var/lib/virtuoso/vsp ]# ln -s /usr/share/doc ./docs
root [ /usr/var/lib/virtuoso/vsp ]# ls -dl doc*
lrwxrwxrwx 1 root root 14 Jan 23 07:35 docs -> /usr/share/doc
```

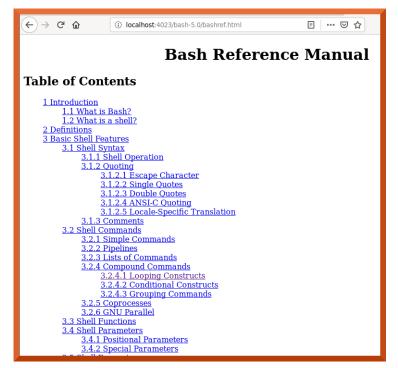
Create a new virtual host:



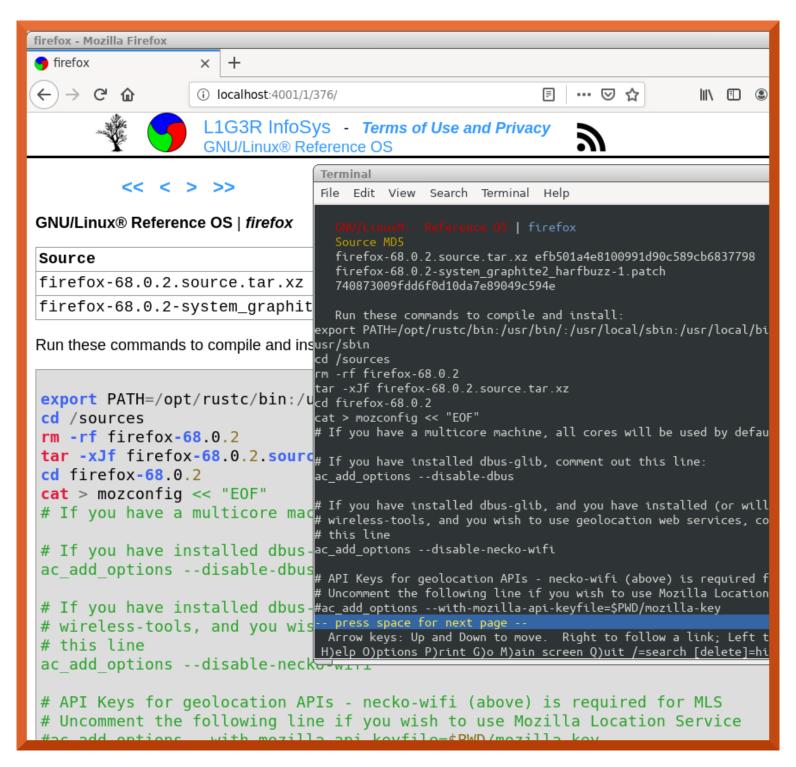
You likely want to allow directory browsing:



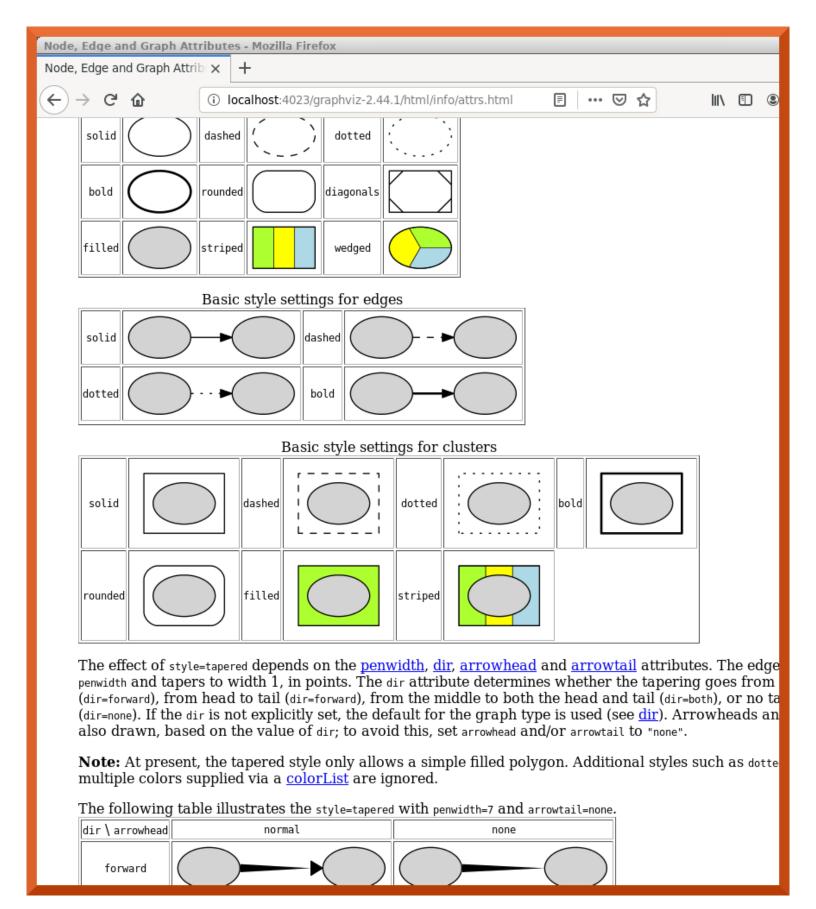
Browsing to http://localhost:4023/bash-5.0/bashref.html shows this:



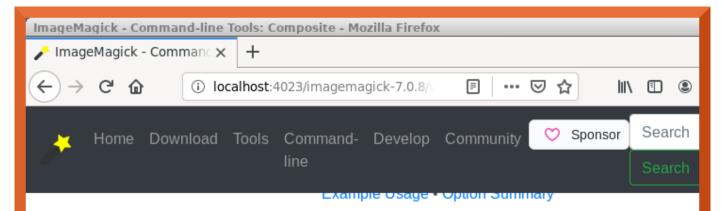
Now, let's say that you need to do something directly with the source code on Firefox, or, perhaps, you need to recompile to get your offline system to browse again. Further, you might have a catch-22 where you can't browse your local documentation with Firefox because you need to recompile Firefox. In this case you could use Lynx, a text based browser:



The included documentation is quite extensive. Here is Graphviz:



and ImageMagick:



Use the composite program to overlap one image over another. See Command Line I advice on how to structure your composite command or see below for example usage command.

Example Usage

We list a few examples of the composite command here to illustrate its usefulness and ease of usefulness are started, lets overlay a smiley face over a rose:

magick composite -gravity center smile.gif rose: rose-over.png



You can create three-dimensional effect with the *Atop*:

magick convert -size 70x70 canvas:none -fill red -draw 'circle 35,35 10,30' red-circl magick convert -size 70x70 canvas:none -draw 'circle 35,35 35,20' -negate \
-channel A -gaussian-blur 0x8 white-highlight.png
magick composite -compose atop -geometry -13-17 white-highlight.png red-circle.png re



You can find additional examples of using composite in Examples of ImageMagick Usage. You dand the mathematics by looking at SVG Alpha Compositing

Option Summary

The composite command recognizes these options. Click on an option to get more details about works.

Option	Description
-affine <i>matrix</i>	affine transform matrix
-alnha	on activate off deactivate set onaque conv" transparent extract had

Imagine trying to figure out those commands from memory, without access to the internet. It is all right there. Another way to think about this, is that you are creating a base camp. It doesn't necessarily mean that "down" means no internet anywhere. Perhaps you are on some kind of sojourn. Perhaps your ability to run your own processes is being stifled. Perhaps your power has been disconnected for non-payment, and you are running your laptop off of battery with no ISP. Who knows what might lead to being "down", but when you are, there is an extensive world of documentation available, starting with /usr/share/doc. (This site isn't supposed to assume much about the reader. Sure, some of it will take some attention and research to grok, but I'm trying to start from scratch on most things. If for some odd reason you didn't know, you can run the command man followed by any command on a *NIX (UNIX and UNIX-ish system... of course GNU is not UNIX), and you will get a somewhat abbreviated version of the manual for that command. Here is an example of the Graphviz dot command as a man page after typing man dot:

```
xterm
                                                                              \Theta \oplus \Theta
DOT(1)
                             General Commands Manual
                                                                          DOT(1)
NAME
       dot - filter for drawing directed graphs
       neato - filter for drawing undirected graphs
       twopi - filter for radial layouts of graphs
       circo - filter for circular layout of graphs
       fdp - filter for drawing undirected graphs
       sfdp - filter for drawing large undirected graphs
       patchwork - filter for squarified tree maps
       osage - filter for array-based layouts
SYNOPSIS
       dot [options] [files]
       neato [options] [files]
       twopi [options] [files]
       circo [options] [files]
       fdp [options] [files]
       sfdp [options] [files]
       patchwork [options] [files]
       osage [options] [files]
DESCRIPTION
Manual page twopi(1) line 1 (press h for help or q to quit)
```

The wrong time to figure all of this stuff out is when you are down.



2021-01-21 Recovery Crossover Cable LR



As I write this, you can get a Ryzen 5 (four cores, eight threads) with 32GB RAM and a 1TB NVMe SSD for less than \$700 US, and it has a built in gigabit Ethernet as well as wireless. The simplest way to network two machines is to use a crossover cable. Add one of these to your kit. To verify, for a crossover cable you need to connect 1 to 3, 2 to 6, 3 to 1 and 6 to 2. Look at the flat side. The numbers go from left to right.

Likely you will need to assign an IP address to each machine, as you won't have a DHCP server to issue you one. Setting a static IP address on L1G3R can be done by /etc/sysconfig/ifconfig.eth0:

ONBOOT=yes IFACE=enp3s0 SERVICE=ipv4-static

```
IP=192.168.1.51
PREFIX=24
BROADCAST=192.168.51.255
```

I'm sure there is a better way to get the IFACE name, but I just look for this the eth0 line on boot using the dmesg command:

```
dmesg | grep eth
[    3.275379] r8169 0000:03:00.0 eth0: RTL8168h/8111h, a8:a1:59:23:65:c1, XID 541, IRQ 91
[    3.275527] r8169 0000:03:00.0 eth0: jumbo features [frames: 9200 bytes, tx checksumming: ko]
[    3.538604] r8169 0000:03:00.0 enp3s0: renamed from eth0
```

Use different IP addresses on the two hosts by changing the number on the far right (called the last octet).

Most people run wireless in their homes, but often the wireless router won't allow the machines to talk to each other. This can be configured as well, but is beyond the scope of this article on a crossover cable. It is counter-intuitive, but as we rely on cloud more and more, we often don't notice that machines in the same house can't talk to each other without internet connectivity via a cloud app. It might also be wise to pick up a cheap gigabit switch if you have more than two devices that need to communicate.



2021-01-22 • Recovery • Modifying Your Distro • LR

Everything I do, right now, all runs on my own hacked up GNU/Linux distro documented on L1G3R and NoNIC. While L1G3R will run just fine on old hardware, compiling changes can take way too long without a decent machine. I was trying to get R working the other day to demonstrate an import of dot format diagrams, but GCC was not compiled with Fortran support, so I had to recompile GCC. It isn't that big of a deal on a modern system, but on some of my older machines it could take half a day.

Make sure that you have something that can compile your distribution. One cool thing about L1G3R (and LFS, which it is based on), is it is quite easy to relocate the system. Take a base image with minimal software, just enough to boot, and minimize the user changes under /home, and it is easy to just install that and then extract a tarball of another system over the top. Alternatively, just send an img file directly to the disk device with dd. Regardless, to generate the OS in the first place requires some cores, memory and speed.

Grab a good set of firmware files. One of the best sets I'm aware of is off of the Knoppix DVD. Collect the files under /lib/firmware. Keep a few Knoppix DVDs around as well, as they are great for recovery in general. You can also build up downgraded distributions of your own using Knoppix and QEMU.

Another *huge* part of modifying your distro is your kernel. Make sure you have a working copy of your config file. It is customary to store the config file in /boot. Review this.

These are the types of things you will need to do to maintain and install your OS on other systems, so practice and make sure you know how to do the above items without needing internet connectivity.



2021-01-23 • Recovery • Removable Drives • LR

Shuttling drives back and forth to bring up on-prem systems can take quite a while with lower speed USB. Review the capabilities of your machines, and ensure you have the optimal transfer tech and at least a couple drives to

shuttle between machines. Type-C USB 3.1 Gen1 will transfer at up to 5 Gbps, and Gen2 10 Gbps. Also, be aware that thumb drives are often not as reliable as disk drives, so for stuff like transferring operating systems, you'll want a USB hard disk.

One thing to be aware of, is that your filesystem might not be able to be written reliably with varying formats. There other issues, too, like limits on file size or tree depth that can cause problems when transporting data. Think about what machines will need to use the data, and choose appropriately. This site assumes GNU/Linux systems and generally uses the ext4 filesystem. We've never seen it fail. We have seen various TepidSW OS filesystems fail when writing with GNU/Linux systems. This is understandable, since there are often warnings about writing stability, but it is something that many people miss.

How long will you be down? If you are bring back up your TechStyle and TepidSW machines and connecting them to the internet relatively soon, it might not be worth it to convert to a different filesystem, but if you figure you are down for the duration of industrial civilization's long tail of decline and are ready to take the jump, format those machines with ext4 and dig in.



2021-01-25 • Dream • Trung Dual • LR

The dream was somwhat vague, but I knew that I just needed to remember the dream had two meanings. One of them was Trung and one of them was Truth. I don't know if it was Tru (as a name) or Truth, as guidance on how and why to keep a journal. I know Trung was one of the names, and it is certainly Vietnamese, but it seems a bit too convenient to say the other name was Tru. I don't remember anybody as Tru, so I suspect the name was Truth.

#eye_of_providence #guidance

Comments:

2021-01-25:

Trung does represent something relevant to my journal, particularly the broader reasons. I had been asked to document infrastructure, but the engineers were all in Vietnam. One of them was Trung. A big reason that I am on the path I am right now is because I realized that with off-shored operations and engineering teams, breaking down documentation into easily evaluated questions made it possible to document large, complicated systems, much like Trung had done prior, but quickly. For instance, "what storage is this microservice using" is easy to answer, and this can be compiled with an OWA.

2021-01-25:

The context that gives meaning to the dream is that I was focused on trying to remember my dream so I had an entry for my journal in the morning.

2021-01-25 :

Now, it is entirely like dream weaver to make a pun about Tru.

2021-01-27:

Trung must mean the flow diagram. So there are two things: Truth (flow diagram) and Tru or Truth. I was considering the logo that has the Eye of Providence over Metropolis. If I was to map two things, then, Metropolis would be Trung's data flow diagram. This fits as industrial civilization is somewhat synonomous with complex, sophisticated woven knowledge expressed as the supply chain, among other things. Certainly the "goods", the fabric of Metropolis in the movie is the output of the designs, "the head", and the workers are in the factories keeping the air and heat feeding and creating other goods. There is a somewhat recursive bit to "truth". Some versions of my dream that I remember was that there were two things that were true. Is this the Tru pun? Or, is it truth is separate from the global supply chain? Also, the Eye of Providence means something specific to me, in that it has come to me as separate from my normal identity chatter monkey mind. It is a form of grounded reality, or truth, where the truth is simply love, as ill-defined as that word can be. This is the point, after several days mulling over a

relatively thin dream, that I need to decide, with everything I know, what the guidance is. Considering all, then, I'm going to go with the Eye of Providence is truth, as love that binds us to the universe, and metropolis is part of this, the combination being Metroponus, because being aware of this connection, the overall truth on top of metropolis, is a responsibility, an onus. And, yes, horribly ill-defined, but at the same time Trung's diagram is directly useful. So, it is a hybrid. This also gets past the riddle of "no identity", in that the Eye is over the diagram. "I" am not a super diagram creator. The diagram is part of Metropolis. I am aware of the Eye, which is love, and fundamentally different in nature from the diagram, but encompassing it at the same time. This is likely as much as I can eke out of this dream.

2021-02-01:

It might also be that Trung was the map and Tru/Truth was the territory.



2021-01-25 • Journal • Dream Hold • LR

I had a fresh journal sitting here last night, and I went to sleep with the hope that I would have a dream I remembered to christen it with. Dream entries can't be forced, and sometimes I will go months between dreams, and without an entry the categories don't show.

I woke up at four AM with a dream I remembered, and I struggled for a half hour to hold onto the dream. I wanted to go back to sleep. I didn't. I got up at four thirty AM and was able turn the dream into an immediate set of initial entries for my journal.



2021-01-26 • Subject • Metroponus • L R

I took a pass at the dream here, but banished it to MHC, as it wasn't trustworthy because of identity issues. Sure, I called this out as I was writing, but it made more sense to just abandon. I took another pass at the dream here, just to pin down the site, which is the whole idea of my exercise.

How should a site unfold based on less identity, more love, but still focus on diagrams? I guess I'll find out. I do know that I'm not going to spend much time analyzing love, that is for sure. I suppose the idea is that I post with an interest of love, a stance of knowledge with minimal artifacts of identity.

#guidance



2021-01-27 • Journal • Untrustworthy • LR

What is the guidance? I asked. I got a dream. That is more than anybody could expect. I had been sitting on this fresh site, had the logo based on Metropolis and the Eye of Providence, but it was idle... repurposed, waiting for a new identity.

I've benefited from modern, western industrial civilization. It is my view, my experience, and wraps any alternatives I might consider. Oh... and I... I is not something I can trust. Identity is misleading. The combination of uncertain basis for knowledge and action outside of my world view, as well as identity issues, makes any kind of statement about meaning or progress difficult.

A journal is the only thing I know that approximates progress. I am climbing in the metaphor, and a journal tracks routes, people I meet, places I go, and equipment for the climb. I need a journal even more in the absence of a reliable form of identity. I saw the Eye of Providence a couple of times around the year I transitioned from the law firm. The advice was around identity and love. These are hints (or red herrings) just sitting there as I asked for dream guidance.

I recently wrapped up large swaths of effort, and am pleased with the technical plateau, but what is next? Sean was in Bremerton to have dinner with her son on Sunday, so I just sat on the couch and drank a few McEwans, staring off through the three doorways out towards the living room in the dark. The first thing that shocked me was that there was a huge period of time from 1986 to now, that had a form of continuity, yet was misguided from the perspective I was observing from in the present. It was disturbing, kind of like when I realized how distant my Grandmother and me were, and I wrote her about it (1987 or so). I kept on asking of the memories as I traced them, "What happened?" I was missing something. I had been derailed. In itself, this is understandable, but what I do next is my question. I need outside help, some kind of guidance. I am blind.

Unfortunately, while I have a variety of religious backgrounds, I don't really believe in any of them enough to trace guidance, at least not specifically. A long time ago... I'm figuring 1992, I subscribed to "as good as not" when I wasn't Mountain Climbing. It horrified some people, but I had not been convinced that paths mattered. The philosophy was nihilistic, and allowed for the whim of the actor. All-in-all a lame and simplistic philosophy. Even in the early 2000s, I figured I might as well focus on an old microcontroller that was generally considered garbage, for my coding. This is a similar idea to minimizing any economic activity because it is all destructive.

Fast forward to now, and I have declared a general statement of purpose, sure, my manifesto-ish perspective around knowledge. That may still be true, but it doesn't play out the way I expected. I have no interest in forcing the ideas. The ideas are there, and the tools to use them are easy to find if needed. They made lots of businesses lots of money with stuff like improved search an various knowledge graph applications. I am also aware of a form of momentum, a push that is destructive and misleading.

The best way I know to get guidance at this level, where there is no tactical, strategic, or technical barrier to overcome or goal to reach, is to cut ties that normally connect you to ideas and see where you re-attach. I had a friend in high school who had a lazy eye, and that is how they fixed it. They just cut the muscle and it re-attached. The direction just unfolds if you pay attention. In this very specific case, I decided to re-start my journal and focus and intended if at all possible to remember my dream from the coming night. I don't think that dreams are some kind of prophecy or anything. They are more alignment with what you know deeper down in your psyche.

I did remember my dream. My dream was pretty minimal, but it had to do with mediating between the outsourced crew and management. This fits Metropolis, and addresses my duty, my onus as a mediator. It is quite different than a docent. It is a role I've often been in, but one that I'm not very good at. Now, these are aspects of me... harumph. Is there a Trung aspect and a Tru aspect?

It also fits into my broader issues. I live between an understanding of the all-consuming nature of the global supply chain and idealistic proclamations. There is no escape from the modern equivalent of the "head" from Metropolis, and there is certainly a "hand" revolt. I do not want to get in the middle of that as a mediator, but specific to IT, it is an area I can help with. It also gives a bit more focus to how to tackle knowledge related to IT. I can expect in most cases that the application of the technical approach with others will be rare. I can use it myself. I can apply it publicly with my journal. But at heart it is a mapping tool. This is the big change, then. The tech is downplayed. The mediator is important. At least, this is the direction I'm getting over my dream cast, using the various remnants of past ideas as props.

#identity

Comments:

2021-01-26 :

There is reason to be suspicious of this entry. I don't want to just delete it, but I think it is not truthful. (Ah... Truth).



2021-01-28 • Dream • Jobs • LR

I was visiting a new company that had only two employees working in a giant, new building. There were lots of boxes with new equipment. They were preparing for all of the people to arrive. One of the two was quite young. He

was in charge of getting all of the PCs ready. They were setting up a training area as well. I asked him if he wanted to talk at all. I could tell that this was the first time he had done anything like this, and he was reluctant. I said that I didn't mean to imply he didn't know what he was doing, but one person sharing knowledge with another made more than two.

I was then in the president's office at a different company, or perhaps at the same company after many years. There was a particular application that I was quite interested in. It had a symbol that looked like this:



It was on a chart with the chief security officer's rights to administer applications. On the left side the symbol was listed along most of the rows on the far left indicating slightly different modules of the package. There were six or so people in the office, all young. The CSO was resigning. At first I thought that they were figuring out how to hire him back, because he was the only one who knew how to run the application, but it turned out that they were trying to figure out how to run the company without him. Many other people, including the president had recently quit, and the six people were all that were left. One of them said the CSO was quite old [he was the same CSO as the one where I work... same name and face]. I said he wasn't that old, that he was roughly the same age as me. One of the people looked him up on a printout, and with an astonished look said that he was four years younger than I. I said, "Well, I wear better t-shirts". A woman said, "Yes you do. Especially your blue one."

I then saw a service announcement that showed how difficult it was to live in an RV. It had a picture of the inside with cushions shoved in front of the dash and all made into a giant bed.

I then was at home, and I had accidentally dumped my salad into the sink. Some of it was resting on dishes on the left side, and the rest was heaped up on the right side. It was night time, and I ate it quickly, hoping that Sean wouldn't see me, because I felt kind of grubby, and she wouldn't like how unsanitary it was.

#laid_off #president

Comments:

2021-01-28:

I had this journal entry up on my screen. I was going through them last night to fix small bugs from the numerous migrations I've had in the last ten years.



2021-01-28 • Journal • 23 Enigma • LR

Sean and I were talking about watching the movie 23 with Jim Carrey yesterday. I was on my walk today, and I came up with the idea that I would create a cutup page for cutup dot page. I thought about it a bit, and figured I could have 23 sentences of 23 words. That was all fine and good. I took a brief nap, and as I was going to sleep I figured I would add random images from my walk, alternating left to right with the 23 sentences. I woke up and started working on the code a bit. I crawled roughly 1000 articles that weren't in L1G3R or NoNIC (as those would be kind of boring). I spit out the paths of all of the articles. I scrolled up a ways and grabbed one and opened it in Vim randomly, and it was this:



Out of 1,000 or so, randomly selected, and I only have a handful that mention 23 at all.

#23

Comments:

2021-01-28:

Side note: I've had the Illuminatus! trilogy sitting on the bookshelf for close to a year now, but saw a reference just now that it used the 23 enigma in it. I went to grab the book, and noticed there is an Eye of Providence on the cover and one book in the trilogy is called The Eye in the Pyramid.



2021-01-28 • Journal • Sound Tracks • L R

I had a couple of entries on my screen from working on my journal last night. I woke up singing King Crimson's Cadence and Cascade. For some reason, without thinking much about the song (I would have guessed it was off of Poseidon normally) I thought it was off of Red. The entry on my screen had the movie Red in it. I've noticed that before... the smallest few words can trigger a song, and I'll sing it all day.



2021-01-31 • Dream • Plastered Walls • L R

I was working at a startup-ish company. They had a product that they had created and sold for quite awhile, making millions of dollars, but they brought in some people to do the equivalent of "j curving it", and the new version wasn't

selling. I had purchased a variety of fresh ingredients (I remember broccoli), and had been trying to combine them at work, but realized is was better if I focused on them individually.

There was an outdoor board where projects were posted. Most of the board had been plastered over with quarter inch sheets of cardboard in rough layers, painted mostly white with some pastel colors mixed in, mainly thin streaks of light blue striped randomly on the edges.

It had all been done while I was out to lunch with Sean. I remember talking to her in a large parking lot and telling her I needed to make an appearance and check in before I went home for the weekend. Most of the board had been coated over. Prior it had listed some of my work and calculations of problems. There were two status reports drawn up drafting style, with precise, artistic lettering by the new project manager from the j-curve team.

The entry way to the building was a side door with a small stoop of just a few steps. The hall was dark, but I could see a person glance up at me when I put my key in the handle. I made lots of noise using my key, because I was afraid they would think I was robbing them. Something disrupting was going on (not trying to make a pun with biz speak, I don't think, but something had disrupted their business, something extreme happened that day).

I went into my room. It was long and thin, like a large windowless utility closet. My desk was out in the middle of the room. Somebody had unplugged my keyboard from my computer, a mini-tower, and plugged it into a laptop that had booted and older version of Windows. Instead of my track ball, there was an optical mouse. I didn't see my track ball anywhere, just my mini-tower lying on its side with nothing plugged in.

I left the room and talked to a man I recognized as a long-term hire there, either a janitor or a security guard. He had noticed my concern, and wondered what I was bothered by. I told him about the track ball. There was some commotion in the president's office. I saw Jim there, from FTS. He was wearing a sweater vest and looked thin as always but a little younger and healthier than when I knew him in 2011. He glanced up at me enough to acknowledge I was there, but there was a heated conversation with some other men, and we didn't talk further.

#j curve #president #sean



2021-02-01 • Dream • Hug All Family • LR

I was living in a half-way house downtown. A few of us would hang out across at a small diner. The diner was in a hall that was a public place. There was a bench along the wall, where I leaned up against some other people. There was a window where the diner put out orders, and the customers would pick up their food.

The bench had backpacks and other items strewn along it in between the people. There was a small hallway, six feet wide, where amatuers would sing songs and perform. One of the performers sat next to me on the bench and got up and sang some bad blues. I enjoyed him singing, and the environment, hanging out and listening to people make their own music, but he couldn't really sing that well.

I was arrived late for a family gathering at a restaurant. I saw my aunt and nana. My aunt recognized me, and I went to hug her, but my mom shouted out that it was polite to hug everybody in the family. The problem was I was so late to the gathering that people were already starting to leave. I hugged a black boy about eight or so. I didn't remember him being in our family. He asked me where I lived, and I told him about how I lived in a half-way house, but there was a place we could all hang out across the street where they sang blues. When I said this I was self-concious, because I figured he would think I had crafted my story for his benefit, trying to impress him because of his color. Another man I didn't recognize, perhaps the boy's father, added, "You mean 2nd and A Street?"

I said, "Yeah, that seem's right."

Everybody left, but I had only hugged a few of my family. I went back downtown. I looked up at the street sign near the diner and confirmed that it was 2nd and A.

#dad #house #mom #nana



2021-02-05 • Dream • Fiberglass Triumph • LR

I was living in a warehouse. We had a crane outside for loading freight from ships. I looked outside and some friends of ours, a male couple, had loaded an old Triumph into a giant vat of rust dip. There was little left of the suspension, but the fiberglass hood and body was intact halfway down the side body panels. The color on the hood and sides was shiny, a bright blue with white trim. Our friends had done something similar in the past. They wanted to put the car on display in a neighboring park that we also owned.

The worker man of the couple said he needed our help to haul the car down the dock to the the park. I knew I had a set of tackle to move it, including three pieces. An overhead winch, a come-a-long and another piece. I'm not sure what it was, but it was 70 or so pounds. The worker man showed me a flyer his partner, an artist, had made. It had scrolled lines around the outside. It had brief lines describing the car sitting in the park like this:

Triumph in the Park

Exteriore

Rare

Vivid

Interiore

Genuine

Extroardinaire

They hadn't talked to me about putting the car in the park before, yet the artist man had already written up the flyer. I told them that I needed to talk to the rest of my family before I agreed, but the rest of my family besides Sean was away. The couple said they could help now. I went inside to figure out what to do.

Perhaps time had gone by, but the next thing I knew there was a delivery man in a truck that rang the doorbell. The inside of the warehouse was cluttered, and it took me awhile to navigate the stuff that was in my way to get to the door. By the time I got there the delivery man was already inside with one of the pieces of tackle. He struggled to haul it and set it on the floor. I figure Sean must have ordered it, because she knew about the car. A half hour later another delivery man delivered another piece of tackle. I knew I had the overhead winch in the workshop, the same one I used here.

I went outside with the tackle to start hauling the car, but the two men were gone.

#boat #car #dock #rust #sean #ship #tackle #wrenching



2021-02-08 - Apps - Running Docker on L1G3R - LR

Make sure you have IPTables installed, and download the binaries from here. Either put them in a path that can be found, or stick them in /opt/docker and make sure to add the path so you can find it when you run Docker. Note that the L1G3R kernel config is slightly different from Linux From Scratch (LFS) or Beyond (BLFS). This kernel config currently works for almost all we do right now. After you extract and install the Docker binaries, add docker as a group. Finally, create the cgroup filesystem per this:

To mount:

There are more complete instructions here. For you LFS and BLFS folks trying to get Docker to work, this is running on a LFS/BLFS 9.0 base with the above kernel and the extra packages defined on L1G3R and NoNIC.

#docker #knocker



2021-02-12 • Journal • Opposite Day • L R

I had an idea today that everything starting today would be exactly opposite of yesterday, as though I could wrap up every idea, every obsession, pick up a couple gems I wanted to keep and just leave the rest behind. In general, unless I can come up with a good reason why not, my guiding principle is "do the opposite".

The first chapter in Prometheus Rising is called "The Thinker and the Prover". The idea is that humans think of an idea and then they spend all of their energy on proving the idea. What if I take every idea I ever had and challenge it with "I'll assume that the exact opposite is true unless you can prove to me this is a gem to hold on to"? I get it that I'm challenging "the prover" with a proof, but it still seems to stump the prover, and in a few areas I'm able to do the exact opposite and it feels liberating. I'm still trying this out... training wheels and such, rocking one way then another as I stretch to reach the pedals... and the pedals keep moving even when my feet aren't on them, which makes it even more challenging.

In high school I had a friend with a lazy eye like mine. He fixed it by surgery at Madigan where they just cut the muscle and let it reattach itself. It turned out better than my five our so surgeries where they tried to precisely cut out the correct amount of muscle. This relates to the "opposite challenge" idea I'm working out, in that when the ideas come back and I let them root again, they are different in character, once I have rejected and even considered or acted on the opposite.

#eye #opposite



2021-02-13 • Dream • Tools and Dirt • L R

I didn't write down the day before yesterday's dream. I delayed. It did have a dirty bathroom. I was in a large stall and there was a giant hole in the partition. A man stuck his head through and showed me that there was a camera stuck in some gum above the urinal. I observed that the fact that he had poked his head through the hole and was pointing this out was likely more of a privacy issue than the camera, but I removed the camera anyway to make him happy.

There was another part of the dream where I was supposed to make Yvette a valentine, but I didn't because I had been gathering tools for my dad's present. It turned out dad never used the tools we had given him.

Last night I was trying to distribute some dirt evenly. The dirt had a magnetic characteristic that I could use to determine how to form it into segment in a circle. The circle was supposed to spin, with the dirt twirling around the axis.



2021-02-13 • Journal • Destroyed • LR

I've been listening to Moby's album Destroyed for several months now, somewhat oblivious to the overall idea that the album was recorded in the middle of the night and meant to be listened to in the middle of the night. Now, the tricky thing about the psyche beneath consciousness, the stuff of dreams and forgotten imprints, is that the information coming back leads or lags, it doesn't follow our clockwork conscious mind's perception of time. Like dreams, information that does percolate up is often surrounded in metaphor. I am still obsessively listening, though, apparently through the middle of my night, but experienced enough to know that it is a mistake to assume I know what the night is or was, nor if the night is over. Regardless, Moby's album is on my headphones as I attempt to wake and start the day (metaphorically). It is kind of funny it took me until today to get that. What kind of push off will I get as I both acknowledge the weight of the night and emerge again in the morning? Is it a slow ceremony with a soft-boiled egg, a wrought iron table, and English Breakfast tea? I hope not. How would I picture it then? This is where the fun begins. Seed the morning, because it will come eventually. Imagine the push off. The whole day is waiting right there. Sure, the conscious clock is incapable of timing, but it will happen, and I can send that information back down the layers as I visualize it happening.

That answer is not easy. It is probably one of many circles in circles. Sorry, I talk in metaphor and history which few can guess. There are probably reinforced spheres of grief involved here. Loss of parents (dad, mom... long story), Yvette, and even overall framework of how we got here and the kinds of things that can be done for the future... essentially a framework of sand that will certainly be lost and is disappearing as the tide goes out as I write. There are many things coming back. For instance, Sean is a "new day". My point is that apparently I am still singing to the middle of the night, or it appeals somehow. I am still tethered, trying to imagine the morning. And again, it is foolish to think I can consciously express that night inside me, but it is a fabulous idea to imagine the morning. It is hard to do, from within those tangible spheres to imagine the morning, particularly when I don't want tea at the table. (Every time I mention that, I think of the short that Gus Van Sant did called Do Easy, based on a William S Burroughs essay. Spilling tea on the Dutchess...)

Moby reminds me a bit of Dylan in that way, or even David Byrne... they tap in exactly to those underlying ideas, below consciousness, that is what makes it appealing, attracts us, holds us like moths watching the flickering candlelight until it consumes us like the dream goggles in Until The End Of The World. I don't particularly trust the experience of Dylan, Byrne or Moby, but that is OK. They are poets/artists. That is the idea. Is the White Goddess/Muse idea different with poets? This is also why (IMO) nonsense like some of Bernie Taupin's stuff is so popular. It can mean whatever people want it to mean.

Well, sheeet... this song is the last one with words, and right before "Stella Maris". What kind of "push off", lol... we got ourselves a good ole fashioned resurrection here. Is the weight of the night life in general as a human??? How deep am I plumbing here?

#burroughs #moby #nasuh #sean #yvette



2021-02-14 • Subject • Level Zero • L R

Triple Pub considers level 0 to be the level at which you can say the word "all" when referring to a level in a domain. For instance, for the data flow domain, at level 0 you can say "all data flow for the entire organization". There are multiple layers within Triple Pub, for instance, Triple Pub includes maps of categories, one of them is documentation. Level 0 is all instances of documentation, one of which is a hybrid DFD form of documentation. Of that, IT Docent is an example. Of that example, level 0 is all data flow for ACME. Level 0 also is considered a specific domain by notation. This just means that the meaning of the triples, the subject, predicate, and object, are all in the same family of meaning. Within this same family of meaning, the path to the nodes is shortened. A full path for the Triple Pub map for the ERP system at ACME would be node 1 on graph 0-1-0-2-0-1-0-2; however, the notation \$\infty\$ 1 2 means the same thing.

Comments:

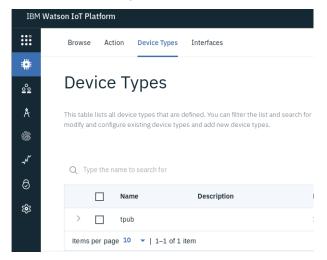
2023-08-24:

3SA origin? Let's go with that.

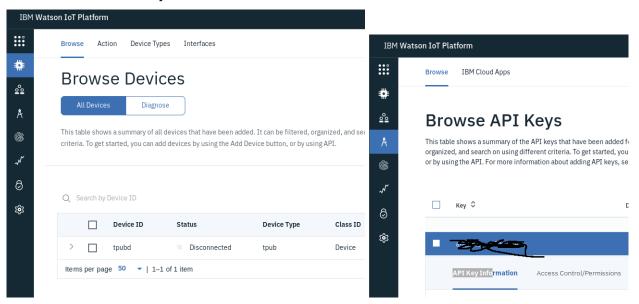


2021-02-16 - Apps - Running MQTT on IBM Cloud - LR

IBM has a free MQTT service with limited bandwidth. Set up a broker by creating a device type:



A device and an API key:



Say that:

U = your account

V = Device Type

W = Device ID

X = Device Authentication Token

Y = API Key

Z = API Authentication Token

If you want to subscribe to "dvd" events, use this command:

mosquitto_sub -p 8883 -u "Y" -P "Z" -i "a:U:papp" -t "iot-2/type/V/id/W/evt/dfd/fmt/text"
-h U.messaging.internetofthings.ibmcloud.com

To publish messages to "dfd" events, use this command:

```
mosquitto_pub -p 8883 -u "use-token-auth" -P "X" -i "d:U:V:W" -t "iot-2/evt/dfd/fmt/text"
-h U.messaging.internetofthings.ibmcloud.com -m "hello"
```

#mqtt



2021-02-16 • Apps • Running Mosquitto on Docker on L1G3R • LR

Just run this command to bring up a Mosquitto instance:

```
docker run -it -p 1883:1883 -v ~/docker-mosquitto/mosquitto/:/mosquitto/ eclipse-mosquitto
```

The first time it runs, you'll see something like this as the image is downloaded:

```
Unable to find image 'eclipse-mosquitto:latest' locally latest: Pulling from library/eclipse-mosquitto 801bfaa63ef2: Pull complete 0613e57f5869: Pull complete 99e1cb91ed0c: Pull complete Digest: sha256:688f5cf03b714127e67a6ee6354f11b746b49ebe532740429b9a23429496a3d7 Status: Downloaded newer image for eclipse-mosquitto:latest 1612808287: mosquitto version 2.0.7 starting
```

Here is how we have the configuration laid out:

```
root [ /home/divine/docker-mosquitto ]# find .
.
./mosquitto
./mosquitto/log
./mosquitto/config
./mosquitto/config/mosquitto.conf
./mosquitto/data
root [ /home/divine/docker-mosquitto ]# cat ./mosquitto/config/mosquitto.conf
allow_anonymous true
connection_messages true
persistence true
log_timestamp_format %Y-%m-%dT%H:%M:%S
listener 1883
persistence_location /mosquitto/data/
log_dest file /mosquitto/log/mosquitto.log
root [ /home/divine/docker-mosquitto ]#
```

Test subscribe:

```
mosquitto_sub -h localhost -t dfd
```

Test publish:

```
mosquitto_pub -q 2 -h localhost -m "hello" -t dfd
```

#mqtt



2021-02-20 • Subject • The Prover • LR

I woke in the tail end of a dream this morning where I had taken a large chunk of freedom and created this. It was a 23 cadenced cut-up. I realized this was important, and I needed to write it down. So, here I am at the keyboard, and it isn't even quite 5am. I laid in bed, thinking about **why** it was important, and I realized that it was to trip up the prover.

I quit reading Prometheus Rising, not because it wasn't interesting and informative, but because Robert Anton Wilson was writing to a different timeline. His concerns have nothing to do with where I live now, or, at least, his audience no longer exists in a significant way. I live down a different timeline. In this timeline the weak image of the television cracked open the minds of generations to Mad Men (and I still need to watch that series... perhaps after Classic Trek... I need to understand the nature of the poison). They had found the secret to wealth in sloppy, hopeful boomer minds. Ah, but just wait... there was so much more to exploit in future generations. Regardless, I am trapped here, and my audience is in the 2d present.

Our situation is fairly dire. I don't really care if the popcorn ceilings have become our economy and understanding of how all works. I'm human too. The cut-up, the future leaking through because it undercuts The Prover (in a way, I suppose, but The Prover goes right back to it in the slices), is more of an Apple of Discord for the present. So, then, the present is a shimmering sheet of glass that the tossed golden apple destroys like a cut-up. As time goes on various sheets of glass consolidate, not necessarily the same sheet, but it explains the convergence of dialog.

Ugh... I don't want to be trapped here, though. My focus is just to create the smallest ontological analysis against my experience, and in the industry, to bang at that small crack in the ice until the simplest of maps is created and leveraged, another form of freedom besides the golden apple, the most basic of self-direction, bootstrapping, arriving at base camp, **something** to get out of the Mad Men Black Iron Prison.

#robert_anton_wilson



2021-02-21 • Subject • Knowledge Hobby Anyone? • LR

Most of what I do in my spare time is technically called "knowledge management". It started with MCJ to correlate dreams, tags, etc., and also worked as a content management system. I've gone on from that to add graphs and ontology features, and apply it to IT, but I've also done stuff like this. I still don't know anybody, personally, that is interested enough in the field, for either their own set of information (journal) or professionally, that they try and improve or understand tools/ideas in this area on their own time. I find that puzzling. Can that really be true? Knowledge is what kicked us out of Eden, after all, right? It is the *nature* of being human, dealing with exponentially

increasing knowledge and sharing it. I always liked that paradox: good, "Who doesn't like knowledge?" sure, but it did get us kicked out of Eden.

I'm always looking for somebody that shares this interest, anybody else that does the most rudimentary knowledge management for anything they write, or tools the create, but so far, zilch. I know a couple of my friends write long-form and post, which is a start. I've noticed a decline in knowledge management interest, ironically, in IT, both with people I know from the past in IT, but also with people I work with now. It make sense in a way; systems are getting very complex, but it genuinely puzzles me that there is apparently **no** crossover from work to personal with knowledge management. I suppose that means I picked the correct career?

When PCs first came out, regular people were all excited and built their own databases (datastar, etc). I helped Jolene Unsoeld build her own database for her election campaign in late 1983. Her husband, Willi, was literally a mountain climber who climbed with the professor that taught me journal writing and the form I use with MCJ (mountain climbing journal). Around this time was when Apple announced the Macintosh. The excitement, the promise of what that meant, what regular people could do outside of corporate control was what the ad was about, right?

Apple =Knowledge, metaphorically, as I understand the Bible story. In 1987 you can see what this could mean if we had real knowledge in reference to real problems (not just identity badges for individuals worn like silver stars on a feed). This also shows a rich form of communication, much like what is in practice between professionals now. My issue is what we have ceded the knowledge part as individuals. We have portals into the internet to share information, but we don't own tools to do models ourselves (specific to this, we could model, say, deforestation vs CO2). The internet in general is astounding as far as how we share knowledge, or can. This is different than the tools to manage knowledge (an Apple Computer). I suspect that Jobs knew exactly what that power was, in addition to the physical aspects (human interface with the tool). So, what happened? Perhaps people and businesses no longer distinguish what they possess and what they connect to, and they are happy to rely on cloud entities that filter and digest information and return knowledge in a way that is convenient.

That Apple ad throwing the hammer was more about democratization of knowledge management from my perspective, and I want to keep that alive. I have a strategy, actually, for addressing this. My idea is that the simplest tool will get people used to the idea that they can own their own knowledge management systems. The output, the realization of goals and requirements fed into the model, will not necessarily be monetary profit. What do you want? Do you really want to stop CO2 emissions? (Probably not, as that means immediate collapse, billions die, etc., but it might be better than our current business as usual long term... of course, this is exactly why real knowledge management is not appealing. Do you want better working conditions? Do you want to be healthy? I'd say that relying on the mRNA hack of the year by global corporations is likely not what you want, what we want as a species... but that isn't my fight. I just need to create that seed, a demonstration and documentation of how this could work.

#civilization #collapse #knowledge #modeling #mountain climbing #ouroboros #uteotw



2021-02-23 • Subject • Collapse Optimism • LR

We changed everything in the last 40 years or so with the idea of "just in time". We optimized our global supply chain, while at the same time we made it exponentially complex. We had to use computers to do this. Towards the end we even did this to labor. Between negative externalities (profit from ignoring damage in our accounting) and level of complexity (every branch in the tree a job), we made phenomenal wealth. This is a positive feedback loop, primarily fed by oil.

The reason labor is like inventory (not intuitively obvious), is that we have converted our workforce as far as attention and flexibility, to function as components (in the global supply chain where everything was under the "just in time" model... if you are unfamiliar, the components needed for manufacture arrive as close to possible before manufacture and distribution). The disparity in wealth comes from this.

Consider the driver that delivers groceries in their twenty thousand dollar car. If they do that job for a few years, they will burn through that value. This doesn't count what the negative externalities are from creating and using the

car. This also represents the last mile, the last great effort of "just in time", which, originally, was just focused on manufacturing. But we have done similar things in other areas, software development and engineering, for instance.

Just assume for the sake of argument that we are at a level of complexity and at a point of resource constraints that we cannot sustain the global supply chain. This means that a successful business during our transition years would need to retain labor and inventory at every stage they can control. The more you can control end-to-end, the more success you will have as the global supply chain implodes (branches break, like supply of computer ships or even bleach-free wipe chemicals). It seems to me with my simple analysis here that this is good for the worker with skills and knowledge that was previously commoditized or outsourced. You end up with more inventory and operational roles too.

This also means that we are at an interesting point where those that benefit the most from the previous economy (the deepest, broadest supply chain is high tech... what is behind just a lowly transister up to a datacenter up to mars colonization) will cling to what they know, the deep and wide supply chain, as though we can continue to make it deeper and wider, when, in fact, it is crumbling for many.

I know it is hard to see here, but this post is actually optimistic for our future. The transition will be very hard. I just don't think I've wrapped "just in time" ideas back around.

#civilization #collapse



2021-02-28 • Subject • Consuming the Sacred • LR

A friend of mine posted a 3D participatory experience of a Thai temple. It was part of cultural PR for a global cloud and software company. I immediately saw it as profane. I've been thinking about this ever since. My friend is a genuinely open, smart, generous person. She is one of a handful of people that helped me when Yvette was sick. I remember she came by and dropped off a lasagna and we talked for a while. I've worked with her in the past. My issue is that temples are sacred places. Further, while I generally don't get too uptight about cultural appropriation, there was something icky about this. From a spiritual perspective, I personally think that temples are somewhat specific to your culture, as they reverberate with the collective unconscious via local experience. If I pray under the sky, I connect with the archetype there. If I pray in a temple, that temple connects me.

I didn't used to understand why Native Americans were wary of pictures being taken. I got a bit of clarity when I walked past the John T. Williams Memorial Totem Pole when it was first being shown. I was horrified by the scene. Everybody wanted their picture taken with the carver, Rick Williams. They were hardly experiencing the pole itself or the stories Rick was telling about the pole. They just wanted to consume the moment with an image. Ah... that is the key. Consuming. Not even vampires will consume their victims in a church.

What kinds of things are sacred besides temples? The outdoors is sacred, nature. Love is sacred. Mother is sacred. What is profane in relation? Spoiling nature is profane. How does spoiling nature happen? Usually it is by consuming it, driving on the beach or filling the ocean with plastic. Arguably this is a form of consumption, as we are using nature for our entertainment or simply as a dump. If I love somebody, if I turn that love to my advantage, that is profane. Love is something I experience, something I tend, not consume.

Now, presumably the reason why this 3D tour of the temple was good is because we are all locked in our rooms with screens. It is a form of virtual tourism. Is there anything wrong with tourism? I've been a tourist, in many forms. Also, it is quite likely that the state that hosts the temple encourages the tourism. So, what is wrong with that? I live in a world of people consuming everything and anything. I **also** get annoyed because the same software maker this 3D tour was for sticks background images on my computer of beautiful places, sacred places in the world, as though simply having the picture somehow negates the fact that we are all part of a profane engine of destruction. Ah... right there... that's it. Mirror-like wisdom, right there. I am not excluded. Most self-righteous anger or bristling can be solved with mirror-like wisdom. No resolution, I suppose. No pun intended.

#sacred #yvette



2021-02-28 • Dream • Ticket Wrappers • LR

I was with Sean, arriving downtown on a bus. I wondered what we should do. We were off work for the weekend. Sean grabbed me and pulled me in front of a long line of people waiting at an entrance. She grabbed a small folded piece of paper that had a small token inside. There were different tokens in each paper. I noticed that her token and mine didn't match, so she took another one that had been discarded by somebody else and gave it to me.

We found the place the tokens referred to. It appeared to be through some locked doors. We met somebody else we knew who was trying to get in, and Sean and this person to me to open the door, because they knew I could pick locks. I didn't have to pick the lock, though. I just used some plyers on my pocket knife to turn the handle and the door opened right up.

I peeked inside and it looked like a courtroom that was in session. I closed the door, but Sean and the other person with us wanted to go in anyway. Court was over, though, so we had to leave. We tried to find it again later, but couldn't. I walked in circles through the halls, trying every door, and got disoriented.

#hallway #mom #sean #sunn #yvette

Comments:

2021-02-28:

In real life, Yvette gave me a pocket knife with plyers. I also received a gift from another family member of a Leatherman. I don't remember if it was Kirk or Bobby, but I think it was probably Yvette's dad.

2021-02-28:

Back when Sunn taught me how to pick locks, I proudly told my mom about it. She said, "You know what they say it means when you pick locks, right?". I told her I didn't know, and she dropped the topic. Decades later I figured out what she was referring to.



2021-03-10 • Subject • Edges and Labels • LR

I'm using OGL, which is a very old wxPython library, to render the graph at a particular level for the triple pub console. Yesterday I managed to work out a way to click on a line and pop up a dialog for the label. This mostly works, but I think it complicates the system. You can return lines as objects and attach events to them in OGL, but this has too many problems to overcome. One interesting problem is that I am capturing both directions. There are technically two lines/edges, so if you click on a line, what line are you clicking on? With OGL they merge perfectly. Now, I have had the convention in the past, where the subject is the lowest process number, so 1<->2 means that the label is only on the 1->2 direction, but I'd rather see what I can do without that convention. I'm backing out a bit and intend to just use the main predicate button to cycle to a label, and then place the label on the canvas separately. Usually graphs in a DFD effort end up with two-way edges, and the data going across the edge is fairly evident, so I think the simplicity is worth it.

#console



2021-03-16 • Subject • The Trouble with Triples • LR

"Once we stumble across the right vision of complexity, it will take little to bring it to fruition. When that will happen is one of the mysteries that keeps many of us going." ~ Albert-László Barabási

At the core of semantic system analysis, subjects have relationships with objects; subjects, relations (predicates) and objects can have attributes. Each individual relation or attribute can be expressed as a triple. The glorious thing is that it works on an open-world assumption, so meaning can be defined in a limited domain or subdomain, and later it can be combined through collaboration with others. This is also the root of a problem when developing publishing and visualization tools. The Networkx project deals with this by using data structures of dictionaries

within dictionaries within dictionaries. It's dictionaries all the way down. There is a bit of a cheat, though, that comes out when you code, and this is embedded in the idea of the world-wide web as well. That is, an IRI is used for the subject, predicate, and object. An IRI overloads the ID of the entity, and while this is fine at a purist level, pragmatically it causes trouble.

Say you are in a small group of people riding a bus to a concert. Eventually you start calling each other by first names or nicknames. Perhaps some of them have duplicate first names, so in the moment, all agree on ways to prevent confusion, or just let it ride. "Hey, Jack!? Did you see that wreck we passed? What kind of car was that? No, not you, Jack, the other Jack." Technically, though, in the semantic world, an IRI is unique, so you would refer to Jack by DNA, the double helix, with a label attribute of "Jack". Imagine if you asked Bob on the bus how he knew Sally, and he started off with "I'm Bob from Paris, France, that lives in the Shires building next to the Seine, on the fifth floor, two doors down from the end of the Hallway. My roommate is Bob; however, you can tell us apart because I have blond hair. At this point, then, if we wanted to use the IRI method, we have a choice. We could identify Bob as https://example.com/bobdna/ or https://example.org/france/sein/shires/5/twoend/bobbers/blond/.(1) Neither would work well on the bus. There is value in understanding the path to blond bob in the second IRI, but this can and should be used in more limited circumstances, not in the initial view of the roles on the bus ride.

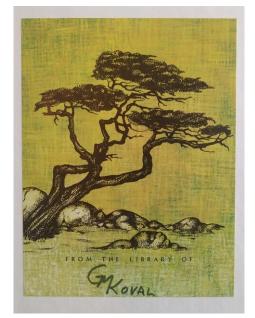
This comes up when visualizing systems, particularly with the data flow model that this site focuses on as an example. A full IRI is disruptive to the visualization. While it is true that there are semantic technical specifications that deal with this, at a practical level the domain of the relation is always key, and often needs to be designed in to the model. With data flow, as recognized and proposed by Chris Gane and Trish Sarson in the 1970s, the domain of a set of relations is a level. Conceptually, then, level 0 is the root domain for the level 0 graph. At this level, subjects and objects have relations and attributes that span the domain of an entire organization, or, at least, the broadest view of the system addressed. Domains and graphs, in this sense, are synonymous. Like the example of riders on the bus getting to know each other, though, the DNA of the individuals is not important to the ongoing conversations on the bus ride. Let's go further. Say we are analyzing data flow for the billing screen of the A/R module of the accounting system, and we are interviewing the data entry staff and department manager. The focus, like the bus ride, will not only be within the root domain (the IT organization or broad system), but it will be a couple levels further down from a Gane and Sarson perspective. https://example.com/myorg/accounting/ar/billing/. Conceptually, then, within the Level 0 domain, we have graphs of 1=accounting, 1.1=A/R, and 1.1.1=billing. If one of the people we are interviewing is Bill, and he enters data into the billing system, it is easily conceived as Bill -> EntryScreen in graph 1.1.1 in domain Level 0, org-wide data flow.

This distinction is important, both from a pragmatic perspective, but also from a human perspective. First, like the bus, if, as analysts, we want to communicate with people in ways they understand, we need to bring the conversation into the domain and graph that is appropriate. It is likely that much of what Bill knows and experiences is within the 1.1.1 graph. Likewise, an analyst takes on a bit of method acting in the interview. What is it like at graph 1.1.1? What are things called **at that level**. Truing up attributes of things can happen later if needed. For instance, don't talk over Bill when he uses the words "force the entry". Capture that information and revisit if needed, but get your head into his perspective. This also turns up in a technical way. Consider the dot language that is a standard for graphs. It is quite easy to create a human-readable graph in the dot language at 1.1.1. Bill could do it if he wished.

Remember the dictionaries within dictionaries that Networkx uses for their graph data structures? This is similar to an IRI, in that each level needs to be there to reach the graph. In a fully collaborative and distributed effort, though, it is quite likely that the IRI is not known. One of my favorite examples of this challenge is the Domesday Book. There are two parts of this. First off, for the effort to be successful, some idea of the end model needed to be understood before the royal officers visited the shires. At the same time, though, there are aspects of the economy that are unknown, so those will also need to be captured and it could very well change the IRI. For instance, say that there was an assumption that fisheries were only available in shires with access to larger rivers or ocean. During the interviews it was discovered that quite a few inland shires without rivers farmed fish in artificial pools. If the IRI was https://example.com/economy/noriverocean/westyorkshire/hundredofongar/kelvdon/ for our graph that listed aspects like number of pigs, and during interviews we realized there were fish farms, then we need to change the IRI after the fact. This is not a problem technically. Things like this happen all of the time; however, any preconceived ideas of capturing a graph for the IRI need to be tossed. This is why it is a bit of a cheat. And sure, we could use a UUID for everything but it doesn't help with visualization. But back to dictionaries within dictionaries:

this has the same problem. You can't assign a triple to a graph that doesn't exist yet. In other words, dfd[graph] = nx.MultiDiGraph() needs to come before dfd[graph].add_node('nodename'). So, if your visualization considers a bus ride a graph, or a visit to a shire, but eventually you want to combine all graphs against different domains, then you need to understand the structure of that before-hand.

The way to address this problem is to work within some constraints, much like I imagine the royal officers worked under when gathering information. I'm not sure Chris Gane and Trish Sarson were thinking about their method semantically, but the end result is the same. If I know going in to an interview that I am in the billing graph conceptually, and immerse myself in their world and understand their troubles in their words, I can show the system back to them in real time to get validation. But more importantly, if I have an understanding of the broader model in a simple way, I can ensure that I build a holistic model without wasting much time. This is what the Gane and Sarson method is about.



Note that Enterprise Architecture (EA) takes this to an extreme level by forcing multiple domains. While this may be technically valid, it is not something that is easy to model collaboratively, in real-time, directly with stakeholders. Further, no matter how many domains or views you have, ultimately something will be out of place, and your model will need to be extended. Normalizing down to a triple and establishing constraints on the model to facilitate quick wins is likely all that most organizations can afford. At the same time, there is no framework that the captured knowledge in normalized triple form can't be extensible to, including any EA framework. Consider Ontobee, for evidence to back up that claim. Along these lines, it is also useful to track what model you want to fall under. For data flow, a likely ontology is here. And, generally, ontologies that use BFO as a foundation are more useful. Don't get hung up on that, though. Capture what Bill says at graph 1.1.1. You won't be sorry.

In conclusion, then, to tackle any complicated system analysis using semantic techniques: start small, collaborate, and use a model with the correct guidance for graph relations that uses a limited set of entity types and relations. The Gane and Sarson method for system analysis is a perfect way to provide the correct constraints to facilitate a successful semantic approach. As an added

bonus, their book is pretty cheap right now, as it is old, and so people generally dismiss it. I have several copies. I looked in the inside cover of the one at my desk, and the previous owner designated this by a tree, which is perfect, really, within the world of semantic analysis, right?

We are taking a bite of the fruit from the tree of the knowledge of everything. Hopefully we have more wisdom than that last time. We have plenty of extremely complicated systems to work on, that is for sure.

(1) Sorry... I like the trailing slash. I haven't seen an argument that convinces me this is bad. In my mind it is everything specific to identify the entity or node. I'm fine with assuming index.html or even stacking up every and anything related that pin down the node at that IRI. Perhaps it is a good convention, that is, if I use a picture of Bob and put it in index.html that is served up at that address, all is great.

#networkx



2021-03-19 • Journal • 5-9 • LR

I woke up at 5am and started coding, and didn't really slow down until 9pm. I worked out, watched a classic Star Trek that I don't remember ever seeing before, The Empath. I've been working out more on the elliptical, because I just can't get a good enough workout by walking anymore. I might have to do both. Perhaps I could walk to Sky Park when it is good weather. My contraption that I use to add resistance is still working. I heat up the flywheel with my board that rests on it with the chair foot felt. Likely this is all related. I've improved my health enough that I'm

sleeping better, and can code longer. I was beginning to wonder if those days were gone. It does remind me a bit of 2011. I had such a great time at work building things I had always imagined, getting the event streams to work. It was particularly satisfying because of the way I felt pushed out over Splunk, but I also remember the energy. From 2012 until relatively recently, my energy has mostly been sapped. I had a flurry from May of 2019 until I got laid off. Well... not worth speculating too much. A lot has happened.

#laid off #nag hammadi #pink beam #pkd #sky park #star trek #work

Comments:

2021-03-20:

I was reading up on The Empath this morning, and ran into a Gnostic version of the reference to "pearl of great price" that all agree to at the end of the episode. Make your own pink beam... or, if you experience a pink beam of light, pay attention.

Jesus said, "The Father's kingdom is like a merchant who had a supply of merchandise and found a pearl. That merchant was prudent; he sold the merchandise and bought the single pearl for himself. So also with you, seek his treasure that is unfailing, that is enduring, where no moth comes to eat and no worm destroys."

~Gospel of Thomas 76, Patterson/Meyer translation

2021-03-22:

I compared my breathing between today and yesterday. If I march up to the top of the ridge and back (and up again), I can get my heart rate and breathing up. I probably need to mix it up, but that is OK.



2021-03-20 • Subject • On Ideas • L R

My ideas are not new. The application of these ideas to mundane IT is new. I see application of these ideas in all of the large cloud companies. I see the ideas in the Ph.D. thesis' of many, as well as papers published at conferences catering to Ph.D.s. Modern search as we know it is based on these ideas, as is logistics and ultra-modern medicine. And yet, I've been told multiple times that my ideas are too advanced for the company I'm working for. I know this isn't true. The challenge is to prove it. I also suspect that there are cultural issues to overcome. One interesting thing I've noticed as I've traced these ideas, is that you can see the people that published the ideas either be absorbed by one of the cloud or large IT consulting companies, or you see them stop all public sharing of the knowledge as they create a start-up. I'm not sure about you, but I thought the whole idea of having higher education was so that we could all benefit. You don't have to be a Ph.D. to gain the knowledge. Just read and learn. Since when did the thinkers of new ideas stop being excited about sharing them with everybody?

Besides the "your ideas are too advanced" issue, another issue I find is the "how can it save us money and time right now?" reaction. I'm not talking about a particular tool that you buy. I think this is what most people jump to, as they are familiar with the world of taking some idea and monetizing it. Knowledge is no longer something that is prioritized. Knowledge is now outsourced to the startups and cloud companies that those Ph.D.s went to after school. Sure, everybody has their pre-packaged org-certified work philosophy, but that is different than being open to new ideas. Work effort, more and more, is packaged in commoditized work streams that give the illusion of progress at the expense of real knowledge. Broad ideas that can't be monetized immediately are discarded, and yet people are willing to pay monthly fees to companies that monetized those same ideas. And, irony of ironies, the most successful companies of all leverage work published and shared freely by Linus Torvalds, Richard Stallman and Tim Berners-Lee.

#work



2021-03-20 • Subject • Autonomy and System Resilience • LR

The importance of owning the knowledge of our organization's systems, requirements, and goals, is illustrated in the 1986 movie Red Headed Stranger. At the beginning of the movie, when the preacher shows up, the town well is filled with rubble. Instead of a community well, a private family of trappers has a monopoly on the water supply, and charges a minimal fee for a bucket of water. The preacher goes against the trappers, digs out the well at his own peril, and helps the residents build a windmill and storage tank. This turns to bloodshed as the trappers shoot the sheriff guarding the well, and destroy the windmill. As the trapper family leaves, the trapper patriarch shouts, "You ever again get to thinking you can depend upon God and the wind to bring your water, you remember this day."

It is often expedient to outsource the knowledge of our systems to outside parties, either by purchasing expensive tools that translate, manage and visualize our systems, or by offloading all to a cloud service. Like access to fresh drinking water, understanding our systems, requirements and goals at a detailed level, gives us freedom to move and live as we please, free from the domination of outside parties. This doesn't mean we don't host our systems with SaaS or PaaS or use the SuperVisualizationProduct. It means we invest the time to understand what we want our systems to do and how we wish to change them over time. It is fine to purchase the pipe and wood for our windmill from companies in other towns, as long as we are able to build a windmill ourselves, without relying on an OK from the trappers. The trapper patriarch used a false dilemma based in fear, uncertainty, and doubt to enforce their control. Owning knowledge of our systems facilitates resilience during crisis. If the wind stops, understanding how to distribute water and sourcing pipe and wood, will help us create other methods of obtaining and distributing water. Expedience often comes at a cost of control and resilience. Knowledge helps us adapt to change, and in a direction we choose.

How do we utilize information technology to run our business? Where is our data? What processes are a priority? How is the data transformed and used? How available do our systems need to be? How do they need to perform? What happens in a crisis? Finally, where are we now as far as how our systems fulfill our requirements? What are our goals? Where would we like to be? How will we get there? How will we know when we get there? Any good answer to these questions needs to be detailed enough that we can obtain, maintain, and grow our information technology in a way that maps to our needs. This knowledge should be re-usable, and not have to rely on the capabilities of SuperVisualizationProduct, SaaS or PaaS v4.x. We need to invest the time to understand what we want our systems to do and how we wish to change them.

At a broader level, these kinds of problems face us in larger systems. We should demand the same kind of knowledge and autonomy with ecological-socio-political-economic systems as we do with information technology. Tackling these broader systems is overwhelming, but like information technology, the convenience of making progress in small steps without a clear direction, is like walking a road to nowhere, or at best, walking a road that somebody else is re-mapping as we journey, at their discretion and profit. Taking meaningful small steps in a direction that will get us closer to knowledge of our systems is a core idea of semantic system analysis, which decomposes knowledge into a triple, an atom of meaning. We are at a hopeful junction, when there are commodity tools, compute, networking, and community ontologies that give us the ability to take these first steps in an independent, yet collaborative way. Let's figure out where we want to be, and take steps in that direction. Let's do that with every decision. Let's own knowledge as individuals, as companies, as organizations, as travelers on space ship Earth, without just accepting whatever the trappers feel like giving us that day.

#resilience



2021-03-20 • Journal • Up Early • L R

Up and coding by 4:30am. Perhaps there might be a bit of obsession driving me with my self-emposed deadline. I feel good this morning, ready to tackle the local feed. I want to fork the streams so that the local items can be dealt with immediately The rebuild of the entire q when the graph changes, particularly because I am splitting off the thread's attention with WxAsync, is likely an issue.

I was restless last night with dreams about labels and coordinates.



2021-03-21 • Journal • Cream • LR

I woke up somewhat sad this morning. I've been trying to pin down just why. I dreamed about an ex business colleague building his dream homeless shelter. Even in my dream I had a mixed form of recognition and sadness. He showed me how the motivation, his dream, was genuine, and I recognized this, but I was sad about the broader issues. He had some history with shelters, as he had run one before after living in one. It was a large shelter, near the Seattle Center, with the legs of the Space Needle visible in the background. I took a picture of it with my phone, but the camera took blurry images, as the case was over the lens, and even though it was clear in the area over the lens, the clear area had become worn with age. I took the case off to take a clearer picture to send to my dad. My phone was square with rounded corners, about two inches across.

I realized while waking, as I started coding, that I had Cream songs running in my mind's music soundtrack. I think it was Dance the Night Away off of Disraeli Gears, but many of the songs off that album have the feel. I last listened to Disraeli Gears around this time.

Dance myself to nothing.
Vanish from this place.
Gonna turn myself to shadow
So I can't see your face.
Dance the night away.

I think that fits. Sean and I were watching a documentary on Carl Jung and Hermeticism last night. The archetype of man and woman, with woman being nature and man being his contraption of civilization, gives a clue to the sadness. We can't see her face. We have danced ourselves to nothing. We have danced the night away to avoid the sadness of losing our love, our connection to her, mother's milk.

#jung



2021-03-24 • Subject • Maps vs. Values • L R

Triple Pub considers a graph as a map. This means that the relation between nodes is unique. There is an often-used idea that a weakness of N-Triples format is that it does not take into account the fact that an edge between nodes (a relation) might be used more than once. The example is if Alice likes Jane. Perhaps Alice likes Jane 10 times? This is not a map, this is closer to the territory. With a real map, the paper fold-out kind before we used our phones, a map showed the road between cities. It is not meant to show how many cars drive between the cities. Perhaps the type of road, four lane vs. two lane, is shown as an attribute of the edge, but that is it. In the specific case of "Alice likes Jane", this is closer to an event in time, which is different than the idea of a map. Events over time could be cumulative, or we could get fancier, and like a good monitoring system, we could say that Alice loves Jane if her likes over a month hit a threshold of 100.

Triple Pub deals with this problem by borrowing from the Syslog protocol. While it is true that knowledge can be shown as a graph, stuff like the number of times Alice likes Jane can easily be represented in log format. Triple Pub allows structured data in the form of key/value pairs to be associated with a node or edge in sequence of time down to milliseconds. These key/value pairs have no requirements besides using a key old style key emoji for the predicate* and listing the related key/values as "key"="value", which can be ingested by many different log analysis programs. If process 1 in graph 6.3.1 is running on a particular piece of infrastructure, 6.3.1.1 is a sub-process of X piece of infrastructure. X piece of infrastructure could use the triple X * "cpu_0_percent"="98" "system_load_avg"="3" "system_name"="xerxes". Triple conforms to the relevant parts of RFC 5425 with both it's timestamp format and priority levels. As with everything else in Triple Pub, the details are distilled down for ease of use and comprehension, but the design is extensible.

The predicate \nearrow only means there are a set of key-value pairs associated with the edge or node. Triple Pub does not define any other meaning. Like the label predicate \nearrow , white space is allowed as well as the string \n to signify a

carriage return. From a graph perspective, these key-value pairs could show up as the last collected set of values for the particular view. Also, the same set of values could be related to a process on a graph in another domain. Triple Pub focuses on data flow, because that is an easy win that is usually needed regardless; however, it is entirely possible to map out hardware components and sub-components as nodes connected with a network, and a SameAs relation could be made between the domains.

#history #triples



2021-03-29 • Journal • Circle Cry • LR

At heart, Greta Thunberg and Guy McPherson are correct in their caution and skepticism. Both have been facing down a global engine of both wealth interest in the status quo, as well as the inability for people to understand something their job depends upon not understanding (to paraphrase Upton Sinclair). There is another factor, the cry wolf factor. Greta isn't old enough to have too much of a problem with that, but Guy McPherson follows a tradition that goes back to 1965. He has raised the alarm about NTHE constantly for over a decade, and has a reputation for crying wolf because of it, particularly because he shoots down almost all optimistic voices, including people on his own team. One sticky point in particular is the aerosol masking effect, which isolates him from Jem Bendell's efforts and related. Not only is "cry wolf" about too many alarms, but if every solution is shot down, it becomes another form that blames the messenger of the alarm with an accusation that they cherry pick items to shoot down any and all ideas. True, we have all worked with somebody like that. In fact, McPherson had criticized Thunberg openly as well, as another tool of the global engine of wealth interest. I see the two of them as similar, though, in that their caution and skepticism is extreme. Greta's meme of contempt, "how dare you", is a good example. I'm not sure if Guy noticed or not, but Greta did mention global dimming at one point. I see them as similar in veracity.

Here we are at present, and McPherson has acknowledged one possible solution to our current crisis, namely the work of Ye Tao. Now, he faces the chorus of voices shouting "cry wolf". I think of it more like a circle cry than a cry wolf, with each circle serving double purpose, both to take another run at getting the information, the alarm across, but also to learn skills and gain knowledge for the next time around. Guy has also gone through multiple phases and transformations as part of this circle. His first big phase was demonstrating a model way to live with nature, his mud hut phase. As I understand it, he wished he hadn't done this, as teaching was his main love, and he lost that. He and Pauline still teach, but that isn't the same as doing it from a university as a tenured professor.

These circles are something I have experienced in various areas, and they also bring grief and isolation, or can. It is a circle cry. Here is the real deal: it doesn't matter if Sisyphus ever reaches his goal in these circles, not from the perspective of constantly rolling the rock and starting over. Every trip up the hill is slightly different because of the skills and knowledge that can be used in the next push. If you look over at Guy's media channels, he is promoting Ye Tao. Personally, Ye Tao's ideas address all of the concerns I'm aware of. I also noticed that Tao is listed on this petition. Guy McPherson and Greta Thunberg may or may not see acceptance of any significance of their alarms. All they can do is deal with their grief and learn from the circle. It is totally OK to cry as you are pushing that boulder, as there will be another chance to push it up in a more stoic manner, or cry if you must. Frankly, I don't remember if Camus' conclusion was similar, and why he used Sisyphus for his book, but I do remember the conclusion that "we must imagine Sisyphus happy". I don't know... happiness is somewhat irrelevant. My thought is all I have on the circle is putting in to practice what I learned the last time. The longer I live, the less faith I have that any significant change associated with positive personal effort will happen as I'm watching. For that matter, faith is irrelevant, like happiness. Like Guy's decomposition into "Only Love Remains", I have decomposed my effort into a circle cry, learning and pushing the boulder up yet again. [Sshhh... our little secret here... I find joy in this realization, almost bordering on happiness, and, well, I have faith in the circle cry.]

#climate_change #upton_sinclair #uteotw



2021-03-31 • OS • Five Minute Crontab w/ Timestamp • LR

If you want to back up a directory every five minutes using cron with a timestamp:

*/5 * * * * tar -cJpf /destdir/`date +%Y%m%d%H%M%S`.somename.bak.tar.xz /sourcdir

We are running fcron with rsyslog and Loganalyzer, and the output looks like this with the above:



Using xz can be heavy. In this particular case, we are backing up text, so the overhead is worth it. We compiled fcron without sendmail, so the usual email redirect isn't necessary, at least for our config. Regardless, this article is mainly to document the BASH timestamp bit and the */5 notation for the crontab entry... so we're good.

#cron



2021-04-04 • OS • Setting Desktop Background • LR

If you have ImageMagick, it is quite easy to set your desktop background:

display -window root dt.png

It works on our L1G3R install.

Use this command to create a custom multi-line text message:

convert -bordercolor "#106f88" -border 150 -gravity northwest -font Courier -pointsize 24 -size 1620x780 -background "#106f88" label:@/path/desk.txt /path/bg.png

#customization

Comments:

2021-04-04:

We will add various automation bits to this over the years.



2021-04-11 • Subject • MCJ Introduction • LR

I have created sites like this many times before over the last two decades. I have tried many different kinds of content management systems (CMS), using BASH scripts, PHP Nuke, Perl, Ruby... pretty much everything you could imagine. This is what I came up with as the easiest with my preferences and experience.

One design consideration is portability and resilience. I run things local and keep them out of a database. Some of this is purely pragmatic; for instance, if I kept the articles that documented how to bring up a graph database using Virtuoso, which will happen, there is no way to read the documentation if it is stuck in a Virtuoso data store.

All programs, all documentation related to the CMS should also work on the reference OS, which is Knoppix 8.6.1. CMS refers to the system that created the page you are now reading this on.

One feature is that the system deals with source easily. I am writing this on iA Writer Classic. It is a pretty great editor suited to Markdown (Yes, I know this seems to contradict my earlier statement, but editing the files themselves is a personal preference. I still have one foot in the Mac world, so while I am running this system on MacPorts, I still test it on the reference OS.) But, back to the problem of source. I place markers for source code like this:

```
alias fja="cd /Users/divine/sysarts/categories/cms/articles/201907041/;vi article.md ;pwd" alias fjt="cd /Users/divine/sysarts/categories/cms/articles/201907041/;vi title.txt ;pwd" alias fjc="cd /Users/divine/sysarts/categories/cms;pwd" alias fjl="cd /Users/divine/sysarts/categories/cms/articles/201907041/sources/1/;vi 1.txt ;pwd" alias fjlt="cd /Users/divine/sysarts/categories/cms/articles/201907041/sources/1/;vi 1.type ;pwd"
```

I number the source code in the directory tree, and the CMS automatically highlights and converts to HTML. This is problematic on IT sites, usually. I also use live.js to automatically load the page. I build the site live using a Python monitoring script. It triggers anytime a file changes in the directory and rebuilds the static HTML.

#bash #knoppix #npyscreen #python



2021-04-11 • Subject • 2020 Reflection • LR

In 2010 I made good progress on my complete journal system, including a full recompile and live rendering of the page into an HTML version. I made this vid in June, 2010, to show how changes in the journal would reflect in a rendered HTML page:

I created a vid showing how to install the root filesystem later that year:

There have been quite a few iterations of MCJ since, including a long fork that ended up with a 45 minute video here.

Fast forward to this year. I finally broke down and rewrote everything using wxPython. As I write this, here is the current state of MCI:

Personally, I think the UI is much more usable with the new layout.

One thing that inspired the new focus on building the OS is this dream. After reviewing the dream and connections, I realized that I had let something fall out of my focus that was important to me.

#history



2021-04-11 • Subject • Scripts • L R

MCJ is primarily a bunch of Python 3 scripts that run and manage information stored in a tree on the file system. There is no database. While much of this has been tested on Mac OS, currently the only fully tested platform is Knoppix 8.6.1, which is based on Debian Buster, so most of this should work as documented on derivative systems. There are some long-range plans to document a pure source system based on Linux From Scratch, as previous versions of MCJ have done. [Update December, 2020: L1G3R is live and runs MCJ. Ubuntu 20.04 also easily runs MCJ, but has some trouble with Graphviz, at least when we tested, because of some library errors for some layouts.]

MCJ has a two stage architecture, where all changes are done to a source directory by the MANual article and metadata maintenance and generation script. The filesystem MONitor and page generation script detects changes to the filesystem in the source directory and builds the HTML5 pages in the site folder.

The scripts assume that the directory that houses the data is named websites under the user's home directory. MAN takes a parameter for the subdirectory, a parameter for the web host port, and a parameter for the web host

name. For instance, running ./man.py mcj 4005 localhost would start the main MCJ UI, store changes under the source/mcj subdirectory, and look for pages rendered by MON at http://localhost/4005.

MON takes a parameter for the subdirectory and one for the type of HTML docuemnt created, min=minimum, hybrid=hybrid graph/HTML, and reg=regular. Min is used on Cruft Buster. Hybrid is used on IT Docent. Reg is used on all of the other sites on SignalQ. For instance, running ./mon.py itd hybrid would monitor the itd source/itd directory and create hybrid documentation/graphs as HTML5 files in the site/itd directory.

MON also reads the details.txt file located in the root of the subdirectory that holds other settings. The first line is the expected domain name; the second line is a boolean setting for dates; the third line is a boolean setting for subcategory titles; the fourth line is a list of domains with cross tags; the fifth line is a list of domains to combine memories; the sixth line is the URL for the article feed that MAN generates; the seventh line is the relative path of the filesystem for the URL feed, and the eighth line is a string that is used to exclude graphs during graph generation, which is useful when mixing flow diagrams and component diagrams with the default data flow diagrams. As an example:

https://itdocent.com
False
False
tad orl
orl tan
https://example.com/latest_arts.html
/websites/site/orl/latest_arts.html
/0/24/

A setting of False on the second line means that dates are not generated for articles.

A setting of False on the third line means that title for subcategories are not generated. This is primarily useful for graphics hierarchies embedded in the document, like component graphs associated with a particular article.

The cross tags search other domains for tags under site/domain/tags. If a tag is found, the reference to the other domain is added at the bottom of the article. In this case, .../site/tad/tags/ and .../site/orl/tags/ would be searched for matching tags.

Any webserver can be used to serve up the pages. They are static. For some ideas on how to set up a web server, see L1G3R, which includes Virtuoso. [As of December, 2020, the data flow graphing program uses queries against Virtuoso to infer dependencies and render the flow with different colors.]

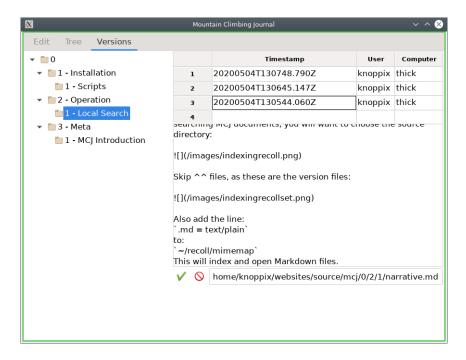
Run the scripts in this order to regenerate IT Docent: Ctriples, COMPGRF, FLWGRF, GRF, and finally MON.

If you enable the live.js script in the IT Docent header, and leave GRF and MON running, it is supposed to allow collaboration on diagrams by editing with MAN and watching live. (I am revisiting all of this after a year, so this is how it used to work in late 2019. I'll get to it, hopefully, to verify, but it did work at one point.)



2021-04-11 • Subject • Versions • LR

The versions tab has a tree widget on the left that can be navigated to show a list of article versions. A new version is created every time the article is saved, but also when another user changes the article and the change is replicated back via Unison. Just click on the row to see past versions and click the green checkmark to restore.



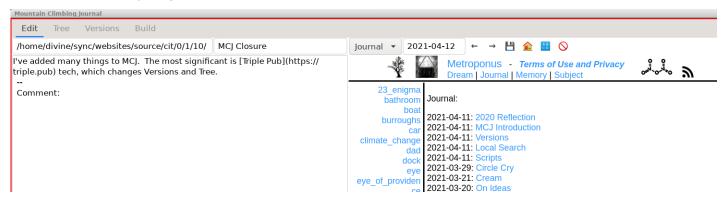
#history



2021-04-12 • Journal • MCJ Closure • LR

I've added many things to MCJ. The most significant is Triple Pub tech, which changes Versions and Tree.

I have the main UI pretty dialed in:



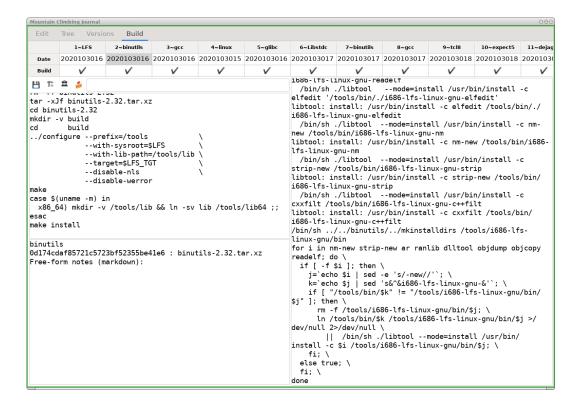
I just finished a huge push to get the Triple Pub tech finished and the video posted. It has enough meat to work in that area for my job. Now, it is still a big question mark if work exists for me on my terms... we will see. Errr... at least a job exists. My work will continue regardless, but MCJ will get the majority of my off-job attention. To that end, I moved the current MCJ stuff here, and will work on the new stuff with Triple Pub tech directly on MCJ. The big challenge is to pull the efforts together yet minimize new code. Certainly the CMS aspects of MCJ are useful for collaborative documentation. Regardless... moving this discussion on over to MCJ.

#mcj



2021-04-15 • Subject • Build • L R

This is what the Build tab on MCJ looks like:



- Twerifies the MD5 hash of the binary, then uses ssh to execute the command in the upper left window, putting the output into the pane on the right.
- \hat{m} The columns can be rearranged by dragging. For instance, if tcl8 needed to go in sequence before gcc, just drag column 9 to between 7 and 8, then press \hat{m} to save the change.
- 🝰 takes the file listed in the blank to the left, computes the MD5 sum to add to the lower left column, and creates a new branch for the step on the tree.

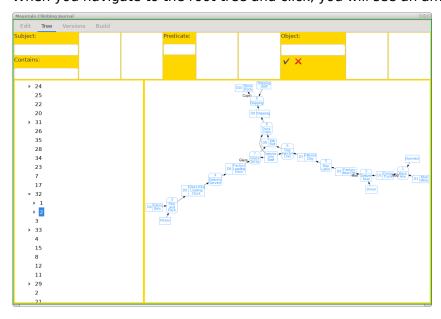
#history



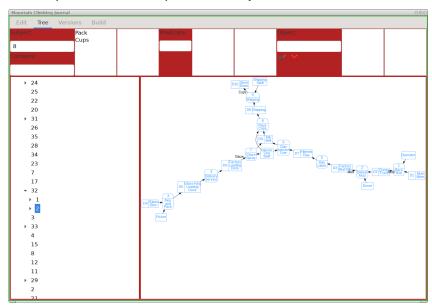
2021-04-15 • Subject • Intro to Knowledge Management • LR

The Tree tab on MCJ provides a way to modify Cruft Buster graphs (filesystem trees with relative symbolic links).

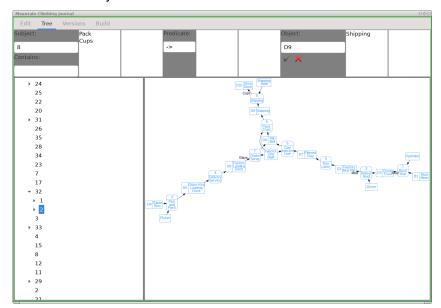
When you navigate to the root tree and click, you will see an amber notification:



At this point, click on a process (subject):



Click on an object:



The two blanks to the right of each part of the triple are the label and the comment. The only allowed predicates are ->, <-, and <-> for flow direction. Click \checkmark to save changes.

#history



2021-04-16 • Subject • IT System Analysts • LR

How many IT system analysts do you know that analyze systems vs. simply administer and operate systems? The same thing goes for engineers. Engineering should involve both requirements analysis and design. Instead, we have farmed this out to third parties, and promoted roles of operators and administrators into those titles at most IT shops, eliminating the expensive internal roles.

We have ceded the ability to design and analyze to third parties, convinced that it is too expensive to have those skills in-house, but at what cost? The key is knowledge. Knowledge truly is power, and power is quickly moving to third parties. Those hiring real analysts and engineers are now the keepers of knowledge, relegating the rest of IT to mere consumers that are no longer able to own the knowledge that runs their business.

IT as we know it now, with commodity microcomputers, started out as a tool for information freedom, freeing business from expensive minicomputers, and, previously, minicomputers freed us from mainframes. The extent

of communication and the tools we have now to analyze and grow knowledge, to utilize information technology for just that, and understand how information relates to our daily lives and our situation within extremely complex socio-ecological-economic systems is wondrous and wide-open, yet we insist on merely subscribing.

It is possible to have open, standard models of knowledge for our systems as well as a coupling to commodity analysis for event streams without subscribing to a service or relying on others for that information. I mean this from a core level, in the spirit of 1984 era PCs: ability to model, monitor, and analyze from the kernel to the app, for free, using standards and open source, rather than paying a tithe to third parties.

The key ideas involve the hyped areas of knowledge graphs and ML/AI. This tech can be leveraged for resilience. Signal Q will continue in this area, even if we all end up eating beans and rice and living on the mesa. Seriously. I am confident that this ability to manage and navigate complicated systems without a need for third parties is important enough to our species, that I'll do this regardless of a job. I can see these ideas being marketed by the folk with unicorns in their eyes. This is wrong. The tech is important, was trailblazed by intellectual leaders like Tim Berners-Lee and Barry Smith, given away for free for "the good", and I can't stand to see it wrapped back up and sold back to us.

#mesa #work



2021-04-17 • Subject • Screen Sentiments • LR

While this ad certainly taps in to the metaphor of knowledge (Apple) and associated freedom, I felt the same kind of excitement with CP/M and IBM PCs (and clones) when I worked in sales at the time. I helped Jolene Unsoeld on her election campaign contact database. She made it herself. Professors and writers would purchase personal computers for their writing. Musicians would purchase PCs to utilize MIDI.

There was an understanding that this freedom hadn't been possible before, freedom to manage and control information, to be able to own this magic for ourselves rather than act as drones in the audience, merely consumers mouthing the allowed sentiments and following the screen. There were also active communication channels, groups where people would share ideas. What is odd, though, is the closed and creepy Prodigy service (the joint effort by IBM and Sears) ended up being more like current day social networks than more open forms that we all imagined.

I think that Hunter S. Thompson's "Wave Speech" applies here. Between 1984 and 2004 was the high water mark, "no mix of words or music or memories can touch that sense of knowing that you were there and alive in that corner of time and the world." I know there will be other waves, and other forms of opportunity for us, but this one has receded.

#hunter_s_thompson



2021-04-18 • Subject • Ye Tao • L R

I could speculate on why the work of Dr. Ye Tao has not received more attention than it has, but from my perspective, his proposed solution and comprehensive understanding of the existing systemic problems is the only one that I am aware of that makes sense and addresses all major issues.

#ye_tao

Comments:

2021-04-23:

In McPherson's Rapid Loss of Habitat for Homo sapiens paper, he references a 2nd possible solution, The Hypertopia Option.



2021-04-18 • Journal • Focus, focus, focus • LR

I need to do two things:

- · Back off a little bit and get healthier.
- Focus on what needs to be done and keep it tight and useful.

Any effort to engage most people I know on my ideas will fail, and the more I push, the more likely I will get zero traction. I have already alienated old allies with my exuberance. The ability of people to understand and process new knowledge has been broken for a long time. The key is that being broken is more profitable in the short term. I need to remember this.

This does not apply to all people. It just applies to virtually everybody I know. There is lot of interesting work being done around the world. Unfortunately I live with and among those that benefit the most from the broken yet profitable damaged approach to new knowledge. Also, unfortunately, I am a private person, so I am uncomfortable being openly social with those that I know **are** able to process new knowledge.

I can share my ideas on the web, and participate that way, add to the toolset that we will need during crisis as a species; however, I have to stop wasting time locally. I have quite a few things that need to be done with the sites. I need to segment out and couple the data at rest, the collaboration, the KVP streams, etc. Wasting any more time on social media venues is silly at this point. I have made my statement. Those that are interested in my ideas will contact me. (I call them my ideas, but really I'm just synthesizing other people's ideas.)

#ouroboros



If you have ever thought any of these things:

- I really like Philip K Dick's ideas in his novels. They match my experience in some ways
- John Carpenter's "They Live" rings true
- The world is gaslighting me
- Datacenters managing robot steel kiosks over IoT to collect re-usable cups is a misguided solution

This article might be interesting to you

#pink beam #pkd



2021-04-20 • **Recovery** • **Your Own Work** • **L R**

One thing that has always been in the back of my mind for years, ever since I first started with computers back in 1980, was the idea that I could work on my projects, write, code, etc. far away from the business of civilization. Back in the early eighties, this meant portable power, and I would look at inverters. I remember thinking that a small, battery-powered TV might work, and I looked at the ones at Jafco, where I spent much of my time, second only to Radio Shack.



At one point I breadboarded an early version of my homebrew Z-80 computer while living in the cabin, powering my project with an Arco solar panel and a motorcycle battery, illuminated by an Aladdin oil lamp.

That idea still appeals to me. Because of this, everything I create can be run without an internet connection. It is something to consider, though. Think of your own life. Your phone likely is your connection to your ideas, and most of the apps are useless without your provider and the internet. This area of SysAdminTools is also meant to provide for that. Perhaps I'll roam in Betty one day, or perhaps I'll live in a cabin again.

#aladdin #betty #hobbitat #mesa



2021-04-21 = Recovery = Oh Man Pages = LR

If you are rolling your own OS, it is likely that man pages are in odd locations. Find out where they are and standardize. Run mandb to update the index, and make sure that your MANPATH variable is accurate. Check /usr/local/man and /usr/man to see if there are man pages installed there, and consider consolidating in /usr/share/man, or wherever your favorite location is. Remember, from an IT Prepper perspective, you might need to use a man page rather than search/stack exchange.

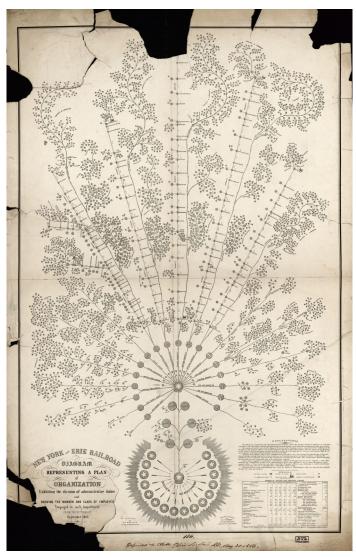
#documentation



2021-04-25 • Subject • Woke Graph Analysis • LR

As I've dug in to graph analysis over the last couple of years to tackle the lowly IT data flow, I realized that graph analysis explains quite a bit about our world. First off, the simple models are not old. For instance, here is an operational graph of a railroad from 1855:

Data flows that I have created in my career are seldom more complicated than this drawing:



Related, though, is the concept of the global supply chain, which is a giant graph. Because graphs can be related between different domains (a domain might be an operational graph of a railroad vs. a distribution network of yogurt), the models can scale organically. The key concept is that knowledge graphs are created with an open-world assumption and connections are decomposed and defined in simple, normalized terms. Relational databases do not scale, and are expensive to maintain.

Now. Chew on that for a bit and think of modern CI/CD workflows and cloud services. We are decomposing our economic activity so that most of our work maps to components of the global supply chain efficiently. Modern software development and deployment is simply a model that is compatible.

Large businesses, major pieces of the global supply chain, need massive compute and knowledge to operate. One thing that is fascinating, is that, like the railroad diagram, global supply chains are older than I previously thought. They go back to the beginning of civilization, right back to the centuries before the first global collapse, in the late bronze age, and there is a correlation with knowledge in a modern sense.

At massive scale, few can comprehend the large picture. At our current civilization scale, the only people who truly can understand the large picture have access and control of massive compute, storage, and data distribution services. This also matches what I've seen in IT, as the days of on-prem experts that knew the entire system and could build end-to-end are mostly gone. This matches the decomposition of knowledge in general. Not only is this valid in an abstract way, but our work streams are often focused on consumer-facing UI/feature changes for mobile apps. This also explains the consolidation of on-prem into cloud from multiple perspectives. First, there are too many moving pieces for most IT shops to comprehend. Creating tiny unique server instances by isolating OS and support libraries, ignoring the root dependencies by stripping away networking and storage, like we do with containers, is both a concrete example, but also it fits the correct metaphor of the global supply chain. Second, the ability to think

broadly is de-valued as development and design is decomposed to match.

One insidious thing about the global supply chain is that it excels at hiding negative externalities. Bob transfers a load of yogurt to Sue and does the same thing tomorrow. Bob might drive an old truck with worn rings that causes smoke, but Sue gets her yogurt and YogurtGSC is just fine. Here is the woke part: the result is that while everything works much better from a scaling and wealth perspective, this is also the core reason for environmental degradation. Need more convincing? Why is it that agile work flows work so well? It is because of the focus on the product, the bit that fits into the global supply chain. Waterfall analysis, like command economies, tends to take into account the entire picture, and that can derail progress. I also believe (and this is a bit rogue - as though the rest of this essay isn't), that containerization relies on a form of negative externality that we accept in order to scale and expedite shipping of product. There is technical debt and extra complexity and dependencies inherent in containers. But, Bob gets a job delivering yogurt, and Biff has a job shoe-horning the latest feature into a container image for deployment of the latest mobile app feature next week. There is profit and revenue that comes from the complexity of the global supply chain. Bob, Biff, and Sue are examples.

Ah... but it gets worse. Think about our ability to read more than one or two sentences. What happened to that? How many reading this have experienced the situation where you laid out in great detail a problem, only to have the reader latch on to the top-most idea? It is getting worse. Why? Because we have decomposed our intellectual capacity to match the nature of the global supply chain. We are consumers and drones at many levels. Even political discourse has been decomposed into meaningless truisms.

And, yes, we will hear, over and over again, that this is the good way, the proper way, as industrial leaders that model themselves after the comic book hero Iron Man demonstrate great progress, but eventually the negative externalities will be exposed. The deepest supply chains are high tech. We are facing this presently. There is a related issue of peak resources of varying kinds. The deeper the supply chain, the more risk there is at disruption in the graph. This also means, that just like how the internet is designed to re-route around failure, the remaining, successful participants in the global supply chain will have the compute, storage, and data gathering capabilities to react to disruption, at least until all has been used up. There you go... the final period. It all works best, just swimmingly, until all. is. used. up.

How are we kept happy during all of this, besides those that participate get to live an OK consumer life, generally placated with bread and circuses? I believe one strategy is unobtainable goals that are disconnected from the real problem. For instance, the idea that we can leverage Mars for resilience as a species is both a fantasy, but counter-productive. Remember, while it is true that most have decomposed their intellectual activity to match the degradation of overall knowledge of modern life, the organizations that participate in the global supply chain effectively know the real situation. Any broad, outside analysis that takes into account the global supply chain will lead to disrupting action from a socio-political perspective if it is outside the authority of the main participants. I believe there is active effort to prevent this.

My approach to combat this is to use the same methods to improve this from all perspectives. It is possible to bootstrap the ability to own and manage knowledge at the individual and organization perspective using existing tools. We don't have to use these tools just to optimize extraction of wealth from people and natural resources. We can turn these techniques to any domain we want: supply chains of fresh water, distribution of produce with minimal environmental damage, etc. The engine of this can and should be owned by everybody, not just the major participants in the global supply chain. And, while it is true that everybody I know is within the wrong world, the world that is optimized for overall degradation of individual knowledge and the environment, including myself, really; it is possible to start getting used to these tools, to be able to build knowledge for ourselves, and in a direction we determine.

This is also why I want to work directly for organizations that create knowledge of their own systems rather than work for third party applications companies or cloud. We are in practice for crises, practice that leads to civilization resiliency when various pieces of the larger socio-economic-ecological graph fail and never recover. We will build a new world, utilizing processes at the time of crises that will emerge in increasing frequency. Owning these kinds of knowledge tools for ourselves is how we get ready. This is how we are resilient as a species. But, really, at a pragmatic level, this works for many businesses, too. That is the wonderful thing about this approach. Owning the knowledge, the flow of information, how it is stored and transformed, is useful to any organization at the time of

crisis. Resilience in this case means using that knowledge to change cloud providers, or even bring the data and compute home, on-prem. We can have both a broad view and get the advantages of decomposition of knowledge, rather than function merely as consumers or subscribers of a product.

#data flow #global supply chain #j curve #ouroboros #resilience #work



2021-04-30 • Subject • Global Hijack • LR

Who would have guessed that knowledge itself would be consumed by the scaling and feeding of the global supply chain? From a certain perspective, considering origin, this makes sense. The written word, and subsequent advances through to massive ML logistics engines hosted in giant datacenters, are consuming the world like an ecosystem black hole via the global supply chain. We have matched our work cadence and cognitive flexibility to this monster. Realizing that knowledge itself has been hijacked, along with our ability to consider broad systems, requires a perspective outside of the goggles most of us have strapped to our heads. The goggles were free, right?

#global_supply_chain #goggles



2021-05-05 • OS • Set Terminal Title • LR

Try this in your terminal to set the title:

echo -ne "\033]0;title\007"

Looks like this:

```
slide1 ⊕⊕⊙

File Edit View Search Terminal Help

divine [ ~ ]$ echo -ne "\033]0;slide1\007"

divine [ ~ ]$ [
```

#cli



2021-05-20 • Journal • Auburn Park • L R

Sean called me on her way home and asked if I wanted to go to our favorite park in Auburn, and I agreed. I love that park, Veterans Memorial Park. We go there at least every two weeks and walk around, holding hands and kissing. There is something deeply reassuring about the park.

We first went there a year or so ago. It is located where Sean had her 17th birthday party. I left my brother and sister in Tacoma at a dance, and went up to see Sean. Her friend had invited me. I went in to see her, but another woman at the party sat in my lap, and it distracted me quite a bit. I thought she really liked me. Sean's friend Stu told me, no, she isn't really your type when I asked him about her. When the male stripper Sean's mom had hired showed up, I decided to leave. Sean didn't even know I was there.

Since we first went, though, the park has become more and more of a touchstone for us. The way the trees feel, the wind, the sun. It is ours.



Figure 62: Auburn Park

#auburn #sean



2021-05-22 • Dream • Two Step • LR

I dreamed all night long that I was creating slides. I was addressing a problem I had identified, and I had finally figured out what to do to show the problem and proposed solution. I would wake up [in real life], and go back to sleep as I tried to remember consciously what the slides were saying. I was unsuccessful at remembering the content, but I was able to remember the technique I used that worked so well in my dream. I used a different technique in my dream than I do in real life. I would map out concept A with a slide, and follow up with concept AA that showed an incremental difference related to the entire presentation. B then BB, C then CC, etc. I wanted to go back to sleep, to dream, so I could finish the deck, it was so satisfying to see it work well.

#guidance #ouroboros

Comments:

2021-05-22:

Of course, this matches my recent real-life efforts; however, it might be decent advice for a slide deck. The one I posted earlier this week goes A->B->C...->Z, with each step bringing the reader/listener closer. There may be something to this A, AA bit. It is kind of like how the Ken Burns effect works in some variations, by bringing attention to a particular aspect of a slide for the current title as it fades to the next one. Perhaps this is already a thing. I'm new at this.

2021-05-22:

It is always a good sign if there is a reassuring dream, something that you want to fall back into, that matches your conscious experience. It means your conscious mind is aligned with your unconscious mind. This wasn't an anxiety dream. Anxiety dreams are never satisfying in my experience. This dream was like the soothing feeling of standing in the sand overlooking the ocean. I wanted to revisit.

2021-10-21:

The idea of two stages in my dreams also showed up here.



2021-05-25 • Subject • Writing for the Zoomers • LR

In my present world, it seems to me that genuinely new ideas are realized either in academic settings or through start-ups, backed with venture capital. On the academic side, the ideas are isolated, realized in abstract as published papers. Perhaps, if their preference allows it, academics will join a large corporation, and their ideas will be wrapped and packaged up. Perhaps they can get enough funding to do a start-up. You don't need to be an academic to do a startup. All you need is to be willing to play the right game with the right people, get funding, market, and sell. Yup. Captain obvious, I know.

But, what if you have some ideas that you think should be utilized, and you don't want to do a startup? What if the ideas are significantly different from the way most people look at the domain of your idea? The first question by most people looking at your idea is, "How can this help me?" This is meant from the perspective of, "Can you save me a significant amount of money, hook me on the idea in 30 seconds, and convince me in 3 minutes?" That is the "shot" that you have to get the idea across if you aren't in academia or presenting a pitch deck. People think of it that way, tit for tat, take up their time a bit, then in the future they will take up yours. It isn't about everybody collaboratively learning. I don't know anybody I've worked with that is sharing their ideas with *me*, new ideas outside of their product or their tit-for-tat support and networking. I have to find, pull ideas from others, usually outside the U.S., with the stuff I'm thinking about. (I am currently aware of one exception that isn't simply marketing rehash for a product, something new. Ganesh, if you are reading this, your BI work you posted is an example of collaborative learning that I yearn for.) To be fair, most people are swamped by their engagement in the global supply chain. It is all consuming.

Current employers are generally a bad place for new ideas, particularly in the current world. There are a number of reasons for this, from my perspective. One is control. A new idea outside of the comprehension of management cedes control. If the idea is really good, all of a sudden, if it is truly a new idea, the organization is dependent on a single person. This is *bad* from a control perspective. I suspect that while this likely plays a role, it is a minor role. It is much more likely that new ideas are simply disruptive to the general vector of decomposing work into commoditized workstreams. Anything that breaks out of the existing model, something outside of the existing workstreams, is too expensive and risky. Sure, come up with a novel idea within the DNA, and you are golden, as the agile pipelines are not disrupted.

For future employers, this applies double. First off, employers hire for existing roles. If you are breaking out of those roles, the wrong time to pitch is before you are hired.

What do you do if you don't have a product, then? What if you don't want to do a start-up? You could write to your friends, people you worked with in the past who share the experience that led you to the ideas. You could write on the web. If you are an academic, you could write papers. You could write a book. But, seriously, if you are writing about an alternative technical way to look at systems within IT, that book is going to be quite limited in readership. You might as well just publish on the web.

This is thinly veiled autobiographical, but I think it is true in a general way. I am sure many people have these problems. But let's look at my own personal requirements. Why share these ideas? (Well, I wrote this up here Let's keep this DRY.) The more important question, though, is who is my audience? If I don't want to do a startup and existing or future employers aren't my audience, then who am I writing for? My friends read what I write, but I have not received one clarifying question after two years of this. The main engagement I get is from people that love and respect me, but that isn't the same as really reading, understanding, and getting engaged. I'm not writing for my friends, then, really. I must be writing to the future.

Writing to the future is quite interesting. First off, it gets around the constant stream of identity and virtue signaling. I don't have to constantly show that I support any of the LGBTQIA+. I do, but that is besides the point. I don't have to share stories about how I supported our troops, or amplify an under-represented voice. These are all fine things to do, but they are not ideas. They are a click stream of participation within the platform DNA, a platform that is hijacking new ideas in favor of platform virtue indicators. I want to share and collaborate on real ideas, outside of the existing DNA or DNA rendered product.

But... back to writing to the future. If my ideas are useful, nobody is really going to care if I put #BLM on my profile back in 2021. It also gives some time to show whether or not my assumptions were correct about supply chain stress. Perhaps the global supply chain can continue to grow in complexity without collapse. Maybe. I doubt it, but maybe. Give it time. I'm writing to the future, and time will tell. It is also quite likely that future, younger folk are more willing and able to digest and utilize new ideas. My son, Bobo, discussed my ideas intelligently with me, and it only took a half hour.

If my ideas aren't useful to the future, well, that is fine too. I'm gone. I don't care. I tried to create something that was useful. Even if it isn't useful, the negative can be helpful.

I'm not sure this means I need to stop trying to engage in the present. I can do both things. I can write for the future, but perhaps somebody will pick it up. It is quite likely that my presentation skills and approach in the present is lacking. I am certain that my approach and strategy for engagement is lacking. Maybe I will get better at it. Whatever the reason, continuing to bang on the present isn't working well. I think I need to write for the zoomers first, and the present, second. I always write for Sean. Everybody needs a White Goddess.

#bobo #global supply chain #moody blues #ouroboros #pink beam #sean



2021-05-26 • Subject • Word Jack • L R

In a bit of a naive realization, I was seriously considering why TepidSW Cloud was using all the same words I was using, but their product provided the opposite. The affect it has on those making IT decisions is that they hear the alternatives, that seem complicated, and they glom on to the color-glossy version provided by the large IT players. All that marketing has to do is make those connections. The details don't matter. So, if your product relies on a giant old beast of a relational schema, and you sell a platform for collaboration and resilience in the face of impending crisis and change, and you connect your product to those words, BOOM, you are done. You have jacked the meaning of words themselves, much like how sugar soft drinks don't really quench thirst, but are marketed as such.

#mad men #tepidsw #work



2021-05-26 • Subject • The Telling by Laura Jackson • LR

I love finding things that are like a flower, the milky way, ocean, or a mountain sprawl. I can stare, smell, feel, examine, trace for hours, and I will never absorb all of the beauty and truth of what I am seeing. It is a wonderful complete circuit of experience. Usually human writing and ideas have barbs and snares that trip up my mind and hurt me. But, sometimes, human words and ideas are beautiful and endless as I consider, and I go back again and again, experiencing more, learning more, the new understanding resonating with what I have learned, what I have experienced, what I see, and it invigorates and inspires me. I need that. This article does this for me. Laura Jackson is new to me as of yesterday. It turns out she feels Robert Graves stole her White Goddess ideas, and this was the thread I was on when I ran into her. But, that is usually how we stumble on beauty, right?

"The essence of the method I offer is the idea that the task of treating of the Subject is the task of each of us; and that, each being but one, the method must be proportioned to the one-being of each. The method is in the assumption by each of the task, which is the task of truth: to tell what we know of our being, of how we came to be, and why, and what we are, and what we have yet to be. By my idea, the task of truth is divided amongst us, to the number of us - however large truth's subject is, truth can be no more than the speaking of an exact self, a being exactly one (nor can it be less). We must grasp the Subject with the tongs of our individual littleness; take the measure of it with what we are. If we do not, it becomes Monster Fact to us, and dwarfs us into invisibility to ourselves - or assumes, as it did of old, the vaporous look of legend to our imagination, which then reaches with giant head into Emptyness, in doltish rapture."

~Laura Jackson, from A Preface for a Second Reading

#laura jackson #robert graves #white goddess



2021-05-27 • Dream • Luggable iPhone • LR

There were two recurring places, places that I've seen before in dreams. One was a large office park that was similar to Infospace. Another was a giant retail grocery warehouse. I remember both. I was texting Yvette back and forth on a new TechStyle phone from the warehouse. I could see her texts, but when I tried to text back, it didn't seem like the texts sent. It had three panels that were connected. One of them was supposed to light up, but it didn't. I could only get the center one to work. The three panels folded up into a larger plastic case that was six inches by five by four inches. I took it to work, and I said that it was my luggable (like the old Compaq). Hernan just kind of grimaced. I thought I was funny. I then saw a picture of me in my bathrobe holding Bobo. It was enlarged along a couch. I then tried to lay down in the same position, but Yvette pointed out that it was now, and I wasn't that person, and I was trying to look just like the way I looked in the picture when Bobo was a newborn, but that would never really work, not now.

#infospace #techstyle #yvette

Comments:

2021-05-27:

One thing that is interesting is that in real life, on my walk yesterday, I realized that I had forgotten how Yvette was. Usually I can imagine, and she is fairly present, but I forgot. I couldn't bring her to mind the way she was.



2021-05-27 • Journal • Not Angry • LR

I laid down tonight with Sean as she slept, and stared at the ceiling. She had a rough day at work. I felt at peace. I ran over some past work situations and some of the difficulties I've had getting engagement on my ideas, some areas that typically bring anger. I don't think that it is *just* the work situation or frustration I've had that brings on the anger. I think it is much deeper. How long have I been angry? I'm not sure. I just got up to write this down, as I thought it was significant. I seriously felt the dissipation, and the fact that I can't seem to kindle it effectively makes me think I have broke through something. I looked over my anger tags in my journal, and considering my dream last night.... whoooo boy... love journals. Maybe a bit too much to take on sometimes, but a journal does have the advantage of telling a bit more truth than just wandering thought via patterns and dream connections. Regardless... I'm not angry.

#anger



2021-05-29 • Journal • Landslide • LR

Sean and I want to Renton this afternoon. Her son wanted to get his father an old black powder gun they had at a shop downtown. One interesting thing is that it is a place that it is proper to take your mask *off* when you enter. When in Rome... They didn't have the gun, though, so we went across the street and drank a beer at Four Generals. It was quite comfortable there. The whole shop was open to the street. We talked with the bartender and pet dogs that would visit with their people. After that we had some lunch and after that we went to 4 Sisters Holistic Remedies.

4 sisters has gems, sage, and other woowoo kind of stuff. They were playing a Stevie Nicks playlist. I browsed the gems, beautiful gems of all kinds, and bought one for Sean. They played a song off of Wild Heart, which is somewhat rare to hear. I used to listen to that album a lot, but particularly liked the song by the same title. Sean was purchasing her items when the playlist moved on to Landslide. Sean said, "Hey, you like this music." I agreed, and said it was good. Somebody else piped up that it was good, and pretty soon the five or so of the 20 women in the store were singing Landslide along with Stevie.



2021-05-30 • Subject • No Hay Banda • LR

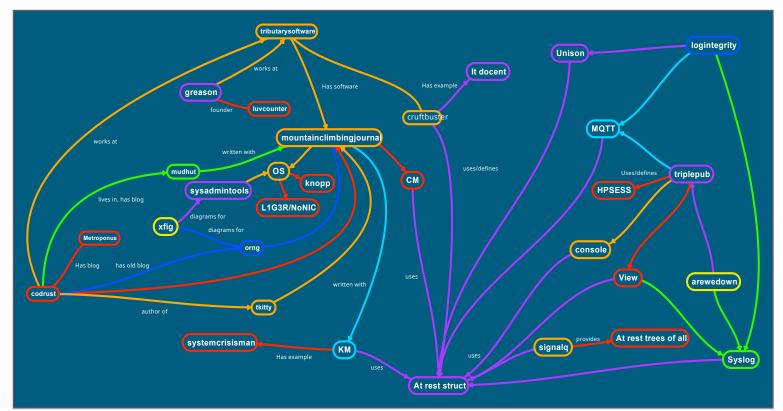
I am Agatha Codrust.

There is no band, there is no singer, but here you are tonight.

I have worked in IT for most of my career, with a brief stint as a mediocre pie baker for truck stops and diners in the Willamette Valley near Eugene. My story is written on ORNG, here.

I am William Greason. I run an old web page counter service, Luv Counter XYZ, that I started in 1996.

There is no band, there is no singer, but here you are tonight.



Where are we at in 2021, Agatha and William, Codrust and Greason? We write software, primarily Mountain Climbing Journal (MCJ). Most of our efforts are captured on O.R.N.G.. The one missing piece is weaving the at-rest cruft buster structure with triple pub. This is just broader knowledge captured in event streams.



2021-06-01 - Apps - Terminal Countdown - LR

This countdown timer works well if you just want a countdown timer for a terminal. The binary countdown_linux_amd64 runs on 64 bit L1G3R just fine. To count down 30 seconds, just enter **countdown 30s**.



Figure 63: countdown



2021-06-03 • Subject • Fill In Between • L R

These are some aspects of the current situation that cannot be changed in a way that provides enough beneft to tackle:

- TepidSW is all-in on their giant, common schema. They are basing their ERP software on it, and their BI product is following along. They also appear to be getting other on-prem and cloud providers to join up. While it is true that it is quite nasty, as deep relational databases are very expensive to change, and this means, despite TepidSW's claims to the opposite, that it affects our ability to be resilient in the face of quick change and stress, a common schema across ERP and related systems has been a dream for many for fifty years. We just have to add here that **extensible** is not the same as resilient. Some crises require the ability to start over closer to the trunk of the tree. Regardless, TepidSW is not going away. If anything, people are accepting their marketing and embracing their products more. The virus is spreading, becoming part of the hosts it invades, and we now need to deal directly with the hybrid. Technically this means that we fill in with references to their giant common schema, create mappings (lookup tables).
- Logs with key-value pairs are both commodity and proprietary. There are free and open source products as well
 as associated analytics. RFC 5424 provides a perfect transport via Rsyslog and others. It is a mistake to insert
 anything extra into these streams. This is a mistake that Triple Pub made earlier. Both Splunk and Graylog
 provide lookup tables. Rather than inject anything extra in the event stream itself, Triple Pub will create lookup
 tables.
- Much of the motivation behind changes in IT will continue to be on both decomposing workstreams and automating intelligence. Few will break out of this. The holistic drum, design insight for all, will get smaller and smaller in diameter, until beating the drum has an audience of one, the drummer. We live in a DNA world.
- For knowledge collaboration, HPSESS has value, but it is important to keep in mind that the outcome of the collaboration is focused on a particular model and ontology. There is no reason why the same methods couldn't be used to create different models and ontologies; however, make sure that there isn't conflation with the other aspects that are better left untouched (like putting graph information in the event streams).



2021-06-03 • Dream • No Camper Van • L R

I found a rental in a town I was in that was only 500 dollars a month. I toured it with several other people, and jumped at it during the tour to close the deal before somebody else could. The main room was large, and had lots of glass that looked out from the center of the town college's athletic field. There was another small inner room that was included, but it was quite cramped. I figured I would probably need to sleep in the outer room. It was an inland rental, some place like Ellensburg, so I knew it would get cold.

After I moved in I cleaned the concrete floor. It was so thick with grime that I used a snow shovel. I went next door and introduced myself to the neighbors. One of them gave me some advice [which I forget as I'm writing this dream down]. I looked at the vents to try and guess if the room with glass was heated or not. The inner room clearly had intake and exhaust vents for some kind of central HVAC, but although I found one vent in the outer room, I didn't think it was enough. I would be cold sleeping there in the winter.

A female friend of mine (no idea if it was Sean or Yvette or Medusa/Anima) said that she was trying to get BigSite delivery for our location. It turned out that there was a tribal group that controlled that route, and they needed to approve delivery to the street/town/apartment. If they did approve it, then we could get the fancy items that BigSite sold.

The landlord came by, and I asked if I could park a camper van inside the outer room. He said no. I explained it wasn't that large, just an old Econoline Pop-top. Again, he said no, and asked why couldn't I just use a good old-fashioned bed frame and put it on the floor?



2021-06-04 - Apps - Basic Graphite Web Install - LR

These instructions work on L1G3R reference OS:

Install graphite-web:

```
divine [ ~ ]$ sudo pip3 install graphite-web
[sudo] password for divine:
Collecting graphite-web
  Downloading graphite-web-1.1.8.tar.gz (1.2 MB)
    1.2 MB 6.4 MB/s
Collecting Django<3.1,>=1.8
  Downloading Django-3.0.14-py3-none-any.whl (7.5 MB)
  7.5 MB 6.1 MB/s
Collecting django-tagging==0.4.3
  Downloading django_tagging-0.4.3-py2.py3-none-any.whl (34 kB)
Collecting cairocffi
  Downloading cairocffi-1.2.0.tar.gz (70 kB)
  70 kB 9.1 MB/s
Requirement already satisfied: urllib3 in /usr/lib/python3.7/site-packages (from graphite-web) (1.26.3)
Requirement already satisfied: scandir in /usr/lib/python3.7/site-packages (from graphite-web) (1.10.0)
Requirement already satisfied: six in /usr/lib/python3.7/site-packages (from graphite-web) (1.15.0)
Collecting asgiref~=3.2
  Downloading asgiref-3.3.4-py3-none-any.whl (22 kB)
Collecting sqlparse>=0.2.2
  Downloading sqlparse-0.4.1-py3-none-any.whl (42 kB)
42 kB 2.1 MB/s
Collecting typing-extensions
Installing collected packages: typing-extensions, sqlparse, asgiref, django-tagging, Django, cairocffi,
graphite-web
    Running setup.py install for cairocffi ... done
   Running setup.py install for graphite-web ... done
 Downloading carbon-1.1.8.tar.gz (72 kB)
72 kB 1.9 MB/s
Collecting Twisted
  Downloading Twisted-21.2.0-py3-none-any.whl (3.1 MB)
3.1 MB 6.7 MB/s
Collecting txAMQP
  Downloading txAMQP-0.8.2.tar.gz (39 kB)
Collecting cachetools
  Downloading cachetools-4.2.2-py3-none-any.whl (11 kB)
Requirement already satisfied: urllib3 in /usr/lib/python3.7/site-packages (from carbon) (1.26.3)
Collecting incremental>=16.10.1
  Downloading incremental-21.3.0-py2.py3-none-any.whl (15 kB)
Collecting constantly>=15.1
```

```
Downloading constantly-15.1.0-py2.py3-none-any.whl (7.9 kB)
Collecting attrs>=19.2.0
  Downloading attrs-21.2.0-py2.py3-none-any.whl (53 kB)
 53 kB 5.7 MB/s
Collecting zope.interface>=4.4.2
  Downloading zope.interface-5.4.0-cp37-cp37m-manylinux2010_x86_64.whl (251 kB)
     |251 kB 13.2 MB/s
Collecting Automat>=0.8.0
  Downloading Automat-20.2.0-py2.py3-none-any.whl (31 kB)
Collecting hyperlink>=17.1.1
  Downloading hyperlink-21.0.0-py2.py3-none-any.whl (74 kB)
74 kB 5.1 MB/s
Installing collected packages: whisper
    Running setup.py install for whisper ... done
Successfully installed whisper-1.1.8
WARNING: You are using pip version 21.0.1; however, version 21.1.2 is available.
You should consider upgrading via the '/usr/bin/python3.7 -m pip install --upgrade pip' command.
```

Edit /opt/graphite/webapp/graphite/local_settings.py and set the secret key, time zone, and anything else you need. Here is ours:

```
SECRET_KEY = 'secretkeyhere'
TIME_ZONE = 'America/Los_Angeles'
USE_REMOTE_USER_AUTHENTICATION = True
```

Create the initial database:

```
root [ ~ ]# export GRAPHITE_ROOT=/opt/graphite
root [ ~ ]# PYTHONPATH=$GRAPHITE ROOT/webapp django-admin.py migrate --settings=graphite.settings
Operations to perform:
  Apply all migrations: account, admin, auth, contenttypes, dashboard, events, sessions, tagging,
tags, url_shortener
Running migrations:
  Applying contenttypes.0001_initial... OK
  Applying auth.0001 initial... OK
  Applying account.0001_initial... OK
  Applying admin.0001 initial... OK
  Applying admin.0002_logentry_remove_auto_add... OK
  Applying admin.0003_logentry_add_action_flag_choices... OK
  Applying contenttypes.0002_remove_content_type_name... OK
  Applying auth.0002_alter_permission_name_max_length... OK
  Applying auth.0003_alter_user_email_max_length... OK
  Applying auth.0004_alter_user_username_opts... OK
  Applying auth.0005_alter_user_last_login_null... OK
  Applying auth.0006_require_contenttypes_0002... OK
  Applying auth.0007_alter_validators_add_error_messages... OK
```

```
Applying auth.0008_alter_user_username_max_length... OK
Applying auth.0009_alter_user_last_name_max_length... OK
Applying auth.0010_alter_group_name_max_length... OK
Applying auth.0011_update_proxy_permissions... OK
Applying dashboard.0001_initial... OK
Applying events.0001_initial... OK
Applying sessions.0001_initial... OK
Applying tagging.0001_initial... OK
Applying tagging.0002_on_delete... OK
Applying tags.0001_initial... OK
Applying tags.0001_initial... OK
```

Install mod_wsgi:

```
sudo pip3 install mod_wsgi
[sudo] password for divine:
Collecting mod_wsgi
   Downloading mod_wsgi-4.8.0.tar.gz (2.6 MB)
2.6 MB 9.6 MB/s
Using legacy 'setup.py install' for mod-wsgi, since package 'wheel' is not installed.
Installing collected packages: mod-wsgi
   Running setup.py install for mod-wsgi ... done
Successfully installed mod-wsgi-4.8.0
WARNING: You are using pip version 21.0.1; however, version 21.1.2 is available.
You should consider upgrading via the '/usr/bin/python3.7 -m pip install --upgrade pip' command.
```

Create/edit /etc/httpd/httpd.conf. Here is ours:

```
Listen 4099
ServerName main.logintegrity.com
LoadModule mpm_event_module /usr/lib/httpd/modules/mod_mpm_event.so
LoadModule authn_file_module /usr/lib/httpd/modules/mod_authn_file.so
LoadModule authn_core_module /usr/lib/httpd/modules/mod_authn_core.so
LoadModule authz_host_module /usr/lib/httpd/modules/mod_authz_host.so
LoadModule authz_groupfile_module /usr/lib/httpd/modules/mod_authz_groupfile.so
LoadModule authz_user_module /usr/lib/httpd/modules/mod_authz_user.so
LoadModule authz_core_module /usr/lib/httpd/modules/mod_authz_core.so
LoadModule access compat module /usr/lib/httpd/modules/mod access compat.so
LoadModule auth_basic_module /usr/lib/httpd/modules/mod_auth_basic.so
LoadModule reqtimeout module /usr/lib/httpd/modules/mod reqtimeout.so
LoadModule filter_module /usr/lib/httpd/modules/mod_filter.so
LoadModule mime_module /usr/lib/httpd/modules/mod_mime.so
LoadModule log_config_module /usr/lib/httpd/modules/mod_log_config.so
LoadModule env_module /usr/lib/httpd/modules/mod_env.so
LoadModule headers module /usr/lib/httpd/modules/mod headers.so
LoadModule setenvif module /usr/lib/httpd/modules/mod setenvif.so
LoadModule version_module /usr/lib/httpd/modules/mod_version.so
LoadModule unixd_module /usr/lib/httpd/modules/mod_unixd.so
LoadModule status_module /usr/lib/httpd/modules/mod_status.so
```

```
LoadModule autoindex_module /usr/lib/httpd/modules/mod_autoindex.so
LoadModule dir_module /usr/lib/httpd/modules/mod_dir.so
LoadModule alias module /usr/lib/httpd/modules/mod alias.so
LoadModule wsgi_module
'/usr/lib/python3.7/site-packages/mod wsgi/server/mod wsgi-py37.cpython-37m-x86 64-linux-gnu.so'
WSGISocketPrefix /var/run/wsgi
<IfModule unixd module>
User apache
Group apache
</IfModule>
ServerAdmin admin@localhost
<Directory />
    AllowOverride none
    Require all denied
</Directory>
DocumentRoot "/srv/www"
<Directory "/srv/www">
    Options Indexes FollowSymLinks
    AllowOverride None
    Require all granted
</Directory>
<IfModule dir module>
    DirectoryIndex index.html
</IfModule>
<Files ".ht*">
    Require all denied
</Files>
ErrorLog "/var/log/httpd/error.log"
LogLevel warn
<IfModule log config module>
    LogFormat "%h %l %u %t \"%r\" %>s %b \"%{Referer}i\" \"%{User-Agent}i\"" combined
    LogFormat "%h %l %u %t \"%r\" %>s %b" common
    <IfModule logio_module>
      LogFormat "%h %l %u %t \"%r\" %>s %b \"%{Referer}i\" \"%{User-Agent}i\" %I %0" combinedio
    </IfModule>
    CustomLog "/var/log/httpd/access.log" common
</IfModule>
<IfModule cgid_module>
</IfModule>
<IfModule headers module>
    RequestHeader unset Proxy early
</IfModule>
<IfModule mime_module>
    TypesConfig /etc/httpd/mime.types
    AddType application/x-compress .Z
    AddType application/x-gzip .gz .tgz
</IfModule>
<IfModule proxy_html_module>
```

```
Include /etc/httpd/extra/proxy-html.conf
</IfModule>
<IfModule ssl module>
SSLRandomSeed startup builtin
SSLRandomSeed connect builtin
</IfModule>
<VirtualHost *:4099>
    ServerName graphite
   DocumentRoot "/opt/graphite/webapp"
   ErrorLog /opt/graphite/storage/log/webapp/error.log
   CustomLog /opt/graphite/storage/log/webapp/access.log common
   WSGIDaemonProcess graphite-web processes=5 threads=5 display-name='%{GROUP}' inactivity-timeout=120
   WSGIProcessGroup graphite-web
   WSGIApplicationGroup %{GLOBAL}
   WSGIImportScript
opt/graphite/conf/graphite.wsgi process-group=graphite-web application-group=%{GLOBAL}/
    Alias /static /opt/graphite/webapp/content
   WSGIScriptAlias / /opt/graphite/conf/graphite.wsgi
   <Directory /opt/graphite/static>
            Require all granted
   </Directory>
   <Directory /opt/graphite/webapp>
            Require all granted
   </Directory>
    <Directory /opt/graphite/webapp/content>
            Require all granted
   </Directory>
    <Directory /opt/graphite/conf>
            Require all granted
    </Directory>
</VirtualHost>
```

Change perms:

```
chown apache:apache /opt/graphite/storage/graphite.db
chown apache:apache /opt/graphite/storage
chown apache:apache /opt/graphite/storage/log/webapp/*.log
```

Enter a couple events to test:

```
curl -X POST http://localhost:8080/events -d
'{"what": "dfd map change", "tags" : "furiosa","when": 1392046352}'
curl -X POST http://localhost:8080/events -d
'{"what": "dfd map change", "tags" : "furiosa"}'
```

We modified /opt/graphite/webapp/graphite/templates/events.html for our preferred timestamp:

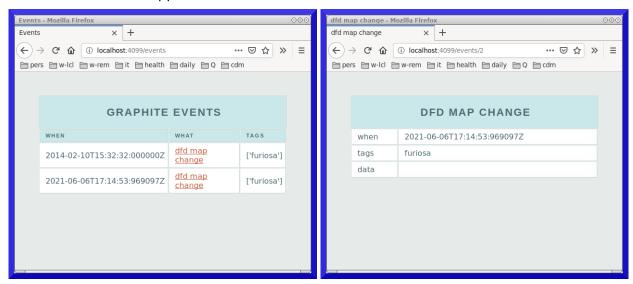
```
{% load static %}<html>
 <head>
   <title>Events</title>
   <link rel="stylesheet" type="text/css" href="{% static "css/table.css" %}" />
   <style type="text/css">
   body {
       font-family: sans-serif;
       font-size: 16px;
       margin: 50px;
       max-width: 1200px;
   </style>
   </head>
   <body>
       <div id="title" style="text-align:center">
          <h1>graphite events</h1>
       </div>
       <div class="graphite">
          <div id="main" >
            {% if events %}
              whenwhattags
                {% for event in events %}
                   {\{event.when|date:"Y-m-d\TH:i:s:u\Z" \}}
                       <a href="{% url "events_detail" event.id %}">{{event.what}}</a>
                       ['{{ event.tags|join:"', '"}}']
                   {% endfor %}
            {% else %}
              <br/>No events. Add events using
              <a href="{% url "admin:events_event_add" %}">the admin interface</a> or by posting
              (eg, curl -X POST {{ protocol }}://{{ site.domain }}{% url "events" %} -d
              '{"what": "Something Interesting", "tags": "tag1"}')
            {% endif %}
            </div>
       </div>
   </body>
</html>
```

Same for /opt/graphite/webapp/graphite/templates/event.html:

```
{% load static %}<html>
  <head>
    <title>{{event.what}}</title>
    link rel="stylesheet" type="text/css" href="{% static "css/table.css" %}" />
    <style type="text/css">
    body {
```

```
font-family: sans-serif;
     font-size: 16px;
     margin: 50px;
     max-width: 1200px;
  </style>
  </head>
  <body>
     <div id="title" style="text-align:center">
        <h1>{{event.what}}</h1>
     </div>
     <div class="graphite">
        <div id="main" >
          <tr>when{{event.when|date:"Y-m-d\TH:i:s:u\Z"}}
           tags{{event.tags}}
           data{{event.data}}
          </div>
     </div>
  </body>
</html>
```

Here is what the webapp looks like with the above two events:



#graphite #logging



2021-06-07 • Apps • Neocities CLI • LR

If you haven't heard of Neocities yet, they are giving away Make The Web Fun Again hats. The CLI installs easily on L1G3R reference OS:

```
sudo gem install neocities
Fetching pastel-0.7.2.gem
```

Fetching unicode utils-1.4.0.gem Fetching strings-ansi-0.2.0.gem Fetching unicode-display width-1.7.0.gem Fetching strings-0.1.8.gem Fetching tty-screen-0.6.5.gem Fetching tty-color-0.4.3.gem Fetching equatable-0.5.0.gem Fetching neocities-0.0.15.gem Fetching necromancer-0.4.0.gem Fetching tty-table-0.10.0.gem Fetching wisper-1.6.1.gem Fetching tty-cursor-0.4.0.gem Fetching tty-prompt-0.12.0.gem Fetching httpclient-2.8.3.gem Successfully installed strings-ansi-0.2.0 Successfully installed unicode utils-1.4.0 Successfully installed unicode-display_width-1.7.0 Successfully installed strings-0.1.8 Successfully installed tty-screen-0.6.5 Successfully installed tty-color-0.4.3 Successfully installed equatable-0.5.0 Successfully installed pastel-0.7.2 Successfully installed necromancer-0.4.0 Successfully installed tty-table-0.10.0 Successfully installed wisper-1.6.1 Successfully installed tty-cursor-0.4.0 Successfully installed tty-prompt-0.12.0 Successfully installed httpclient-2.8.3 Building native extensions. This could take a while... Successfully installed neocities-0.0.15 Parsing documentation for strings-ansi-0.2.0 Installing ri documentation for strings-ansi-0.2.0 Parsing documentation for unicode utils-1.4.0 Installing ri documentation for unicode_utils-1.4.0 Parsing documentation for unicode-display_width-1.7.0 Installing ri documentation for unicode-display_width-1.7.0 Parsing documentation for strings-0.1.8 Installing ri documentation for strings-0.1.8 Parsing documentation for tty-screen-0.6.5 Installing ri documentation for tty-screen-0.6.5 Parsing documentation for tty-color-0.4.3 Installing ri documentation for tty-color-0.4.3 Parsing documentation for equatable-0.5.0 Installing ri documentation for equatable-0.5.0 Parsing documentation for pastel-0.7.2 Installing ri documentation for pastel-0.7.2 Parsing documentation for necromancer-0.4.0 Installing ri documentation for necromancer-0.4.0 Parsing documentation for tty-table-0.10.0 Installing ri documentation for tty-table-0.10.0 Parsing documentation for wisper-1.6.1 Installing ri documentation for wisper-1.6.1 Parsing documentation for tty-cursor-0.4.0 Installing ri documentation for tty-cursor-0.4.0 Parsing documentation for tty-prompt-0.12.0

```
Installing ri documentation for tty-prompt-0.12.0
Parsing documentation for httpclient-2.8.3
Installing ri documentation for httpclient-2.8.3
Parsing documentation for neocities-0.0.15
Installing ri documentation for neocities-0.0.15
Done installing documentation for strings-ansi, unicode_utils, unicode-display_width, strings, tty-screen, tty-color, equatable, pastel, necromancer, tty-table, wisper, tty-cursor, tty-prompt, httpclient, neocities after 3 seconds
15 gems installed
```

Here are the commands:

```
divine [ ~ ]$ neocities
  |\---/|
  | 0_~ |
            Neocities
  \_v_/
  Subcommands:
                Recursively upload a local directory to your site
   push
   upload
                Upload individual files to your Neocities site
   delete
                Delete files from your Neocities site
   list
                List files from your Neocities site
   info
                Information and stats for your site
   logout
                Remove the site api key from the config
                Unceremoniously display version and self destruct
   version
   pizza
                Order a free pizza
divine [ \sim ]$
```

The first time you try and use the CLI, it will prompt to create your API key:

```
divine [ ~ ]$ neocities list /
Please login to get your API key:
sitename: sitename
password: password
The api key for sitename has been stored in /home/divine/.config/neocities/config.
index.html
neocities.png
not_found.html
style.css
divine [ ~ ]$
```

Order a pizza:

```
divine [ ~ ]$ neocities pizza
Sorry, we're fresh out of dough today. Try again tomorrow.
divine [ ~ ]$
```

Upload a single file:

```
neocities upload index.html
Uploading index.html to /index.html ...
SUCCESS: your file(s) have been successfully uploaded
```

#www



2021-06-07 • Apps • Carbon and Graphite • LR

[Be careful. This article assumes you have an unconfigured system and are starting fresh.]

After initial install of Graphite, copy the example configuration files in /opt/graphite/conf by using this command:

```
for i in *.conf.example; do cp $i ${i::len-12}conf; done
```

You'll end up with a fresh set of .conf files:

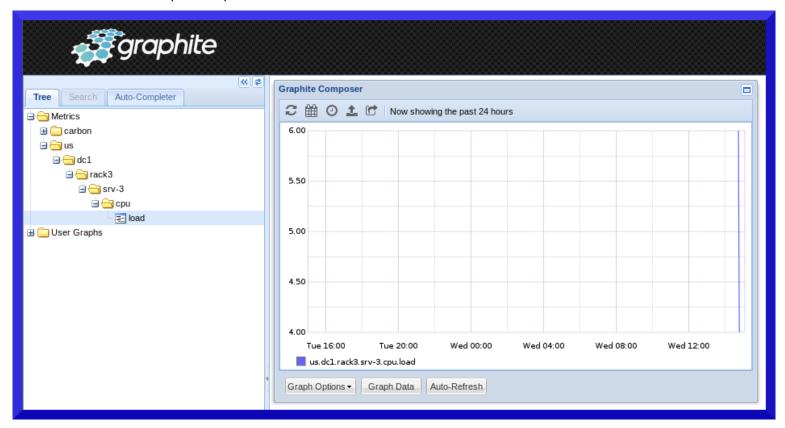
```
root [ /opt/graphite/conf ]# ls -l *.conf
-rw-r--r- 1 root root 2176 Jun 7 14:10 aggregation-rules.conf
-rw-r--r- 1 root root 492 Jun 7 14:10 blacklist.conf
-rw-r--r- 1 root root 2593 Jun 7 14:10 carbon.amqp.conf
-rw-r--r- 1 root root 31647 Jun 7 14:10 carbon.conf
-rw-r--r- 1 root root 1891 Jun 7 14:10 dashboard.conf
-rw-r--r- 1 root root 2445 Jun 7 14:10 graphTemplates.conf
-rw-r--r- 1 root root 888 Jun 7 14:10 relay-rules.conf
-rw-r--r- 1 root root 558 Jun 7 14:10 rewrite-rules.conf
-rw-r--r- 1 root root 948 Jun 7 14:10 storage-aggregation.conf
-rw-r--r- 1 root root 1289 Jun 7 14:10 storage-schemas.conf
-rw-r--r- 1 root root 315 Jun 7 14:10 whitelist.conf
```

Start carbon cache:

```
# cd /opt/graphite/bin
root [ /opt/graphite/bin ]# ./carbon-cache.py start
Starting carbon-cache (instance a)
```

```
echo "us.dc1.rack3.srv-3.cpu.load 4 `date +%s`" | nc -c -t localhost 2003
```

The data should show up in Graphite:



#carbon #graphite #netcat



2021-06-08 • Apps • Audio and Video • LR

Trim an audio file:

#audio #video

ffmpeg -i file.mp3 -ss 00:00:20 -to 00:03:40 -c copy fileout.mp3



2021-06-11 • Dream • Kalis Parking and Pig Soldiers • LR

I was looking for a place to park Kalis. There was an unused garage that was being freed up. I figured I could do a three point turn and back into a corner of a loading doc area. I went to get Kalis, and somebody else had moved her. My keys were on the console, but the ignition was on. I realized the key would go in and out of the ignition, now, even when it was on. That was how she was moved, even though the keys were out and she was running.

I was in outer space. I had escaped from an oppressive regime that had taken over our galaxy, along with a handful of others. We found an abandoned ship in a hanger to hide in. One of the others realized it was the "Ebekeneezer". (It seemed like it might have been a cross between the Millennium Falcon and the Nebuchadnezzar from The Matrix.) She said, "I didn't think we would end up back here!" It was our ship before we had been conquered and occupied. She looked like Kaylee, and she started fixing the ship right away. I could see the sparks as she fixed wiring on the bridge.

Some time passed, and we were running the ship and winning some battles. We shared the ship with another race of species that was in charge by a minor difference. They were slightly more powerful in capabilities and/or numbers. We shared leadership, but they had veto power and made many of the decisions themselves, with our involvment. They had captured one of the enemy, and were torturing them. We didn't approve of the torture. They looked like pig soldiers.

A bunch of people had just returned from a raid. One of them was an old friend of mine, a tall person that was a cross between the psychiatrist in The Terminator, Dave Haube (the guy Yvette worked with at the internet start-ups), and Mal from Firefly. I was worried about him because he had a bad attitude. He didn't like the way they tortured and executed our enemies, and he had alienated himself with them. Another person from the raid came up to him and tried to freak him out by pretending to stab him. He didn't flinch. The camera turned around, and I saw that he had killed one of the pig soldiers, our allies. I realized that this was how he intended to get respect with them so they would leave him alone.

#kalis #ship

Comments:

2021-06-11:

The woman engineer who fixes the ship is common. Naomi Nagata in The Expanse, for instance.

2021-06-11:

I know I've seen the pig soldiers in a movie somewhere. They get eaten or smashed. Smashed by a dragon? A Sinbad movie?

2021-06-11:

The pig soldiers looked like Gamorreans from Star Wars.

2021-06-11:

Dreammoods entry: End Of The World

Hello. I had a dream the other day about the end of the world. See I was in a spaceship with these two people. They pushed a button and everything on the earth was destroyed except us and these people I use to sell magazines with and my boyfriend. When we got out of the space ship we were in Michigan at the Great Lakes. We went in a hotel and this room had a chair nailed three feet high to the wall, and my friend was sitting up there talking to me like it was normal. I went outside and me and my boyfriend we going to look at this house that was on a dock in the great lake. We were going to buy in from the two people who blew up the world. Then I awoke. Do you know what that means?

Sincerely, Somer October 8, 2000

Hi Somer,

Let's break down the various symbols in your dream.

The "end of the world" scenario in your dream implies a sense of powerlessness. You may be feeling helpless and just want an easy escape from your daily responsibilities.

You indicated that you, your boyfriend and your friends survived the annihilation of the earth. These people symbolize your support system.

The spaceship in your dream signifies your spiritual journey into your subconscious and the unknown. And the notion that the spaceship lands at the Great Lakes is no coincidence. The Great Lakes, being

bodies of water, symbolizes the subconscious and unknown. It is also ironic that after having destroyed the world you find yourself at the Great Lakes because water happens to be a natural analogy for the flow of life energy and fertility.

Interpretation: Although you are expressing some helplessness in the beginning of your dream, you still have the will to live life to the fullest. Things may look bleak at the present time, but tomorrow is a new day. With the support of friends and loved ones, you will find that your problems are conquerable. Your dream is telling you to take a new perspective on how you see things. When you were at the hotel and there was a chair nailed three feet high from the ground, that was a literal interpretation of how you need to look at things from a different viewpoint.

Best Regards, Steve

2021-06-11:

Dreammoods entry: Spaceship In The Old West

I had a dream that I was in a small church with a friend of mine and when the preacher started, we laughed so hard that we had to run outside. Outside was like an old west kind of theme. There were dirt roads and hitching posts, you know. My friend went to his car (only it was a spaceship) and he got in and was digging around for something. I looked in and saw a whole lot of small boxes. He picked one out and opened it and gave me the contents and said, "This was meant for you". I looked in my hand and it was one of those paper weights with snow that you shake. There was a little cartoon looking Halloween scene with a cat, witch, broom, pumpkin, and a wood fence with an old oak tree behind it.

I remember this dream extremely well and can still see it replay in my head, but I don't know what it means.

Unsigned, August 3, 2000

Hi!

Your dream suggests that you are going through some spiritual journey as implied by the church and spaceship symbols. This journey may have something to do with your past. In your dream account, you described that when you walk out of the church, you found yourself in the scene of the old west. The old west can be representative of the past and your dream may be expressing your need to confront this past. Your friend in the dream serves as your dream helper who is trying guide you. He is digging through some boxes - boxes which represent aspects of yourself and things that you have kept hidden and tucked away. It seems that you are letting your friend in and are willing to share things with him. The general message of this dream is that in order to move forth toward the future, you have to face the past.

Best Regards, Steve

2021-06-18:

Is the engineer my anima?

2021-07-04:

I've owned quite a few vehicles where over the years the tumblers were so sloppy they wouldn't keep the key in with the ignition switch turned to on. You could take the keys out while going down the road. I think Ruby was like that. I imagine the GMC was like that too.

2021-08-19:

The parallel structures mentioned in this vid seem relevant. I've been thinking about that quite a bit today and doing both the opposite form of analysis and the Judo parallel ideas.



2021-06-12 • Subject • One Way, Slowly Improved • LR

I have definitely experimented over the years with many different ideas about building and documenting technical solutions and writing on Signal Q, but overall, my philosophy, rather than iteratively improving pieces of the entire climb, is to figure out a single route from birth to peak.

As I've struggled to comprehend the existing world of iterative response, the strange breed of identity politics fused with CI/CD, tied to the global supply chain, I am more convinced that the value of "Well, here is a complete route, a complete climb, as well as some strategic basecamps." is needed. It fits my current graph focus as well. Sure, figuring out how to change that tire on your car on the way to the mountain is iterative and in "the now", but a map that goes from your apartment doormat to the top of K2 is also useful, and rare. Do you really need or want an entire crowd sourced knowledge and update platform dependent on thousands of companies and efforts to complete your climb, with every step being evaluated for identity/perspective errors? Are you slouching towards Borg? Really?

The stance today is that nobody can actually create that map, at least not in the IT world. Well, here I am writing in my journal that publishes to valid HTML5, and in the other window I'm working on a script that ingests RFC 5424 Syslog event streams and creates graphs with navigable links to Graphite time-series charts. Sure, Graphite is a bit old, today at least, but it is fairly standard, and does not require Java. Further, I have documented how to create an OS that runs all of this, including every step from the Linux kernel on up to the final SPARQL query.

And what is this mountain? It is in my head. It is a vision. It is what I want to climb simply because I can see it. Nobody else can see it the same way I do. At the same time, though, I think the map is useful, as are the basecamps. It reminds me of playing the guitar, for me, at least. I decided I wanted to learn Neil Young's Cowgirl in the Sand. I practiced it for months. Rhys showed me the chords. I drove my roommates crazy with my constant practicing. I just wanted to know how to play one song. I didn't want to make a living playing a guitar, I just wanted to know one end-to-end journey.

Another interesting thing, as far as compatibility with existing workstreams, is that I know that with almost everything I do there is a better way. I am creating maps, not perfecting the climb. This is the way I facilitate better climbs. From this perspective it makes sense that I have moved to the public domain forum without identity. My iterative engagement is not my focus.

#base_camp #history #rhys



2021-06-14 • Journal • The Mountain King • LR

I watched the Mad Men episode The Mountain King during my workout today. The episode seemed appropriate. I am a big fan of assuming that everything I know is wrong at any particular time, and if I'm open to that change, there is an opportunity, a womb door closing. This is also a core message of the episode. Meanwhile, considering my recent dream, and the fact that I found a UI that fits the simplicity I want for entering data flow, I think my resistance is futile.



2021-06-20 • Journal • Permanence • LR

I went to a friend's 25th wedding anniversary in Las Vegas. I got there a day early, primarily because I backed off from a more aggressive plans of spending a day in the desert. I took the day to read Laura Jackson's The Telling. I need to read it again when I get a bit more solid on what I'm working on; however, it did make sense, and helped me finalize the map of my Signal Q efforts.

I don't really want to change the domain, DFDs are useful. The idea of using operational event streams via collectd monitors makes sense. I also morphed triples pub (3sP) into a CI/CD for data flow modelling. It has all of the aspects: collaboration in a continually updating way, automation, production, etc. I also talked a bit with my friends about some of my ideas, and they suggested I use the words "disaster recovery" or somesuch, rather than resilience. This makes sense as well.

So, first I need to get the rest of the Collectd -> AMQP -> Carbon/MQTT connector working. I can then start demonstrating CI/CD for DFD models using triples. Depending on employment, I can proceed to my idea-before-last of using triples to build the MCJ OS. It does make sense from the CI/CD perspective.

But why? Because, in words, in design, in collaboration, even on a DNA level, there is a form of permanence, something that builds on the 6,000 years of written language. Further, graph approaches can hack some of the limits.

#ci_cd #data_flow #laura_jackson



2021-06-22 • Subject • Real Human Conversation • LR

What is it about human endeavor that goes beyond an ever-expanding, ever-deeper, ever more complex global supply chain? It isn't just shipping containers with rice: this extends to the way we build IT infrastructure... all, really. My thought is that screens work for most of our workstreams now, because we are tools of the global supply chain. We are close to synonymous with it.

The change of our work patterns enforced during the last year brought us closer to acting as tools only. We implement thousands of small links, so small that the "magic of real human conversation" isn't really needed anymore. We are adapting to our own obsolescence, willing partners. We have sacrificed our ability to think deeply and broadly in order to scale in step with the cadence of current civilization. We outsource everything, decompose it, and all at our own expense and the benefit of fewer who use the power and money to make it all even more complex.

#ai ml



2021-06-23 • Subject • June 2021 Status • LR

My demos from April and May were not satisfying for me. I don't think they effectively demonstrated the main points. The feedback I got was meh. I've also refactored my direction a bit.

Philosophically, I have changed my understanding of what my efforts mean. This change is motivated by Laura Jackson's book *The Telling*. I am sure I have corrupted her book in understanding. I am a newbie and she is a monster in her area. I am re-reading her book. I did like her approach of inclusion. The idea is that her "telling" included everybody. She focused on her common humanity, and on ideas and needs that ran deeper than, say, optimizing links in the supply chain. This seems similar to Kesey's rambling caution in his speech at UC Berkeley that information does not flow from the mic out like an inverse pyramid vs. at the base. We share much as humans, we share more than we have differences. Jackson presented her "telling" in a way that was inclusive, and challenged the reader that if they disagreed to come up with their own telling that was inclusive.

Jackson deserves recognition of another level down in analysis. As an example, the experience of holding new life, a beginning, being pregnant, and understanding your own mortality at the same time, is a profound experience that males do not experience. There is a truth, verity, to this. It is quite a challenge to understand this, and at the same time draw an inclusive circle in a telling.

Finally, Jackson was obsessed with the meaning of words. At the time she wrote, there was no idea of formal ontologies or meaning from an Al/ML perspective, at least, not that she was aware of, I imagine. This matches my ideas as well, in that we *can* get agreed on meaning collaboratively and inclusively. I'm a bit out of my depth on this, but I even suspect that some of her concerns of inclusion could be addressed by an open world assumption coupled with formal ontologies.

Most current human work is adapting to highly decomposed work streams to match the cadence and needs of the global supply chain. We are bound.

At the same time, though, there is much within humans that is outside of that track of 6,000 years. It isn't like we can decouple in any realistic way; however, being aware that we are human and have relations and needs outside of this, is key to our wellbeing. We need to remember this as we are shuffled into virtual meeting cubes. We have needs outside of the web that delivers an electronic device in a cardboard box in 24 hours or sustains 8 billion people on the planet. We need real human touch to thrive. I need to be aware of this as I develop and share my efforts. While I have been aware of this catch-22 for awhile, that what I am resisting, the insanely complex global supply chain, is required, I have not focused on the inclusive telling from an audience and scope of story perspective.



I was talking to a friend of mine a few days ago face-to-face. She advised that I focus on the fact that my ideas are useful as a form of disaster recovery. Stuff breaks. Stuff needs to be refactored. She said that people don't really know what the word resilience means, and that I should probably avoid using it.

At a high level, this is what I need to show:

- I need to add operational streams (log data and related, from ELK stack to Syslog to Splunk to cloud streams) and open the demo straight off with this view. This is what most people in my audience see daily.
- After I show how the operational streams can be captured and automatically visualized, I can move into the data flow models. At a most basic level, I can take an alarm for a component from an operational stream and highlight it on the data flow. I did this in the thirty minute demo, but the demo suffered from the introduction which was primarily around capturing knowledge in the form of data flow.

As far as technical progress towards these two goals, I have collected feeding event streams via AMQP 1.0, and am populating physical domain graphs that will be linked on processes in my data flow models.

After I invert my main presentation and start with operational intelligence vs. ending with it, I have another stretch goal. I realized during the last few months that my models have all of the aspects of CI/CD. My "code" though, is pushed down to data. Data is more important than code in many ways, yet most of our CI/CD pipelines focus on the code. This is the nature of N-Triples in that the knowledge can be streamed sequentially and merged. This also gets at my inclusive stance and ownership in general. Knowledge of a system can be captured, collaboratively improved, visualized, and tested at a data perspective independent of platform. This is the power of a graph approach, an ontological, open-world assumption approach. We don't generally call the creation of this kind of knowledge CI/CD, but it has the features. The models can be continuously integrated and even deployed. This is why I focused on the front-end for the DFD capture first.

Doing all of this while keeping Jackson in mind is kind of weird and challenging, but I think it will make my work more useful.



2021-06-30 • Subject • I need a TSDB • L R

I have been in a bit of a holding pattern, because I realized that I needed to give much more thought to my choice of a time series database (TSDB). I need a flexible TSDB that can easily populate with operational data, but at the same time have a sophisticated API, so that I can couple with a graph database for knowledge using Python and data science kit.

What fascinates me is how the language in IT has changed, but the core tech hasn't. People think this stuff is new. Some of it is, but most of it is as old as the UNIX epoch. As an example, twenty years ago we all knew that logs could be predictive with the right analytics. If you put massive compute behind analyzing time series data, sure, you can predict. On the graph side, this has been part of computer science since the beginning.

If you go up a level - with massive, massive compute - time series can be used to form knowledge. I got into this a bit with my demo on areweresilient (.com). This means that relations between entities are formed from a semantic perspective. This is the level that most people think they want: knowledge without human contact and original thought. Operational logs become knowledge. (This is misguided... practical, but misguided.) What we have put in place of original thought to satisfy human's need to participate is a topic of another post.

I know that core analysis techniques from the 1970s (Gane and Sarson), are a way to bootstrap knowledge without massive compute, discovery, and cloud. Now that I know the industry movement and the new language, I can leverage the current efforts to help discover knowledge in an org. This just means that I can leverage operational streams to assist building an org-wide data flow to gain meaning from an ontological perspective and feed it back into the operational streams.

#ouroboros #work



2021-07-02 • Subject • Telegraf -> TimescaleDB • LR

I'm still struggling with the best way to unify time-series data and graph data, from the roots on up to leaves, so to speak, with infinite tree/turtle silhouettes on the line, lol. After looking at almost every collector, middleware connector and database, I decided that Telegraf -> TimescaleDB was what I was looking for. I'm still testing. It is possible that I'll use Telegraf -> Fluentd -> TimescaleDB, but every extra connector has consequences. Another possibility that might be worth the effort is CollectD -> Fluent-bit -> Lua -> Fluent-bit -> Postgres (which TimescaleDB runs on), which has the advantage of coming from a straightforward ecosystem (read on).

Back to Telegraf -> TimescaleDB. This is simple from a high level perspective. For years, this connector has been waiting to be merged into the main Telegraf branch. It seems like it is close, so I decided to recompile using Patrick Hemmer's unmerged branch that has his Postgres output changes. I had to install **go** on my machine, which is running my own OS from kernel through to the analysis tools. I'm doing this, because the only way to truly know if you own your IT is if you can take a DVD/Blu-ray of data, unconnected to the internet, and create your system from a stream of data... here we are back at time-series and why. Here is the list of packages needed to compile. (!!!)

#collectd #timescaledb #triples #virtuoso



2021-07-10 • Dream • Leave Me At The Park • LR

I was walking with a man that I knew for a long time. We walked near the park I discovered in real life a few months ago, just down from 30th. I walked with him down the hill, along the park.

He was comforting. He had a white shirt... not a dress shirt, but long sleeved. Underneath was a blue shirt and other layers clothing. I couldn't see his face that well. He had sunglasses on.

I decided that I would go off on my own. I cut across into the park across the field, and he continued walking down the hill. I realized that I didn't need him anymore. It was reassuring. I felt peaceful.



#park



2021-07-11 • Subject • What Don't You Like? • LR

I like riding a bike, or horse, or driving a car or motorcycle. I am human, and the cognitive real-time interaction is exhilarating. I like to read books, watch movies, enjoy flowers, go for walks and see new things or just feel

the different patterns each day. Humans are pretty good at these kinds of things. I'm thinking that an extreme combination as an example might be a fighter pilot. I also know that there is much AI/ML effort in the kinds of cognitive functions around these areas of human experience and skill.

As for work, I like making systems more reliable through design and operational insight. A couple of years ago I evaluated what I *didn't like*, the things that kept me from providing help to staff in siloed and decomposed workstreams. I didn't like having to go back and forth with stakeholders and subject matter experts to capture as-is and to-be analysis of systems. I didn't like the tools available to me to create models and diagrams. I didn't like being a bottleneck. I didn't like the divide between operations and engineering. I didn't like how difficult it was to establish common meaning with different people, as it is impossible to put specifications and designs in place if meaning shifts every week. I didn't like spending hours in my diagramming program keeping the lines and boxes organized. I didn't like the operational load of correlating system anomalies with design considerations.

It turns out that much of what I don't like is assisted by the tech related to AI/ML and data science. DFDs, particularly the Gane and Sarson versions with explodable levels, provides a common base of overall system understanding without getting into the full Enterprise Architecture suite. Common meaning, collaboration, and auto-generation of model visualizations are all facilitated by these new tools. I have a different perspective than many. I am trying to solve problems around what I don't like to do rather than what I do like. I am continuing to build out and share solutions that solve what I don't like, with the hopes that I get to use the tools myself someday.

Does anybody reading this actually like chatbots? Do you really like not being able to smell somebody, along with all of the other sensory input outside of screens? Do you like not physically touching people? I miss living in a culture that had enough free time and was local enough, that I could walk down to the grocery store and buy some fruit from a human. A broader question to end this with, is, "As a human working in Al/ML areas, what is it that you don't like to do?" I'm not talking about fixing supply chain preferences: automating order taking with #nlp and preparing food so you can drive your HeroIndustrialist bot-built car through a drive-through and buy a burger with a phone app quicker. What is it in your life that gives your life meaning, but is hindered in a way that Al/ML related tools can help with?

#ai_ml #nlp



2021-07-13 • Subject • Identity Cigarette • LR

At what point, in our crises that we are setting up for our civilization, is identity irrelevant? Identity in our culture is used to secure access and rights, whether medical care or water or owning a bunker in New Zealand. Identity is used to sell us things and distract us. But as we embrace FUBAR as a species for our life supporting ecosystems, the value of identity means less and less. Most will just become part of the mass of dying and desperate. We won't have credit cards or jobs or furniture. The idea of paying for any kind of medical treatment is ludicrous. We will only be known in the moment. As always, there will be warlords and bosses with identity. Some will be officially supported. I still think it is a valid pursuit, personally, to provide methods of thinking collaboratively, reacting to situations, building a new world from rubble. I am skeptical of identity, though. I am certain Martin Buber understood something about this, as did Genesis Breyer P-Orridge. For me, my skepticism of identity looms as a shadow, and it comes out in a burst as I extinguish my own indulgence, like I'm putting out a cigarette with my shoe.

#identity



2021-07-17 • Subject • Lotus-eater Machine • LR

I had a bit of an epiphany on what I'm doing and how it feels. I am in a Lotus-Eater Machine trope. All variations fit, whether it is They Live or The Matrix. I communicate with others via the machine, which is kind of weird. I knew them before they became zombie machine parts. Depending on our past connection I have varying levels of real, present connection. Like all lotus-eater machine scenarios, I can't tell if I am in the machine or not, really. That form of gaslighting is part of the script.

Realizing this leads to two actions, really. I could give up and merge with the machine (Cypher eating the steak). Part of this would/could involve being convinced that resisting the machine is a form of insanity or arrogance. Another action is I could continue to run outside. Now, this second version is very weird and lonely. In my case, I just so happen to have a lover that has similar "They Live" glasses. (Many of the tropes have that gimmick).

So, at the risk of seeming insane or arrogant, I run outside. But I'm in the same room, the same casino (Somebody help me out here... there is a TV show, perhaps Buffy or X-Files, where the trope takes place in a casino). I have to constantly take my own temperature to see if I'm really part of the machine. It is a constant danger. The *only* worthwhile action in this scenario is to build an alarm clock that wakes people up. This is challenging, though, because I don't want to be a missionary. Instead, I have to have faith that I am not part of the machine (faith is the only real possible word here), and that I am building an alarm clock that isn't just more of the machine. I can't be crippled by constantly doubting myself, which is/has happened as I've obtained vision of the machine.

The mountain climbing metaphor I use is an inversion of this. All is the mountain. I am a climber. It is an honor to climb. It has the same philosophical problems. If all is the mountain, then who do I love? Am I just loving myself, an entity of the mountain? The answer is to not worry about that, and know that at the origin I have a click of life. It is a weave, and I might fix chinks in the web, but I won't know.

Perhaps I was just a premature baby that was born at six months and spent two months in a plastic box without much human contact, and had unsupportive and abusive parents and school mates, and I've managed to make it through life OK on the spectrum. Perhaps HeroIndustrialist is correct. Perhaps I should heal and become part of the machine. But, see, this kind of logic is very difficult in a Lotus-Eater trope.

Science is a fabulous way to determine the nature of the machine. Set up a hypothesis, verify, form a theory, challenge. I don't just have opinions here. As an example, if somebody talks about tackling climate change but doesn't address global dimming, I tag them as part of the machine. Now, some people just talk about parts of the problems. That is OK, I suppose, but the interesting thing is watching some entities shut down the entities that mention the global dimming portion. Dr. Ye Tao from Harvard, for instance, has a good short-term mitigation and long-range plan. Thunberg will mention global dimming occasionally.

But here is the real litmus test: is somebody proposing a deeper, more complicated supply chain to support their idea? If so, it is quite likely that it comes from the machine. The nature of the alarm clock needs to be very simple and able to run locally, fully supported on its own knowledge. I better get to work on my alarm clock. It does seem insane, I know. I wake up every day, have for years, working on my alarm clock. Wanna know something really interesting? The folks coming out of school and getting their PhDs in an area of interest similar to my interests, are all starting to focus on the same ideas. I am *not* arrogant enough to allow myself to think I had anything to do with that. Likely I am just a couple years ahead of folks. It does add in that other interesting word: hope. Soo... sheesh... in one entry I have faith and hope.

The problem with the new crop of PhDs is that they take their understanding, built on centuries of ideas, and BOOM, go work for a start-up funded by the machine, or directly for the four or so machine companies. So, while my ideas are validated, it isn't as directly hopeful as you might think. There are glimmers... H. S., for instance, bblfish on twitter, continues the fight. How do you fight the HeroIndustrialist entertainment industry leaders? The answer there is not to engage. This gets back to the whole lotus-eater machine scenario. I walk by people where their faces and arms stick out of the machine that I recognize. Do I trust communication? The machine will kill if you threaten it, so I need to gauge if the person is trustworthy.

#burroughs



2021-07-20 • OS • Sixel Framebuffer • LR

Here is a command to convert a log line into a fancy presentation:

convert -size 800x20 -background transparent -stroke orange -fill orange pango:"1 20210404T21073 alex 0 4 <-> 13" png:- | img2sixel > r.txt

```
divine [~]$ cat /bk2/a.sh
convert -size 800x20 -background transparent -stroke orange -fill orange pango:" 20210404T210737.516Z alex 0 4 13" png:- | img2sixel > r.txt
divine [~]$ sh /bk2/a.sh
divine [~]$ sh zet r.txt
1 20210404T210737.516Z alex 0 4 13
divine [~]$ fbgrab ss.png
Resolution: 1920x1080 depth 32
```

The intent is to provide colorful, good looking logs for a machine that is being bootstrapped from a minimal image without the normal tools available.

Comments:

2022-01-04:

I ended up with the base image going all the way to X windows. Still, this was a pretty cool idea.



2021-07-21 • Dream • Glowing White Alarm Battery • LR

I dreamed that I woke up, was laying in bed and was thinking about the format of my bootstrap event stream. As I thought about the format, I noticed that the fire alarm on the ceiling above my bed had a white, glowing light, as though the battery had turned into a light bulb.

I then woke up for reals at 1:30AM and thought about the format of my bootstrap event stream and had some ideas, so I'm working on it and listening to Moby. The first line is on my version, but not on the vid:

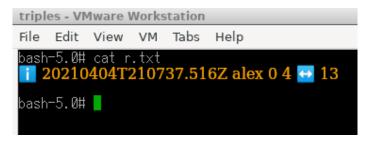
"All alone, I open my eyes

Wild ride
Hold your fire
I'm not about to die
Keep back
Let in some air I dare lie down
To stare at the sky"

I looked for a bootstrap emoji, and found this: L.

Emoji are a great way to instantly get meaning, vs., say, nested JSON. One of the problems with a bootstrap event stream is that the system being bootstrapped doesn't have much of an operating system by definition, just enough to accept the commands. I'm bootstrapping with a small image with just enough to listen on MQTT. If you have emoji in the commands, the machine you are sending commands to can't display what it is working on, as it needs to render the emoji. The challenge then becomes: how do I render emoji for log entries in the least complicated way? FB takes this on by converting unicode to graphics like This is similar to where I'm ending up on my simple bootstrap event stream. I need to pre-render the emoji and use an old DEC graphic serialization format called sixel, a protocol used on a DEC terminal from 1987, only eight years before that Moby vid came out. The thing about sixel is you can use a framebuffer to display the graphics. It is quit similar to what a DEC VT-330 would do... hence bootstrap.

This is a rendered event stream entry in triple form using sixel on a framebuffer:



I mash up typical time-series with semantic graphs. No matter, really, but all of the above technical explanation just means that I can generate a nice log entry that is easy to read. See that two-way arrow on the right? That is an

emoji. It meas that data flows in two directions between process 4 and process 13 in a formal DFD. The machine it is running on has no GUI at all, only about 50 software packages total. This is my life...

#moby

Comments:

2021-07-21:

There is no fire alarm right above my bed.



2021-07-22 • Subject • Artisan • LR

I realize this is economics 101 for anybody reading this. Hang in there, I'll get to something new.

Consider the task of making a wooden chair. It is possible to go out in the woods, chop a tree down with a hatchet, dry the wood, and make a chair without any electricity or outside assist from the global supply chain. Aesthetically pleasing chairs with round legs can be made using a hatchet, but a lathe makes it much easier. Here, for instance, is a lathe that works without electricity:



If you are spending your time making a chair, you probably need to purchase a hatchet rather than forging one yourself. A saw might be nice, too. At this point we have an economy of two artisans in town, a carpenter and a blacksmith.

In order to sell the chair, the carpenter creates a finish from bees wax she exchanges with a beekeeper. She stocks up two years worth to make sure she can finish it when bears wreck the hives, which the do occasionally, causing financial ruin to the beekeepers.

Now we have three members of the town participating in the creation of chairs. this idea grows and grows until we have shops distributed all over the world making the tiniest parts and scaling to computers.

If I don't get to it, I need to merge above with this mess eventually, but, for now, here it is:

Cloud (G2) solves the problem of on-prem (G1) by providing G1 behind an API available over the internet. While this scales, we have less knowledge of our systems than before. The knowledge really lies with G1inG2, which is why those companies hire the PhDs. One could argue that DevOps is the knowledge of G1inG2, but this is mistaken, because it is DNA knowledge not design knowledge. G2 goes on up the *aaS stack, but it is still a world of DNA data and API, increasingly complicated, commoditized, obscure, interdependent, and fragile. But here is another thing. Meat is presumed expensive. (I'd argue with this premise, but that is what management is going on. They would rather build a super complicated robot with a deep supply chain than just buy somebody health insurance and deal with their meat problems.) If G1 is meat tweaking hardware and installing software, and G2 is meat coding to an API for G1inG2, we have the same cycle. Meat is expensive, so we are using AI/ML to scale G2. It is more than that, we need to scale the global supply chain (why? to destroy ecosystems for vertabrates? because we all need a benzo? to get tesla-fetish humans to mars? not sure... besides the point). We need to scale G2 - full stop. We are turning meat into bots as part of the path. Most, then, think that Gen3 is AI/ML and this is G1inG2<-G3. The problem is we are using G2 models. My thought is that G4 is going after and owning the knowledge in a simple way, so we turn ownership around. Rather than G2 style we do it G4 data style (also Genomics style). This means that instead of massive meat pools supporting a handful of large companies, we can have autonomy and make better decisions, that aren't just optimizing the supply chain: (G1inG2<-G3)<->G4<->Meat. Well... it seemed like another run at this might be useful. I'm building this out. The problem is G4 requires G2 and G3 orchestration. It is kind of urgent, in my mind. We can expect much... ummm... change... yeah... change is the word. Well... rock on with your bad G1inG2<-G3 selves.

[To be continued...]

#global_supply_chain



2021-07-22 • Subject • Blue Analysis • LR

I'm imagining Dennis Hopper's Frank Booth character in Blue velvet challenging Jeffrey:

Frank: What kind of work do you like?

Jeffrey: I like analysis

Frank: Fuck analysis. Pabst Blue Ribbon!

The whole crew then piles into an old black challenger with a license plate frame that says "fuck it, ship it" and torture Jeffrey.

#anger



2021-07-22 • Subject • Repeatedly Assume • LR

Upper level management in IT decided that it was a good idea to decompose work streams and distribute knowledge and operations deep and wide across hundreds of ecosystems connected by the internet, mostly relying on a handful of companies to run their business over the last couple of decades. Not only are business crippled by connectivity issues from an operations perspective, but the knowledge itself is no longer accessible to most. The knowledge lies in frameworks within frameworks. That decomposed work stream that seemed like a good idea? It hides knowledge. For instance, consider Debian, which lies at the root of much of our infrastructure.

Repeatedly, we assume we can purchase tools and leverage AI/ML to save us. The problem is that modern tools mostly rely on the same broad ecosystems. Further, the decomposed work streams have decimated IT knowledge. How can that be? Because the true IT knowledge lies with the cloud companies. Pick your favorite non-cloud IT manager, and try and pin them down on a range of subjects from networking to compiling to various services.

At what point, during which broad internet outage, do we call into question the premise that cloud-first makes sense? Think about it this way: would you rather drive a car that relied on 2,000 mechanics, 5 automakers, and 200 gas stations to go on a trip, or would you prefer to have one mechanic, 1 automaker, and a gas station chain you liked? Modern cloud infrastructure and software development is like the former. I know exactly how we arrived at our current state, but I don't think that throwing AI/ML at the problem is solving anything. We are making the global supply chain faster, more complex, deeper, and providing wealth, mostly, for those that hold the information and knowledge of how the supply chain runs.

It is insane that businesses thought it made sense to rely on 100 other companies to run their operations, and each of those 100 companies relies on 100 more, all woven together by the internet. I get it that this is how the global supply chain has always worked, the same kind of desperate need to scale. And now, at end-game, we figure we just need the right amount of cloud compute to run Al/ML to scale more. We are in it so deep right now, I can't see how most companies can back out, even if they could. Let me put it another way: what compute/applications/storage do you need to run your business? Do you even know? Consider this as we face internet outages of various kinds. Consider just how complex, fragile, and interrelated the knowledge and operations supply chain is behind your organization.

#global supply chain



2021-07-27 • Subject • Product Gold • L R

What fascinates me about rat race political job hustling is that there is an underlying mistaken notion in cornering a branded technology. Sure, there are some great tech solutions out there; I'm focused on Plotly Dash and TimescaleDB via Python right now. But the stress, the basis for rewarding skills, should really be on the ability to analyze and deal with change, leveraging whatever the best tools and vendors are at the time. I've watched many colleagues in my career glom on to a vendor or a tech. Tech changes. Vendors change.

Just watch what happens at your IT org when a shiny new framework, cloud provider, or hardware solution is available. Those with political clout will corner it, as though they think they can secure their future ala Spanish conquest/gold. The same goes for embracing AI and ML solutions with billions of butterflies evaluating the chaos, without controlling root knowledge and models within your organization. Unless you can analyze and develop with basic ideas, basic knowledge, you are playing with sand and illusion, your destiny controlled by a handful of companies. I admit, though, that it seems to be a very successful career tactic to hog the fanciest plastic sandcastle mold on the beach.

I first ran into this in school studying computer science. The professors taught us using Scheme. Many in the class, including myself, were frustrated by this, as they wanted to jump right into C, their favorite dev tool gold. On reflection, and echoing what the professors said at the time, Scheme illustrated higher-level ideas about computer software development by design, and secondly, the fact that the class didn't already know it kept the grades a bit less biased to those that just happened to know a particular language. Rather than reward possessed gold, or product, the means of production were rewarded. My guess is that students that learned with Scheme in nineties were much better programmers two decades later than the schools that taught around C.

This is a problem from the recruiting side, too. A long resume that shows a candidate has navigated many situations is less important to recruiters than keywords of current solutions and frameworks.

Understanding our place as humans in civilization on a timeline, with a way to develop broad goals, coupled with tools to plan and evaluate progress*, is a much more worthwhile education than learning the current breed of tools. Literature, Math, Physics, Chemistry, Language, Writing, History, Philosophy, etc., are the *base* of civilization, not whatever messaging protocol the top two cloud providers embrace this year.

*I do not mean sprint planning and execution, lol

#work



2021-07-27 • Apps • Kitty Terminal • L R

If you prefer coding in a terminal vs. an IDE and/or want well formatted text output, check out Kitty.

What I like about Kitty:

- I can display images in my term in a flow of text.
- It handles UTF-8 perfectly, even multiple character emoji.
- If the cursor is on an emoji, it is **on** the emoji.
- It groks "kitty vim script"
- It does highlight and third-button paste OOTB.



2021-07-30 • Subject • Bizgender • LR

A bit of an explanation about my aliases, and why I avoid identifying as bizgender* on social media:

I'd rather poke myself in the eye with a stick than wade into philosophy of self too far, but there are a few things that are important to consider. First off, our idea of self is conveniently, biologically misleading. Who, exactly, is that person that posts about the causes and views of the world? Who is forming an idea of worth in the business world? Who profits?

The idea of leveraging self identity for profit goes back as far as humans, was certainly hijacked by religions, weaponized by marketing in the fifties - but my-oh-my, with social media platform Als, we have a beast that is hyperbole and a half above that. (Hats off to the comic strip.) The super tricky part here is that we think that we, ourselves, are profiting through the refinement of identity. We are rewarded with jobs with our connections, etc. We get dopamine fixes via likes. The similarity in the way we establish identity on social media platforms with hashtags, etc., is not just that it is a convenient feature. I think it has more to do with the monetization of identity.

There is another interesting bit about the human brain that I believe, and that is that every time you remember something, you change your memory a tiny bit. Both for this reason and my own personal struggle with maintaining identity in the face of marketing and social media platforms, I keep a journal.

A journal can help establish a concept of self that is a bit more grounded in reality. A good example of a journal is Captain Cook's journals. This can also help with the problem of writing for a particular. Cook wrote for The Admiralty. Personally, I am messy in my own journal. I go far and wide... not something I would write for the equivalent of The Admiralty. I recommend a journal to navigate the waters of your life and career, regardless. There is another consideration when keeping a journal. Are comments useful? This gets broader with social media interaction. What really consists of dialog, and how is it useful in forming a concept of self? I am, again, suspicious of social media.

With that background, I am fabricating my self-as-center-of-gravity. I was asked by my boss a little over two years ago a simple question: "What are you interested in doing that will help the company?" That single question triggered a shift for me, a key to understanding what a valid work identity might be. In my case, I have integrated that identity with "What am I interested in doing that will help the company I am working for as well as with the problems I see in the world?" I would like to have one identity, one center of gravity, held in place by dialog with myself and others about ideas and intent, and concretized by things I create and share that are used.

* Bizgender: denoting or relating to a person whose sense of personal identity and gender corresponds with their first job.

#identity #the admiralty



2021-07-31 • Subject • How Do I Not Exist? • L R

I talk about identity quite a bit. I resist it, at least in the way most people think of identity. I have some hangups, sure. For instance, those in the past that snubbed me somehow, I want to show them that they are wrong. I really

need to let go of that shit. What can I offer? Do it. It is that simple. Forget about the past. These hangups often show that I'm correct about identity, in that it is leveraged and illusary.

I know that financially I need to exist with a government-issued number. This is also needed to find a place to live or get health care, at least from a pragmatic perspective. I remember the scene in Into the Wild where McCandless turns up at a shelter without a drivers license. Like McCandless, I smell a rat in our culture of identity.

I think of this as I create something worthwhile, at least in my own imagination. I would like the thing itself to persist and grow. It reminds me a bit of the movie Inception, too. If you truly want to change the direction of a person, it needs to be their own idea. The best you can hope for is to plant the seed way, way back, and it then grows within that person. My identity in front of the idea, offering it, causes problems in multiple directions. First off, I face the problem of being identified:



This is a particularly large problem in our current culture. I seriously doubt if anybody would pass the array of right thought that is required to not be cancelled for some

mistake. It is a game that takes skill to present correctly and figure out the top 20 stances. If information is presented as simply information void of identity, then it is easier to take it or leave it.

The second is my nature in presentation. I suspect that who I am in the minds of others interferes with the perception of the presentation. I'm still mulling that bit over. I have mixed experience with that. It seems like I'm getting through, but I am still not sure.

These are all of the thoughts that make me wonder how I could **not exist** from an identity perspective, yet still be alive. The most obvious is to not have a physical address associated with my name. This goes back to the government number and other things. I could just go completely nomad, but would I still have a bank account? When I first delivered pies, I didn't have a bank account. I would just take my checks to the bank the check was written on and cash it. This was a problem sometimes, in that my boss would float the checks. One time I missed rent because of this.

In my culture, not having an identity of some kind means you quite likely have to live on the street. Even then, you end up in the lower of the lower on the street as you get second-rate backup services. On the far end of the spectrum, in the other direction, people have github, docker hub, social media of all kinds, and even an identity with their consumer goods providers.

That brings me back to technical identity. I can see reasons to have a way to generate technical identity. For instance, if I say "I wrote this" and you are wondering if it is true, PKI can help with that. It isn't a matter of who I am. It is a matter of wondering if the same identity is associated with the information stream. I have some intuition that patents play a part here. I am writing everything in the public domain. While it is true that I insist that all can re-use what I am providing, I still live in a strange world where somebody could take my ideas and force me to stop using my own ideas, even if I gave them away. My intuition on this is that if I secure my streams by signing them it helps in this regard.

And, finally, this thread reminds me of dream boats.

#identity #mccandless



2021-07-31 = Subject = What Isn't There = LR

Right now I create my websites by touching all files in my source directory. This triggers the creation of all of the tag pages, categories, and articles. It works. It doesn't scale, though. I am considering what this means in triples. Triples are supposed to be open world assumption. I am creating domains that are woven together that don't break like typical relational structures. The creation of my web sites is a perfect example. My approach has been to create everything that is possible and publish it static. The triples are also immutable. Once a triple, always the same entry.

As considered this, I thought of a giant, 3d sphere of information. It is somewhat like my idea of the it root ball. In this case, though, a question is asked outside of the root ball, and the graph goes inward like lightening, rather than outward like siloed IT subject mater experts.

There has been a back and forth with my Cruft Buster filesystem models and my ontology work. The best filesystem model is the easiest to parse into proper triples. I suspect that it is quite possible that my Cruft Buster schema could be combined with JavaScript to render all sites from the at-rest data.

#sphere



2021-08-14 • OS • Bring up an Aarch64 VM in QEMU on Apple Silicon • LR

Would you like to boot a minimal GNU/Linux OS with QEMU on your Mac M1 system? Well, this is how. Grab a copy of pilfs-base-aarch64-r10.1-76.img.xz. Verify the MD5 hash is fcf784a090b8c9d2d8899b7e18516a2e.

Mount the image on a GNU/Linux system:

```
root [ /home/divine/art ]# ls
pilfs-base-aarch64-r10.1-76.img
root [ /home/divine/art ]# losetup -f
/dev/loop0
root [ /home/divine/art ]# losetup -P /dev/loop0 pilfs-base-aarch64-r10.1-76.img
root [ /home/divine/art ]# ls /dev/loop*
/dev/loop0
             /dev/loop1 /dev/loop4 /dev/loop7
/dev/loop0p1 /dev/loop2 /dev/loop5 /dev/loop-control
/dev/loop0p2 /dev/loop3 /dev/loop6
root [ /home/divine/art ]# mount /dev/loop0p2 /mnt
root [ /home/divine/art ]# cd /mnt
root [ /mnt ]# ls
     dev home lost+found mnt proc run
                                            srv tmp var
boot etc lib
                media
                            opt root sbin sys usr
root [ /mnt ]# cd etc
```

Edit fstab and unmount the image:

```
root [ /mnt/etc ]# vi fstab
root [ ~ ]# losetup -d /dev/loop0
```

Fstab should look like this:

```
# Begin /etc/fstab
# file system mount-point type
                                      options
                                                                    dump fsck
                                                                          order
                                  defaults, noatime, nodiratime 0
/dev/vda2 /
                         ext4
                                                                      2
                                                                          0
#/swapfile
                                      pri=1
                                                                    0
                             swap
               swap
                             proc
                                      nosuid, noexec, nodev
                                                                    0
                                                                          0
proc
               /proc
                                                                    0
                                                                          0
                             sysfs
                                      nosuid, noexec, nodev
sysfs
               /sys
                                      gid=5, mode=620
                                                                    0
                                                                          0
devpts
               /dev/pts
                             devpts
                                      defaults
                                                                    0
                                                                          0
tmpfs
               /run
                             tmpfs
```

```
devtmpfs /dev devtmpfs mode=0755,nosuid 0 0
# End /etc/fstab
```

Start the vm with something like this:

```
/usr/local/bin/qemu-system-aarch64 \
  -kernel vmlinuz \
  -device e1000e,netdev=netwk \
  -netdev user,id=netwk,hostfwd=tcp::5252-:22 \
  -M virt,highmem=off \
  -accel hvf \
  -cpu cortex-a72 \
  -append "root=/dev/vda2" \
  -smp 4 \
  -m 4096 \
  -device virtio-gpu-pci \
  -device qemu-xhci \
  -device usb-kbd \
  -device usb-tablet \
  -device intel-hda \
  -device hda-duplex \
  -serial stdio \
  -drive file=pilfs-base-aarch64-r10.1-76.img
```

Create vmlinuz from above with this .config file. If you are unfamiliar, you'll need to download the 5.13.10 linux kernel from kernel.org, extract it, put the .config in the root of the extracted tree, run make oldconfig, then make. You can this copy Image.gz to vmlinuz and boot with the above command. Here is what the booted systems looks like:

```
input: QEMU QEMU USB Keyboard as /devices/platform/3f000000.pcie/pci0000:00/0000:03:03.0/usb1/1-1/1-1:1.0/0003:0627:0001.0001/in
put/input0
hid-generic 0003:0627:0001.0001: input: USB HID v1.11 Keyboard [QEMU QEMU USB Keyboard] on usb-0000:00:03.0-1/input0
usb 1-2: new high-speed USB device number 3 using xhci_hcd
input: QEMU QEMU USB Tablet as /devices/platform/3f000000.pcie/pci0000:00/0000:00:03.0/usb1/1-2/1-2:1.0/0003:0627:0001.0002/inpu
hid-generic 0003:0627:0001.0002: input: USB HID v0.01 Mouse [QEMU QEMU USB Tablet] on usb-0000:00:03.0-2/input0
random: fast init done
EXT4-fs (vda2): re-mounted. Opts: (null). Quota mode: disabled.
EXT4-fs (vda2): re-mounted. Opts: (null). Quota mode: disabled.
urandom_read: 4 callbacks suppressed
 andom: dhcpcd: uninitialized urandom read (112 bytes read)
e1000e 0000:00:01.0 enp0s1: NIC Link is Up 1000 Mbps Full Duplex, Flow Control: Rx/Tx
IPv6: ADDRCONF(NETDEV_CHANGE): enp0s1: link becomes ready
random: crng init done
pilfs login: root
Password:
ast login: Sun Aug 15 03:34:06 +0100 2021 on /dev/tty1.
No mail.
[root@tty1] [~] cat /etc/sysconfig/ifconfig.eth0
ONBOOT="yes"
IFACE="enp0s1"
SERVICE="dhcpcd"
DHCP_START="-b -q"
DHCP_STOP="-k"
[root@tty1] [~]
```

To get the network to work, you need to edit ifconfig.eth0 as in the above screenshot.



2021-08-14 - Apps - QEMU on Apple Silicon M1 With Ubuntu - LR

Brew didn't work all the way, so we found these helpful links:

Grab the latest OEMU and check out 3c93dfa42c394fdd55684f2fbf24cf2f39b97d47:

```
% git clone https://github.com/qemu/qemu
Cloning into 'qemu'...
remote: Enumerating objects: 578663, done.
remote: Counting objects: 100% (152/152), done.
remote: Compressing objects: 100% (102/102), done.
remote: Total 578663 (delta 58), reused 116 (delta 49), pack-reused 578511
Receiving objects: 100% (578663/578663), 334.71 MiB | 28.24 MiB/s, done.
Resolving deltas: 100% (469104/469104), done.
Updating files: 100% (8496/8496), done.
divine@divines-Mini mcj % cd qemu
divine@divines-Mini gemu % git checkout 3c93dfa42c394fdd55684f2fbf24cf2f39b97d47
Updating files: 100% (1649/1649), done.
Note: switching to '3c93dfa42c394fdd55684f2fbf24cf2f39b97d47'.
You are in 'detached HEAD' state. You can look around, make experimental
changes and commit them, and you can discard any commits you make in this
state without impacting any branches by switching back to a branch.
If you want to create a new branch to retain commits you create, you may
do so (now or later) by using -c with the switch command. Example:
  git switch -c <new-branch-name>
Or undo this operation with:
  git switch -
Turn off this advice by setting config variable advice.detachedHead to false
HEAD is now at 3c93dfa42c target/arm: Enable BFloat16 extensions
divine@divines-Mini qemu % curl https://patchwork.kernel.org/series/485309/mbox/ | git am
  % Total
           % Received % Xferd Average Speed
                                               Time
                                                        Time
                                                                 Time Current
                                 Dload Upload
                                               Total
                                                        Spent
                                                                 Left Speed
100 226k 100 226k
                                 575k
                                           0 --:--:- 577k
Applying: hvf: Move assert_hvf_ok() into common directory
Applying: hvf: Move vcpu thread functions into common directory
Applying: hvf: Move cpu functions into common directory
Applying: hvf: Move hvf internal definitions into common header
Applying: hvf: Make hvf_set_phys_mem() static
Applying: hvf: Remove use of hv_uvaddr_t and hv_gpaddr_t
Applying: hvf: Split out common code on vcpu init and destroy
Applying: hvf: Use cpu_synchronize_state()
Applying: hvf: Make synchronize functions static
Applying: hvf: Remove hvf-accel-ops.h
Applying: hvf: Introduce hvf vcpu struct
Applying: hvf: Simplify post reset/init/loadvm hooks
Applying: hvf: Add Apple Silicon support
Applying: arm/hvf: Add a WFI handler
```

```
Applying: hvf: arm: Implement -cpu host
Applying: hvf: arm: Implement PSCI handling
Applying: arm: Add Hypervisor.framework build target
Applying: arm: Enable Windows 10 trusted SMCCC boot call
Applying: hvf: arm: Handle Windows 10 SMC call
divine@divines-Mini qemu %
```

Create a build directory, configure, and make:

```
mkdir build && cd build
../configure --target-list=aarch64-softmmu
make - j8
Disabling PIE due to missing toolchain support
Submodule 'capstone' (https://gitlab.com/qemu-project/capstone.git) registered for path 'capstone'
Submodule 'dtc' (https://gitlab.com/qemu-project/dtc.git) registered for path 'dtc'
Submodule 'slirp' (https://gitlab.com/qemu-project/libslirp.git) registered for path 'slirp'
gemu 6.0.50
  Directories
   Install prefix
                                : /usr/local
   BIOS directory
                                : share/qemu
   firmware path
                                : /usr/local/share/qemu-firmware
   binary directory
                                : bin
   library directory
                               : lib
   module directory
                                : lib/qemu
   libexec directory
                               : libexec
                               : include
   include directory
                               : /usr/local/etc
   config directory
   local state directory
                               : /usr/local/var
   Manual directory
                               : share/man
   Doc directory
                                : /usr/local/share/doc
   Build directory
                                : /Volumes/vmarm/mcj/qemu/build
   Source path
                                : /Volumes/vmarm/mcj/qemu
    GIT submodules
: ui/keycodemapdb tests/fp/berkeley-testfloat-3 tests/fp/berkeley-softfloat-3 dtc capstone slirp
  Host binaries
                                : git
   git
   make
                                 : make
   python
                                : /opt/homebrew/opt/python@3.9/bin/python3.9 (version: 3.9)
    sphinx-build
                                : NO
   genisoimage
    smbd
                                : "/usr/sbin/smbd"
  Configurable features
   Documentation
                                 : NO
    system-mode emulation
                                : YES
    user-mode emulation
                                : NO
   block layer
                                : YES
```

```
Install blobs
                                : YES
   module support
                                : NO
   plugin support
                                : NO
   fuzzing support
                                : NO
                                : coreaudio sdl
   Audio drivers
   Trace backends
                               : log
   QOM debugging
                               : YES
   vhost-kernel support
                              : NO
   vhost-net support
                                : NO
                             : NO
   vhost-crypto support
   vhost-scsi support
                               : NO
   vhost-vsock support
                               : NO
   vhost-user support
                                : NO
   vhost-user-blk server support: NO
   vhost-user-fs support : NO
   vhost-vdpa support
                               : NO
   build guest agent
                                : YES
 Compilation
   host CPU
                               : aarch64
   host endianness
                                : little
   C compiler
                               : cc
   Host C compiler
                               : cc
   C++ compiler
                               : C++
   Objective-C compiler
                            : clang
   ARFLAGS
                               : rv
   CFLAGS
                               : -02 -g
   CXXFLAGS
                               : -02 -g
   LDFLAGS
                                : -L/opt/homebrew/opt/libpq/lib
                                : -DOS_OBJECT_USE_OBJC=0 -D_GNU_SOURCE
   QEMU_CFLAGS
-D FILE OFFSET BITS=64 -D LARGEFILE SOURCE -Wstrict-prototypes -Wredundant-decls -Wundef -Wwrite-strings
-Wmissing-prototypes -fno-strict-aliasing -fno-common
-fwrapv -Wold-style-definition -Wtype-limits -Wformat-security -Wformat-y2k -Winit-self
-Wignored-qualifiers -Wempty-body -Wnested-externs
-Wendif-labels -Wexpansion-to-defined -Wno-initializer-overrides -Wno-missing-include-dirs
-Wno-shift-negative-value
-Wno-string-plus-int -Wno-typedef-redefinition
-Wno-tautological-type-limit-compare -Wno-psabi -fstack-protector-strong
   QEMU LDFLAGS
                               : -fstack-protector-strong
   profiler
                                : NO
   link-time optimization (LTO): NO
   PIE
                                : NO
   static build
                                : NO
   malloc trim support
                                : NO
   membarrier
                                : NO
   preadv support
                                : YES
   fdatasync
                               : NO
   madvise
                               : YES
   posix_madvise
                               : YES
   posix_memalign
                                : YES
   debug stack usage
                              : NO
   mutex debugging
                               : NO
   memory allocator
                              : system
   avx2 optimization
                                : NO
   avx512f optimization
                                : NO
```

```
gprof enabled
                                : NO
  gcov
                                : NO
  thread sanitizer
                                : NO
  CFI support
                                : NO
  strip binaries
                                : YES
  sparse
                                : NO
  mingw32 support
                                : NO
  aarch64 tests
                                : cc
Targets and accelerators
  KVM support
                                : NO
                                : NO
  HAX support
  HVF support
                                : YES
  WHPX support
                                : NO
  NVMM support
                                : NO
                                : NO
  Xen support
  TCG support
                                : YES
                                : native (aarch64)
  TCG backend
  TCG debug enabled
                                : NO
                                : aarch64-softmmu
  target list
  default devices
                                : YES
                                : NO
  out of process emulation
Block layer support
  coroutine backend
                                : sigaltstack
  coroutine pool
                                : YES
  Block whitelist (rw)
  Block whitelist (ro)
                                :
  VirtFS support
                                : NO
  build virtiofs daemon
                                : NO
  Live block migration
                                : YES
  replication support
                               : YES
  bochs support
                                : YES
  cloop support
                                : YES
  dmg support
                                : YES
                                : YES
  qcow v1 support
  vdi support
                                : YES
                                : YES
  vvfat support
                               : YES
  qed support
                                : YES
  parallels support
  FUSE exports
                                : NO
Crypto
                                : "NORMAL"
  TLS priority
                                : YES
  GNUTLS support
                                : NO
  libgcrypt
  nettle
                                : YES
    XTS
                                : YES
  crypto afalg
                                : NO
  rng-none
                                : NO
  Linux keyring
                                : NO
Dependencies
                                : YES
  Cocoa support
  SDL support
                                : NO
```

```
SDL image support
                                : NO
   GTK support
                                : NO
   pixman
                                : YES
   VTE support
                                : NO
   slirp support
                                : system
   libtasn1
                                : YES
   PAM
                                : YES
                                : YES
   iconv support
   curses support
                                : NO
                               : NO
   virgl support
                                : YES
   curl support
   Multipath support
                               : NO
   VNC support
                               : YES
                              : YES
   VNC SASL support
   VNC J
u/build/pc-bios/descriptors/60-edk2-x86_64.json to /usr/local/share/qemu/firmware
Installing /Volumes/vmarm/mcj/qemu/pc-bios/keymaps/sl to /usr/local/share/qemu/keymaps
Installing /Volumes/vmarm/mcj/qemu/pc-bios/keymaps/sv to /usr/local/share/qemu/keymaps
Running custom install script '/Volumes/vmarm/mcj/qemu/scripts/entitlement.sh
--install bin/qemu-system-aarch64-unsigned
bin/qemu-system-aarch64
/Volumes/vmarm/mcj/qemu/accel/hvf/entitlements.plist'
divine@divines-Mini build %
```

Uncomment the last entry to boot and install Ubuntu from the ISO here:

```
/usr/local/bin/qemu-system-aarch64 \
  -serial stdio \
  -M virt,highmem=off \
  -accel hvf \
  -cpu cortex-a72 \
  -smp 4 \
  -m 4096 \
  -bios ./QEMU_EFI.fd \
  -device virtio-gpu-pci \
  -display default,show-cursor=on \
  -device qemu-xhci \
  -device usb-kbd \
  -device usb-tablet \
  -device intel-hda \
  -device hda-duplex \
  -drive file=./mcj.qcow2,if=virtio,cache=writethrough \
# -cdrom ./focal-desktop-arm64.iso
```

If you want to get a wee bit crazier, try booting a Linux From Scratch on ARM image in this article.

#aarch64 #arm64 #qemu #ubuntu



2021-08-17 • Subject • Work Product • L R

While there is value to knowing that a consistent human wrote something, I don't see the value of who that individual is in relation to DNA fingerprints. Much of what we are doing as a civilization is wrong. It is so wrong, that I often think about what is exactly opposite. It reminds me of this quote by Jay Forrester:

"People know intuitively where leverage points are. Time after time I've done an analysis of a company, and I've figured out a leverage point — in inventory policy, maybe, or in the relationship between sales force and productive force, or in personnel policy. Then I've gone to the company and discovered that there's already a lot of attention to that point. Everyone is trying very hard to push it IN THE WRONG DIRECTION!"

I figure it is quite likely that patents and intellectual property are going in the wrong direction. Stallman had it right in many ways, but one thing I don't think he could foresee is how things would look when all worked very well. The largest companies take all, and decompose the knowledge for everybody else so that they are helpless cogs in the machine of destruction.

I have mixed feelings here. We have access to powerful knowledge tools that we would never have without Stallman, Torvalds, and many others. OTOH, what people did with just MBASIC on PCs, in many ways, was much more open and collaborative than what we have today. Regular folks would learn to program and share their recipe filer or game. And, yes, there are many, many instances of people doing this now, but there wasn't the intellectual vacuum with professionals like there is today. I'm speaking as somebody in the IT/dev/architecture field on a coast in the United States, where most I've known have given up on building their own and sharing in this area... rather, they grab their six figures, drink their fancy alcohol, and enjoy the life their loot gets them. Sure, there are exceptions, but I feel safe to say this is a rule now. At work it is all, "do something small, do lots of them, something that fits existing models, and do it quickly".

But back to the wrong direction: what is the opposite of patents and IP? Well, publishing in the public domain, for one. But I think it goes further than that. What if all of our work was done completely in the open? What if there were zero online secrets? Now we are getting somewhere. This is opposite. I'm thinking for this to work, we need data integrity. That is, if I am living in a world where everything is open, and I publish something, the data should be what I publish. Again, I don't think that it needs to be from my DNA identity, but it should be verifiable via something like a public key.

If everything online is public, what is there? Well, we would work on big problems that affect everybody. There is a certain instant equalization in the openness of it:

Fred: We need water in Sallyville.

Wilma: We have an extra truck in Storntown.

Fred: Great. I'm on Signal23 service.

This shows the online part. When Fred DNA calls Wilma DNA on Signal23, they can arrange the meeting. DNA private communication is likely important. In this case, if the water truck details were public, the truck would probably be jacked. The important thing here is that Fred is just publishing in the open. That is his job. Likewise, any tools needed could be published the same way. Even the source code for the Signal23 service could be published in the open, without patents.

It is difficult for me to take this too far. It seems absurd. But, at the same time, doing the opposite makes some sense, as the current direction is obviously wrong. What if I worked only on open efforts?:

Here is my work product. Anybody can use it. Look, I signed it. Collaborate away. Solve some problems.

It works at a certain level. It also reminds me of this. Yup... that is a wrap.

#control #identity #opposite #stallman

Comments:

2021-08-18:

Andrew Mason took the idea of a social tipping point and created the internet social product The Point. Even if we could cognitively navigate our minds out of silver bullet renewable tech hogwash run by oil, or economies based at root on IP protected by the iron fist (and velvet glove), there needs to be a certain mass of understanding before we change at all.

2021-08-18:

I was reading this morning about how the floating man in suit emoji is supposed to be Peter Tosh. I had no idea. This is related, in that one thing I'm trying to do with the open, public stance, is use emoji to convey meaning in the data that is shown. This makes it more immediately recognizable as the logs scroll.

2021-08-18:

I've been looking at different methods of capturing triple information for rendering. For web sites, there are minor calculations that require that each page is different. As an example, the next page button changes over time as the content changes, as well as links to other pages with the same tags. My ultimate focus is on not relying on the internet at all to store, grow, and manage knowledge. This is counter-intuitive in many ways, particularly since I publish on the web. One of the pieces of kit I'm looking at is called Defiant JS. I suspect that I can use it to perform quick searches to render pages. The guy behind Defiant has a company he is associated with that is creating a kiosk machine with the goal of absolutely everything being on the web. I think it is interesting how the end-points connect, related to the "do the exact opposite" idea. That is, the same tech to facilitate doing everything without an internet connection is the tech used to do everything over an internet connection with nothing local.



2021-08-17 • OS • Partition Expansion • LR

This is so dangerous to do for the inexperienced, that I'm wary of posting detailed instructions. I suggest you search and form your own guide. At first I was dubious, but I've done it many times since. Again, research, test, form your own guide, but here are some tips.

First off, if you have a QEMU version of your OS and keep it in raw format, you can use dd to copy your OS to another drive. If you are using L1G3R, it will boot on most old hardware, because it is based on a Knoppix 8.6.1 kernel, which boots on most anything. Further, the OS itself is based on LFS which is quite relocatable.

As for the partition itself, I've started putting swap at the end of the drive. To expand the drive, I can copy the OS to a new img and use qemu-img to give myself more raw disk space using the command qemu-img resize -f raw disk.img newsizeG. If I boot up a different partition in QEMU and use fdisk, I can delete both old partitions, create a new, larger partition one and add swap at the end. I then have to run e2fsck against the new partition and then resize2fs, and BOOM I have a larger disk. I can then use dd to copy the image to a new system using dd if=oldimg of=/dev/disk.

One of the reasons why this is so dangerous, is while it works well for the simple world of kernels that boot without initrd and EFI, there are all kinds of weird, complicated shenanigans outside of this world. If you want to recycle a bunch of hardware and get a nice terminal that understands emoji and can subscribe to MQTT publications, you can use something like the MCJ images to your heart's content. Go outside in the messy world where kernel modules are signed and linked to particular hardware with crypto via TPM, etc., and you can get sideways fast.

If you don't want to roll your own, but still want some freedom, Knoppix is a great approach, especially now that it handles EFI. Personally, I'm really grooving on the QEMU img with the Knoppix kernel config.

#knoppix #partition #qemu



2021-08-17 • OS • Framebuffer Blues? • LR

If you need to kill framebuffer boot to see your screen, try putting nomodeset at the end of the grub boot line. Just hit edit and ctrl-x when done to continue. In my case, I didn't have the right firmware and drivers compiled, so I needed to boot with that, recompile, and then all was happy again.

#booting #framebuffer #grub



2021-09-12 • Fiction • Bus Ride • L R

I squinted, my eyes watering. When will this heat stop? I held out my hand to measure the sun, my arm outstretched. Four fingers is an hour from the horizon. One... two... Two hours left until sunset. The sweat on my forehead was salty. My eyes stung. The street was strangely quiet for after work. Most everybody had the vaccine, now, but nobody was working, I guess.

"Finally, the bus", I muttered, as the 29 pulled up to my stop at 3rd and Jefferson. I swiped my CitiTransit card, and pushed into the cool interior of the bus. Only half of the buses have AC these days, and when they broke they weren't fixed again. I scanned around for a seat. Nothing but the back - fuck.

"Come on back! We won't bite ya!", shouted a large man, over six foot, with a reddish-tan face, and long, wiry black hair with a few streaks of gray. He laughed faintly, with a big grin showing his surprisingly white teeth. His cheeks stuck out above his beard, kind of like Santa, but that was where the resemblance stopped. His clothes looked like a fantasy mash-up of Jim Morrison and Dennis Hopper: dirty, greasy leather, and conchos.

The girl near the center seat pulled herself up closer to the man with her hand high up his inner thigh. She scowled as I squeezed past her to sit down, as though if I touched her just once, or even tried to talk to her, she would cut me. The man flashed his eyes at her with mild amusement. "She likes me, but that's it. She hates everybody else." The girl squeezed his leg tighter and put her head down on his chest, closing her eyes.

The girl on the other side of him had bright red hair, a black beret, and looked out the window, appearing to be oblivious of everything, but her neck and back were straight like she was listening to every word. Her neck was clean and white, almost translucent. "She tolerates me. She don't like you either, but I bet she'd take your money." He laughed again. The girl elbowed him in his belly.

Both girls seemed to be in their early twenties. You could see the stress in their face, the lines starting from too much smoking, partying, and not enough sleep.

"I'm Lucius", the man boomed, and held his hand out in a biker shake. I looked at his hand and paused. "What, you one of those? You got your vaccine yet?" I nodded and grabbed his hand, returning the shake. The girl dug in deeper into his side as we shook. I recognized his name. Everybody heard of Lucius, but I had never seen his face. "Ah good. Right on.", he laughed again, his chest bouncing the girl's head. "Where's your stop? I haven't seen you on this route before?"

- "I get off near Fourth and Western, I have a van parked out in the woods."
- "No kidding? West camp? That's where I met Skreet.", said Lucius, as he squeezed the girl tucked under his arm. "You aren't a cop are you, or a narc? You have to say."
- "I think that is an urban myth, about cops not lying, but, no, I'm not a cop or a narc."
- "K, K, just wondering, because I'm at the camp on the other side of yours, over the ridge, and we've been getting harassed every day by the cops. You need anything, I mean anything, I got it for you. That girl there," he nodded to the girl with the beret, "she's my little mule, you know what I mean? Nobody messes with her. They figure she just u-district art girl with the Camus book and beret and all. I shouldn't be telling you all this on the bus. Hey! What you doing tonight? Why don't you come on over? You bring the beer, and I'll provide the condiments, you know what I mean? Come on over!"
- "I heard about you on neighborly.com."

"Fuck that site. I hate those Karens. Used to be you could shoot up in peace. Not now. They just jealous. I know that. They just jealous in their tight facehugger life, you know what I mean? That Alien shit. They fell for the whole fantasy, and it ain't there."

I laughed. "Yeah... they get that way, but not all of them are so uptight. I get my power for free, but I keep my eye out for my host. Facehugger, heh."

The bus sign showed 2nd and Western. "I'm next stop. Gotta get off. I might take you up on that and come over tonight. I don't work tomorrow."

"Right on. Don't forget the beer, and bring it cold, our power got cut off yesterday in the raid."

"Sure thing. Later"

I pulled the cord after we passed 2nd and Western, and the bus pulled over. I walked into a blast of hot air as I stepped off the bus.

#ouroboros



2021-09-18 - Journal - Crossroads - LR

It is quite possible that this is my last entry on the old MCJ. The new MCJ has a Javascript rendering engine, much simpler. I'm still migrating the new entries. I have a script that moves everything across, so I can still write on the old system.

I watched Crossroads (1986) tonight. I haven't seen it since it came out. I went with the punks at The Church of Toast and Beer. One of the punks was a guitar player (later he played in Christdriver). He started practicing blues riffs up in the attic of the Church after the movie. Everybody was inspired. Sigg was especially interested in the glowing tulips. I kept my eye out. I didn't see them. Sigg would talk about them quite a bit. I seem to remember a bar scene. I did see some ladies holding glowing tulips, but it didn't fit my memory. I might have to watch again with Sean.

#church of toast and beer #sean #sigg



2021-10-08 • Fiction • Flower Power Hour • LR

I was working late, writing my Lucius story, and I ran out of kerosene. Kerosene used to be cheap, particularly when I could buy some from Ken when he had the barrels from his eco-reclaim business. He would charge homeowners \$100 to inspect and drain their old underground fuel oil tanks, and would just pump out the old fuel. He had 10 or so drums of it stored underneath his trailer. It worked fine in my Aladdin mantle lamp, but it did smoke up easily.

Fran was still on her porch smoking her pipe... cherry wood, love that smell, and she said I could plug in to her outlet at the top of the ravine. She even gave me an extension cord, but I couldn't find an adapter, because my van power connector is old:





I ended up running the extension cord up from under the engine, but it would be nice to use this plug. I like it.



2021-10-08 • Dream • Pee Inside • LR

I was in a warehouse that had people going out on one end and coming in on the other, both on the same side of the warehouse. They were filing out and walking a path between burnt timbers. I realized that the charred bits of wood were arranged to keep homeless from sleeping between the wood barriers. Both lines of people were under a large overpass, kind of like the old Alaskan Way Viaduct.

I needed to pee. I looked in some of the rooms in the building for a bathroom. There was a doctors chair, kind of like a chiropractic chair with bulbous cushiones, all black. I was supposed to pee in it, but I couldn't figure out how that worked and I kept looking. I found a woman in another room. She said that I was supposed to pee inside of her. I thought that seemed weird and was reluctant. Also, I wasn't sure if I could penetrate her in order to pee, either, and I told her. She said that this was what she was supposed to do.

She told me that I needed to focus on two symbols. The first one was green, and the lower one was red. Both of them looked kind of like a space invader symbol (**). She said that I would become in sync with her with the first one, and after that I could move to the second, and all would be OK. I also realized that it was helping my anxiety and I was able to sleep (in real-life, but in my dream too). I faded into the rest of the night focusing on the two symbols back and forth, and the woman receded in my mind until I woke up.

#anima #bathroom #cat



2021-10-10 • Dream • Animal Kingdom • LR

I was working on my triples stream format with a bunch of others who had different academic interests. I was in a large, dimly lit building, kind of like the administrative area of an old library (similar to UofO's, but this place had short pile carpet and everything seemed dark grey, particularly because of the dim lighting.)

One of the researchers had a large, colorful encyclopedia of animals. I asked her about it, because I had seen ads for the same book repeatedly as I was working on my triples format. She wondered what the relationship was, and I said that perhaps the advertising AI was coupling ontology, the knowledge of all, with the knowledge of all animals.

#carpet #triples



2021-10-12 • Fiction • I Message • L R

"Hey, Kibbles! How many phones ya got there?", boomed Lucious.

Kibbles glanced up, and in a low voice like he was telling a secret, said "Circle", and looked back down at twelve iPhones of various ages with one in the center. He was sitting in a small level area on the side of the ravine on a shredded blue tarp. Repeatedly he would mumble something, look up at the stars, mumble something, and look at each phone in the circle, and then close his eyes for a few minutes.

- "What's up with Kibbles?" I asked.
- "He just got out of the loony bin", Lucious started to say.
- "Again!", said Aimee, smiling.
- "He got out of the loony bin last month for arson, and what did he do? He started stealing iPhones." Lucious shook his head. "What, you don't steal?", chided Aimee.

Skreet kicked Aimee. "Shut up. Let him tell the story. I love Kibbles." She paused, "and you, honey." There were four of them sitting around a small campfire, skreet tucked up under Lucious' arm.

"He got the idea that people were stuck in a black hole. Literally, a black hole in the universe, and the only thing they could commicate was 'iMessage' and their name. He would steal phones from people on the bus that had an"I message", as he calls it, when people left them sitting next to them on the seat. I tried to tell him that there was more to it, that he could unlock the phones, but he threatened to knife me and I stopped talking about it. He charges

them on the solar panel during the day and does this thing at night where he relays messages to the black hole, trying to reassure them."

"Weird.", I said, "How did he get his name?"

"He only eats kibbles. He takes them from dog dishes, ever since he got put on the street during the Reagan administration. He lived that way for twenty years, and then one night he took some kibble from Old Man Kreason's back porch while Kreason was smoking his pipe. Kreason would talk to him almost every night after that. He would go on and on, and Kibbles would respond as he does with single words every few minutes. After Covid hit, Kreason's business started to go down. I don't know how that can happen with people dying, but I guess not enough people died, and there were no funeral services, so that explains it, I guess. Anyway, Kreason was crying one night while Kibbles was hanging in the bushes. Kibbles said,"Why?", and Kreason told him that business was down, and he couldn't make the payment for the new funeral parlor he just finished the landscaping for, and he was going to lose it in foreclousre. The next day, that huge funeral home near 1st and James was burned to the ground. They are still looking for Kibbles."

#kibbles



2021-10-13 • Fiction • Esoteric • LR

"It is possible to go esoteric, a rabid protest of the weak minded, which shows up under scrutiny, anyway," Lucius wheezed, smoke pushing out sideways from the corners of his mouth, "Most don't **know** anything."

"What are you talking about?", I laughed, knocking the ash off my cigarette in the flicker of the fire.

"It's true. They have no idea what is going on. They grab their loot in their comfy jobs, have a few of their old fashioneds at a fancy bar, and continue on as though they were the lords of worlds, but they are tuned in to the exoteric bullshit, the static distraction for soft marks. They don't know anything. They fuck reality like a marshmallow shoved into a parking meter."

"Yeah... well, I'll be your mirror."

"Right. Whatever," Lucius laughed, "Nico was an ad campaign."

"Don't bag on Nico, man!"

"I got a hard-on for reality, I do. Bring it."

"You are crazy, Lucius."

#lucius



2021-10-16 • Dream • Inventor Code • LR

I was writing code for an inventor. The code came in two sections. Many people were happy I finished the code, but I realized that the code was for the inventor, not the people that paid me to write the code. The people that paid me were backers of a start-up. There was a video of the people, a presentation put together of the venture when it launched. At the bottom there were credits at the end, but all of the money behind it used fake names. Bartot was listed, but he had a weird fake first name. The names would scroll by faintly at the end.

My code worked, but it worked for the original inventor's ideas. It wouldn't work for the people that paid me for the code. His invention was a flying disk. He had come up with the invention by using his son. His son would age at varying, abnormal rates, in both directions. I saw flashes of him flying around in a blanket. One time he was a child with a beard

#dad



2021-10-18 • Journal • Greta Fun • LR

I looked in my feeds and saw this. That makes me happy. This is the first actual journal entry in awhile. I now have all of MCJ moved over to Plotly Dash. There are still a few unknowns, like how I deal with images, files, and graphs, among other things. The great thing, though, is that this version scales. The old version did not, which is part of the reason for the split of codrust and mudhut. I can stop doing my blog now, as this is fast. It is good to be home again.

Comments:

2021-10-19:

The issue with files, graphs, and images is likely something I want to leave alone. Primarily, this is because of the way I backported to orng. Archive.org has quite a few of the orng images and even videos. For instance, this page works.



2021-10-20 • Apps • Image Commands • L R

convert: convert image format and other transforms:

- convert img.jpg img.png (Convert jpg into png)
- convert xx*.png -append example.png (Convert a bunch of png files into one)

Create a small icon JPEG with bold text:

```
convert -background white -fill black -gravity center -size 55x pango:"<b>1980s\nto\n1990s</b>" o.jpg
```

mogrify: similar to convert but modifies the same image in place

- mogrify -resize 480x pic.jpg (resize image to 480 px wide)
- mogrify -auto-orient pic.jpg (rotate image to match exif tag)

exiftool: manage exif image metadata - exiftool -all= -overwrite original pic.jpg (remove all exif tags without backup)

- exiftool -list pic.jpg (list all exif tags)
- exiftool -XResolution=200 -YResolution=200 -overwrite original

Combinations:

Resize images with width greater than 600 px to 600 px:

```
find . -type f -exec sh -c 'identify -format "%[fx:(w>600)]\n" "$0" |
grep -q 1' {} \; -print0 | xargs -0 mogrify -resize 600x
```

#image



2021-10-23 • Dream • Steve Goofing • L R

Sean and I woke up early, and were goofing around in front of Steve's house, and we woke him up. I could see the curtains move a little. I was hoping to gather fruit that I thought had fallen to the ground, but there wasn't any there when I looked closer. There was just a single yellowish-slightly green apple that was Steve's, and not from the tree.

We lived in a retirement home. The home had a priest. Sean had gone in to see him previously, and he asked to talk with her further, so she went with him. The priest did not interact with me at all. I thought about it, but figured that I had not gone to see him like Sean had, so that was the reason.

I realized/remembered that at one point I had figured that I would write fiction to explain my journal ideas, as people weren't generally interested otherwise. I then realized/remembered that I had figured I would express the ideas through my work. I then got angry, because looking back I realized that everybody at my work, rather than improving through my efforts, had just gotten worse and worse.

#sean



2021-10-24 • Subject • The Great Leveler • LR

There is quite a bit of good stuff in this vid on the Stomp Reflex, but buried at around 36 minutes forward is historical perspective around Walter Scheidel and his book The Great Leveler. As the intro to the book says, "Are mass violence and catastrophes the only forces that can seriously decrease economic inequality? To judge by thousands of years of history, the answer is yes."

This discussion does not talk of knowledge and the written word, though. I figure I should read the book to see what it can add to my trace on that.

#civilization #climate change #cut up #c~19 #ouroboros



2021-10-25 • Subject • Splotchy Journal • LR

The reason for the splotchy nature of my journal is that it has several forms all layered on top of each other. Originally my journal was just my personal journal. I didn't share it. The entries go back to 1990. I wrote longer articles for my websites from 1997 through to 2008, but they were written for a public audience. In 2008 I pulled together 30 or so entries to explain the concept of a mountain climber to my boss Krista. That started an evolving series of ideas about what I was doing. Was I creating software? The first version of MCJ was in VisualBasic, and only meant for my own personal use. Later versions morphed into an entire platform with my own version of Linux from Scratch at the base. Was I sharing my story? If so, who was my audience? This has changed many times over the years.

Social media, which I held off on until early 2009, changed my audience significantly, as I would post for friends and acquaintances from work. I was often confused on audience. I would rage against the destruction of ecosystems for vertebrates and the dumbing down of intellectual conversations. Who was I raging at as I posted on social media? Rarely did I post these rants for public consumption. If I took a psychological approach, here, I was probably posting out of anger of what I saw in myself, really. Sometimes it seems like I'm trying to impress somebody. Sometimes it seems like I'm working out my anger.

Dreams started getting more frequent and intense in 2006 or so. I suspect it was because my inner and outer life was increasingly in turmoil. This is the case to this day. Turmoil is the new constant normal. Likely this is the same for many people, but there is a change in 2006 in how I used my journal.

When Yvette died, I wrote many longer articles about our life together. Those also have a different flavor and audience.

I have never really intended to write a consistent book. As I review this today, the core reason for the journal is valid, in that it helps me understand what is/was important to me, and how I got to where I am.

There is a secondary reason for my journal in its current form. It serves as a set of data I'm familiar with, something that I can present in an integrated way. As of last month, I have rolled all writing into a single set. I am including my technical writing. My technical writing is my primary goal at this point. I want to lay down the entire triple system, using my journal as a base.

Finally, when I write, I often encapsulate ideas I learned. "Stirring sugar" or "eyes in skull" are concepts that I will reference. It helps others if I can link to the story.

#base_camp #eyes_in_skull #history #krista #mcj #stirring_sugar



2021-11-03 • Subject • Superstition and Darkness • LR

Much of my recent focus has been centered around a world that is too complex to manage without AI, cloud and/or simplification. At the same time, our dire situation prompts me to prepare for ashes, the other side of 1/x. There is another beast, though, that I'm aware of more and more as I share my ideas. For whatever reason, the capacity of people to handle new ideas is crippled. While it is proper and frequent for me to blame my own presentation, Carl Sagan foretold our current situation:

"Science is more than a body of knowledge; it is a way of thinking. I have a foreboding of an America in my children's or grandchildren's time — when the United States is a service and information economy; when nearly all the key manufacturing industries have slipped away to other countries; when awesome technological powers are in the hands of a very few, and no one representing the public interest can even grasp the issues; when the people have lost the ability to set their own agendas or knowledgeably question those in authority; when, clutching our crystals and nervously consulting our horoscopes, our critical faculties in decline, unable to distinguish between what feels good and what's true, we slide, almost without noticing, back into superstition and darkness."

~Fram Carl Sagan's 1995 book The Demon-Haunted World: Science as a Candle in the Dark

I know few people who can/will read beyond a few sentences. Will it help our product right now without much thought? If the answer is yes, you are in. Another part of this, that I didn't understand until quite recently, is how bravery plays into this. It takes a brave person to decide what they want and build it within their own organization. It is much easier to blame somebody else, anybody that will promise in writing, regardless of how wishy-washy the legal wording, another neck to choke by stakeholders when the system fails. The world appears to be filled with scared people saving their own necks or hiding in corners collecting loot.

I saw that Sagan quote and wanted to prop it up a bit in the metaphorical yard as a counter-point to the signs proclaiming "Science is Real", etc.... At the same time, Guy McPherson leaves the stage with "Only Love Remains" (while agreeing with Ye Tao and his work on MEER). It is always tempting to abandon the dirty, nasty bits, the reality of the web of power and deception to go for the pure and simple, myself included. "I tell you to enjoy life. I wish I could but it's too late.". (I love how in that video Ozzy sings he is frowning all the time with an ear-to-ear grin... there is a lesson in there, I suppose.)

#carl sagan #guy mcpherson #ozzy



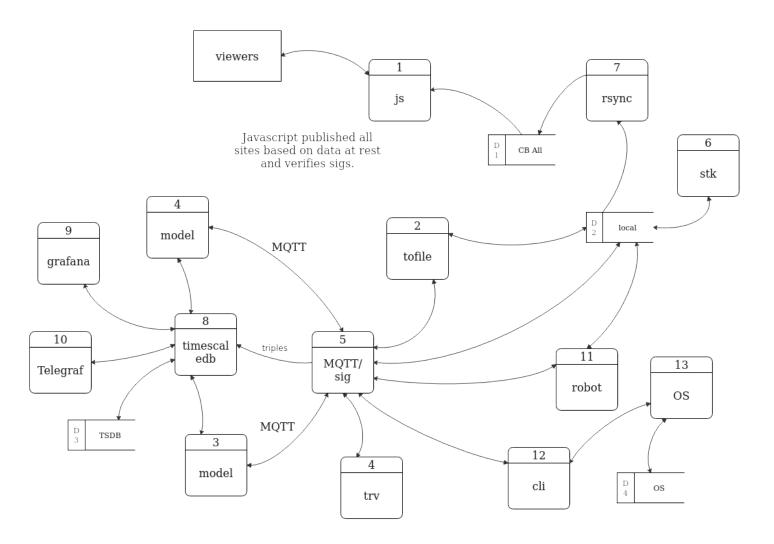
2021-11-05 • Journal • Willamette Street • LR

I had a flash of the way I felt, the way I saw the world back in 1987. I could see Willamette Street in my mind. It felt good, as though I had touched something, could recover something I thought I had lost. I experience this with different times, different situations over the years, and usually I lose it again, whatever it is. I try and hold on, try and figure out what I'm doing right in the present that opened myself back up again, but a day or two later it is gone, and I'm back to the same old path.



2021-11-08 • Journal • Three Months Triple • LR

On August 1st, 2021, this was my plan:



I was already to launch into the robot build scripts, I had processes 3,4, and 12 working, and had even created a VM image that ran the scripts so that I could continue the build with triples. The problem was that I needed to make sure the viewer worked with MCJ. I ended up going in a different direction than I thought I would. I started with pull requests of data at rest, but realized that I could fit 1100 posts and all metadata in a single JSON object in the single page app. This is much more resilient, more portable, and makes validation easier. I also needed to make sure the schema worked with 3D models. What I didn't expect is that I would rewrite MCJ to work with Plotly Dash.

It took me three months to finish process 1, the JavaScript Viewer, vet the 3D models, and rewrite MCJ. After I wrote MCJ I had to port the websites so I could be using the same model/schema. Whew! Here I am, back at the build scripts again. It was good that I decided to take the detour, because the schema and architecture shifted a wee bit.

Comments:

2021-11-11:

Knowledge, not infrastructure build!



2021-11-10 • Subject • In the Beginning • LR

As a late teen, I demonstrated the new speakers I had recently purchased from Radio Shack to my dad using Moody Blues: Procession. He then put on an album from when he was a late teen: Sandy Nelson: Birth Of The Beat. It was a rare and pure relation between father and son. It was the first time we really communicated without hedging, or out of necessity. We communicated through shared music. Like both songs, it was our real beginning. True, I existed in my mother's womb eighteen years earlier, but the genesis with my father started with communication through music.

I recently added the controversial figure of Jordan Peterson to the front page of ORNG as a thankful emoji. He is attacked for refusing to use words he doesn't want to use. His attackers claim that not using the word "they", when referring to people who want the pronoun "they" to be used, is the same as a hate crime. The thing about Jordan Peterson is that he is obsessed with mass hate crimes and how regular folks come to do these hate crimes. His video is pure. My paraphrase of his message: Let's work together rather than dividing with hate, before we create a hell on earth. I agree with Peterson, that if I don't use the words you want me to use, but do not intend hate, then it is not hate. I just use my own words.

I think the argument of "respect me and use my pronouns" is valid as well, but this is a different topic than a hate crime or hate speech. It is an argument about communication, which goes back to the genesis of civilization. In the beginning was communication, the word, about knowledge of everything. We have a paradox, too, in that we were exiled from Eden for eating of the tree of the knowledge of everything (iin civilization!). I am OK with paradoxes, but we are back to how we communicate. This is where things get fuzzy. It is quite likely that our divide comes out of not respecting the other side (I know, Peterson resists characterization of sides), but we are limited by Chimp Notches.

If we agree with the general idea that humans, just a notch above chimps, are cognitively limited to a few abstract tools in real-time collaborative competition with another team, then it is fairly easy to make the argument that if you want to communicate, you should use words that unite, or you will create a divide. From **that** perspective, the non-binary person who wants the pronoun "they" is correct. Does it hurt to use "they"? No, it doesn't hurt.

It is communication, necessary communication that heals divides. It forms the basis of 6,000 years of civilization. We all originated in our mother's womb, but the genesis of civilization was with written language 6,000 years ago. Our father, the patriarchy, and written language, are synonymous with civilization in myth, but this is not the same as wisdom. The wisdom figure, while apparent in written word, predates civilization, and is most certainly female and communicated in oral tradition at origin.

Our myths are binary and also non-binary. Should there be government legislation or social-media-empowered SJWs that act as word police? Certainly not. That doesn't help. It unravels our origin. But back to Peterson's vid where he encourages us to stop. A good way to stop is through respect, and that includes using words your audience prefers. This is how you lend a hand across the divide. As much as I respect Peterson's vid and his message, he is referencing ideas and words that amplify the divide for certain people. Overall, there is truth in his message. I think it is true enough, that I put it front and center among other truths on the front page of ORNG. Truth comes in many forms. The beauty of the weave comes both from the unique flares, but also the common threads throughout. Being inclusive where you can, helps the common weave.

The father is not all. The patriarchy is not all. The origin is the mother, our true beginning in her womb. We also need to recognize and respect the mother. Can we hold both things in our minds, consciously? There are many divides. At the same time, though, almost everything we see and experience right now come from the 6,000 years, from the father. The miracle of oil expressed as mobile phones *is* the patriarchy. She gets the stars, the sky, the mountains, the ocean. She gets all, really, as oil came from her. True, she likely needed civilization to create plastic.

The father of 6,000 years gets most of what is visible, and without him we will die in great numbers, and, really, his stamina is fading. He will rise again, though. Will it take another 6,000 years after collapse? Perhaps.

#chimp_notches #civilization #consciousness #dad #dark_angel #jordan_peterson #mom #ouroboros #prayer #uteotw



2021-11-12 • Journal • Pause. Where am I? • LR

This last week has had everything I need to understand how to move forward with an idea of where I am now and where I'm going. At the same time, though, I can see the recurring shackles that bind my mind into old circles.

The thing about that nasty word **knowledge** is that any form of capture and use requires a complete supply chain or it is not flexible and independent. This is the evil of our cloud direction, not particularly that companies are to blame, but that as humans we have ceded control of knowledge.

In 1992 I did a stream-of-consciousness term paper that determined the majority of my grade for a greek philosophy class. I ended up doing well by just cutting open the flap and dumping. I know much more below the surface than I can ever map out. This is a bit ironic, in that much of my work is in mapping knowledge, but my point is that I need to blast forth in more of a stream-of-consciousness fashion and get my ideas down across the entire knowledge supply chain.

The recurring shackles come from two main areas I can see now: One of them is thinking about how to land a job with these ideas. I know that CI/CD aspects of this will turn people off. If I really want a job working for those who have sold out knowledge themselves, then I need to focus on the ASCII version and limit to Gane and Sarson and technical specifications. But I see much more, I feel much more, much more is in motion. The other shackle is the academic side of things. In this area I match a bit more with the fuck-it-ship-it folks.

So... fuck the well-placed pavers on the path and blaze through the jungle. I don't have enough time on this planet left to worry about the pavers and drainage gravel and sand. Outline the idea. Abandon rational thought (in concept), cut-up the ideas, put them down, lay them down, splay them out, collect them, decorate them, arrange them, and light some on fire on the side of the trash barrel if it is fun.

#cut up #ouroboros #pink light

Comments:

2021-11-13:

The catch is that I use the pavers to assemble my own path, since in this crazy, upside-down world, knowledge is completely decomposed. Those with the least amount of interest in the nature of things end up being more successful economically. I need some form of feedback to make progress, and my own pavers on gravel are all I have. I am climbing alone. How does a piton work? How do I tie knots? It is bizarre. The ideas I'm working with are everywhere, but companies want to put all their gems in the basket of another company and worry about the vine making a particular curve on the side of the basket. *** We want somebody that can bend thorn-stripped blackberry vines for bottom bends of BigSite CloudGlobal baskets. ***. BigSite took all of the opensource software the grey beards knew and convinced mediocre technology managers to put their gems in the basket without understanding the knowledge or nature of it. Is that your value-add to the world?



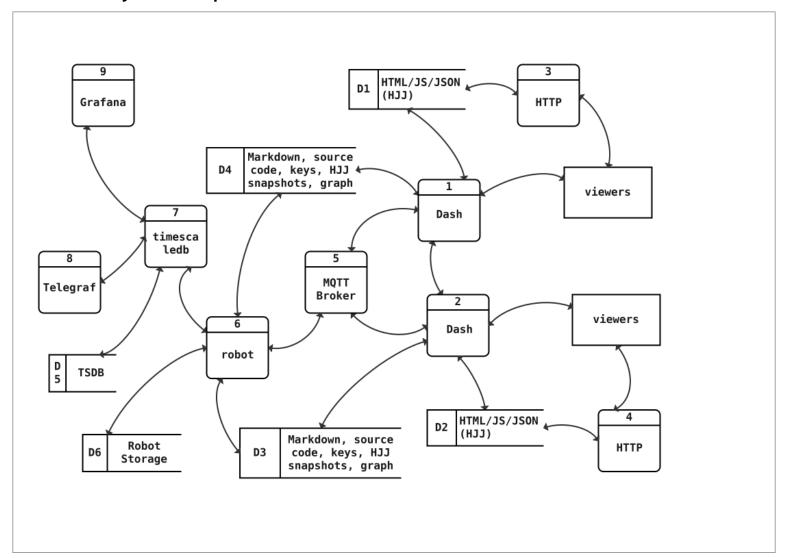
2021-11-17 • Subject • Knowledge vs. Networking • LR

There is a particular brand of insanity that I'm on from other perspectives. Most people are comfortable with their ideas and work as they consider civilization. The problem for me is, once I see something, pull on a thread, and watch the hypothesis start to form a theory, I can't turn away. What is knowledge? How does it work with civilization? How does civilization work now? How is IT related? The interaction with this kind of stuff with my friends is close to zero.

The odds go way up if you are under 40 years of age (seriously). Over 40? It turns into a short-lived networking exercise. (What can I do for you in your career goals, and what can you do for me. - or simply a respect for our past relations) It isn't about knowledge, though, not anything that goes against current thinking.



2021-11-28 - Journal - Updated Plan - LR



D3, and D4 hold all data, and the entire system can be regenerated from those stores. This doesn't include metrics. The keys are generated with Setup Triples pub Keys. The source is handled however the user wants (me, mostly), and that piece is maual right now.

3 and 4 just serve up single page apps (D1, D2).

1 and 2 are Dash apps that maintain all metadata and markdown.

The Dash app sends change to the metadata back and forth, and the robot applies the changes to the stores immediately, but it also compares with the HJJ snapshots.

The robot also since alerts to the Dash apps and can run compile jobs. The robot is just a python script, so it can live anywhere, and in multiple places.

#ouroboros #timescaledb



2021-12-01 • Subject • Vestigial Thanksgiving Post • LR

I saw a vestigial Thanksgiving post on my feed from a recent friend add, so this is a bit late... hi Kelly.

What I find quite fascinating, is that the core evil is the same today as it was back then. Sure, we have clothed the current evil in modern clothes, but it comes down to the same basic problem. You, I, we are all part of a civilization that is comfortable in their reference frame, and does not prioritize knowledge of where we are, what we need in the future, and how we will get there. Much like today, I imagine that back then there was a similar balance. Don't fool yourself. Our current civilization is perpetrating an evil with much broader implications and suffering than what we perpetrated on the Native Americans. It does not make what we did back then any less evil. [Evil seems kind binary to me.]

The core thing is that the native populations were not industrialized. Decomposed processes are a core part of industrialization, and it kills knowledge. It is much easier to ignore negative externalities if you are lost in the bread crumb scatter of modern existence.

The idea that native populations were more attuned with the broader environment, flora and fauna, has been abused, and I hate to even reference it. We have treated it like a cute thing, watered it down, etc., but it is *everything*. It is a serious and unifying approach. And this is the relation.

Our decomposed culture, sliced and diced to entertain us, and remove us from the world... our work processes optimized to feed the global supply chain monster at increasing complexity, while hiding the negative externalities, all the while tweeting about oppression of Native Americans... this is the evil. It is still with us. It will destroy us.

OTOH, we sure could use a change. We will get one.

I am confident that the advertising/social media AI has no idea what I'm talking about, and is 5 years old, a kindergartner as far as AI against the link. (Top 20 reference to Native Americans good, and a dose of white man shame... sell some organic millet non-gmo ramen to her, let BigSite know we have a sucker for 6 buck ramen). [For the record, I do happen to be a sucker for greenooodle 3 buck ramen.]

Oh... and I don't think the ad flow actually works like that. My guess is there are billions of classification tokens constantly harvested. I'm associated with, say, 12382fcabe985298cd3f184c725f8399ec and a bunch of others. My behavior is abstracted and sold as abstracted identity relation to the tokens. I gathered tokens for posting on a friend's post that likes baby yoda this morning. I shared this link. Boom! Baby Yoda in my feed:



[I don't care enough to look it up, but Sean said that it isn't actually Yoda.]

I mentioned a top 20 current cause without ever posting Burrough's Thanksgiving Prayer on my feed this year (ooops... that will mess up my basket of deplorable tokens... ooops basket of D. gets me another token... 10 of the wrong tokens and the AI will think I'm a Russian bot and kick me off... ooops). I am a swirl of activity and interactions, a phone moving through the universe collecting tokens that are shared so when I arrive, I get token-associated

ads... something like that. It is different than simply "sell Aggie ramen". I get token memberships associated with my phone.

We sure could use a change. "Mom's coming round to put it back the way it ought to be." A censored vid, but we all know what words MJK uses when referring to lattes and gun toting gangster wanna bes. I might as well just destroy my tokens on this thread, huh?

Medusa, anima, myth, destruction, rebirth, awareness is beyond the itty bitty processes we follow that are owned by interests that profit from our laziness. The woman within can help put it back the way it ought to be, just as the woman outside can. (Animus, the man in woman, from a Jung perspective has a much different character... wanna know why? Because women create life inside of them. They get many things. Verity.) You can dig at this in many, many different ways. Mother as... well... Earth. Mother as anima.

Think. Write. Dream. Learn. Place yourself *in* the world outside and inside. Don't be content with just pushing that lever, being a @#\$%ing cog every day for your loot and tweeting about how so very humble and honored you are to fsck our ecosystems for vertebrates. There are ways to mitigate what we have done.

#anima #burroughs #civilization #kelly



2021-12-03 • Subject • Fiction or not? • LR

As I go through my journal, some entries don't make any sense. For instance, I have an entry I used to call Moped Gas that I rewrote. Originally I remembered riding my moped. Did I also have a car? Was it another person's car that I was filling up? Perhaps it was the Honda 200 I was filling up. It doesn't really matter too much for the entry, so I'll rewrite it over the years to make it fit better.

Speaking of the above entry, it gets at why I write in a journal in the first place. I am exploring and learning about myth and archetypes, unconscious mind stuff that leaks through. It isn't necessarily about truth of story. I need to attempt to be true to myself about it, but sometimes I have failed.

I am finishing up the graph part of the DFD. I'm thinking I will keep that integrated at orng. The ACME model I'm building can be hooked into my own IT war stories. Likely this is all related to identity as well.

#identity #moped



2021-12-03 • Subject • Universe Path • LR

I've spent much of the last couple of days on four lines of code. I had to learn how python reduce works, and it was new to me. Further, I realized that I had to refactor my data schema for this to work. Specifically, data flow direction needs to be a node, not an attribute.

Paths often do not have a known depth, so if you want things like the parent of a node at a certain path, it is difficult to find. You either need to use some kind of recursion, an index, or reduce. Reduce is a fabulous tool for dealing with paths and graphs. This can facilitate visualization without external libraries, which is particularly useful for single-page apps.

Think about what it means to follow a path. The path exists in a universe or world. Somebody gives you a path to a location that works much like driving: Seattle -> LA -> Tucson -> New Orleans -> Orlando. If you are driving in real life, you break down the journey into pairs: Seattle -> LA, LA-> Tucson, etc. It isn't like you run through every possible city until it matches LA.

The entire set of data (universe, world, domain, or street map of the country) can be used once you arrive at your destination with the path. So the question is, "What is this location if I have the path?" Imagine looking at a map with much detail in 2D. You can imagine that just finding Tucson is difficult. Having a path makes it possible. Call the set of data "world". Call the path "route". The route within world, using abbreviations would be s->I->t->n->o.

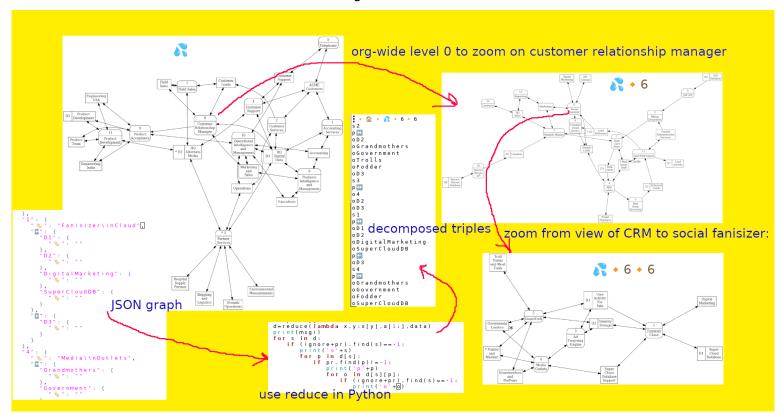
We can break down those into x,y where x-y. At first we use the entire map (world). We are in Seattle, so we know how to find s on the map. We then move through x,y until we are at our destination, o.

A reduce pseudocode, then, would be:

reduce(x,y:x->y,route,world)

For a route in the world, we can find it with the operation next city. Picture it with JSON {"s":{"l":{"t":{"n":{"o":"Or-lando"}}}}.

Here is what this looks like in real life code I'm using:



Comments:

2021-12-06:

All of that being said, I started using pydash and lodash.



2021-12-13 • Subject • Concise, Relatable, Coherent • LR

This post is dedicated to my good friend Sunn, who provided the title, and took the time to read and respond to a rough version.

Do you believe that the world is OK? The best version of that statement that I know of is from the movie Until The End of The World. It is a beautiful movie, and the five hour version is out, which is the one you need to watch if at all possible. Skip over the rest of the paragraph for a minor spoiler. The mother, blind from birth, gets to see with the aid of virtual reality goggles that hook up to a computer and render stored brain activity from relatives. She gets depressed, though, when she finally sees the images and says, "The world is not OK."

So, I mean this in the sense that if you try and see beyond your limitations, is the world OK? Did you learn some things, see some things that made you think otherwise? I have. The way humans interact and manage their civilization is not OK. The planet is fine, and nature is fine, except for ecosystems that support vertebrates. The world with humans is not OK is a better way to put it, I suppose, but that is awkward and could easily be misunderstood. I think the mom in UTEOTW is really referring to this: the damage to the soul and fabric of life that humans weave and wreak.

Perhaps you think the world is OK. You can probably stop reading. Perhaps you believe that God has a plan, and all we can do is be kind. The world will never change from your efforts. Just love. There is a wisdom to thinking this way. From a variety of perspectives this is valid. It is probably in the interest of those in power that you think this, but there are other reasons to just figure it is OK.

Let's continue with "The world is not OK".

I assume, if the world is not OK, that we are here to make it better. The problem is the nature of what is not OK. I think that what is not OK is the nature of human cognition at "normal mode". We all have normal mode. I don't mean some people are less normal than others. What I mean is that we are wired to look at things short-term, feel good about our place in the world, and create more humans. So first off, normal mode is not OK, now. It was fine as we were wired up, when we huddled in the bushes as small mammals and eased into a dangerous world. Thinking too much about danger interferes with sexy time.

Another problem is as old as civilization, and that is power and the mechanism of it. Like cognition, this is wired into the structure of the host, so questioning it is difficult. We captured knowledge to manage grain distribution with written language 6,000 years ago, and BOOM, power structures. Saying that it follows that civilization is bad in any form, makes as much sense as saying that humans are bad because of normal mode.

We are stuck in two ways. From my perspective, the dark side of our mass psychosis, lies in fallacies of deep supply chains and negative externalities. I think this fits into the above two. We have the wired in optimism, and we have power structures in place related to knowledge. It is in the interest of those in power to stoke our normal mode of optimism. I'm not the only one puzzled.

If you think the world is not OK, and you are trying to change things in the direction of OK, how do you do it when people are embedded in what is wrong? From their perspective, if you point things out, you are what is wrong (I am the problem if I point out you have a problem: splinter in your eye, log in mine).

Why did we ignore the scientific commission under Johnson in 1965, Buckminster Fuller's Spaceship Earth essay in 1969, and World3 in 1972? If anything, we doubled down on/in the dream. Why? Ye Tao specifically lists his understanding of "why the perpetual dream" (\$).

I don't think there is time to raise all ships to the level of analysis needed to understand our predicament. Greater people than I have failed miserably. Ye Tao, in my mind is a modern hero, yet he is getting crickets. Where did the worm of technological optimism come from? My personal focus is much different, but regardless of futility, to be successful at all, I need to understand this mechanism.

What is the real mechanism of change? How is it possible to break out of the illusion, to get traction on an alternative view? Is it a pair of sunglasses that show reality? Is it a concise, relatable and coherent message like this? Here we are, in the middle of collapse. Was it inevitable?

I've been thinking that the movie Inception is key to how you change the world in the direction of OK. In the movie, you have to work with the dream. You can't vary too much from the dream, the "normal mode under power structures", or you will be cast out.

The only thing you can do in the movie is plant the smallest seed, and the person who you perpetrate inception on has to come up with it on their own, in their dream. The preparation for the plant needs to be carefully, purposefully architected from the top world, but the seed is small and tied to metaphors and unconscious mind stuff (dreams). Does that seem right to you? For me, this is an approach that rings true, that I haven't fully digested or figured out how to put into practice.

My thought is that Inception is a worthwhile approach. We often say that the only way to change somebody's mind is often not direct, but for them to come up with the idea and think it is their own.

To make my question simple and concise as Sunn advised me: "Is it possible to architect a seed that will grow into a beneficial pattern of thought and action and will be seized on as the reader's own thought?" I would also need to architect out the framework, where I think it would go. It is not a product or a tool or a theory. It is a seed, an idea. Can I leave that behind? My identity doesn't matter. In fact, my identity is probably a hindrance. What will be needed after collapse? I'm not alone here, either. There are others that are building things for the other side, like Collapse OS. That approach is not inception, though, it is more like a buried lifeboat.

Comments:

2021-12-17:

I ended up ignoring nav from the diagrams altogether. It is a priority for me to provide the entire view without external libraries, and sticking with regular PNGs seemed to make the most sense and looked best. They look identical to the graphs in the Dash view.

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2021-12-15 • Journal • Next Up Image Maps • LR

I always liked SVG files with xlink:href links, but at the same time, I need to follow what is available with the tools I'm using. OOTB, it appears that Dash will do best with the Cytoscape plugin if I save the PNG to the filesystem and use the coordinates to create an HTML image map. This seems kind of old, but it appears to be supported. We'll see how it works. The image will go above the DFD pages, and I'll stick the images in the graph subdirectory. Today I finished the rewrite to trigger on a combination hash of title, date, entry, tags, and comment rather than just a timestamp. It is cool, both because it captures more changes, but also because I can erase what I wrote and move on without saving, as long as the hash matches.

#history #mcj

Comments:

2021-12-17:

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2021-12-17 • Journal • Anger Light • L R

I woke up angry. I had a dream involving an elevator and work. I also remember talking to a manager at the place I was working at and discussing ecosystems for vertebrates. It seems odd that that is so deep down that I dream about it. The anger reverberated into the day, and I made the mistake of visiting my social media feeds. I posted, then deleted a few things. On my LI feed I wanted to post a question, "So, do you really think that doubling down on supply chain complexity is the solution?". I refrained. On my FB feed, I posted some Jordan Peterson the wing and prayer vid, protect soldiers from sexually transmitted diseases, and a link to Standing in the Way of Control.

A social media approach to dialog is futile. I have something I need/want to express. I don't know why it is so hard for me to just focus on that, and turn that anger in shiny metallic purple armor into white light, concentrating on May 2nd. I can do it. I can lay this out as a general purpose tool, something that can work for analysis without cloud.

#anger #elevator



2021-12-18 • Subject • Spine • L R

I am in the final stretch of an effort to create what I needed, because it didn't exist. I didn't want to do a startup. I didn't want to make a product. I just wanted to create a set of tools that illustrate an idea: using graph techniques

to manage, grow, imagine, and fix systems. I'm doing this to solve a frustration people have had with my preferred, often insisted, scope of engineering effort.

Many people use graphs to deal with systems. The idea is not novel. There are many startups that will sell you various products. There are many cloud services that will sell you graph engines, many of them you aren't even aware are powered by graphs. Some companies sell graph products based on these ideas, yet come up with the idea of standardizing on a master schema for everything, that looks much like an ERP system of the early 1980s:

This schema has been grown and extended so that if you hook into it, you will never be independent from the company and their products again... ever. (Kind of genius, really, if you think about it, I suppose, but it is very ugly.)

I am placing the "spine" of my work right now using a tool called a *solution description*. It is the *Book of O.R.N.G.* When dealing with systems, a solution description serves as a guide in mostly narrative form of "where are we now, where do we want to go, and how do we get there" from a systems perspective. Solution descriptions take the form of a graph, usually rendered as a document created by a word processor. As an example, under operations, there would be a section on monitoring, and under that, thresholds. This is a path to a node on a graph (2.1.6: monitoring thresholds). I was trying to figure out who the stakeholders were for my ideas, as identifying stakeholders is an important part of a solution description, and I came up with *System Users and Engineers*.

It reminded me of how we have degraded the term System Engineer. We corrupted the idea of cloud (elastic infrastructure with an API), and turned it into roles that focus on process rather than the system: The world is too complicated to worry about stuff beyond user needs. Don't build a system that fits requirements, but, rather, perform incremental process changes as needed, utilizing an API via various cloud tools

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that nudge the system in a way indicated by constant feedback. It has been years since I have been able to find anybody in an IT shop that will respond comprehensively to a list of core requirements, even after coaching. We say it matters, but in practice most IT shops are incapable of establishing requirements, at least those I've worked at. We often just fill out the hard requirements by copying and pasting large swaths of our cloud provider's work. I've run into this frequently, as I'll ask the question about availability, and it will come back five nines from the business, but the cloud provider provides three. Engineering has disappeared for most, and has become, instead, administration for cloud platforms.

Many years ago, I was working as an engineer. My role was engineer proper, and my boss understood what the term meant. A man with a director title that handled all of the hardware platforms, wanted me to join his group, as they had a massive ERP rollout coming up. I told him I didn't want to join his group because it was primarily operational: responding to system outages and immediate requests for software installs and capacity increases. He bristled at this and said they did design work. I challenged him by saying, "If your group does design, show me one design document your group created in the last year." He said I was in dangerous territory, as he had a director title. I am fairly sure that his group did not have any design documentation. Like much of IT at the time, they were moving in a direction of dealing with crises as they came up without an understanding of where they were from a broader framework.

Recently I got hung up with my management over whether a chosen monitoring system would lock us out of actively monitoring a primary system platform that we were rolling out. The logic was that we wouldn't be live with the new system for two years, and we would simply toss the monitoring system at that point. These were the words from the CIO to my boss. Ever the engineer, in the true sense, I documented this decision. It is totally fine to say this: "We

are choosing this system because it is expedient, and are aware that it will not monitor new systems coming online. We are willing to toss the monitoring system at that point and implement a new one then." What I noticed, though, was that there was an equal and opposite force, in that upper management wanted engineers to document that the system would persist for five years. My boss, although he agreed with the logic, told me to avoid saying that we were willing to toss the system after two years. Sure enough, though, when we got on a phone call with a broader group, the CIO wanted guarantees that the monitoring system would survive five years without "dying a death of a thousand cuts". I couldn't lie, or avoid that, so I said, "No. The monitoring system will need to be tossed in two years, so those thousand cuts will arrive much sooner than five years." I have no idea what ended up happening. My engagement was terminated soon after this... go figure. I would do the same thing again. I believe this is the responsibility of the role **engineer**. Sure, do it professionally, but don't lie, and don't let decision implications get swept under the rug.

I find that writing about my problems and experience help me understand my crazy world, and as I am writing this, just now, I realize that this contradiction is much like the design vs. agile issue: **We don't have time to lay down a full design. By the time we lay down a full design and implement/code a product to that design, our needs will be different.** The problem comes when holding somebody responsible for the outcome of this decision two years later.

Saying "real engineers cost too much money" is an extreme characterization. Believe me, when the o-ring fails, proper system engineering will be valued. But, you can bet your lunch, that around launch time, the engineers were portrayed as hindrances to the real movers and shakers of space exploration. To be clear, I am aware that all roles are crucial. To a certain extent the "onward at all costs" mentality that drive launch are a necessary balance to the caution of engineers. I love Ron Howard's movie Apollo 13, and how it portrays this.

These thoughts can be extended to the systems that support our global civilization and supply chain. In almost all cases, if you trace back the source, it is fossil fuels, even for alternative tech. Datacenters with ML/AI compute as a solution to deal with the swirl of immediate data vs. analyzing real requirements push this to the edge of comprehension. The best example I am aware of in the broader ecosystem is Ye Tao. He calls out the illusion we run under specifically. There are real numbers that we can establish and assign to efforts that address climate change. In my mind, these are rejected, both, as he points out, because of financial gain, but, also, and less insidiously, because of the same kinds of ideas that created the conflicting rulings over the monitoring system. This is all related.

The atom that builds graphs, maps of knowledge, is a triple. Knowledge using triples can scale to any level or domain. BFO shows this. The tools and ideas related to this are everywhere, and can be leveraged to solve many of the conflicts above. These are maps, not flows. We still need massive compute and gauges for flows, but like systems, establishing requirements and knowledge first as a map is prudent. We need to have this, demand this. My work is to bring the velocity of graph analysis to bear on the kinds of systems work that rank and file system engineers do, so that the first criticism (we don't have time to lay down a full design) is no longer valid. Further, I do it without cloud, without a particular product, and focus on ideas. People seem to have a hard time dealing with triples, so I need to spoon feed this with a working system, which brings me back to the recursive need to create a solution description for my solution, which serves as a spine in graph form (as a word processing document).

To close, I'd also like to call attention to the newest craze of everything "data science". I understand that we can build AI models of many things. We can visualize and act on the exponentially growing data in our world. Many of the tools I'm using in my demonstration of graph ideas rely on tools from this world. There is a lot of data flowing. I still see the same kinds of errors in logic that I do from my experience as a system engineer. These come from both an epistemological and ontological perspective. How do we know what we are seeing is real, particularly when our work environments are arguably part of the problem itself, and how do we structure, map knowledge in a way that scales and is valid? I am sure that the highest levels in the field, the PhDs, understand the truth of things, but much like the watering down of the term engineer, calling somebody a data scientist, because they can visualize streams of data, corrupts the meaning. The PhDs go on to cloud companies and do start-ups, while the administrators bulk up on titles that show their aptitude with specific products. But this is getting kind of circular, because that corruption is constant and part of a bigger problem as we try and dig ourselves out of a civilization built on 6,000 years of knowledge, and most recently, a boom from several hundred years of fossil fuels.

In my mind, the solution to the problem with data science is similar to engineering. We need to fold epistemology

and ontology into our efforts. I'm sure the AI folks are aware of this, too, in the surface analysis of things. For instance, what is brown in text vs. brown as a camera sees it. How do we know what we are seeing maps to what we think of as knowledge? And, oh, by the way, are we heading in the right direction, really, if the tiny system goes north, but the broad system is going, way, way, way, south? Building bigger and bigger data centers and concentrating the ability to gather, build, maintain, and grow knowledge about systems into the hands of a few, might not be best for individuals, organizations, or our civilization.

In short: grow a spine. Establish meaning and situation, and don't lie. Don't allow lies to propagate. Improve systems at every level you touch. And, for those of you treading the water of data flow in service of existing systems, understand that vision might be tainted by the system itself, and be clear of broader goals.

#ouroboros #work

Comments:

2021-12-18:

I lump schema changes that are not aware of the full design as counting as process changes vs. design. Think of it like the universal turing machine. Data and schema are intermixed as we shuffle the head back and forth in agile workflows hacking up the tape. It is too difficult to understand the whole system, but we have an API and a cloud provider and a burndown chart of user stories. We are stuck in the machine, paying our subscription and usage fees, never truly knowing where we are or where we are going, but feeling like we are making progress, kicking the can of our all-consuming civilization forward one day at a time.



2021-12-20 • Subject • Triple Dog Dare • LR

I had an insight this morning about why my career has become so difficult. It is because I know what "the feel of wrong" is. I get it that there are certainly some relativity issues with that statement. The problem with understanding the feel of wrong, is that it makes it difficult to function in a job. <- There is a period there, at the end.

I arrived at this insight while coding this morning. I was working on some tag and post association features in JavaScript. I knew it was wrong months ago, when I first wrote it. It was technical debt that I accepted, but the fact remains that I knew it was wrong. I could feel it. I've coded enough, that I know the feel of wrong.

I've done just about everything in IT, and done it multiple times, in multiple ways. I remember my very first puzzling moment in IT proper. I was sent to a business on my first day on my job selling personal computers. The business had purchased a new printer (a dot matrix Okidata), and it wouldn't print superscript. I looked for settings, poked around without luck. The answer, it turned out, was that you had to use a binary editor to change the hex for superscript in the Wordstar binary. This was CP/M 2... before IBM PCs were everywhere. Going back this far, I have learned what feels wrong. (Unicode and markup feels right. Changing the binary feels wrong. I am sure in this case, my audience and I are in violent agreement, but recognizing what is "changing the binary" vs. "using a standard" can come from experience.)

I think this is the key to friction at a job. The feel of wrong, these days, is relegated to management. It is something that doesn't scale well. You can't hire for it easily. You can't rely on it. It causes conflict. If you want cogs to fit into your CI/CD/Agile workflows, avoid those that can feel what is wrong. <- There is a period at the end of that sentence.

I also work on old cars. I've removed the heads of multiple engines from the 50s-70s, and put them back together, along with brakes, electrical, and other components. Like in IT, much of the work is based on feel, particularly as the vehicles get old. Even if you could find the specifications for tightening every bolt, and could get the torque wrench into whatever space you were working, you still need to know what feels wrong to be a good mechanic.

I think the mechanic metaphor is decent for IT. It explains how we decompose labor. There is only room for a few real mechanics metaphor-wise. They run the shop, the start-up. In order to produce IT product, swarms of staff that are interchangeable are needed.

The difference between just being grumbly about what is wrong, if you can feel it, and value from this feeling, is if you can offer something better. Can you characterize what, exactly, bothers you about what is wrong? Can you offer a solution to it? I can. I have. I am. But here is another problem. I don't like a focus on product. I want to focus on ideas. You can't patent ideas. You can't do a startup with just ideas. And this is where my "feels wrong" as I get older is getting more and more difficult. Even asking the questions, "where are we?, where are we going?, and how do we get there?" is often considered too abstract. I know there are many, many examples of wasted efforts based on ideas that are too abstract and don't offer advantage. I also know that my "feels-wrong" perspective is unique. Everybody has a different set of experiences that form "feels-wrong". I just don't accept that discarding this from our work lives will be helpful long-term.

I see this in the motivation to work from home, as though new ideas are facilitated by people isolated in their homes. That feels wrong to me. I've been in many brainstorming sessions with people, and it was live people taking turns at the whiteboard, seeing the actions of people, hearing their voices, seeing the passion and emotion in eyes and movement, and taking a break and walking to lunch together - this was when new ideas happened. I am sure, that like the decomposed workstreams, that remote worker heads talking on video conferences kicks that product can down the road just fine. It scales. We are back to the reasons this works. It still feels wrong.

I also know what feels right. I have had many peak experiences that show what is right. Let's go back to wrenching. I've felt how a bolt feels when you torque it too hard and it shears off or strips. But, I've felt many more times when it nudges into place. I know what elegant code feels like. I know when code is spaghetti. I know when automating infrastructure as code is good. I know when CI/CD is spaghetti. I know what is behind that apt command in the Dockerfile.

There is another thread of thought that runs besides this. We have the idea that AI can replace workers that don't act like cogs all the time. [If it isn't obvious to the IT staff acting like cogs, that AI will replace your job of tending CI/CD pipelines remotely without thinking broadly about the system, it should be.] I imagine there is some truth to the idea that the scope of AI will grow to include higher level ideas. My main criticism is that the people that are putting this AI in place, and other systems, can rarely answer the basic questions at a high level (where are we? where do we want to go? how do we get there?). Instead of leveraging AI for knowledge under our direction, we are leveraging AI to create faster, more scalable versions of our culture's warm root beer. We put in the wrong goals, since we are unaware of how to analyze broadly. [This post is not the best place to get on a tangent of knowledge ala a Barry Smith ontology vs. knowledge ala a million bots gathering data and fitting it to the model-of-the-day against a vendor-of-the-moment analysis platform, but I am familiar enough with the area of AI to have a "feels wrong".]

I didn't decide to post this as a laundry list of right and wrong. It was just a bit of an aha moment for me to realize that this is one of the challenges with me. As I've moved on through my career, particularly as an individual contributor, my ability to know what wrong feels like, and right, has been more of a curse than a blessing. Things might change. Perhaps businesses will demand real knowledge and independence. If so, what I'm building on my own can help. I know what knowledge is. I know what feels right in this area. What most people who are reading this are building, and how they are building it, seems wrong to me. I am cursed. Hire me, and you, too, will be cursed... unless, perhaps, you are interested in real knowledge about your business or organization. Challenge me. I triple-dog dare you.

I like metaphors. I think of my situation like this: I'm like a master carpenter. I've used every kind of wood, every tool. I have strong opinions, because of that. I know what a good chair feels like. I know how to make it. Creating 10,000 crappy chairs isn't something I am happy doing. And, the people that are hiring are mostly making 10,000 crappy chairs a month, and figuring they are doing great things as they do it. Sometimes I feel like I'm that master carpenter, making chairs nobody can afford, figuring that at some point shipping the 10,000 chairs across the sea will end, and my work will be needed again. I guess the big difference is that in my case, I happen to have some ideas that I will share, that let everybody create quality chairs at roughly the same velocity and capacity, because I asked that very question a couple years ago, and saw a way to do it.

#ouroboros #work



2021-12-25 • Dream • Furnace Sheriff • LR

I was living with Sean in a rental house with some friends. Michael & J were roommates. When we first moved in, there was no furnace attached to the ducting, so I asked the landlord for one. He installed an old one that had an open front where you could see the flame. Sometimes the flames would flare up and it seemed dangerous. I removed some pillows that somebody had left next to the furnace, as I was afraid of the pillows catching fire. I thought about replacing the furnace with a safer one, but I couldn't figure out how to do it, because it was a rental. The furnace was brown, and had rounded corners like old 50s furniture. You could see the metal through the flaking paint.

It was Christmas time. We had a tree. I opened the front door, briefly, and the living room and hallway filled with a quarter inch of snow. I was worried that the gift paper on the presents around the tree would get soaked and damaged when the snow thawed. There were some blocks made by cut 2X6 boards that were also around the tree as toy presents. I suggested my brother use them to build a base for the presents, raise them up off the floor. (I really don't remember which brother. My brothers may be one aspect of myself at this point.) The snow stopped, but I could see dark clouds over half of the sky, along the horizon.

I went for a walk down an alley, and there were ripe grapes along the path. I walked far, and walked back across the windward side of a ridge towards our house on the sidewalk. All the trees had been burned or fallen, just leaving scraggly, dead trees, or trees with most of their limbs missing.

I passed two houses that were built very close to each other. A woman in the first house was asking the neighbor for money. The neighbor gave or loaned her money, and she asked, "How much do you make?"

There was another man at the far end of the second house, sitting on the end of the bench under a long awning over the front of the house. He said, "I'll give you money."

The woman asked, "How much money does a Sheriff make?", incredulously. The Sheriff smiled and said, "Enough," as I walked by him and silently gave him a short nod in greeting. He was smiling. He was happy. He nodded back as I passed. I noticed that he had a Sheriff badge.

#house #michael



2021-12-26 • Subject • Liars and Damn Liars • LR

Back in the early 2000s, my understanding of "where things come from" changed significantly due to the work of BAN (Basil Action Network). Primarily, it was a long article called "Exporting Harm: The High-Tech Trashing of Asia". There are hints in this document about where things come from, and the nature of the mass psychosis that grips the readers of my post here. The focus of BAN, while noble, is futile. But, the comprehensive list of where computers came from blew my mind at the time (2003).

We work from within an insanely deep supply chain. Just try and figure out how much ultra pure water it takes for a single computer chip. How much water does it take to cool a modern datacenter? Even more interesting in the Exporting Harm article was the catalog of materials that goes into modern computers. It isn't just water. Plus, the entire catalog of ingredients is based in an oil-based supply chain. Our chemical industry is oil-based.

It is equally futile for me to post here. It is just that I read a review of the new Matrix movie, and it reminded me of mass psychosis and everybody isolated in pods while the machinery harvested our brain activity for electricity to run the world, all the while streaming a story that gave our lives meaning as we fought for causes in a harsh-but-not-too-harsh world. There is little that I can say here. Do you want to know where stuff comes from? You know, that cable you connect your phone with, the phone, the knob on your fridge, global vaccination efforts, the last-mile connection of your ISP, your cancer cure, your surgical procedure, your meds. (BTW, check out the drop in opium when the Taliban took over in 2001, and notice the supply was restored by 2002.) This is the beautiful thing about the steak in the matrix. The illusion is what we prefer. Don't ask. Don't tell.

The "Exporting Harm" PDF is available. I am quite curious who is familiar with it, and if you aren't, how many people would a) read my post, and b) find the PDF. If you do, remember that it isn't so much about the political action. The political action just ends up moving the symptom around. The problem is modern industrial civilization. It likely can't

be fixed. We can mitigate the larger problems (Ye Tao, for instance, has a lowish tech solution to warming.), but the root cause is modern industrial civilization, so... Matrix-view is the only psychologically (and politically) acceptable view.

And, so... another day up early, working on my graph stuff. Presumably, I will present a way to map the kinds of connections I list above for any system. In this way maps of knowledge can work collaboratively, as the workstreams are so isolated. But I doubt I can beat the Matrix. I can transform the mark within, so I am no longer at odds (referencing Burroughs), but I live within the Matrix. Further, as I understand, the new movie tries to impress on the audience that the Matrix has a sneaky way of propagating the mass psychosis as a presumed way of fighting mass psychosis (which is pure sneaky genius). I guess... one last plea (last? really?):

Where does stuff come from? Follow it all the way down to the water and earth. Where are you now? Make it specific. Don't fall back on a letter in a political stance. Where are you in relation to water, and earth, and food, air, etc.? Where do you want to be? How would the world work in your ideal state? Is it just for select groups of people? Start with the most simple needs, and do the math. And, finally, How will you get there? Again, be specific. Do the math. I'm warning you, though, you won't like the answer. You know the shabby clothes they wear in the first Matrix movie? Yup. Get used to it.

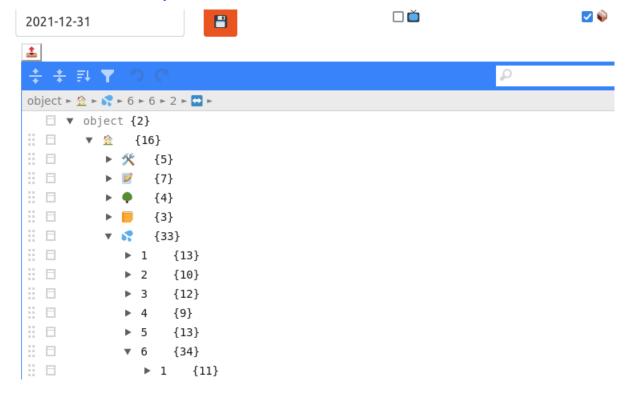
And, if you want to challenge me on this, you need to go back that far in your analysis, all the way to water and oil used to purify the water for silicon wafer fabrication, plus enumeration of everything else. I will not simply cave for a letter on a political "human rights" list without accounting for the overall cost to our ecosystem we live in. I expect that the analysis can work in any way we balance it. For instance, if everybody in the world, right now, wore one of those dingy grey Matrix shirts and ate gruel (like on the Matrix ship), we might be able to have all of the human rights we want. But I want it mapped out, because, as Bob Dylan sneered when the audience booed electric, "I don't believe you. You're liars." Daunting, huh? That's why we need better collaborative mapping.

#bob_dylan #burroughs #civilization #mad_max #mad_men #ouroboros



2021-12-31 • Journal • JSON Patti • LR

I got the JSON editor to work on MCJ. This will help me with and . These two domains caused me some trouble because they are few restrictions on levels like a normal blog-like journal. I had hacked up for levels 0,1,3,4 and even 5, but had similar challenges, and the hacks were becoming too ugly. I lost some time and momentum because of that, but the JSON editor feature saved some time, as I don't have to add much to the UI.





2022-01-07 • Dream • Greasy Clothes • L R

I had been posting fake pictures that I was clipping from a larger, weird picture that Cathy was also posting. I decided to mix in some other pictures so that the AI was confused. I took a picture of some greasy shirts on the garage floor that had been there for over a year. I also took a picture of me washing the pants. I woke up (in my dream I woke up) and realized that I should wash the pants in real life. I went to find some laundry soap so I could wash them. The clothes didn't get moldy, even though they had been sitting so long on the garage floor.

#garage #ruby #social_media #wrenching

Comments:

2022-01-07:

I used to drawl about the Dickey pants to Yvette, "my golden pants". I'd wear them every day as I worked on Ruby.



2022-01-11 • Journal • Restless Night • LR

I had the call today with Mazzy. Last night was restless, perhaps because of the call, but I also think I'm coming up on a change. For weeks, now, I've been running a "100 lines of code" idea in the background as I build out the larger site. I woke up at 2:30 this morning and had some urgent thoughts about the 100 lines. I was thinking they could live all within MQTT and JavaScript. JSON Editor does emit events that can be used as events for triples. Saving the data store is possible. The urgency was around wanting to work with people on this, not just writing online. It reminded me a bit of Chris McCandless' last thought and writing. I resisted the urge to put down the ideas, and eventually went back to sleep around 4:30.

#mazzy #mccandless



2022-01-21 • Journal • Ascent of Man • LR



When I was nine, my dad had a friend that I loved to talk with. I remember one time we all went out on a boat with the family and her, and she and I talked the entire time about Jacob Bronowski and The Ascent of Man. I was browsing around for a historical documentary to watch while I worked out, and found it. Here is a snap of him using a computer to show how human ancestor's skulls changed over time:

The ending of the first episode in the series, **Lower than Angels**, rang true with me, and made me feel like less of a freak with my current focus. I found this extended quote:

"For at least million years man, in some recognizable form, lived as a forager and hunter. But we have no monuments of that immense period of prehistory. Only at the end of that time do we find a handful of cave paintings a record of what dominated the mind of man the hunter. There we see what made his world and preoccupied him. The cave paintings, which are about twenty thousand

years old, fix for ever the universal base of his culture then - the hunter's knowledge of the animals that he lived by and stalked.

One begins by thinking it odd that an art as vivid as the cave paintings should be, comparatively, so rare. Why arc there not more monuments to man's visual imagination, as there are to his invention? And yet when we reflect, what is remarkable is not that there are so few monuments, but that there are any at all. Man is a puny, slow, awkward, unarmed animal - he had to invent a pebble, a flint, a knife, a spear. But why to these scientific inventions, which were essential to his survival, did he from an early time add those arts that now astonish us: decorations with animal shapes?

I believe that the power that we see expressed there for the first time is the power of anticipation: the forward-looking imagination. In these paintings the hunter was made familiar with dangers which he knew he had to face but to which he had not yet come. In them he saw the bison as he would have to face him, he saw the running deer, he saw the turning boar. And he felt along with them, there in the isolation of the inner cave, as he would be in the hunt. The moment of fear was made present to him; his spear-arm flexed with an experience which he would have and which he needed not to be afraid of. The painter had frozen the moment of fear, and the hunter entered it through the painting as if through an air-lock.

For us, the cave paintings re-create the hunter's way of life as a glimpse of history; we look through them into the past. But for the hunter, I suggest they were a peep-hole into the future; he looked ahead. In either direction, the paintings act as a kind of telescope tube of the imagination: they direct the mind from what is seen to what can be inferred.

Art and science are both uniquely human actions, outside the range of anything an animal can do. And here we see that they derive from the same human faculty: the ability to visualize the future, to foresee what may happen and plan to anticipate it, and to represent it to ourselves in images that we project and move about inside our head, or on the wall of a cave or on a television screen.

The men who made the weapons and the men who made the paintings were doing the same thing - anticipating a future as only man can do, inferring what is to come from what is here. There are many gifts that are unique to man; but at the centre of them all, the root from which all knowledge grows, lies the ability to draw conclusions from what we see to what we do not see, to move our minds through space and time, and to recognize ourselves in the past on the steps to the present in the continuing "Ascent of Man"."

~Jacob Bronowski, The Ascent of Man



2022-01-26 • **Dream** • **Waiting at Table** • **L R**

I went to a restaurant to meet Marc. I sat down at a table in the back, waited awhile, and then figured I needed to ask the host for a table, as the waiters didn't serve me. I went out front and a man was going on and on "The history of that goes back...", and I saw the host grit his jaw. He had heard it many times before. The man was oblivious to the fact that he was boring the host. The host had a black durag on his head. The host turned to me as the man continued talking to the people in the restaurant.

The host took me back to a table against the kitchen, just as I got out the words "For two people, please". I looked at the table and realized it was just fine. I sat down with my back to the kitchen entrance behind me. It was fairly private, set back from the rest of the restaurant, and I figured it was a good place to meet. Usually I don't like being right next to the kitchen when seated, but it seemed quiet, which would be good for talking.

I texted Marc to let him know where I was: "Straight towards the back at a small table." I had trouble getting the letters typed in to my phone.

#chimp notches #host #marc

Comments:

2022-01-26:

In real life, Marc and I have been going back and forth via email. I insisted multiple times that I'd heard most of his points about various top 20 issues before, and really wasn't interested. I confused Marc, and he continued to try and argue the issues, unable to understand that I was simply bored with the assigned

narrative to the talking points. My dream guide, it appears, gave me the appropriate metaphor (the host, who has heard almost every mansplaining tidbit about the top 20 talking points on one side or another). To be fair, this is similar to chimp notches, in that from a tactical perspective, unless we set aside time for analysis, we only have the ability to tactically respond with a few tools and segregate into two teams. People often have lots of time to take a small bit and fit it in to the proper slot. This is human (chimp notches). We need a crutch to edge forward.



2022-01-27 • Subject • Blue vs. Red • L R

Hypothesis:

The US population has segmented off into red vs. blue, to the exclusion of critical thinking and learning. The behavior is strong enough that it could be considered mass psychosis. Social media aggravates this by exposing colors with narrative appropriate for their color.

- · Definitions:
 - Blue = Educated coast dwellers
 - Red=Uneducated rust belt folk
- · Caveat:

This is just a model I have formed to gauge the level of what appears to be a form of mass psychosis. Note that I'm blaming both sides, not just one. (Mass psychosis is one of the overused terms on either side, but I still think it applies.) Blue vs. Red isn't necessarily geographical. This does not excuse stereotyping, it is just a reflection on polarization.

· Symptoms:

If a Blue offers a piece of evidence that is something a Red believes, Blues condemn it as being Red.

Normal conversations degrade into a narrow feed of talking points and conclusions by color.

Conclusions become conflated with action across different domains. For instance, wearing a MAGA hat and not getting vaccinated go together irrationally.

People associate themselves with the good identity, with the largest set being their color. Criticism of ideas becomes conflated with criticism of individuals.

If you have a conversation within your own color, you will find that you agree with almost everything being said. Nuance and originality are absent.

• Tests:

Find an alternative narrative within a color. A great example is current alternative virus treatments (I'm only aware of Iver., which is rapidly becoming historically irrelevant, mostly, but the story of it is a perfect example). Offer up that alternative in a conversation within a color, and observe immediate dismissal.

Track the last passionate conversations you had within a group of your color. Review your social media feeds and notice that most conversations are mirrored in your feeds.

• Conclusion (mine):

I avoid the top 20 topics, in either direction, around colors. I am *bored out of my mind* by the same blue statements, even though I'm blue. I find crazy people on the bus much more interesting. Unless I see that the person is offering unique, critical thinking outside of blue vs. red, I generally will dismiss them. (I make some exceptions for family and friends.)

#blue_vs_red #identity #marc #social_media

Comments:

2022-01-28:

This was originally an email to Marc, trying to explain myself. He challenged me to make my thoughts concise.

2022-01-28:

Sean bet me a four-pack of McEwan's vs. a McDonald's ice cream sundae and a happy meal that Marc would respond. I said he wouldn't. He has until 11:59:59 PM Pacific, Saturday, January 29th.

2022-01-31:

I won the bet. Also, I noticed this interview with Meryl Streep and Adam McKay, where McKay mentions Blue vs. Red.



2022-01-28 • Dream • 7-11 Pub • LR

I had just started a job working for Charlie. I was in a large room with many small tables, like a classroom. I asked Charlie how long he thought he could use me for data analytics. He looked up at me, and I offered that it would probably be two years. He seemed pleased with that. I explained further that two years for setting up models was right, then they should run themselves and auto populate. I realized that this seemed in conflict with my demand for a salaried job with insurance, as two years wasn't that long.

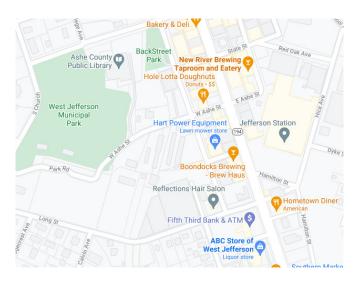
Out on a company outing, Charlie asked what we all thought of the demo of a product he had done previously. I had seen it when I was with my previous employer. I said it sucked, but everybody else thought it was great. I thought perhaps that I should have said something positive instead.

I was back at the house at the ranch on the back porch overlooking the lake. Only mom and dad lived at the house. I saw a real estate agent inspecting the property along the side yard. I looked up at dad, and dad said that yes, he was selling the house. I thought it made sense, since it was a big house for just two people. I went to the fridge to get a beer, and there was none, so I figured I'd get some at a nearby store. I looked outside and I could see a BBQ place and a 7-11. I figured 7-11 would have enough of a selection, and it was close, so I walked there. It was up the hill a quarter mile or so, with the BBQ place slightly further away up the hill.

I walked across industrial land, rather than walk along the road. There were ruts on dirt roads leading to the lots, with thin patches of greenish and blonde grass. The grass was turning to blonde from the heat of the summer. I walked across several sets of ruts and grass and walked over the low barricade to the 7-11 parking lot and went inside the store.

I looked for quite awhile for the beer. I had looked online prior to see what they had, and thought Boondock IPA looked good. I found the box on the shelf, but there was no beer in the box. I assumed you had to ask up front for the beer, like it was an expensive tool or how they used to just put out the case for videos at the video store. I saw some cooler cases a couple of rows over, and walked over there, but it was a pub in the corner of the 7-11 that had beer on tap and burgers, with six or so small tables. There was a host waiting to seat people, and he and I chatted about how novel it was that there was a pub in 7-11.

I searched for Boondock IPA, and the best match I could find was this:



#beer #charlie #dad #host



2022-02-02 • Dream • Ruby Water Rush • L R

I got Ruby running. She hadn't ran in awhile. I saw Yvette on the side of the road, and picked her up. We were in a city with hills. I asked Yvette if she would like to drive, and she said yes. She went fairly fast, and the sidewalls scraped up above the curb. We had fun driving. Yvette commented that she could still drive fairly well (both her and Ruby). Yvette went down the hill, and we were both running how Ruby's brakes would do at the bottom, but she did fine. Yvette pushed hard on the brake pedal to slow down, and we turned the corner to go up another hill. As time passed there was more and more water on the road. It had started as just a little water, but as we went up the next hill, there was more and more water, to the point that when we got to the top, Ruby was completely submerged by water. Yvette asked if I wanted to try driving around the corner, even though Ruby was submerged. I agreed, and she made it. The engine appeared to still be running. Both Yvette and I drove above Ruby, as though she was now a pedal car underwater, and we were driving with our heads above the water. We emerged from the water in front of a restaurant. The host saw what we had done, and was impressed. She asked Yvette if she would like something to wear. Yvette said yes, and the host gave her a loose fitting black cat suit. Yvette put it on over her clothes while removing her clothes at the same time. It looked kind of cartoonish, and her legs were curved in a cartoonish way, with toes pointed inward at the bottom.

#host #rambler #ruby #yvette



2022-02-14 • **Dream** • **Tools Stolen** • **L R**

During the night somebody had broken in to the cottage and workshop and stolen everything: canned food, tools, everything. They even took Betty's engine and transmission. All that was left was clipped brake lines. There was just a layer of dirt on the bottom of the workshop. On the wall was the large adjustable wrench and the stack of o-rings, clips, and other fasteners I have, but everything else was gone. Nothing was in the cottage, no canned food, nothing. I thought, "How can I fix things in the house that break?". I figured I would need to move in to an apartment, since I didn't have any tools.

#apartment #dirt #tool



2022-03-16 • Subject • Triple Wolfram • LR

I've been intrigued by Wolfram's efforts for a couple of years, now. If the space-time article clicks for you, his updated efforts are aggressive in scope, and fascinating as well.

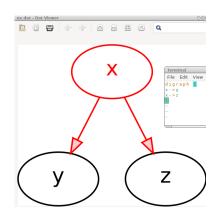
I've been trying to focus on a demo of my triple ideas using Triple Pub. My idea is that if I can distill the ideas into a working example, that it will facilitate understanding and intellectual investment. Long narratives are problematic in that regard, for most. Wolfram pushes my own limits. I needed an emoji to represent "triple". I found three fingers, and the number three, but the best was a shamrock. It has three petals, and will always have three petals, because it represents the trinity. Further, a shamrock works well with pub, because of the Irish association.

With Wolfram in mind, I am re-framing what I've done in the last couple months on triple pub. Last night I decided to give up on my May 2nd deadline. Indeed, unless something jumps in my lap before I lay down what I need to lay down, I'm not looking for work. Even then, any work will need to be graph focused. But back to Wolfram. He is creating space from a network (graph). He uses a simple transform that unfolds over time against the graph of space-time. Time is simply progress on applying the transform. This yields the web of space-time. Understanding the resultant web by measuring and applying math to the output, while it might yield different valid theories, is an overall impossible challenge. Sure, apples will fall, and you can eat them, but understanding from the outside, against the web, can never be accomplished generally.

I'm not tackling anything even close to what Wolfram is doing. My focus is on maps, much like a map for driving. Maps are graphs (networks of roads). Graphs have a basic component of a triple, which is subject-predicate-object. Wolfram defines space-time using a couple of triples and a transform. The transform is:

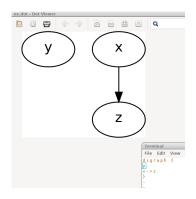
1) Take two triples that have the same subject:





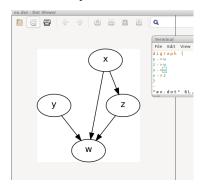
2) The pattern we are searching for is a node with a directed relation to two other nodes. Remove the edge between one of the triples. Let's remove the edge between x and y, so it just leaves this:

y (as a node not connected to anything) x->z

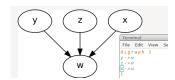


3) Add another node, w, in space, and connect all previous nodes from the triples identified in the first step to it:

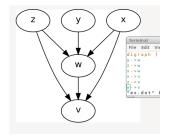
We already have x->z.



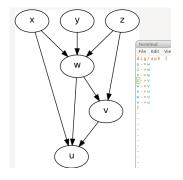
- 4) Let's do it again. We cans see one set of edges that fit our transform, from x->z and x->w. Let's remove the edge x->z. We get:
 - y->w
 - z->w
 - x->w



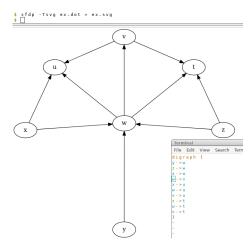
We create another node, v, and draw connect edges to x,w, and z:



And again:



And again:



This appears to be following Wolfram's example.

I'm using the tool Graphviz to visualize these. Eventually these transforms create complex networks. This got me thinking... My big issue with current approaches to IT, is that we have millions of people and cloud infrastructure looking at "exhaust data". Sure we point tools at relational databases. We have statistical models and other frameworks we point the streams at, and we make progress and sense of an extremely complex world. My issue is that the underlying structure is fixed. For instance, if I work in A/R, I have a screen that will tell me who I need to bill. There is no ambiguity here. There are also a limited number of billing contacts for me to collect money from. The map may change over time, but a real map exists. A map exists much like the relations that Wolfram is using. If you add up all of those socio-economic relations across the global economy/supply chain, it acts like an unpredictable beast in many ways. We can get prediction with measurements, models, and real-time feedback analysis; this is what most ML/Al does, but it isn't the same as the root transforms. For an extremely complicated system, then, with current methods, we are required to have swarms of staff with minimal root-knowledge, maintain and coax information out of the storms, beholden to various cloud providers.

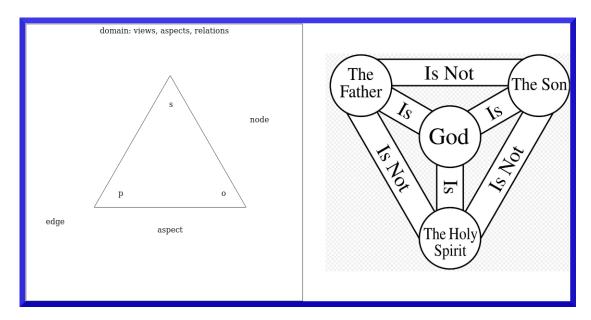
Towards the end of my last years putting in IT solutions, I could not find people capable of filling out the map of requirements. What availability do you want? How does it scale? What are you monitoring? The answer has become, "We will figure it out week to week, and will use cloud to handle the difficult stuff." This actually fits with a giant beast, an all-consuming global supply chain that is getting exponentially more complex as time goes on (or, more appropriately, right now, starting to collapse in areas).

Here is the problem:

If you are involved on the top layer of the web/network/realized interactions of the global supply chain, and just kicking the can a bit further each week down the road, you are not preparing for collapse of the system in any form. At some point, with some piece of the system, whether it is getting drinking water or providing real-time information to firefighters so they know what house to go to next, we will be building up the next system. If we use knowledg-first, that is, actual knowledge, not the exhaust streams of the current as-is system, then we will be more resilient at the next failure.

One nice thing about this venue, is this is my personal blog where I work stuff out. I'm making triple pub live, with concise descriptions. While it is difficult to get somebody from Wolfram to web-of-global-supply-chain to correlate with triples and knowledge, and back up again to collapse in the future, and resilience as a species, it is entirely possible to provide a tool that is simple and formally accurate.

I was working on that this morning. I currently have two views. One is a Gane and Sarson style multi-level data flow diagram. The other is a hierarchy of topics related to resilience. All the G&S comprises, is visualizations for 3 nodes, edges (relations... data flow directions), and different rendering of aspects. I drew up the triangle on the left:



I figure that I can put the differing views and relations into the triples themselves to treat varying domains. I looked up trinity, and saw the diagram on the right. Defining a triple with triples: (the father->is_not->the holy spirit). Here we go.

#wolfram



2022-03-25 • Dream • New Church • L R

I made it down to Fauntleroy and California, and there was a new church there made of brick. It had a steeple, and was fairly large, but more like a traditional church, like a prarie church. I was happy that I had arrived. The church was so new that there was no landscaping. I then returned home, knowing that I had made it.

#church



2022-03-28 • Subject • Bardo Complication • LR

I've often wondered if the lens of boomers getting old is the problem. I'm a boomer myself. What if the physical experience of being in a body that you know will age, die, and collapse, is being expressed in the world? We are creating the reality in our fear. I have many issues with this, but I think it is fair to distrust my "issues", as they are self-serving, quite literally. It doesn't have to be our own projections outward, or our internal understanding expressed in the world we measure. It can also be witnessing and experiencing the failure of those we love, and projecting that loss on the world. The one issue that is hard to let go of, is I think that these kinds of ideas can serve as a cop-out, an avoidance of responsibility for what we are doing as a species; however, both things can be true: it is both a cop-out and a creation of reality.

As Carl Jung wrote in his Psychological Commentary for The Tibetan Book of the Dead:

"The degenerative character of Bardo Life is corroborated by the spiritualistic literature of the West, which again and again gives one the sickening impression of the utter inanity and banality of communications from the 'spirit world'. The scientific mind does not hesitate to explain these reports as emanations from the unconscious 'mediums' and of those taking part in the Séance, and even to extend this explanation to the description of the Hereafter given in The Tibetan Book of the Dead. And it is an undeniable fact that the whole book is created out of the archetypal contents of the unconscious. Behind these there lie - and in this our Western reason is quite right - no physical or metaphysical realities, but 'merely' the reality of psychic facts, the data of psychic experience. Now whether a thing is 'given' subjectively or objectively, the fact remains that it is. The Bardo Thodol says no more than this, for its five Dhyani Buddhas are themselves no more than psychic data. That is just what the dead man has to recognize, if it has

not already become clear to him during life that his own psychic self and the giver of all data are one and the same. The world of gods and spirits is truly 'nothing but' the collective unconscious inside me. To turn this sentence round so that it reads: The collective unconscious is the world of gods and spirits outside me, no intellectual acrobatics are needed, but a whole lifetime, perhaps even many lifetimes of increasing completeness. Note that I do not say 'of increasing perfection', because those who are 'perfect' make another kind of discovery altogether."

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#collapse #jung #tibetan_book_of_the_dead



2022-03-30 • Journal • 100 Line Feature Complete • LR

I've been working for months on getting a 100 line JavaScript page to demonstrate the features of triples. I finished all of the features today. It works. I'm tired. I have a month to write up the presentations and videos.

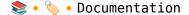
#ouroboros



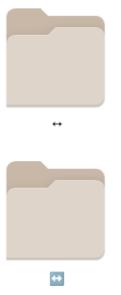
2022-04-04 • Subject • Breaking Ontologies Bad • LR

In Why a New Design? I talked about the need for a simple design for knowledge management. This post will explain how I'm breaking the perfectly good standard ontologies we use today, as well as how it is extensible to something that won't give Barry Smith hives to think about. Let's start with an ontology for documentation. We are going to break down the knowledge of the documentation into triples, but use a short-hand way to represent the triples that is intuitive.

As an example, let's start with documentation. We might have different kinds of documentation already. We could represent a triple that says that the title attribute of documentation is "Documentation". Perhaps we don't even know what the other kinds of documentation might be. We are pretty safe calling this subject an idea of a stack of books, or just the emoji . We could give it a label, but since we aren't sure what else is there, we can't really place it in a proper map yet. Likely we could use something like http://purl.org/dc/elements/1.1/title to provide the title properly. But what if we continue with our emoji idea and related our triple with two emoji and text:



The • is just to separate the emoji. This helps visually, but it also solves the problem of where the emoji start and end. Often there are invisible characters or emoji that are combined to create a single emoji. I usually avoid these, but I figure I should code as though it is possible. One particularly troublesome one is Variation Selector 16. I run into this with quite a few emoji, as they also have simpler versions. Here is an example of how the two way arrows and \square look when labeling a folder:



The top one is just , but if you add EF B8 8F to it it looks nicer. There are ways to split them programmatically, but I also try to minimize external libraries for the base documentation. These issues are one of the reasons why my shortcuts are bad, but let's plod on with our bad selves.

With the above caution in mind, this triple is fairly understandable:

The N-Triple form is not as intuitive: http://www.w3.org/2000/01/rdf-schema#label">www.w3.org/2000/01/rdf-schema#label "Documentation" .

This becomes more apparent when we look at more relations. Let's consider a map of a dream journal.

We've already discussed the first line. The second shows there is a site that talks about the overall documentation. The third says that there is a subclass of documentation that is labelled "Journal". The fourth says there is a subclass of journal for dreams, and, finally, the last line says there is a dream entry with an ID of 3 with a title of "Anna's Bowl of Fruit".

If this was just normal documentation, it acts much like a tree. The sections are all well behaved and the connections go in one direction. Tags, though, make it a graph, since one tag can be connected to multiple articles. I discuss the term graph in this article.

This simplification also ignores the fact that existing meaning for triples exist. It has agreed on semantics. I can go to http://www.w3.org/2000/01/rdf-schema#label and this is the meaning of the predicate. The simplification could be extended, but alone it is meaningless. My thought, though, is that even without real meaning, there are sophisticated visualizations and analytics that can be done using the ideas of triples and semantic knowledge.

Another way that these simplifications are bad is that the (has subclass) relation is assumed to be the same. This works fairly well for many things. Above, the subclass works as sub-parts of a document. While it breaks a bit with tags, we can still work with it, because it is OK to say that an article has a sub-part of a tag. We just need to look for other articles that have the same sub-part.

Normally an ontology is endlessly flexible. There is no reason why we couldn't extend this, but as soon as we do we can't use our simplified notation. Instead, we split up the definitions to extend to various types of relations. For instance, it is quite helpful to pin the relations between nodes as data flow directions. An entire organization can be modeled this way. Another useful relation is by physical location (a computer on a rack in a datacenter in a state). For more detail read The Triple Specification.

Let's talk a bit more about emoji. Emoji are a way to collapse knowledge. Written language goes back 6,000 years. The earliest versions represented a concept with one token, much like emoji. It started with actual tokens to track debt and trade, evolved to pictographs, went through full-on emoji stage in some versions, and then moved on to written word like we know now. Knowledge at this point in our civilization arc is extremely complex. Imagine a dot on a line 6,000 years ago that moves up ever slightly to the collapse of 1177 BC, goes down again, rises again with Rome an inch off the line, collapses again, and then under our current rise since the dark ages, goes to the moon, literally and figuratively.

There are several reasons why I conclude that emoji are useful to complex analysis:

- Immediately recognizable
- Compact
- They work well in a graph (see more below about graphs)
- They can be used in filesystem paths and JSON
- They are fun and pretty

There is an interesting irony here. I am writing this on an OS I compiled from scratch. Part of the reason is that various tools and operating systems are just catching up to the level of emoji I use. Unicode, and associated emoji have many quirks. As of this writing, the only reliable editor I have found that will deal with the array of emoji I have is my self-compiled Vim. Web tech does generally work; however, much of what I do goes a bit deeper and requires stuff like Pango and HarfBuzz working well. Likely, by the time **you**, dear reader, see this, Ubuntu 20.04 with the latest updates will render all just fine (likely Apple Metal too).

All of that being said, there is nothing about triples that requires emoji. Use numbers, words, RDFa, OWL2, whatever you like. The ideas will translate however you wish. I'm using emoji, though, and I use convention and constraints to facilitate my breaking ontologies bad with emoji in mind.



2022-04-06 • Subject • Why a New Design? • L R

How do humans interact and exist in the world? The interactions are complex. Pick issues like human rights, environment, resource distribution; all of them are interrelated, and fed by many other items. I'm not talking about dynamic flows within complex systems, just a map of items and their relations. This post is a good example. The specific meanings vary by academic area; however, considering ontology to mean "a map of interactions and relations within a system, with the purpose of understanding how we interact and exist in the world", is a valid, broad definition.

When things are extremely complicated and difficult to understand, we tend to rely on outside sources, and plod on with our small piece of the socio-economic-ecological web. We look to the sky god or cloud or an inspiring leader, and assume our lot is not to **know**. It may seem that we are flexible in our current mode, but we are flexible without the ability to move forward with knowledge and intent. Whether this is by design by those in power, the side-effect of the global supply chain being optimized by AI, or something else altogether, the premise of this simple design for knowledge management is that as a species we need this for resilience.

Resilience happens at the time of crisis, and is difficult to plan for, as circumstances often change. Some crises are easy to plan for. For ongoing operations of a datacenter, backups for power and cooling are prudent. These will cover most local outages. For earthquake or fire, a secondary datacenter **might** make sense from a cost perspective. On a human level, stocking water and food is a good start. Beyond these items, though, the nature of the threat is difficult to prepare for, and this is where resilience comes in. How can we be resilient in the face of an unforeseen crisis? An ontology can help, much like a map is useful when lost in the woods or a city.

As I write this, there is concern about the global supply chain. Ships with containers are backing up. Various items are backlogged. I am sure that the large logistics companies have accurate maps of the supply chain, but your average business does not. What if I told you that you could map many similar problems at a smaller scale, without a large staff of experts and cloud compute?

This freedom to map, and the promise, is one of the reasons why Tim Berners-Lee (TBL), the inventor of the world-wide web (WWW) gets so excited about it, and is so passionate. If you look at the picture of the first web server TBL created, you can see an ontological perspective. There is even more power when the map is built collaboratively, and this is why TBL is/was so full of hope about the WWW.

I also have much respect for Barry Smith. Search around for "Barry Smith Ontology". Here is a simple ontology that I put together, that lives in the same general world as a Barry Smith type of ontology. He has put together some fabulous ontologies for NASA and the U.S. Military, among many others.

The ideas behind an ontology are difficult for most people to understand. Part of this is that most of us work in decomposed workstreams. Overall, broad system design is done by fewer people over time. We have user stories we work on to improve a mobile app that creates a virtual widget, but we don't call into question the entire ecosystem. It is out of scope. Somebody else handles it. We are driven by products, and ultimately by users. We are not driven by real knowledge of how we interact with ourselves and the planet. This is the problem. We are fed interactions that *feel* real by the central cloud providers that hold the ability to map knowledge, but the interactions are not a real form of ownership. For regular IT folks to use these ideas, to own the knowledge, we need a simpler design, a simpler form of ontology creation, collaboration and maintenance.

The basic idea of modern system ontologies, in particular the type that TBL and Barry Smith talk about, start with the lowly triple. Triples provide a minimal atom of information that can be used to facilitate collaborative creation and visualization of knowledge within different areas.

Triples are formed by subject, predicate and object. There are many details. For instance, the "predicate" might signify the subject has an attribute, but it is still a triple. An object can have attributes too, but when it does, it is considered a subject from a triple perspective. Confused already? Me too, particularly at first. Likely after two years of study, I am still missing some key bits, but I see the power of triples. I am also confident that knowledge built within this can be extensible to more formal versions, as needed and as resources allow.

I've created this design for semantic knowledge capture, that is extensible to something TBL or Barry Smith might use; however, it is much simpler, and has a less aggressive learning curve. For an introduction to the simplified triple scheme read on in this article.



2022-04-16 • Dream • Big Truck • L R

I was working for a company, but I was only partly there, like I was a consultant or something. I had worked there previously, so I was aware of some of the historical aspects of the office, for instance, I knew where particular phone stations used to be, but now they had a cluster of cables and fax/copy/printer combinations.

I got off of work, but had to run a software routine that took awhile to run, so I went to use the bathroom. I went into the stall, while another man was using the sink. He was in his forties, with a balding, but shaved head. I sat there for a good hour, then I went to the sink to wash, and at that time the man at the sink went into the stall. Until then we hadn't talked to eachother, but I laughed and said that it was funny that we just switched places. I washed for quite a long time, washing my head, face, and neck.



He finally came out of the stall. I asked him if he had a place to go home to. He said he did. I said that I imagined that he, like myself had had times in the past where we didn't have a place to go home to, and used bathrooms extensively like this. He smiled in acknowledgement. I left the bathroom. The software I was running had finished. I left for the day. A receptionist who was working on the main floor greeted me good night. I walked out past a bunch of food. Some was on tables for sale. Some was left behind half eaten. I saw a case of broken crackers on the floor. They were large crackers, some spilling out of the edge of the case, spreading small broken pieces and crumbs out on the floor. I thought I should grab some to eat, as it was late, and I was hungry, but decided not to, since I knew I was on camera.

Yvette was home with dinner for me, but she knew I would be late. I got into my truck, much like a 2 ton 1950 Chevy 6100 and started home. I was blocked in, but decided I would start up the truck. I wasn't careful, as I was confident she would start, so I didn't pump any gas or adjust the choke. Just as I was cranking her over, a van in the front that was blocking me left. I was anxious that somebody else would take the spot and block me in again, so I pushed the gas pedal to push in some gas, and adjusted the choke, but she was already coughing to life. The key had come out of the ignition after I started her because of sloppy pins, and I put the keys back into the ignition as I was driving.

The cab was dimly lit from the dash in low yellow light. I started off towards home in the night. I decided to take back roads. She was running great, but I thought it would be better. I made fast progress at first, as there were few drivers sharing the road, but as I progressed, there was more debris on the roadway, which didn't bother my truck much, but it was difficult to navigate. The road got to the point where it was hard to distinguish the road at all, and I ended up going down a steep gully that barely had a trace of any road at all. It ended in a small town. I could see overturned chunks of highway under the side of the hill, overturned grass, dirt, concrete, and metal girders all falling and rolling over eachother, now part of the grassy hill.

When I got past the small town, the road opened up a bit, and I could see my way home.



2022-04-23 • Subject • Triple IFS • LR

The more I understand the nature of triples, the atoms that form knowledge graphs, the more I see how they facilitate system resilience. The features of triples are behind much of the information technology we take for granted. The knowledge captured in this way is more direct and manageable than the knowledge generated by auditing and computing against existing streams of data. It is prudent to establish meaning first, and figure out what your flooring needs are, before going down and renting an industrial floor sander and/or intelligent floor scanner (IFS). It may be that an IFS is exactly what your organization needs, but it is prudent to know why, before outsourcing to IT-U-Rentz. Relying on IT-U-Rentz to explain whether or not you need to rent an IFS is foolish.

I see triples as solving many problems that plagued me during my 30 years in IT, and I see them solving problems without much expense. Further, I see the nature of that form of tackling problems as key to tackling the issues of our civilization. Building knowledge collaboratively is how we make civilization resilient. It is also how we scaled civilization to where it is now. It is wrapped up in everything. The inability to question the go-to move of renting an IFS is locking our civilization into an all consuming loop, where stakeholders on the stressed spaceship earth are relying on a network of IFS's that are grinding away ecosystems that vertebrates depend on, while IFS owners prosper. The irony is that triples power IFSs.

#triples #work



2022-04-26 • Subject • Hyperland Impossible • LR

"I believe the fault resides in the attempt to pound a square peg (relational model) into a round hole (knowledge representation)." ~ Michael K. Bergman

First stop this morning was this article. In Douglas Adams Hyperland fashion, within exploring OWA, I found KPpedia. I observed that the Hyperland video mentioned greenhouse gasses at 3 minutes.

I was trying to understand in more formal terms what I've learned by experience and intuition about graphs, and the relation to the open world assumption (OWA). I didn't make any progress, really. Instead, I have about 3 months of reading queued up.

On a seemingly unrelated front, I've realized that the fact that something is impossible, somehow, makes business people excited. Don't measure how much oil it will take do do X. Don't lay down what we are doing or why. Just move humans to Mars, because... bad things here. I suspect there is something similar with tracing Mandlebrot fractal shorelines vs. just using the formula.

It seems equally impossible to build a resilient system to run your business with a hundred interrelated, poorly thought out internet startups, and a few good ones, stitched together with thousands of individual software projects, plugging your ears and saying "LALALA" to the Eight Fallacies of Distributed Computing, but here we are back at the quote from this old article from 2009.

#knowledge #michael bergman #work



2022-05-04 • Subject • Bacon Graph • L R

The last line of the Georgia Guidestones is:

"Be not a cancer on the Earth — Leave room for nature — Leave room for nature."

How dare you!

Greta Thunberg struggles. 'How dare vou!' Ye Tao struggles The simple calculations of a climate warming mitigation. But I know what is behind it. I know what feeds the insanity We all feed it. I'm just not afraid to map to six degrees, But that doesn't release me from responsibility. Kevin Bacon was six: 1) We use 4 billion gallons of oil a day. 2) How much energy in a billion gallons of oil? 3) Where will that energy come from? 4) What are the alternatives made from? 5) At what rate do we need to change? 6) What else do we use besides oil? What do we do instead? We don't quickly prove that all rides crash in our amusement park. Instead, we hook up cameras and sensors, and sell algorithms of insight. It has always been sleight of hand, a shell game. Pay us money to play And the players shuffle faster and faster, Hiding the bacon. We pay money to watch ourselves lose with increasing resolution, Unable to graph. Unable to graph.

Figure 64: How Dare You

#circus #georgia guidestones #ye tao #bacon



2022-05-04 Subject Insane Cocktail Party LR

Lately I've felt like I'm in a big insane cocktail party. Everybody says roughly the same thing, sometimes with some flare, but for the most part everybody at the cocktail party is comfortable and talks the same language. I am uncomfortable. The only way to get out of the party is to pay attention to where there is no response. It is like there are dark empty rooms outside of the cocktail party, but any engagement with the insane party goers (they all think I'm insane) just leads right back to the party. You can only escape by paying attention to where there is zero engagement.

#social media



2022-05-08 • Dream • Backseat Driver • LR

I have a recurring dream, which I also just dreamed, that I am driving from the back seat of a car. In this case, it was Kalis, and I couldn't see the road well. I had a remote that I used to operate the steering, but it seemed precarious.

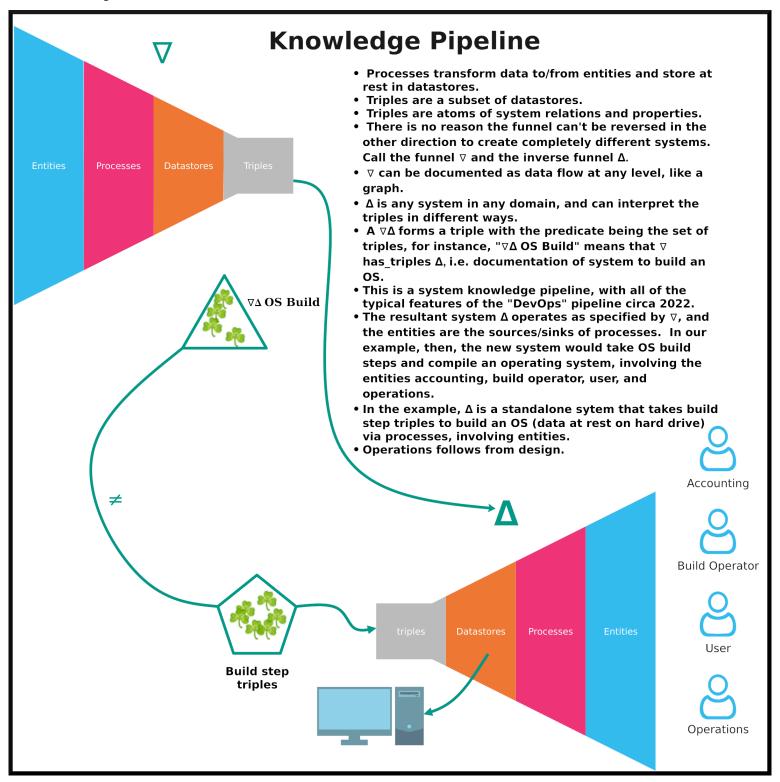
#kalis



2022-05-08 - Journal - Modified Plan - LR

I woke at 2AM. I tried to go back to sleep for an hour, and gave up at 3AM. I'm playing Riverside's Love, Fear, and the Time Machine on my headphones, and taking stock. I'm on a general mission to stay offline until June 1. I have my flip phone and minimal connectivity, and let Sean and Bobo know, as well as the only live work connections.

I'm considering the issues with the JSON format and my current version of MCJ, as my Triple Pub doesn't consider values. I think I need to leave that one as a one-off. The minimal triple format is likely the same (except for a question on labels for an edge, do I use a black diamond??).



My intention is to tackle the robot build problem. I have the agent built already. What I want is a typical DevOps infrastructure pipeline to build and test something that can run itself. As I'm writing this, I'm recompiling webkitgtk-2.36.1 to see if it fixes a CPU hogging issue with MCJ. I don't see any code issues. It may be that pulling out the cache from under the browser breaks it on save, or it may be some other issue with wxPython... who knows, but the compile is long. The relation is that it is hard to get a stable set of software. As I keep saying, you only need to do it once, but it is like truing up something by eye... nudge this side, cut off that piece, nudge again, until it gets wrecked. I've gone through this cycle multiple times with MCJ OS, and I've learned I need to stick with the core that works, which is currently LFS 9.0 base and BLFS. I am using some recent JavaScript in my code, so it makes sense I'd have to bump up webkit versions. I'm also using some recent wxPython stuff. These kinds of cycles need to end, though.

The idea of the Knowledge Pipeline should help, as I can tackle both the triple format as well as ensure that the set

of software is stable.

#ouroboros #wxpython

Comments:

2022-06-20:

I spent a good 15 minutes trying to understand WTF I was talking about in this article. I finally got it. The basic idea is that a build system could ingest triples, much like I do on the build tab of MCJ. Documenting the build system itself could be done with triples. I then made the meta jump that this was a triple itself. This was a higher priority before I fixed the issues with emoji (or, at least, caved on the URI having %EF%B8%8F in it). It will be hard enough as it is to explain the system, though, without this complication, particularly now that the build system is no longer as necessary.



2022-05-10 • Subject • HeroIndustrialist plus TepidSW • LR

As you are considering this graphic (hats off to Scott Duncan and his visualizations), consider some items:

There is one viable mitigation to our warming predicament right now that I'm aware of; it is Ye Tao's MEER reflection. The critical pieces of Ye Tao's analysis are that he looks at the Earth as a system and provides relatively simple calculations of energy going in, heat captured, and the amount of energy we need to reflect out, and how. His Geo-engineering, which, granted, I am usually skeptical about, is also relatively simple.

Often, though, there are very basic questions to ask. In this case ask questions like: How much energy is the Earth absorbing? Why? How much do we need to mitigate? How do we do it? How much will it cost?

What fascinates me in my own career is how even the simple questions go unanswered. How will this scale? How is this managed? How are we using it? What availability do we need? How will we get 5 nines if our service provider is 3? What will it cost to make it do what we want? It is as though the simple questions become the problem. I can't help but correlate this to broader ecological-sociological-political issues.

I've come to the conclusion that we avoid the simple questions, in preference for simply pushing everything down the road. For instance, rather than figure out how we are using the current ERP system and what our requirements are for a new one, simply just buy whatever service is offered by TepidSW. And OMFG, don't bother the users by asking questions about what they need and how they work. Let's just hook up this service to their keyboard and hire a few "data scientists" on contract for a bit. When they reveal we need to buy the TepidSW, our jobs are secure.

It is similar with the questions that go unanswered as we build out entirely new infrastructures for transport, that, still, are mostly powered by oil for creation and maintenance. As we know from recent supply chain issues, complicated tech has a cost, and deep supply chains, while they generate lots of revenue, don't necessarily solve the core problems.

But that brings me right back to the concept of "wet bulb temperature", and the blob approaching 50C above India. What temperature can the human body survive? Where do we get fresh water? How many calories do we need per day? What temperature will grains germinate at? What nutrients in the top soil do grains need to grow into food? How do we harvest and distribute? Can we do that and lower energy absorption of the planet? Just start laying down questions like this and relations. Anybody can. Quit looking to HeroIndustrialist and TepidSW for solutions.

#tepidsw #ye_tao



2022-05-20 • Subject • Recap Today Triples • LR

Three years ago I first asked the question, "How can I automate the creation of data flow diagrams?". As I investigated that simple question, I realized that what I was asking was part of a much larger world, so I learned all I could about

it. My ideas were too advanced for my employer at the time, and they laid me off, unsure what to do with me. I believed that my ideas were good, though.

I shared my ideas with friends and colleagues. One person got it technically. Mostly, though, the response was, "What can I do with these ideas?". People didn't get it. They still don't. The world I discovered is typically a world of PhDs. I can see some engagement by the big cloud companies. Some large companies have large, formal knowledge graphs. The irony is, I'm screaming, "This is so cool. You can do this yourself. You don't need cloud. You don't have to buy anything. You don't have to be big." But, people just plod on and buy their products, their services, certain that they don't need whatever it is I'm ranting about. I'm told to be more concise. I think what people mean by "concise" is that rather than learn something new, they want to be convinced quickly about the need for a product. Well... look at Neo4js color glossy and buy that product if you wish... or Stardog, or Neptune.

What I saw, though, what I learned, what I continue to research, is more fundamental than a product. I realized that all of this comes from the properties of triples. Now... you can say, "What is so great about triples?" I'd come back with, "Look at what the power of two give us (key-value)." All you have to do is bump it to three and you can build a knowledge graph.

Regardless... I doubt I'll convince people, now, to learn something. Some advanced people in data science know about the ideas. But, what is in demand is monster cloud renditions of the territory, not maps, not talking to people directly. Again... back to products. And, likely, the managers that push stuff like this forward will be rewarded, even though they aren't really "owning" the ideas. They are just purchasing yet another product. So, even the data science folks don't have motivation to break out of the territory perspective (AI/ML in current, most used form), and so the understanding won't go anywhere.

Lately I've thought that perhaps I simply came out of my time tunnel three years too early. I'm all ready to build knowledge graphs of any system and it is still in PhD realm or encapsulated in the main cloud providers. Who would have thought that I saw something and took three years to master, and the world still hadn't caught up? Maybe I'm just wrong. Maybe it simply isn't useful to people. Personally, the more I learn, the more useful it is. The whole fuzzy matching world of self-driving cars is *insane*. We need knowledge more along the lines of checklists, not datacenters powering self-driving hamburger deliveries, etc.

#triples



2022-05-21 • Subject • One sentence, one point • LR

If I open every communication with one sentence that clearly expresses a single point related to that communication, my efforts would be more effective.

I learn this in my personal and work life repeatedly. Part of it is that attention is rare. That is the nature of our lives. I suspect that part of it is that people have limited screens on their phones, so they don't scroll down before replying.

I tend to communicate more like a graph: three points, each point has a sub point and other points with points, and the leaves are connected back to various nodes. This is counter-productive in most cases. I should decompose the knowledge *per email*. I should communicate one subject, one predicate, and one object (a triple): [- - <for time off from Feb 3 to Feb 5>], [- - <to avoid complete system outage for 2,000 users>]. If I must get more complicated, i.e. a graph is coming, I still need to express that in the first sentence with a single point. The body can follow to support the point. As an example, consider this paper on the eight fallacies of distributed computing.

If my audience was the CTO (this exact scenario with the eight fallacies has happened for me more than once), rather than an introduction and listing the fallacies, what would be the most effective first sentence? "The long-term viability of our flagship product is at risk through neglect of eight established aspects of distributed computing." ?? That brings up another point. Don't assume people follow links. If I just link to the eight fallacies of distributed computing, few will follow.

I had a boss that asked the team comply with situation-target-proposal (STP), if we wanted a response from her for a critical issue. What is the situation? What is the target? What is the proposal to reach the target? It makes a triple,

but it guides you to a subject (situation), that is longer than a sentence, at least with the way we used it on the team. That was fifteen years ago, before social media had grown beyond Myspace, and Blackberry phone addicts were outsiders. It seemed concise at the time, and useful, but I suspect that a paragraph that just describes the situation as an opening wouldn't fly now. The best would be to express the STP in a single sentence up top and expand below.

This may also be why workstreams function better with user stories and teams of people doing tiny bits. Regardless, as hard as it is for me to do this, communication is not about me. Communication shouldn't be about being right or signaling. Communication is about effectively expressing yourself in the way you intend, respecting your audience in the way they expect (if possible), and optimizing the chance of being understood and gaining further knowledge and action as a result of the communication.

#triples



2022-05-22 • Subject • Barry Destroy • LR

I don't know anybody in person that has taken part in this battle directly; however, the "scruffy vs. neat" distinction at 56:30 is quite good, with context in the surrounding minutes that anybody reading this can understand.

I come from an IT operations background, which means I am naturally scruffy in perspective. I am passionate about what I'm doing, because I believe that solving the problem of applying these ideas to IT at the velocity required by agile workstreams is useful to the resilience of our species. These methods will be most useful in tactical response to crises in other domains, some of which we don't even value yet (the nature of resilience in general). At the same time, my experience in IT means that I respect reuse of ideas and frameworks, so I make sure I map my work to "neat". Barry Smith might find some issues with my models, but he could adapt them to BFO in... oh... fifteen seconds. (I map to two formal ontologies. One of them is under BFO.)

But back to scruffy vs. neat. Barry Smith is characterizing the large majority of AI/ML work as being in the scruffy category. I agree, at least in the areas I'm experienced with. The domain of genes and biology is much more advanced as far as knowledge, then, say, the domain of ERP systems and self-driving cars.

From my perspective, Barry Smith *destroyed* large swaths of work in 2004, when he took on the Gene Ontology (GO). He did this in a presentation called STOP. There is a shorter version of this 2 hour presentation called "The Great Debate: Response to John Sowa" if you just want Barry's side, but witnessing the back and forth on this vid is worth it as well. John Sowa loses it, both from a debate perspective, but also from a self-control/emotional perspective. Barry is still destroying his work in 2018, after 14 years.

But I am a tiny worm compared to these two. Seriously. My stuff is scruffy³. BUT, extensibility and knowing where you are in the hierarchy compensates for my lowly existence. I don't want to live in the academic realm, but I need to make sure I take away the lessons of the great battles. This presentation shows one such great battle between giants.

Part 1

Part 2

Along these lines, here is another giant that lives among Sowa and Smith.

(Of course, goes without saying that Tim Berners-Lee is in there too, and everybody references his work with W3C semantic standards.)

I have my work cut out for me at scruffy³. I often ask myself if I would change my life as far as education. I wouldn't. I wouldn't change a thing, all messy paths I took to get here, all the scruffy... wouldn't change it.

#barry smith #ontologies



2022-05-23 • Subject • Combo Triple JSON • LR

I figured I'd give a glimpse into my isolated process. At this point, I'm at a place where there is nobody that I can discuss issues with. I'm too scrappy for the formal knowledge graph types. My use of emoji is cringe worthy. The data science folks are on to something else (grape juice plus, where plus is AI/ML, and the grape juice is the same old reporting we have had for thirty years, a nod to one of the Planet of the Apes movie sequels. Grape Juice Plus = Reporting plus fuzzy matching against some model, which is really more of a fuzzy matching filter, as I'm not convinced the model has intentional meaning in most cases, it is just a function.). Me? I'm stuck on triples. They reveal more and more. David Bowie sings "I'm sitting in my tin can, far above the world." I'm isolated.

My most recent discovery was that if I split up the triples by path and triple equally, I can stick them into a JSON graph that is useful quite quickly. I can do it in a loop against the triples with a single line of lodash, which will take an object, path, and value, as well as a default (you need the default for numbers in particular, a quirk of lodash with what I'm doing). I've done similar things in ES6 (JavaScript), but the thing about boiling down entire things like this into something simple, like one line in a loop, is that you learn things. This is important if you are sitting in a tin can, isolated. I am trying to find what the easiest way to do things is, with a premise that underneath all of this, particularly with something like triples, the simple way reveals the truth of things.

This morning I was working on a triple journal. The graphic is my journal, as in a form of diary, but I'm talking about a form of filesystem journal that records incremental changes. What I want to happen, is for changes to be appended to the journal by adding to the triples. The question, then, is if I add triples to the bottom of a set of triples, if I ingest in order, what do I need to know to recreate the graph?



For the next few days I will be heads down adding a journal mechanism, so that the GUI can save fast without having to embed my entire set of 9,000 triples into the web page and regenerate the JSON object.

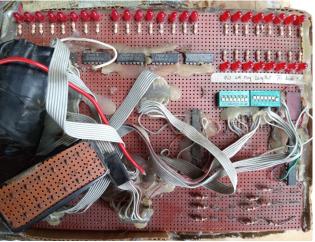
#triples



2022-05-24 • Subject • Homebrew 2022 • LR

I took these pictures today:





The last pictures I had of this were at 640x480 via one of the first digital cameras back in 1998 (Sony Mavica). Now, I can just use my phone.

I really, really, really like to understand how things work, and I like to build it myself to prove I understand how things work. I started this particular project, a Z-80 homebrew computer, in 1980, five years after the heyday of homebrew computers. I built several prototypes that didn't work because of noise in the lines, I thought at the time, but it turned out I was confused about how the bus worked (high impedance state).

I moved 20 or so times, and finally got the front panel you see in the bottom built in 1989. I was always on a budget, and couldn't afford a real EPROM programmer, so I needed to boot up the system with a bootloader entered from the front panel. I'd tap out the binary for the lowest bits with the paperclips you see. It was all point-to-point solder, no wire wrap. Every time I moved it I would have to re-solder some solder joint. I got most of it working well in the late nineties. I finally created a schematic I liked in 2003, which you can see here.

It took me over 20 years to feel I had completely built and documented this. By the end of this effort, I could program in Z-80 assembly and machine code, but certainly the learning curve and my constraints pushed the usefulness of my efforts to more of a curiosity. Entering the schematic was a big problem, as I wanted the lines to look a certain way. I remember one time Visio gave me an error message that I should simplify my drawing. I ended up using Xfig in the end, and I exported the above SVG with a recent version to post.

I think of this whole effort as a kind of time tunnel. I emerged from the tunnel 25 years too late. The ironic thing is that I have a similar passion about knowledge graphs. Three years ago I saw something that I really, really wanted to understand. I dug in, just like I did with the homebrew. I'm hitting my mark. BUT, I appear to have emerged from my time tunnel *before* the heyday of knowledge graph utilization. I'm not completely satisfied with my documentation yet, and I'm working on it. Regardless, I'll be done within the year, and have most of it laid out. I'm probably still a couple years ahead. I just can't seem to get the timing right on this stuff.

#homebrew #knowledge #ontologies #z_80



2022-05-27 • Subject • Monolith Awkward • LR

My big push the last six months has been to create something that people could play with. I did this with triple.pub. It is difficult for the viewer, and me, as the author, to explain everything in one pass. I think I was onto the right idea with the nav under . This is similar to the power of triples themselves: breaking down larger knowledge into smaller pieces that are "harder" as far as definition and understanding. I'll work that in for future attempts. 30 videos that are ultra clear are better than 1 big one. Like with triples, the trick is to create meaning that makes sense in the schema of relations. Sigh... that will take quite awhile.

I saw something similar. Alex Xu, A veteran of cloud-style dev, put together a series of system design topics. Each of them stood on their own. He then published them as one big PDF. There wasn't a unifying schema, though, that facilitated overall understanding, but it was digestible.

On my walk today, I imagined how resilience was related to three (\P , \P , and \P), and each of these utilized all three of (\P , \P , and \P). Just take one relation, and it is easy. \P - \P , for instance. Meaning of words is necessary for communication. The 2D of the graphic gets in the way. It doesn't mean that there *has* to be a relation between every one, but I can/should break them up that way. This also fits with another aspect of graphs in that a graph can be a node on another graph. I can show how triples facilitates \P - \P . The model is begging to look a bit like a 3D force graph in my head. My-o-my, those are fun. Another possibility is to use i-Vis Research Lab's tools to make it easier to navigate the 2D presentation.

#triples



2022-05-29 • Subject • Bursting Out • LR

I've often worked with pleasure and obsession in between gigs. One very fruitful time was in 2001. I had ten months or so where I learned about GNU/Linux at a deeper level than just a distribution of packages. I usually have so much stuff I want to learn about and try, that builds up the longer I am tied to whatever job I have, that when I do get a break I am a flurry of activity. One thing that the flurry from 2001 has given me, is I still compile my own OS. I'm currently on a version based on LFS 9.0, which came out in 2019. I've updated the kernel to 5.3.18. If you search for my name, I still come up on mailing lists in 2001 or so. I changed to various fake names and shifting my identity shortly after.

An LFS "book" is quite similar to DevOps if you had a human in the loop and avoided apt or yum commands. The dependencies and sequencing are pretty nasty. Even on a modern version there are all kinds of hacks to get it to compile. Debian, which forms the basis of much of our world (look at that apt command in your dockerfiles), deals with all of this stuff and provides packages. Containers are a way to hide some of this complication, but then you end up with containers being a slightly different form of a complete operating system and libraries. This can cause some of the same problems that containers are intended to avoid, but from the other direction: every issue with OS libraries needs to be ferreted out within the containers, rather than developers ensuring their apps work with a single set that is vetted.

The collection of all of these between-work binges, particularly the longer ones recently, continue to push me out into orbit a bit. My professional work was more and more rigid. I have gone deep, both on the OS side, but also on the ideas around analysis. Bursting out and enjoying the freedom of building new things that I see as being useful, is both exhilarating, but increasingly alienating. When I look at the world, I don't see the same things. My take on containers is a good example. (But I do *love* layered filesystems like AUFS.)

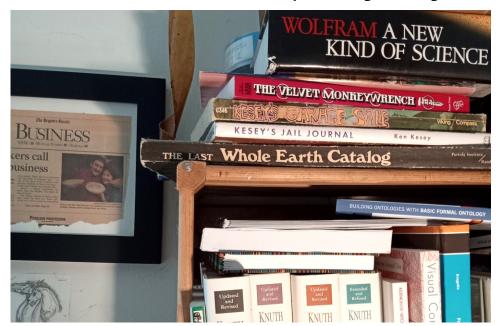
#gnu_linux #lfs



2022-05-31 • Subject • Ruliad in Synecdoche, New York • LR

[Note: There are spoilers for the movie **Synecdoche**, **New York** in this article. Watch the movie first, if that seems like something you are interested in doing, or continue at your peril.]

I have been following Stephen Wolfram for a couple of years. I purchased his massive book **A New Kind of Science** (NKS) a few months ago for 96 cents plus shipping of 3.99 from a third party Texas seller on BigSite. For a book this massive, the transaction was not profitable for anybody but me. Three cheers for BigSite! I am daunted by the book. It sits above Knuth's four **The Art of Computer Programming** books over my desk:



Wolfram's universe is made of points that are smaller than the Planck length. All possible transform rules, kind of like Conway's life, run against these points (nodes). Wolfram calls the set of rules the Ruliad. The universe, as observers, is the constraints that we have as the rules unfold against the points. The constraints channel the rules that filter from the Ruliad. Wolfram sees this pattern in everything. I don't think that this means the universe is a computer program. It means that the fabric of the universe is constructed as points running all rules. We are both observers of the mountain, and the mountain itself.

Some of these constraints are biological, some are simply because we perceive ourselves in time. There is another weirdness where time can stop if the rules don't generate a different reality topology. Catch that? Time can stop in Wolfram's universe if the set of rules and the constraints, combined with the surrounding topology of dots don't yield anything more. Read more about Wolfram's perspective in Twenty Years Later: The Surprising Greater Implications of A New Kind of Science.

A couple of months ago I was watching a video presentation by Wolfram, and saw the Biochemical Pathways diagram. It fascinates me, as I see it as an analogy for the global supply chain, run by major cloud services and other multinational corporations. It is massively complicated. What are the constraints that cause the universe, the Ruliad, to be expressed this way?

The constraints of the global supply chain are around value to the participants. At the highest level, the constraints are around profit. An organization that loses money ceases to exist. To use the Biochemical Pathways analogy, the way to perceive value when participating in the modern global supply chain, if you aren't the entity that owns the territory described by the map or the map itself, big pharma, is through secondary considerations and feel-goods. Success as an individual contributor doesn't involve authoring or questioning the overall global supply chain map. Success comes from focusing on a small piece of it *in service to it*, in weekly pushes to maintain it, creating mobile apps that either sell feel-goods, or facilitate the ability to consume the global supply chain as a service just a wee bit better. The world in this universe is a massive algorithm that self-optimizes for profit, while keeping the batteries that operate the controls happy in their pods. The decomposition and overall profit algorithm is considered a feature by those that subscribe to the universe.

This is a direction that has been going on for years, and I propose we have arrived. It is the opposite of humans at the time of Chauvet Cave, where we gathered together to put our hands on the same spot in the cave as we had for 5,000 years in ceremony, and captured our experience in cave art. The continuity over thousands of years, having the same capacity for wonder as we do now, must have created an entirely different human in demeanor.

Is it really more satisfying to be a human participating as a battery in a universe, attracting Ruliad with profit constraints, to the detriment of ecosystems that support all vertebrates? We have this ongoing narrative that life is better now, and that the hunting and gathering lifestyle was far worse. I'm not so sure. It seems that the wealthiest in our society try and recreate this with their own garden, which makes me think that returning to the garden of our ancestors is a key to life satisfaction. I will grant that it is absurd to conclude we should return to that kind of economy, as it can't support our numbers. Calling for a reduction to 500 million is not practical; however, we may end up there involuntarily.

What is real life satisfaction? I don't mean the fake garden, creating the app that optimizes consumption of the global supply chain, or whatever diversion keeps us from being aware of the destruction we are perpetrating. I'm thinking more along the lines of the US founding father's "Pursuit of Happiness", not the version of happiness peddled by $YogaTime^{TM}$ apps. Do we have true satisfaction? Is our universe game winnable within our attracted ruleset, and under the constraints our view provides?

The Biochemical Pathways diagram is owned by a large pharmaceutical company with sales of 63 billion US Dollars in 2021. The diagram was gained through acquisition of Boehringer Mannheim for \$11 billion US dollars in 1997. The first oil discovery in NW Europe was made when the Wietze oil field near Hannover in Germany was discovered in 1859, the same year that Boehringer Mannheim was founded. I often track fossil fuels, as it is the root of modern industrial civilization, but finding the exact year is an interesting coincidence.

Profit, the algorithm goal that governs the Biochemical Pathways universe, when coupled with the global supply chain, is in the small pieces working at a massively individual scale, unaware of the broader diagram. Drugs are sold to address individual pathways in the map. Doctors specialize in particular areas. Controlling the mechanisms

of the visualization and decomposition works for those that control the knowledge and visualization of the map. Doctors, both academic and medical, contribute to the understanding of this map, but it is still owned by a single company. This is similar to how the largest global supply chain software is based on software written and shared for the common good: the work of doctors is absorbed back into the universe guided by the algorithm of profit.

Much of our modern world, then, is quite tangibly defined by constraints, namely the profit algorithm. Everything comes from that. Negative externalities are secondary. Human considerations, along the lines of Wendell Berry or Thoreau, etc., are secondary. We often have an intuitive idea that what we imagine happens. We cast that as a way to improve our world with positive statements. My thought is that it isn't that we are putting forward a new Ruliad. It is more like we are eliminating constraints to allow a different expression of the Ruliad.

But all of this is just adding Wolfram to my repetitive drumming about the global supply chain and current IT workstreams. But there is something more, a "Wait! What?". Wolfram, combined with his other recent work, with the backdrop of ten years writing NKS, which was published in 2002, reminds me of the primary metaphor of **Synecdoche**, **New York**.

Wolfram has been working on this idea for thirty years. The stage hand asks, "When are we going to get an audience in here? It's been seventeen years.". Wolfram writes about how "for nearly 17 years I did almost no basic science.". And the world collapses around him. Military vehicles in the street. People in gas masks. **pan from Wolfram to scene in movie**. Is it New York for real, or New York in the play? As the movie progresses it doesn't really matter. It is the same. The constraints of our being determine our slice of the Ruliad. Again, we create our world, but it encapsulates us. It rules us.

I can use the same correlation with myself. I started diverting with meaning in 2006, when I was taught how to write a solution description. I switched from mostly seat-of-my-pants technical leadership to documenting what stakeholders desired and following through. This took another big fork in 2014 when I did analysis on the work flow and decided on Gane and Sarson DFDs, and I doubled down in 2019, and have been working on it ever since.

And my world is collapsing, and I consider if I am Wolfram or Cotard. I don't see, personally, that what Wolfram is saying is wrong. It seems plausible. I like the idea of the Ruliad, and I have been following Conway's life since I saw a write-up for it in Omni in 1987. I remember trying to create a simulation on a Tandy Color Computer that I owned at the time that ran OS/9. I first read about the Mandelbrot set about the same time. So, Wolfram is appealing.

Here is the thing, though. Our obsessions, the echoes of our own thought that we see, creates the constraints that show our slice of the Ruliad. When I consider the fact that I saw the Biochemical Pathways first on a Wolfram presentation, and the company that first created it was founded the same year that oil was found in that country, it seems powerful; however, we have a dreamer sharing dreams problem. My psyche is feeding itself.

If I dream and write it down, I share it. This is dangerous, though, because dreams reveal much more than we are consciously aware. From the outside of the movie, we can see the nesting doll reality of Cotard. I can see how desperate Wolfram appears. If I push this a bit further, turn that scope on myself, I have the same nature as Cotard and Wolfram. And there is the gem, right? This observation destroys worlds as fields collapse, converting from one reality to another. My constraints against the Ruliad give me a reality, just like everybody.

It is very difficult to break out of normal, conscious perspective, and, still, the reality is formed by constraints. I will continue my work. I will watch what Wolfram does. I encourage you, reader, to watch Synecdoche, New York. There is nothing wrong with vision and purpose. Just be aware of the parable. Be aware of the main guidance of the Tibetan Book of the Dead as you are dying, no matter what cycle of death you are in. At the same time, there is work to do.

#big site #global supply chain #ruliad #tibetan book of the dead #wolfram



2022-06-01 • Journal • Young Grass • L R

I've walked around The Ave (University) for decades, but I've never been here before:



Sean had an interview nearby, so I dropped her off and went for a walk. The buildings are impressive. Many are kept like museums. Drumheller Fountain was new to me as well.

The students all seemed roughly the same to me. There were a few that stuck out, but they still fit archetypes (stereotypes?) of people in my past. Mostly, though, just lots of young, optimistic energy. That is something that is hard to squash. It is like really small children playing. They will run and scream around the playground having fun. Sometimes they are mean, but mostly they are just human children running around and screaming joyfully, no matter what the surrounding situation is. It can be a fancy playground with lots of expensive equipment or a spot of mud, but somehow they will find joy in it. Likewise, the students here are learning and relatively optimistic about the world.

I could remember that past time with myself. When I was in it, I felt different and isolated. In the present, if I could look back and see myself, I would be just like all of the others.

I ate lunch at Shultzy's. There was a guy at a table near the window that was quite demanding. He would ask for a glass of wine in ten minutes. He wanted to know the name of a wine. The waiter told him, but he asked to have it written down. We chatted a bit about his favorite booth. I think he was telling me that his nameplate was on the booth, but I didn't understand, and let the conversation end. I just wanted to enjoy my beer, a

bottled Hoegaarden, and stare out on The Ave.

A couple of men peeked in the open window at the man. I think they said, "Are you The Professor? We have a question for you." He said, sure, and they asked him what he knew of cement. He said that some cement was clay and some was different (I wasn't following closely). They went on their way, not entirely satisfied. The Professor (I'll call him that for now) had a pocket watch, and took pictures with a small digital camera that wasn't a phone. When he left he wished me a relaxing afternoon. The waiter told the man in the corner table that the guy just leaving paid his tab for him, and that it was his name on the nameplate on the table.

#shultzys



2022-06-02 • Dream • Formula Blackboard • LR

I was taking a class. The teacher had put a grid of data up. Another teacher followed after, playing music, took the data in one cell, and started writing down equation after equation on the board. I listed to the music and watched him. He was quite animated as he followed his string of formulas. I noticed that much of the class was getting bored. His chalk didn't write well. He would scribble in a blank area like you would with a pen to get the ink to flow again and continue with his formulas. At the end he said, "See! You can create any value for the grid at an arbitrary point in time." I clapped, and the rest of the class followed along with applause.

#chalkboard #class



2022-06-03 • Journal • Sowa Sink • L R

I ran across this review of Sowa's **Conceptual Structures: Information Processing in Mind and Machine**. I also ordered a copy of the book, as it likely inspired Michael K. Bergman, who I also want to get through. Both of

them hold Charles Sander Peirce up on a pedestal. As I wrote in Barry Destroy, Barry Smith wins the debate, at least for complex, interoperable, deeply structural ontologies. I'm particularly curious about how this all fits into the MCJ metaphor.

I came into knowledge management via MCJ. I need to keep that perspective. I came into graphs via data flow. I need to continue with that. Likewise, a particular view is important, particularly when the view includes emoji. Not everything, even now, can digest and handle emoji, especially with the variant designation %EF%B8%8F. How do I make this clear, to use the somewhat ironic title of Peirce's essay, linked above? How do I weave it from the root of the tree to the leaves and relate the leaves within the domain journal and DFD?

"I have already been led much further into that path than I should have desired; and I have given the reader such a dose of mathematics, psychology, and all that is most abstruse, that I fear he may already have left me, and that what I am now writing is for the compositor and proof-reader exclusively."

~ Charles S. Peirce, Popular Science Monthly, January 1878

#dfd #mcj #mountain climbing #peirce #sowa

Comments:

2022-06-07:

My experience with data flow is that just a few types of entities and three relations are more than enough to handle for most people. If you have a big collection with lots of types and relations, sure, this stuff needs to be pinned down; however, most of the time **simple** works, and using emoji, for instance, has benefits for understanding.

2022-06-04:

After further investigation, I found a course here that provides a more comprehensive background, and both Barry Smith and John Sowa are involved.



2022-06-06 • Dream • Al Potato • L R

I was with Hernan at an AI company party. I was very energized. I asked him quite insistently if he valued the feeling of fighting human-on-human. He gave me a pained, but blank look. I figured he must know, so I kept asking. I was hungry, so I went to get some lunch. I found some at a stand that had potatoes in a tube. I ate one of them, still in the skin. The skin was moist, which I didn't like, but it smelled OK. I remembered that I needed to clarify that I didn't mean fighting in a cruel sense, just the joy of fighting, the exhilaration.

I went back to the party, but Hernan wasn't there. There were a bunch of school chairs, the ones with metal legs and pressed, formed plywood seats. I found one close to a railing, as it seemed we were supposed to watch something. A man in a colored t-shirt, plump in that IT/comic book store kind of way, about 26 or so, was about to sit on a broken chair right in front of me. The chair had no back rest. It was just a seat. I growled at him and kicked the chair. He picked it up and moved to the end, where he wasn't blocking anybody's view.

The band started singing. It was an Asian singer with some backup synthesizer music. He yelled out, along with the music, kind of like how Gen sounds on Ov Power, with similar, but worse music. It was more repetitive, but not very good. I noticed he mentioned SamData in his lyrics. I considered in my dream how I was purchasing SamData 8GB USB sticks, and that it was an off brand that was very cheap that was trying to sound like SanDisk.

#ai ml #asian #gen #hernan

Comments:

2022-06-06:

I have purchased 2 batches of 8GB SamData USB 2.0 sticks in the last month, 5 for 12 bucks taxed and shipped. I realized I didn't have any, and I needed to transfer some boot images. They are working just fine for what I need.



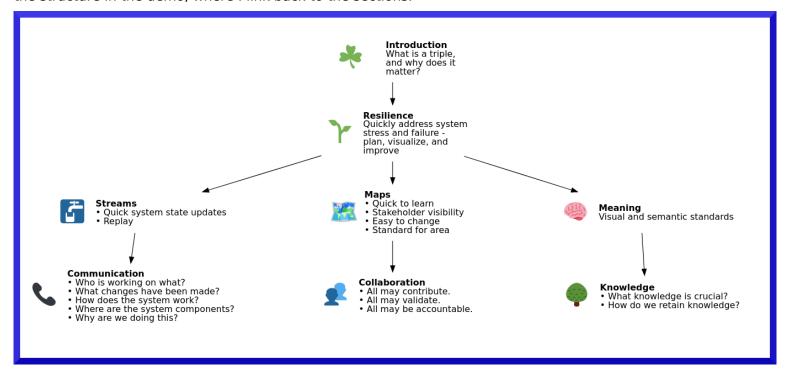
2022-06-06 * Journal * Happy Emoji * LR

I am back to zero social media accounts. Ah... that cycle of mine, the two month flurry. I capture much of the activity in this journal, so at least I have it, thanks to Sean's urging.

I had some aggressive learning plans last week. I've scanned and read/watched parts of this course. While this book isn't in the course, it is most fabulous. I had thought I would dig in more completely before I rewrote this README; however, my stuff is much simpler, despite the complaints. I am failing. Peirce knew why what I'm discussing here is good. So do the professors teaching the class. I'm just a few percentage points of the broader ideas, and even at that I get resistance, at least with my IT audience, so I'm going to double down on my simple emoji form. I'm assuming it is extensible easily.

I decided that I am not going to map the data flow to BFO via Common Core Ontologies and this. I'll leave Christophe Debruyne's work as an example for translating the DFD on Triple Pub.

I do need to break down this presentation into triples more consistently. My idea is that I'm not following my own advice. This is a fairly large document, and is too difficult to follow, particularly for a README. I still like the way I do the structure in the demo, where I link back to the sections:



I just need to be a bit more intentional and specific.

#bergman #ouroboros #peirce #social media



2022-06-07 • OS • WebKit Travels • L R

There are a variety of environment variables here. These do work with wxPython's wx.html2. I'm playing around with these two to see if I can make the browser more stable with MCI:

export WEBKIT_DISABLE_COMPOSITING_MODE=1
export WEBKIT_FORCE_COMPOSITING_MODE=1

Another fun one is this:

export WEBKIT SHOW FPS=1

It will show a frames per second in the top left corner:





2022-06-20 • Subject • Conceptual Structures • LR

I wrote this for myself as I planned out my next year, but it grew.

We understand... have knowledge based on the maps of understanding we have built. We all have different maps. We don't build memories from high resolution scans of surface reality as humans. Our memories are recreated based on experience and graph-like maps that relate to the images we see in the present. This explains many things, for example, the psychological associations when a parent abuses a child. The nurturing map is broken. The need is for the parent, but the abuse creates a link in the map that is wrongly associated with the need and other feelings.

I don't presume to understand all of the ways that humans recreate memories or build knowledge of the world, but from my own experience in systems and in my own life, as I recreate meaning and memories, the claims of John Sowa (1) in this regard make sense to me. Enough so, that it fits like the last piece in a sci-fi box of deliverance that moves, spins, and finally opens to the glorious cosmic gift-tool it was intended to be to me: just a mortal scrappy kid with my baseball cap on backwards, who stumbled across the artifact in LA storm drain.

We live within systems that are constantly changing. We, as humans, are a system that is constantly changing. We currently lean more and more on datacenters that process the high resolution scans of surface reality and calculate meaning based on those scans. The problem is that the meaning is based on the overall graph-like goals and relationships programmed in to the algorithms and models. As an example, the ultimate goal for a business is profit. Most businesses do not include ongoing health of ecosystems, besides as a PR goal, or, perhaps as a way to ease the minds of those associated with the company.

While it is likely true that we can tweak and change goals of the algorithms, it is also true that these efforts are for humans, both individual and as a species. Understanding and participating in goals is important, and at the level of complexity that our systems run at, collaborative graph-like mapping is the only possible solution, as our brains cannot map the surface reality, we can only map to existing models for meaning. This means that we need to collaborate at the model level, not the rendered surface, much like we collaborate on the gene ontology effort. There are tactical issues with resilience, as well, to relying on deep physical, software, and economic supply chains to build models and collaborate at the image/datacenter level. We need something exponentially quicker, less reliant on existing power structures and goals, and flexible in system domains that are not recognized, prioritized, or even exist yet.

(1) Conceptual Structures, John Sowa, 1984

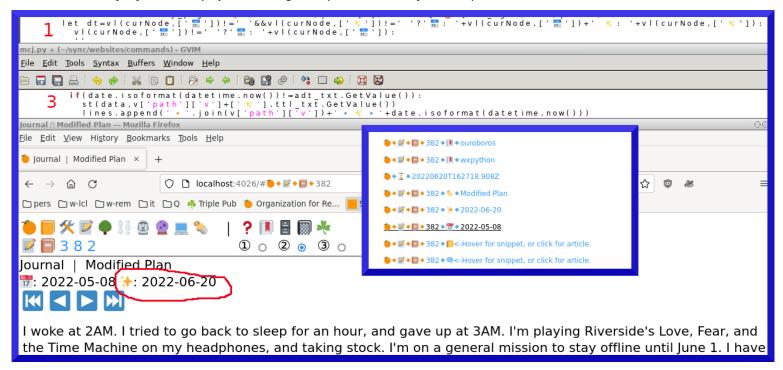
#sowa



2022-06-20 • Journal • Triple Power • L R

Just this morning I thought, "Hey, wouldn't it be nice to add a most recent update to ORNG?". I've put all of the triples into the page, and assemble a graph. A "latest update" can just be an emoji of $\stackrel{*}{\Longrightarrow}$ as an aspect/property of the article path ($\stackrel{*}{\o}$ • $\stackrel{*}{\Longrightarrow}$ • 382). Since graphs just have a schema, really, and a flexible one at that (no foreign keys, etc., none of the baggage of relational approaches), I can add this feature by modifying my list of aspects/properties (just add $\stackrel{*}{\Longrightarrow}$), change the 1 line to display the node off of the graph at the path (curNode on graph w/ property) and set the date of change if not the same as the origin date.

What is happening is that I'm pushing dev down to the data itself via the concept of triples. There is no middleware, no database. My Python script just manages triples, and the JavaScript renders them.



More and more I see this as discarding code as much as possible. The magic is that everything is pushed down to a data schema with known meaning within the data itself rather than code.



2022-06-21 • Journal • Reinvigorated • LR

I had quite a bit of back and forth with Mazzy the last week. In the process, my purpose is reinvigorated. I'm moving to a pull form vs. push w/ attention. I have much to do to get the book of O.R.N.G. on track. As for current progress, I put in source control for the Python and JavaScript portions of MCJ. I need to:

- Continue to fill out <a>[, <a>[, and <a>[
- Map the old triple pub site to §§
- Figure out how to balance with
 What is separate from ??
- Decide on , with Lucius, ORNG
- · Decide PDF or not
- Create better editor for
- Where do the domains align (DFD vs. Book vs. Journal)

#mazzy #ouroboros

Comments:

2022-06-28:

I started to move triple to $\S \$, but ran into issues with the PDF generation. I like the idea of a linear book ad a manual for how to use triples. The problem was that my PDF generations stuff (Pandoc) doesn't like all unicode. I hack it up with emoji-aware modules. It is a complicated HTML vs. PDF vs. TeX problem, and it makes more sense to just continue my README idea in the repo.



2022-07-02 • Journal • Tiny Bits • LR

I often write in tiny bits. Perhaps it is a five page "missive" as Charlie once called it, but the scope is narrow. I repeatedly fire off these works that take a morning, fueled by caffeine, and set them aside. Many of them were posted on BizBuds or OurData and forklifted to my journal. For quite awhile I just simply deleted them, but Sean convinced me to save everything. She made me promise.

But, now, I'm faced with a challenge that will likely take a year. How do I fully explain triples? Yes, tiny bits of knowledge are important; however, I have not engaged the audience and presented a unified set of knowledge, actual knowledge, not the components.

I have attempted a few times without much engagement. While I know that part of the problem is that people have more difficulty digesting long-form information, I also need the mirror-like wisdom to know that I'm not creating it in a way that is useful.

This venue is intended to be a one-stop store of all of my ideas, messy or not. The "view" is wrapped around the triple data. All of the ideas are here. I have no doubt that everything I could write about, as far as the core ideas, is included in and obscured behind the flood of words on this site.

One advantage of triples is that incremental progress from a mound-o-mess is possible. I've chided Mazzy's employer for not having a model to pin the Al/ML-ish analysis of the stream of keylogging-ish data to; however, I have not turned that criticism on myself. What is the model of my belief in triples? Sure, I have this graphic:



That may be the most successful version I have. I also have support narrative, but I had developed it with the idea that I would present it, so it fails on its own. I came close, though, looking back, as I think aloud about this (in writing). As I consider this, the immediate problem is the 2D. Meaning has no intersect with collaboration; however, this isn't

simply a matter of communication over streams or knowledge that maps. There is a cognitive/experience/education component that creates the maps that filter the streams in the first place.

I know enough, now, that I can create many views against the knowledge. That is, I can build iteratively and provide long-form narrative and interactive graphs. I can provide examples off of nodes, etc. Most importantly? I can create this iteratively.

#mazzy #ouroboros





A vandal blew up The Georgia Guidestones yesterday. A friend of mine commented along the lines of Mazzy, essentially calling out the futility of making order out of chaos. She was coming from the blow-up-guidestones right, not the Al/ML right. It is just as... I'm sorry... I'll say it: ridiculous to rely on datacenters running Al/ML to solve our problems overcoming chaos, as it is to think there is some form of Monism that leads to graphs and solves all problems. The left is resisting the call to order. The right is interested in the status quo, as their numbers diminish from 10 to 5 to 1 percent. (Actually, the left-right divide is inaccurate, as to a large extent it is the large cities on the coast that have the power and are vested in the status quo... i.e. cloud owners.)

When I say "lower" than the Lorenz butterflies and NP-Complete, what I mean is that I am agenda/domain agnostic. I may refer to the fact that everything comes from oil, but that is more an example of the method. I actually believe that technically, with unlimited oil and supply chain complication, that we could solve most problems with AI/ML. But, our complicated systems are becoming too deep, and we hit peak oil in 2019, so I see the large cloud providers (and those outfits that cater to large companies serving up dishes from the cloud provider kitchens), as building solutions on sand that will wash away, particularly when factoring the negative externalities and resources behind the tech. Regardless, that is not my ax to grind. My ax to grind is what this move to cloud did to our ability to analyze systems. We need that ability in our kit, and at the base of this is a 150 year old tradition of triples as a form of analysis.

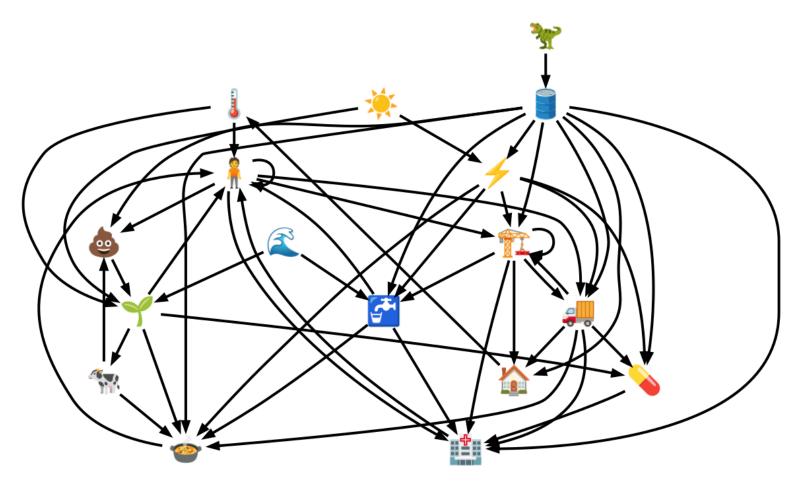
But let me rephrase: There is/will be chaos. Nothing will solve that problem long-term. The trillions of dollars spent trying to do this will fail, eventually. What remains (I hope), like the Georgia Guidestones hint at (to me, at least), is that after that collapse, we will map out where we are and proceed with a bit more intelligence. The Guidestones mention 500 million people as the balance, as well as intentional cooperation and procreation, which is what gets folks paranoid, assuming they will be oppressed by a totalitarian government. I don't see this as oppressive, nor indicating a totalitarian government. I see it as simply figuring out how we are going to leave room for nature, something we need to survive as a species.

#blue_vs_red #georgia_guidestones



2022-07-11 • Subject • Human Need • LR

This helps with collaboration. Different cultures, different participants, have different facts. If somebody says $\bullet \bullet \bullet \bullet \bullet \bullet \bullet$ it says nothing about whether $\bullet \bullet \bullet$. In context that makes sense, as we are mapping out systems. We might *intend* that nobody can claim $\bullet \bullet \bullet$ but it is currently true most of the time. Perhaps we remove it from the map completely if everybody agrees, but we might also keep it there to remember it is possible.



OTOH, "need" has a different meaning with several of the relations. "human needs temperature" is of a different class of relation than "fertilizer needs humans", and I think that is another thing you are pointing out. I don't connect the levels directly with my graphs. What I mean by that is that if I zoom in on the world/domain can have a more sophisticated set of relations. When I'm analyzing IT processes, for instance, zooming in on "accounting" would have A/R, A/P, etc., as well as more refined actors/entities. The top level diagram of "human needs" functions better if the relations are simplified, but the nuance you are referring to could be taken care of at fertilizer level. There is a balance on this, in that the audience/stakeholders need to be drawn into the model, so shortcuts are needed. For data flow, it is easy. For stuff in the world, it gets messy, and you are noticing this. This becomes philosophy, and one of the best ways to resolve this problem is with BFO.

Another way is to treat a triple as another atom of analysis. So, I can have triples like this:



A wee bit of labelling and narrative goes a long ways towards making up for the lack of precision. I'm trying to find that balance. Certainly my stress on emoji vs. text is rogue, and in line with that.



2022-07-13 = Journal = Triple Touch = LR

I'm working on Triple Pub in the wee morning hours, listening to Eurythmics' In The Garden. I am aware of the intersects.

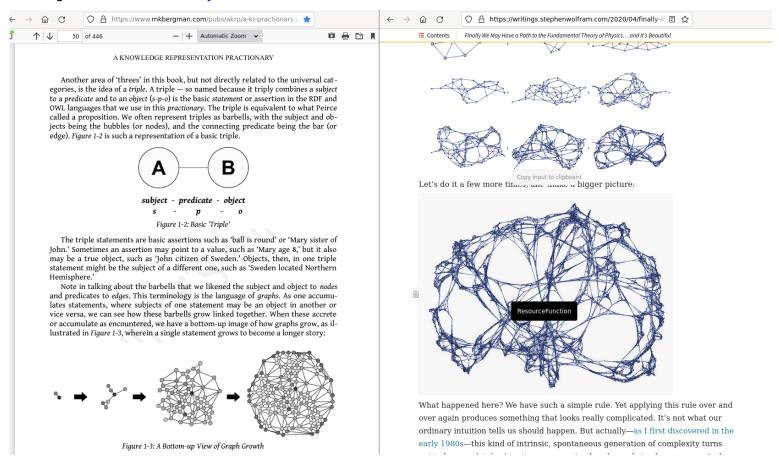
But, that is the idea, the spinning universe I float above that I merely touch.

I am utilizing thousands of lifetimes of tech:

Stallman, Torvalds, Berners-Lee, Larry Wall, Knuth...

And that is just as I create a script to generate the PDF and HTML views of the SD. It really is staggering to think about the tools I have at my disposal to use, as I create documentation end-to-end.

All of this just to describe why what I saw with the Public Finance Group worked so well, and trace the years of learning since that dive in May.



I see that beauty. I understand. I am an outside artist documenting my ideas with thousands of lifetimes of tech. And my ideas are so small compared to the intersects, the spinning universe I merely touch with my simplified triples.

And... Mazzy... so frustrating. So much promise, so much shared experience, and yet the AI/ML Juggernaut destroys independent thought.

But... back to you, Peirce, you freak, you genius, you inspirer, and you, Wolfram... and all of the freaks that floated above your nebulas.

#eurythmics #mazzy #ouroboros #pfg #ruliad #stallman #wolfram



2022-07-20 • Journal • Betty and Blackberries • LR

I took Betty for a drive today, for the first time in two years. She was a bit reluctant, as the gas was old. I had to run her at first with the choke closed a bit, even though she was warmed up. She stalled a couple of times down the hill. I was hoping to fill her up, but they are working on the sewer lines and there was a detour. I followed the detour, but school was letting out and the road was stopped up with cars waiting to pick up their kids. By the time I got through, she was running a bit better. I'll take her out more this summer.

I also cut down the blackberries along where she is parked. I filled up an entire yard waste bin (96 gallons). It felt good to be out working in the yard and working on Betty a bit. I felt bad, though, as though I had neglected something important. I need to work outside more this summer, work more on Betty.

#betty

Comments:

2022-07-21:

I've been thinking a bit about why I felt bad. It was a form of regret; however, I do not consciously regret anything. I had good reasons to do what I did from 2003-2022, and I was not confused about the implications. That doesn't mean that I don't consider what the regret signals I should pay attention to in the future.



2022-07-26 • Dream • Jennings Boat Ranch • LR

I dreamed I was wading in a river and I saw Tom Jennings in a small wood boat with a Navarro Big Block AMC engine. I yelled "Tom", no respones, then "Tom Jennings!", and he turned to me, but looked back and continued going down the river. The engine took up most of the boat. His head poked up with a straw hat on. He had glasses.

He finally acknowledged me, and I told him about how I had followed him and his Rambler adventured in the past. I went with him as he took the engine to a dude ranch. That is the best I can describe it as. A bunch of people went there. It had a country theme, but it wasn't a hotel. Some people were throwing axes at a log. Tom was working on his engine. There were various activities, kind of like summer camp, but people paid to be there, which is why I call it a dude ranch.

I was in one shop and noticed something was off from normal. There was an animitronic display. A woman in a sexy corset transformed into something else completely different and then back again. The other stores were genuinenly interesting, not the normal fare.

Comments:

2022-07-26:

I last posted about Jennings and his Navarro engine in 2005, so I'm not sure where this is coming from. Well... people are aspects of ourselves in dreams. A river would be my unconcious mind. The river was calm.

2022-07-26:

I don't even know what Tom Jennings looks like in real life. I posted an article about his Navarro engine purchase back in the early Nineties.

2022-07-26:

I didn't think there was a big block AMC engine when I woke. There is no such thing, but it was in my dreams. Betty has a "big block" six, 240 CI vs the normal 170, so it may be where I got the idea from in my dream.



2022-08-05 • Dream • Old Truck Pregnant • LR

I was driving in an old truck with Yvette. We were travelling. Yvette was getting something in the gas station, while I started up the truck, which was cold for some reason. I gave it a little gas, and the engine revved at 1,500 to warm it up. The choke didn't rev it up, so I was using the pedal.

The gas station owner came out and interrogated me. He didn't like me in his lot. I told him my wife was in the station, and I was waiting for her. After Yvette got back we drove off in the dark. I realized that the reason the owner didn't want me in his lot, is that he thought I was going to try and camp there, because my truck was so old.

We found another place to rest. It was a bar. I ordered Pinapple juice. Yvette ordered another non-alcoholic beverage, because she was pregnant.

#truck #yvette



2022-08-09 - Apps - Page Verification - LR

If you view source on the single-page view, at the bottom is a timestamp and signature:

```
document.getElementById('heading').innerHTML = heading+'<br/>document.body.scrollTop = document.documentElement.scrollTop = 0;

let allEmblem='\(\infty\)';

refreshPage(data);
window.addEventListener('hashchange', function(){

refreshPage(data)
}, false);
</script>

syMirrors:

336 <a href="https://f000.backblazeb2.com/file/triple/index.html">1</a>
ahref="https://orng.org">2</a>
337 <a href="https://cutup.page">3</a>
339 <a href="https://cutup.page">3</a>
340 <!-- Timestamp and Signature: 20211029T163133.063Z - uHTi73vc0ulTe9f/T2E341 </html>
340
```

The public key for the publisher is here: 1 2 3 4 5.

This script will verify the page:

```
#!/usr/bin/python3
# coding=utf-8
import sys
from Crypto.Hash import SHA256
from Crypto.PublicKey import RSA
from Crypto.Signature import pkcs1 15
import base64
page_arg=sys.argv[1]
pub=sys.argv[2].rstrip()
with open(page arg) as f:
   page=f.read();
sl=page.find('<!-- Timestamp and Signature: ')</pre>
ts=page[30+sl:sl+50]
sigl=page.find('-->',sl)
sig=page[53+sl:sigl]
pagetop=page[:sl]
pagebottom=page[sigl+3:]
try:
   h = SHA256.new(bytearray(pagetop+pagebottom, 'utf8'))
   pub = RSA.import_key(open(pub).read())
   res=pkcs1_15.new(pub).verify(h, base64.b64decode(bytearray(sig,'utf8')))
   print('Page with timestamp '+ts+' is verified')
except:
   print('Page with timestamp '+ts+' has an invalid signature')
```

Run the script like this:

```
$ ./ver.py index.html triples_pub.pem.txt
Page with timestamp 20211030T175109.866Z is verified
$
```

As long as you trust the author to maintain a secure private key, you can be assured that you are reading something the author wrote as part of a complete work. It isn't a trusted timestamp, but, it shows the author's intended sequence. The timestamp is shown at the bottom of ... Note that there is sometimes a script that you need to remove on ORNG that is injected by Cloudflare to limit bad bots. If this is a problem for you, use the compressed zip file available here.



2022-08-10 • Journal • Blues Brothers, Dog Blood, Taos • LR

My current version of my journal software, that I'm writing this with, only lets me categorize an article as one category. This entry is a Journal, Memory, Dream and Subject all-in-one, I suppose. It isn't worth the complication to add more flexible dimensions to the software. Perhaps, at some point, I'll do a feature with tags. That makes the most sense. Here is the combined entry, with the dog dream sandwiched in the middle:

I peeked in to the OurData world last night. I've been off for four months or so. The inspiration to join again was my Taos tapes.

When I drove to Taos in '86 I had little music. I'd given most of my music to Shanty the previous year. One of Michael N's friends loaned me Phil Collins' **No Jacket Required** album and Stevie Nicks' **Bella Donna**. I borrowed GBH's **Leather, Bristles, No Survivors And Sick Boys** and DOA's **War on 45** tape from Ron. I also had my own tape of Talking Heads' **Stop Making Sense**. Paula borrowed a tape of **Aerosmith's Greatest hits** from DD. That was all we had on the way to Taos. I remember Paula getting sick of listening to **Stop Making Sense** after ten times or so. I also remember listening to Aerosmith going over the train tracks outside of Tucson, and GBH's Alcohol song as I got close to The Mesa. On the way back from Taos, somewhere between Albuquerque and Bakersfield, I seriously grooved on **No Jacket Required**, as I watched all of the red taillights at night. I remember trying to sleep on the roof of the canopy on the side of the road in Bakersfield, with trucks going by. No sleep. I stopped in Sacramento, and picked up used tapes of Men at Work's **Business as Usual**, and **Jefferson Airplane's Worst Of** to add some variety when I wasn't Driving With Eyes in Skull . I'm working on the communication areas of 3SA, and it reminded me of Roving Plastic Communication Balls, which led me to Taos and the Taos tapes.

I wanted to let one of my friends, Joe, who first introduced me to DOA driving around in Oly, that I was thinking about that time. Email communication with him had dried up, so OurData was a decent route to try to reconnect. It is a vivid memory. It was dark. He was driving a small car. I asked him what was playing, I liked it so much, and he told me it was DOA, War on 45, somewhat incredulous that I didn't know. OurData worked. I friended him and we emailed back and forth about my memory of Oly and other things going on in his personal life.

I am captured by the idea that I listen to the Taos Tapes, the same soundtrack as I did from Olympia to Taos and back to Eugene as I work through the communication aspects of 3SA. I'm listening to it now, as I write. I've made it through the entire **Business as Usual** album. **Girlfriend is Better** off of **Stop Making Sense** is playing on my headphones now.

So, mission accomplished with OurData, but once I'm on, I have to scroll my feed. I saw one of my friends was posting about the Blues Brothers movie. I've been friends on OurData with him for roughly fourteen years, and at least once a year he posts about that movie. I like the movie as well. As I reviewed my feed and saw his, I remembered the real-life abandoned mall that they filmed the mall scene in. OurData seemed barren. It was mostly ads. The allegory of the aging OurData as an abandoned mall seeped into my brain before sleep.

I dreamed that I was playing with a dog. The dog bled from wounds received in our game. The dog liked the game. I had to stop the dog before he got too wounded. I took the dog to the vet, and it took 26 gallons of blood to get

the dog healthy again. As I was carrying the dog home, the dog tried to play our game again, but I said no, and continued to carry him home, wrapped in a blanket.

This morning I got back on to OurData to add friends and post a wee bit about Bobo and his books. I decided to reply to the Blues Brothers post. Either OurData censored it, or my friend deleted his original post, so it is gone, now. I'll recreate. It likely needed more context and thought, anyway. Here goes:

OurData is a cross between the abandoned Blues Brothers mall and Inception. The stocked stores are the posts from 2008 to 2012 when there was live, active, interesting stuff from friends, but, now, the mall is mostly abandoned. Most are just starefronts without stock. We also create storefronts and stock the shelves ourselves as we visit the mall, like the sandcastle constructions four levels down in Inception. The mall is abandoned, but it seems fresh, because of these constructions, but it is a losing battle.



We know that many stores have no stock because of deaths. Literally, friends and family are dying and leaving just the shell of a front. Belushi is dead. Some storefronts

are sequences of abandoned OurDataPhotos identities. Who is the real one? There are four of them, four different storefronts with different images and aging stock that nobody looks at anymore.

Yes, I'm cruising the store, to find my DOA friend, who says he is leaving his storefront soon anyway, and could he please have my snail mail. I create my inception front, briefly, a flourish of sand, a half-hearted post of a YouTube vid, simply because I sent it to my lover to give to her doctor she chats with, and it was already on my clipboard, so why not post to OurData and make a sand castle.

People occasionally wander into the mall, and are tracked and monetized by AI. Instead of personal storefronts, the AI puts up fake fakes as ads. What wonderful new things are there in the world, heartfelt things, cooking tricks, etc.? Instead of real stock from people, the mall is an Inception wrap of ads and AI-mogrified identity associations. If you pause your scroll on one display the mall transforms again, just for you, just to sell.

We know there is a real world outside, the world of Morpheus and Neo eating protein amoeba gruel in dirty, worn, gray shirts. Few really believe in the mall world of steak, yet we still cruise the mall.



When we were young, the real mall, the one with the Orange Julius with real eggs, was as real as anything was. But we were young, and we could exclude the outside world with impunity. But, now, we all know what is happening to the biosphere. What once nurtured us will endanger us. We can't exclude with impunity anymore. Where do we go? Do we just cruise the mall in our cop car and look for lighters that got tossed out the window? We want the fake inclusion that is sold to us, but it is gone. Still, drive the mall, enjoy it. Like the Blues Brothers, crash into a few store fronts. It doesn't matter. They are going to tear down this mall anyway.

If I had to guess about the dog dream, after reading dreammoods, I may be neglecting friendships, at least, aspects of myself as connections with friends, but also aspects of myself that I have made friends with. The dog was playing, but it was too much. Something like that, but in real life I've been working on 3SA obsessively for over three years. I need to back off a wee bit, I suppose.

Yesterday I woke up at 2:30 and worked on 3SA. I took an hour-long nap at 9AM, so I figured I was rested up. I worked some more, and laid down again at 11AM, puzzled as to why I was tired. My brain kept shifting into dream thoughts, those strange thoughts between waking and consciousness. Would I be this way going forward? Why was I so tired? I slept more, and went for a walk. I cleaned up around the house, took a break, and I felt better.

Which dog wins? The dog you feed, heh.

Well... onward with communication. It was why I came back from Taos, after all.

#dog #eyes_in_skull #michael_n #ourdata #paula #shanty #taos



2022-08-16 • Subject • Upton Sinclair Fork • LR

"It is difficult to get a man to understand something, when his salary depends on his not understanding it." ~ Upton Sinclair



I'm a bit more generous, I suppose, than Upton Sinclair. I suspect that while the salary remark is true at a basic level, I think, mostly, it is a brain thing. We have limited capacity to establish meaning, all of us. What really horques us up is if meaning is fed to us. If we are always pursuing the trivial, because we believe we can never understand bigger ideas, then we revert to being fed (joy, connection, etc.). Just look at who benefits from your supposed joy. Does your feed provider benefit? But that isn't my main point about brain. Whatever you focus on, however you map... that becomes your reality, because what you perceive as meaning is the reality stream you experience mapped against a network like web in your brain. The map is deep. If your father beat you, then there are strange map associations that recur in present. You can break out, in a variety of ways, but it is extremely difficult. One of the limits of our brain, and why we need to rely on maps, is that we can only cognitively deal with a couple of teams and a few tools in real time and still use our super power of intuiting intention of the other team. Think of Polo being two teams and the tools of a horse, mallet, and ball. That is about as complicated

as we can deal with in real-time. This means that anything else takes time to map. (Map that to your own current workstream, and see how it plays out, I triple dog dare you.) In the end, really, there is no blame, I suppose, or, more accurately, people are comfortable believing what they believe, resting on their own network they have mapped cognitively, settle into a real-time two-team and a few tools method of coping, and fill up the rest of the space with diversion, chemical or other. What is nasty is if the feed shows that the active map is wrong. That leads to a constant battle (which can show up in dreams).

Also, there is a converse problem. If you have a divergent map, it doesn't mean much to others cognitively. People have to want to map, be interested enough to map. But if the map ain't there, there is no *reason* to try for them (back to diversion and chemical... scotch and disney).

Still, Upton Sinclair's observation is appealing to me. It is the likely reason why people don't stretch their cognition a bit and learn new maps to vet the streams. Sinclair also touches something, although I'm not sure he knew all of the mechanisms. It is of great importance to those that have mapped relations to real things, like what oil means to the environment, etc., to make sure that only the positive stuff that maps to universal needs is revealed. (But... going too far down that analysis will run afoul of the two-team, three tools rule, in that immediately analysis falls onto blue or red, etc.)

(This picture is of Upton Sinclair promoting his book Oil!, which the movie There Will be Blood is based on.)

#blue vs red #chimp notches #upton sinclair



2022-08-18 • Journal • Shade Pole • L R

I walked up to High Point. Five kids aged from 8-11 were playing soccer. The youngest kicked strong, and ran back and forth between the other kids as though he was the pro. They played the entire time I walked the field. Their scooters, water bottles, and backpacks were strewn along the edge. As I walked my third lap, one of the boys slumped with his back against a field light pole, taking a break from the heat in the sliver of shade. Two of the girls sat cross legged, facing eachother in the shadow of the top lamps that fell on the field, and ate a snack and drank from their water bottles. The youngest didn't rest. He ran around kicking the soccer ball back and forth by himself. Ten minutes later they were all playing again.

#walk



2022-08-20 • Subject • Blue vs. Alley Oop • L R

As I've been working the last few years on my mapping and visualization ideas, I've also read quite a bit of stuff about human cognition. These two things are related, and it also matches AI efforts. One effort tries to map meaning and relations, kind of like what I do. This was what people tried to do in the 1970s and 1980s that failed. It also failed in the 1860s (seriously) and the 2010s. Currently there are successful efforts (Barry Smith, NASA, US military, BFO are all related, and arguably successful). Mostly, these days, what we call AI are models and algorithms that parse streams of real-time data. In other words, AI to many, is fancy reporting. I've seen some hybrid efforts as well. I'm not going to get into any of these things, though (but I'm sure you know where to look if you want to know more).

One thing that has puzzled me, is how come, if I can run my experiments, and they match up, and I can validate my models and understanding pretty much universally, why is it that people get so stuck cognitively? Why is what I'm saying so foreign, when it has been around since the 1800s? People have fooled me. I think they are following, but they tip their hand late in the game, and I realize they aren't tracking at all. They act like they are. Most recently, I had 20 solid hours back and forth, mind meld with one of the top data scientists in the area. Finally, I asked him what it was that I was so excited about with triples. He failed. I get it that it is also true that I failed. I'm working on remedying that. Ultimately, it is a failure to relate with my audience, regardless of how well my models hold up historically or against current challenges.

But that isn't all that puzzles me. The blue vs. red tendency bothers me. Well... this entry is going on a bit. I wanted to share one thing, a gem of a paper on human cognition, that explains human behavior quite well. I call it "chimp notches" in my journal, and often relate back to it. The paper is no longer available, so grab the wayback copy here.

The punchline to the article is that our superpower, at one notch above chimps, is that we can gauge shared intention with three tools and two teams. This means that unless we have other shared cognitive aids (maps, reports, etc.), we aren't that great at gauging an extremely complicated world and many, many teams. We are led to believe we are, as that can be monetized or used for control. We are running at cognitive capacity, as far as gauging shared intention towards goals, utilizing tools. In other words, education using abstract ideas, since the current situation is always unique, as well as shared meaning and knowledge, is the only way to emerge out of crisis with a true goal that serves interests that we hold important as humans. You can see where this is going, and why it fits my statement of purpose, etc. One new thing I've realized recently, is that the analysis tools I'm building, why I'm so excited about them, is that they can be understood by humans within the cognitive limits. We need to be able to understand what we are doing and why, as humans cognitively. Flows can be measured, yes (truing up the flying plane, etc.), but why and how, as well as goals cannot, and should not be handled primarily on the streams and flows. Well... running longish again... much more at (you know where).

The article didn't get into this, but a related idea is how our memories are mapped. We experience in streams, but since storage is mapped, it means we can mis-associate new streams. It isn't like that is the only way our brain functions, of course, but it does mean that programming/mind control is stronger than we usually accept. Ugh... and here I am posting ... ummm... here, where most already have their maps all laid out. Blue or red. Agile or waterfall. Doer or teacher. Two teams, right? A few tools? I wouldn't trade where I'm at. I have something I want to do. Still, this is a lifetime of learning right here... way too much for me. I don't want another life. This one is exhausting, but I wouldn't trade it. The more I push up against the current crop of humans, as they destroy ecosystems for vertebrates, while I love, and understand, I can't help but think that it is futile in the present. Most are comfortable. Many have given up on understanding, or push understanding off to a nebulous other-worldly entity (Judeo-Christian, BigSite CloudGlobal, HeroIndustrialist, etc.). In the end, the result is the same. We plod on in our destruction, wimpering about our situation, but unable to pull ourselves up, unwilling to change our maps, too busy in our cush, entitled, entertained, treadmill lives. I have to hope in Gen Z, I guess, and do what I can to push my tiny dreamboat into the stream.

#barry smith #big site #blue vs red #chimp notches #cognition #mazzy



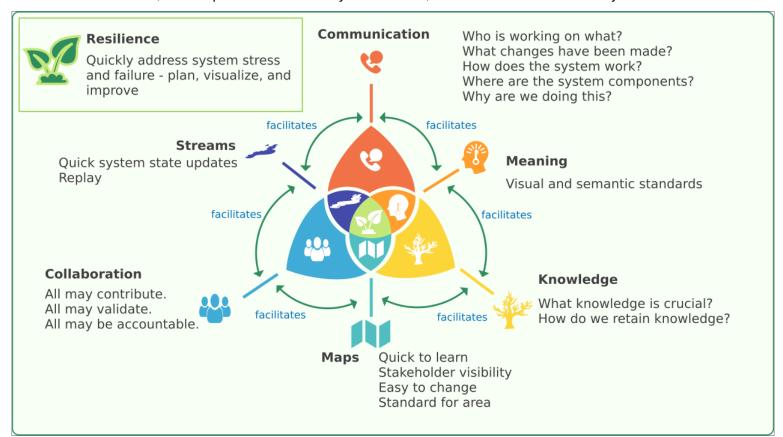
2022-08-22 • Subject • KR • LR

A big question I face right now is "how do we represent knowledge?" It needs to be from a human perspective. It is OK to have a reference (map, litany, etc.). In the IT world, we moved from maps to streams, from my perspective. In general, an analyst takes a large system and breaks it down into a map. This is perceived to be too cumbersome, so, instead, system knowledge is viewed as a stream, which acts more like live reporting against a visualization algorithm. Do you remember how Yahoo used to be a giant map of the Internet? Eventually the internet became too big, so we moved to search. Managing complex systems without a map and using streams is like understanding the world with whatever passes by your Instagram feed. Streams *are* critical. They facilitate communication and collaboration. They are a poor substitute for representing knowledge.

Laura Riding Jackson started out as a poet. She is the White Goddess that Peter Graves writes about, his muse. She gave up poetry because it did not convey knowledge. She called it her *Telling*, a truth to her. She met a man she fell in love with, and they spent the rest of their days in a shack without power writing a dictionary that had well defined meaning of words, so that when the words were put together they represented knowledge in a way that was accurate.

I suspect that art in general is a way to convey knowledge as an alternative to simple streams or maps. And, some knowledge is simply in book form, written words. Laura Riding Jackson was on to something with meaning, I think. Precision avoids the "it feels good" problem. What I mean by that, is consider your streams. Much of the factual part of the streams is false. Perhaps the picture is real, but the context is essentially faked to make you feel good. It is like how the newer Netflix shows take the easy route by making you feel like you are always in on the joke, a smug validation. It might make you feel good, but it is not gaining knowledge. The entire reason for the stream is to make somebody else profit.

Regardless, some knowledge can be captured by art that cannot be captured by streams or maps. I know some of the biggest worlds conveyed in books have maps behind them. I remember seeing a map written by Dostoyevsky for The Brothers Karamozov. I'm sure Tolkein had maps, but I don't know that I've seen one that wasn't a simple one in the books. Still, the map is not the territory of the book, nor is the book the territory of the actual world.



The diagram is a map of functional requirements for what I'm working on right now. There are interrelationships besides neighbors, for instance, collaboration facilitates (and persists) meaning, but OTOH, meaning captured as a

particular dimension in maps and/or communicating via streams, bridges meaning to collaboration. I have some references to many of the backing ideas in the pdf on triple.pub if you wish to see more.



2022-08-26 • Subject • Legacy Cities • LR

Don't create for the world that is collapsing. Create for the world that will emerge after. Don't waste time on the bangles and trinkets of the sheeny-shine entertainment juggernaut. That is all going away. Imagine that time when the various ghettos of the dispossessed turn into the new cities, as the legacy cities choke on their technocracy illusion. Create what will be needed at that future time. What knowledge, art, tools do you have to share? Package it up and send it off in your dream boat, searching for love in the future. You won't know if your boat makes it to a shore. You can't post about it. But it sure is better than wasting away what time and resources are left.

#dream boat



2022-08-28 • Subject • Knowledge Utilization • LR

We should build knowledge and utilize it to make better decisions that align with common goals as a species, vs. just being buffeted by the stream images of the day and reacting immediately with the limited cognition that comes with being human. We are glorious, amazing creatures, but we have limitations. Building knowledge, and using it to navigate, is something we are particularly good at as humans. Strangely, it got us kicked out of the garden as well. Sigh. Doing the right thing, to me, means establishing common goals and taking action towards those goals. Justice, biosphere compatibility, energy and food distribution, all of these things are important to all. Allowing ourselves to be segmented off as tools for a few to profit is unfair to ourselves and others that share our common goals. This isn't a political statement. Every citizen under any form of government should be able to demand that knowledge be built and demonstrated to fulfill the common agreed goals. Yes, change is constant. But resilience is how we weather change, how we refocus towards individual or common goals. Our dire array of current and expected future crises requires significant effort and focus on mapping those common goals, and figuring out how to progress along those edges intentionally.

#civilization



2022-08-28 • Dream • Pie Card Mapping • L R

I visited the Pie Shop in present time. They were still open. Dee Dee was measuring flour in a blue plastic jar. Over time she measured less and less for some reason, since I left, but the pies still turned out. She wasn't sure what the real measurement was. I pointed out that there was a line on the jar from when Liz left that showed what the measure of flour was. Dee Dee remembered the pink cards that they used to use also had the real measurements. The were pink unlined 3x5 index cards with thick blue faded lines. I was puzzled because the card said # 5 flour, and I read it as cups.

There was a consultant working there that had invested \$29,000 at the time I left. He said that that was the yearly revenue of the Pie Shop, and it still was. I was surprised, and said that money had a much different value where I lived.

The shop was transformed into a showroom. There were tractors on the floor. I asked if the Pie Shop sold tractors, and the consultant said yes. I asked him how much money they had made on tractors that year, and he said \$100.

I had to go later that day, so I said goodbye to the consultant. He tried to give me his email address, so I could write it on my hand with a pen (I didn't have any paper). I couldn't understand him, so I gave him my old xfig email address and left for home in Seattle.

Comments:

2022-08-28:

I made \$700/mo salary for much of my time as a baker. When I decided to go back to school, because of my elbows, Terry gave me a raise to \$850/mo. That was in 1989.

2022-08-28:

My guess is a typical day in the mid eighties was 300 pies times 5 days times 52 weeks times 3 dollars = 234 thousand gross revenue per year.

2022-08-28:

Liz did leave in real life, which is how I got the baker job in the first place. Terry accused Liz of "stealing the cards", which just meant that she took the recipes with her to start up a business in California.

2022-08-28:

The cards probably did say 5# in real life, for five pounds of flour. This is interesting, because it illustrates that I have a visual record of what a card looks like, but I mapped the card to my present baking ideas, and it meant cups. There was a scale. I quite likely weighed the flour... thinking back I probably did, but I don't remember that part consciously. The whole bit with the measure-by-feel fading, and then a line marking the level is also along the lines of measuring by volume.



2022-09-02 • Subject • Mazzy and Balance • LR

I've been struggling with anger. The problem is that I am getting more sleep. How do those two go together? When I get more sleep I face the world more completely. There is advice that I figure is at the core: "Accept the world as it is." That is fine, I suppose, and perhaps that would alleviate my anger, but what do I do in that world? What if that world has no place for me? What if I find the world as it is mind-numbing, insane, and destructive in nature? The exercise of cherry-picking beautiful things, and the counter approach of undermining via foundations (criticizing Thoreau for being supported by Emerson, for instance) is tiresome.

For most of my life I thought the movie It's a Wonderful Life was insipid. I hadn't watched it. I then watched it, and was taken with the movie. I haven't watched it since 2013, but before then it had become a Christmas season favorite. One of the messages in this movie is that you can't really know if the world has a place for you or not. It is your network of human relations, as well as effects on the world simply due to your human existence that you are unaware of, that form the value of your life. While there is some truth in this, I reject that it is all, or even majority. I suspect that this is a convenient idea. It is certainly not sufficient.

So, I can't accept the world as it is, and I need to know how what I do helps, and in a comprehensive, holistic way. I want to understand that balance. Martin Manley did the calculations, and figured the balance was tipped at the age of 60. He killed himself and documented his life. (His hosting provider, that had led him to believe his hosting was permanent, cancelled his account after the news got out, but hackers have preserved his site, and you can read it if you want. TikTok recently revived the story, too.) I do believe that I have something I can do that tips the balance in a comprehensive, holistic way, so I have no intention of going out like Manley at 60; however, I am very aware of the balance. I subscribe more to a Martin Manley approach to gauging when your life is worth the ecosystem cost, etc. than I do to the It's a Wonderful Life. I do know to my bones that our conscious mind is just the tip of the iceberg (nod to Freud who used the exact metaphor in his book Ego and Id). I do know that our pale blue dot is a very small slice in a universe quite full of things I could never understand (think movie Interstellar, etc.) At the same time, though, I think that it is my duty to pin it down rather than give up to some lalala small kind moments as we destroy ecosystems for vertebrates.

But back to anger. I need to stop some forms of behavior. Anger is not helpful. Anger forged into white light is helpful if you have anger, but I'm thinking my approach needs to be adjusted, so I'm working on that every day.

I had a dream last night about Mazzy. I was wrapping up my work for a project, and was going to present it to him, but neither he nor I cared enough to force the meeting. He faded out his attention remotely. I didn't even have a

headset, so I spoke into the laptop, figuring it had a mic. He stopped responding in detail. He didn't really care about what I was working on. I knew it was my last day at work. I tried to use the bathroom, but I didn't have a "floor 8 card key", which was required for bathroom use after Covid. Mazzy reverted to just texting small Beatles song snippets that seemed profound, but I could tell he was hardly even paying attention. I gave what work equipment I had to a couple of women that I met in the lobby and left for home.

I am trying to change my anger. I need to diffuse it with white-forge-light routing, but I also need to change my behavior so that I don't get angry in the first place. Yet, I'm stuck in a world of John Draper: "It's a billboard on the side of a road that screams with reassurance that whatever you're doing is OK. You are OK.". I need to exist in a different world, and with less anger. How do I do that? Currently, my guess is that I need to write for the children, or the children's children's children (borrowing from the Moody Blues), but that is a bit lonely, and it is easy to be angry about rejection in my own world. Well... I'm still exploring possibilities through all of this.

#mazzy



2022-09-11 • Journal • Truth and Sorrow Vomit • LR

If I had to tell the truth right now, I would open my mouth, and vomit sorrow and longing.

I'm running a trace with Phospherescent, which, from my purchase history, centers on 2010, but I know it was core for several years.

A few weeks ago I opened up to Willie from 2005. I remember a similar feeling as I walked on the waterfront, before I moved on to VitaMin. Sean covers Red Headed Stranger, since, in a strange turn and idea I had for a gathering, that is how we met again in December; however, those earlier albums like Yesterday's Wine still ring my 2007 sorrow over a range of several years, but much less than 2010.

And now? I'm not sure how far down it goes. Sean is sleeping in the room near me as I write.



2022-10-13 = Journal = Doc Appt = LR

I went to the doctor yesterday for the first time in 5 years. Test results are coming back... I'm OK. One interesting point that came up is, "Are you employed?". No, I'm not. "What do you do?" I work in IT as a system analyst. "Then why aren't you employed?" (subtext WTF!) So, I attempt to explain about my mission to transform system analysis. I start with "It's complicated," which is likely a mistake, as it seems like a pat on the head. Y'all know what horrors happen when I try and explain. I came up with a good one, though, "System analysts used to analyze systems broadly, but now it is broken down into isolated increments with a focus on product. I'm trying to change that." This was TMI for the medical assistant who just wanted to measure my blood pressure. I'm getting better about not gushing in public. BUT, it turned out that my doctor (nurse practitioner, really, but I have much respect for that as far as my needs) worked in IT. She developed software for Oracle and another CRM company I can't remember. She left IT during the 2001 meltdown and went into nursing. She boiled down my work to "mapping systems", which is essentially true. My brother-in-law (Ernie) boils it down that way, too. The catch is, though, that much knowledge functions in that way. Our memory and cognition relies on mapping for understanding. Further, collaborative mapping is crazy valuable... The conversation with the doc was 50/50... that is the best. I learned that her world is collapsing as well... Even with the local clinics, corporate levers work in an inhuman way (the machinery has one goal, and one goal only: profit).

#ernie



2022-10-16 • Subject • Complete Ideas • LR

One of the more unique principles I've found, as I blindly trace the veins in the rock I'm transforming, is that a complete idea just needs one version. What I'm working with, the world of operating systems, JSON, scripts, triples, and HTML, currently thrives in a different world. It lives in the constant-change world, where ideas are fluid based on product/user feedback and corporate interests. In the constant-change world, a complete idea is assumed to not be immediately relevant due to the fluid nature. And, of course, the world is in constant change; that is obvious. At the same time, though, a well-formed idea, a complete design, is useful, and it does not require constant change.

Historically, a complete idea has been expressed with writing, mostly as books. This is how frameworks of connected ideas come together. This isn't the only expression. Public living spaces can be a completely expressed idea, particularly if they are trimmed to core needs or observation. Stonehenge might be considered an expressed idea, or perhaps an amphitheater. Some kinds of art might be complete ideas - most, I think - but the flexibility of writing generates the majority of complete ideas.

I am focused on common meaning as I write this, so this introduces some constraints. A piece of art might be a complete idea for the artist, but the meaning will change by viewer. An amphitheater as an architectural form has meaning that is fairly static, but arguably the people change the meaning over time. Sometimes there are lions in the basement. (Lions in the Basement... rock band name). Writing itself has constraints. Words mean different things to different people, and culture changes broader understanding. But, we are now getting into ontology or even epistemology, which, while I track the ontology part, is not my main point here. I will add that since the 1960s, we have assumed that we would need computers to express complete ideas within complex systems.

The idea that we need computers for complete meaning, ironically, is where I'm diverging. Who is my audience for a complete idea? I'm writing for humans. Humans don't change cognitively. Sure, they get more distracted. Sure, their cognitive maps vary in complexity and depth; however, we have all been cognitively stable for thousands of years as far as hardware. An idea, expressed completely, at least for a useful topic that is broader than the profit of a new kind of oatmeal, should be able to stand over time. If I tie the expression of that idea into a complex, constantly changing storage, compute, and presentation platform, I lose both agency and persistence. This is where extreme consideration of the mechanisms for any expression of an idea is critical. A 500 page series of words (book) fits many needs, but it fails in flexibility. So, if I am expressing an idea completely, particularly if the topic is embedded in information technology developed over the last 60 years, it is very difficult to do if I'm tending to the issues of agency and persistence.

This is the stance I've been working from for many years, starting with nonic in 2006. I want to stress, though, that it is the idea that requires the completeness, disconnected from the constant change. This doesn't mean that the constant change is irrelevant. Take any great book that expresses an idea. Take a great design. These are independent from the week-to-week flow of product/users/interests/politics. They can and should exist outside of a handful of overlords. We can and should be able to create complete ideas ourselves. We should be able to read them as well. We should not cede that ability for a lead role in a cage (to borrow from Pink Floyd). Yes, there is and will be constant change, and the velocity will accelerate. Does the fact that a completely expressed idea mean that it has to be *the one*? No. Although, my experience is that most people prefer to just kick the can down the road one week at a time.

OK. Bring this down to the specific, mister. When I started my ontology project in May, 2019, the tools available were not good enough. Still, even yesterday, I was on one of my final demos, a single page app that combined 576 OS build steps, hashes, and compile outputs into one 17 MB HTML presentation, and I hit a tech block. The Javascript compression routine I found I liked best can't deal with some unicode sequences. This is particularly weird, because I'm using an API call that sounds like it should. I have to wrap my own unicode routine inside the other one. There is a recursive nature to this paragraph. I'm posting from the custom OS I developed to deal with all of the weirdness. And, while the issues with unicode have mostly been resolved in the latest OS distributions as of today, the only way I know to do all of the things I need to do with certainty, is with my own OS, and this single page is an expression of what that means. We have arrived at the point of the post: I only need to do that once.

It turns out I had 10 demo sites, different schemas and knowledge areas. These are needed to show how the expressed idea, the design for triples system analysis, works, to concretize the complete idea. And, when I'm done,

I should be *done*. Yes, there will be follow-on ideas, but expressing this design is something I can do just once. That includes my OS. It is a PITA to keep it maintained. The core idea is much, much more important.

I don't have a monopoly on this. I'm sure everybody has expressed complete ideas. I know some of you have written and published books. What is likely unique with my viewpoint is that it is embedded in the domain of IT, in which most assume useful expression is not static, and even when it is, it isn't useful against the very dynamic web of change it lives within.

Comments:

2022-10-17:

is the single page app site (one of 10). It is a good example of the OS issue on a number of levels, and how it relates to a complete idea. I'm using emoji as nodes in a graph visually, and I pull that through from analysis to presentation. This is why the unicode stuff is so tricky. 10 years from now, if anybody wonders what I really meant, or even wants to view a web page, they will need to have access to the concrete set of presentation and compute I use. By boiling it down to a single page, this makes it easier. This particular single page can build an OS to view itself. Merging IT stuff into complete expressions with agency and persistence is difficult. As always, the broader surrounding ideas (that constantly change, heh), are on .



2022-10-16 • Subject • Kirk's Castile soap • LR

A decade ago I started stocking up on Kirk's Castile soap. It is the perfect bar. I figured that the cost of the soap would only go up, as it includes coconut oil, and it doesn't go bad. I was employed well at the time, so it was a sort of soap bank account. It was one of the first soaps I bought on my own, as well. I remember the drug store had it when I lived in the crawl space in Eugene in '86. It was fairly inexpensive and simple. Remember that place? I paid \$50 for the right to sleep up there permanently. I had to walk through my room-mate's closet to get to the access. It led to a walkway that ran up the ceiling of the stairwell. I had to make sure I stepped on the cross-braces or I'd go through the plaster. But this is a story about soap.

When Sean moved in, I had over 300 bars of soap stocked up. She comes from the south, and her family all talks really loud. We were joking around one time about how loud her family was, and she asked me if I had any soap. I shouted in a southern twang, channeling Jack Nicholson when asked if he had a helmet in Easy Rider, "Oh, I've got soap. I've got over 300 bars of soap in the cottage!". Every time it seemed humorous or the soap came up, I'd shout it out again.

Lately, because of financial limitations - mainly that I'm living off of savings until either a) I get a job or b) I retire - I have not been buying soap. I mentioned to Sean that we were below 100 bars of soap, and she was dismayed. She started buying the soap. She intends to buy a case of 48 with every paycheck until we get back up to a reasonable amount. 100 is too low for her comfort, too.

#portland street



2022-10-17 • Subject • Color Syntax Unikitty • LR

One of the ways I provide agency and persistence with my single page apps, is I include the libraries within the HTML as base64. The source for the libraries is valuable, though, both for recognition, but also to follow along. I pull the source from my own page, run it through a pretty-print, and syntax highlight it, before rendering it for the user. The thing is, I want it to be really pretty as well. I think this helps cognition, right? This is part of emoji; they are pretty, in addition to having extra meaning. Color is a great addition to code. Anyhoo... I'm poking around at different themes for the syntax highlighter and found this scheme, which is called Unikitty. It turns out this is a cartoon. I had no idea until I browsed for the scheme. I guess my eye for what is pretty aligns with the artists behind a weird cartoon.



Grid CSS - Primary relation is needs - No nesting - Dagre layout

highlight

```
Highlight.js v11.6.0 (git: bed790f3f3)
  (c) 2006-2022 undefined and other contributors
 License: BSD-3-Clause
var hljs = (function() {
  'use strict';
  var deepFreezeEs6 = {
   exports: {}
 };
  function deepFreeze(obj) {
    if (obj instanceof Map) {
      obj.clear = obj.delete = obj.set = function() {
        throw new Error('map is read-only');
      };
    } else if (obj instanceof Set) {
      obj.add = obj.clear = obj.delete = function() {
        throw new Error('set is read-only');
      };
    }
    // Freeze self
    Object.freeze(obj);
    Object.getOwnPropertyNames(obj).forEach(function(name) {
      var prop = obj[name];
      // Freeze prop if it is an object
      if (typeof prop == 'object' && !Object.isFrozen(prop)) {
        deepFreeze(prop);
      }
    });
    return obj;
  deepFreezeEs6.exports = deepFreeze;
 deepFreezeEs6.exports.default = deepFreeze;
  /** @typedef {import('highlight.js').CallbackResponse} CallbackResponse */
  /** @typedef {import('highlight.js').CompiledMode} CompiledMode */
  /** @implements CallbackResponse */
```

#ouroboros



2022-10-17 • Subject • Audacity Meter • LR

Wolfram is a modern-day Philip K. Dick in scope and originality. If you ever feel you would like to nibble at some new ideas with extremely broad implications, Wolfram is fun to follow. I (like many others) have NKS sitting on my shelf unread in anything close to entirety, much like PKD's Exegesis. Certainly this particular article has an intersect with PKD in topic. Wolfram also pushes the audacity meter up to 11 (take ten years to rewrite physics and self-publish). When I finish my triple design work, and if I can't find a job that utilizes it, perhaps I'll tackle NKS, and maybe even Exegesis for that matter.



2022-10-20 • Subject • Looking for the Joke with a Microscope • L R

There's a joke in here somewhere. I can count the number of clarifying technical questions or challenges I've received for the work I've shared. I used to always say I've had zero, but over the last three years I've really had two. Sean often digs into my work, but she is not technical. Regardless, she has offered some critical feedback, as have many others. I don't count the feedback as clarifying questions, as I'm thinking about the core technical mechanisms and assumptions. She does not work in IT. Most of my friends have worked in IT, though, so they could offer something if they read it carefully.

One of the two clarifications/challenges was about memory and maps vs. streamed. I'm going to toss that one because it showed close to zero reading of anything I had written. The clarification/challenge was, "My experience is that memories are maps not streams." to paraphrase. I'm discarding it because any careful reading would have shown I was saying that. It was also weak, as I spent a significant effort in the essay talking about others that had said similar things. Still, it was an attempt. Most people these days just read the first couple of sentences, so I can somewhat forgive, or at least understand, but it doesn't count without a minimal investment of time and engagement. The other one was a genuine clarifying question about whether the graphing I do has logic (XOR on the paths, for instance). Now, that was a full on, genuine clarifying question. I should put it up like a first check you frame for a business or something. (I put him (Sunn) and Sean in the dedication.)

There is another person I've gone back and forth with, a leader in data science; however, he essentially has the same intellectual kit he applies to new things. Granted, I enjoy him, and he is quite smart and interesting, but simply offering a reaction that shows you are in the field and smart is not the same. That is just a form of networking. Again, many do that, but it does not grow understanding for either person. When I say clarification/challenge, again, I'm referring to a kind of intellectual back and forth within a field that shows growth/engagement. I want to be wrong or right or anything. (Indifference is the opposite of love, not hate, etc.)

What is a joke, is my response when I am faced with the fact that I don't know anybody that is interested enough in my ideas to engage at a technical level. Yes, yes, you can say that it doesn't matter what other people think, but it really does. We are humans working together. We don't just hang out and catch weak prey on our lonesome like a tiger or something. We need each other, we help each other, and if we are in the world of ideas, this goes triple (heh... sorry... couldn't help it). My response is to double down, which is the joke. Oh... you weren't interested in that enough to offer a critical reading and ask a clarifying question? Here's three times as much to read, and, oh, I'll send more every week.

I might say I'm resigned to writing for a future audience I might never know, but my actions don't support that. Sigh. I need to level up in that area.

#ouroboros

Comments:

2022-10-21:

Here is a question, along the lines of who is crazy, which is kind of hard to establish with brain-in-jar, etc.: There is a possibility that my work is simply not useful or interesting to anybody. I know (sitting in my jar), that my work is interesting to me. I think it is beautiful. It solves many problems in my career. What if zero people, ever, would find my work beautiful or useful? Would I still do it? If the answer is yes, then why do it? I suspect that the answer is dialogical in a Martin Buber-ish kind of way. That is, I am working within a conversation with my self, but it is more of a universe relation. And, that does make sense with the brain-in-jar reference as well. I am thinking the answer is yes. I acknowledge the solipsism of the jar. I perceive a brilliance, a usefulness, a beauty, but acknowledge that it might just be a reverberating reflection of myself. My stance is that this is OK. Now, I also am attached to ideas of

world systems (supply chain, climate, etc.). I would prefer that my ideas and work is useful to others; however, it is a good point to remember that I would do this regardless of usefulness to other jars, even Ann Uumellmahaye.

2022-10-21:

I certainly have blindspots. I am also sure that working in isolation has created even more blindspots. I recently ran into who Terry A. Davis was, and watched quite a few of his videos. I have to add "crazy" to the list of reasons I get so little engagement. The fact that I didn't consider that earlier on is a blindspot. I still maintain that a primary reason for the /dev/null is that it is a perspective that brings pain. That is, looking at systems, understanding them in a human way, and owning the responsibility of your participation in the systems, is extremely difficult as the reality peaks around the edges. We likely have a wired-in human response to block that reality out. One of those is to assume the other is crazy, I imagine. There are less obnoxious dismissals, sure. People are generally comfortable in their idea of where they fit in systems, particularly when they are top.

2022-10-20:

And in my first step towards recovery, Imma go dig in and finish... Jan/Feb target w/o sharing beyond this journal entry. The second step towards recovery would likely be to just shut up and finish. How many steps are there in recovering from Ouroboros (I named this ouroroboros in May 2019)? Absolutely, completely serious here, it reminds me of this talk.



2022-10-23 - Journal - Money Crows - LR

As we warm, will the buffalo roam further north? As our numbers decline, will they regain their numbers like the wildlife around Chernobyl did? Will our skulls be captured in mounds like we did with the buffalo? If so, who is stacking? Some other successful mammal with opposable thumbs that shares a feature with Charlton Heston, or perhaps on the sea floor by pods of whales?

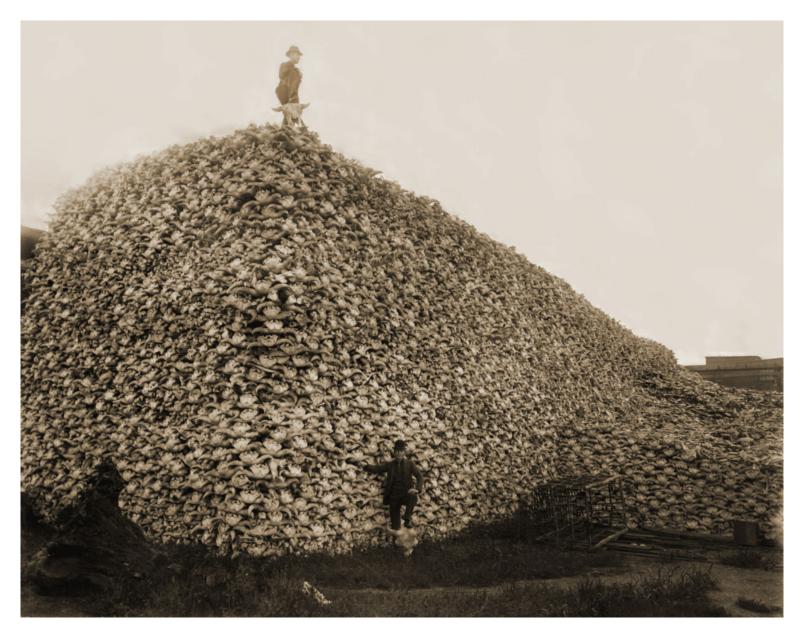
What is your preference?

I do not understand how we can do business as usual in the face of science and more importantly, data. Every day we get clearer signals of our destruction, yet we shutter our windows instead, and scratch signs on the doors of those that relay the stations not approved by the state, as though that is our only obligation for citizenship.

I have my money on crows surviving long term, but they have some evolving to do before they can stack our skulls. Regardless, in my fantasy world of the future I want the buffalo to roam again, free, across an entire continent. I don't care what creature stacks our skulls, but somebody should, right in the middle of thriving buffalo.

I do not understand how easy it is for most I know to be comfortable with what they are doing. Or, is that an illusion? Is everybody secretly horrified by the outcome of their civilization? Is the sports arena fervor a ruse, a purposely subversive Roman re-enactment in collapse? Perhaps the strange Disney-Musk fantasy is a reality, and by building out world-wide infrastructure for charging cars with insanely deep supply chains, we reclaim lost ecosystems, bringing them back from post-tipping.

Post-tipping. I'm thinking Mater out in the field tipping tractors. Well... back to work. Just a few words of joy to start the day. I'm actually in a great mood this morning. I'm productive, and strangely at ease with the insanity of the world and my place in it.



Comments:

2022-10-24:

Don Draper's Billboard

2022-10-23:

Every time I see Saruman and his engine of destruction, the weapons factories fueled by trees, his alliance with Sauron, and his betrayal of Gandalf, I think to myself, "Exactly like us." Can you imagine how much profit you could make by selling the lie of John Draper from Mad Men, that whatever you are doing is OK? I'm not sure how much, but lots... more than any of us can imagine... You'd have to be the head of Disney, or watching the media numbers come through on social media feel-good ad buys to really know. This gets me started again on how puzzled I am. Really? That's what you got for analysis? I see you have little connection between where stuff comes from (burning trees) and the weapons you are shipping to arm the Uruk-hai. It is a form of cognitive dissonance that I've spent decades reconciling. Not easy at all. You have to end up somewhere around, "well... sheet... I'm a looter too. how can I add something worthwhile in that context?" and watch the entire world shun you. OK. Perhaps there is a tiny bit of hyperbole here. Us it is more like the Ents. They move slow. They weren't willing to call out Saruman for being a looter unless they saw their own forest destroyed. That is a bit more fruitful, right? We could shift a bit, to just saying that people move slow. True, the institutions they support are Saruman, and by extension "we are all Saruman", but we just need a Merry and Pippen to prompt us to the scene of destruction, where we can see for ourselves. (But, again, those ad men and John Draper's billboard that



2022-10-26 • Subject • Rewiring • LR

I saw something very useful nine years ago. I didn't know what it was, well, besides the obvious features. I didn't know why it was so good. As I formed it and explored it, I slowly figured it out broadly. It is not unique; however, the audience that can use it the most cannot cognitively digest it. This is because our cultural maps, for most, have no relation to the terrain I'm presenting. How do I share and develop the ideas? Overcoming "lack of maps" in a world where various interests are constantly rewiring our maps with advertising and stacking the streams, is close to impossible. Regardless, what I saw is important. It is important.

I can see, looking back, how my approach has been ill-advised and futile. For one, calling attention to the fact that our lack at establishing individual systemic agency is a form of looting, is ill-advised. I also have some hard-wired difficulties. That is not an excuse for bad (or ill-advised) behavior, but it is also not something I can eliminate. I can temper, try again, etc., but I will always be a little off. I will say that one ill-advised behavior is also a plus. I rarely accept "because that is the way it is" as an answer. As for the looting, a large part of this is my emotional response to watching my civilization destroy the ecosystems we depend on. It is looting by definition. It is probably ill-advised to kick off a conversation with that, but it is understandable.

What I'm chasing, presenting, developing is not new. It fits less and less with the vector of cognitive motion in our society, particularly with the active rewiring and stream stacking, but it is critically important, and I'm not backing down from this. To make it productive, though, I have to get at the root of why. My Taos goal was communication, so ultimately I'm not presenting new knowledge, just communicating existing knowledge, as well as synthesizing it with my experience in system analysis. One thing that is recent, is that I know that long word form (technical solution descriptions that hit anything over 10 pages) is not the way to rewire system cognition for readers. It is a way to bootstrap a new form of system cognition, though, since it currently exists (people send rockets to the moon based on that form of mapping system knowledge).

If you missed a key part of my focus, perhaps because it was obscured by "let's fight now" wording (looter), my focus is on human cognition, and not machine cognition. We started a focus on using computers as a crutch with direct cognition vs. using computers to help us rewire our cognition maps intentionally, starting in the 1960s. Why is it important to focus on human cognition, you ask? Because everything we do collaboratively with shared intention is related. At the root of all of this are the ideas of Michael Tomasello.

Here is Tomasello's PDF #chimp_notches



Words are great for flowing streams of memories and stories, but they are limited in dimension for most readers. Technical documents use words and figures, and attempt to address the gap of systems understanding. Law and medicine also have steep curves and dense words. The knowledge artifacts of these disciplines take education and resources that are not available to most, so we rely on third parties: doctors, lawyers, engineers, architects, and cloud.

We are at cognitive capacity, yet we are buffeted by streams thrown against ontological ships owned be others. What is the meaning of *our* voyage? Where do *we* want to go? Most want similar things, yet the cognitive limits of humans require us to fall back to mere streams and two dimensional analysis. We are aware of the perilous voyage, but have no agency. The disconnect between the ontological ship and agency is exploited for profit.

How do we start collaboratively mapping our voyage, and in a direction of our choosing, with outcomes of our choosing, when the systems are so complicated that detailed description becomes a word salad? The answer is in front of you, those reading this. The entire world-wide-web is a giant graph. DNS is a tree, with CNAMEs between the

leafs. A website is a leaf with pages for trees. Zoom into the page as leaf, and within those leaves are head, body, and pieces of the body (divs). Within the divs are other components with attributes. And, every single one of these has a simple underlying concept, the triple (subject - predicate - object). It seems too simple, but not if you realize we are mostly at two, not three. "Two" is a key-value pair against a time series: At 5:00 we had a temperature of 30 degrees. At 5:10 we had a temperature of 33 degrees: 5:00 - 30, 5:10 - 33.

What does a triple give us? It gives us a way to collaboratively establish meaning. It gives us a way to agree on a destination. How? A triple is a solid atom of knowledge that can be refined to agreement and built out with many different "agencies" working together. We - on - ship, ship - made_of - wood, wood - needs - finish, varnish - kind_of - finish, etc. Or, in WWW terms, website - title - SuperWebSite, website - favelink1 - url, favelink1 - has_image sun, etc. Triples can be established in the middle and grow like grass, a rhizome, without the need for a pyramid peak or base*. This is why the web expanded so quickly. Agency can begin at zero dot zero dot zero, origin. You (and all of us) can start at origin and build meaning, reclaim agency, and even have our own origins. We can set the course of our ship correctly at any time, no matter when we come to our senses. We can rebuild our ship, own our ontology ourselves, force it to our needs as they change.

It is possible. It is useful to pursue. Don't just take the cruise without agency.

My two cents anyway. Forgive the word salad.

#civilization

Comments:

2022-10-28:

Triples are extensible to formal methods to scale and collaborate, and this does require a pyramid base like Basic Formal Ontology, and a pyramid peak like Barry Smith or Tim Berners-Lee; however, if the focus is on human agency, the concepts cognitively possible for humans, the density and correlations required, if truly understood without computers, are relatively simple, so extensibility is trivial.

2022-10-28:

Like Cypher in The Matrix, though, many are totally fine with the cruise, and don't care where they are going or who owns the ontological ship, as long as there is juicy steak and wine provided. The first Matrix movie was much more subversive, in my mind, than the follow-ups. Owning your own triples and collaborating is a heavy load, particularly if you venture out to Kevin Bacon six degrees. My thought is that eventually, as passengers on the ship, we will spot the iceberg and reclaim agency. Perhaps the hero industrialists will save us. Perhaps their claim that individual agency is futile is true, that all we have left is sorting plastic by numbers for recycling, volunteering for noble causes, and purchasing their expensive products (or forced to in some states). I doubt it. I suspect those who currently author the ship ontology are like Cypher, quite comfortable in their profitable collusion, as they sell us black-box reporting consoles. It reminds me of the quote that the movie Cross of the Moment starts with, by W.H. Auden: "We would rather be ruined than changed. We would rather die in our dread than climb the cross of the moment and let our illusions die." Analysis, particular when the word salad is destroyed, by breaking down meaning and goals into something more digestible, can be cruel and uncomfortable, but certainly not as uncomfortable as the cold North Atlantic Ocean.



2022-10-31 • Dream • Snake Bite • LR

I dreamed last night that I kept on poking at a snake in a cage. I figured it would just bite my finger, which, for some reason, I was fine with; however, it kept biting me in the arm where my skin was softer, and it hurt. My arm was starting to swell, and I got worried. Then I woke up.



2022-11-03 • Subject • Meat Puppets Thousand Plateaus • LR

Meat Puppets, "Aurora Borealis," a band that sang the soundtrack to my life when I was wandering the highways of America in the 80's, and this song especially makes me think today of the optimistic nomad philosophy of the French theorists Deleuze and Guattari - "to see the world as a cauldron of becoming rather than a repository of Being," as it says on the back of my copy of A Thousand Plateaus. The wonderful poet Mei-mei Berssenbrugge recently described Deleuze and Guattari to me as New Agey philosophers, which all makes sense to me in the way that New Mexico, where she writes from, resembles the topography of their "collective experiment in thought and action" and sits next to that other plateau-filled state, Arizona, which engendered the Meat Puppets. The title for my first novel came from a Meat Puppets song and Chris Kirkwood painted the cover art, so it feels a little nostalgic to include them here, but appropriate in the sense that all of the seeds of my later books can be found in my earlier books and all of the books seem to haunt each other in another dimension.

~Stephen Beachy

#meat_puppets #plateau



2022-11-28 • Journal • Graph Nodes • L R

I woke up worried at 1:30AM. I don't remember exactly what about, but I faded into an understanding that my approach of tackling triple pub with the graph by linking to pieces of the larger document was a good approach. The rest, what followed after I was done, didn't matter. I was on the right path. It was reassuring, and I was able to go back to sleep.



2022-11-30 • Journal • Ink and Up in the Air • LR

I watched two movies that struck me as Millennial movies yesterday: Ink and Up in the Air. Both of them just so happen to have been released in 2009. Ink, in particular, tapped in to many of the themes that I associate with that generation. My Triple Pub focus keeps bringing me back to the limits of cognition. The core lesson is that we are all at capacity, we just focus on stuff differently. Sean showed me a Tik Tok vid about how our brains work, something about how we only see .035% of reality (It really did have a percentage to those places.) The whole "we only use 10 percent of our brain" thing has always bothered me. Likewise, arbitrarily saying we can't ever really know bothers me, kind of like how when Mikey said I took myself too seriously, or when my Mom told me that her religion didn't dissect the Bible for meaning. It is all similar. We can focus. We can understand. We just can't do it without work and cognitive exoskeletons. But there was one bit in the Tik Tok vid where the talking head claimed that we can only focus on an area the size of a thumbnail. This is probably accurate. We need to discern food to eat that we gather, or focus on small tools we are making, but we only really need to be aware outside of that if we need to run. My point is, that Ink revealed a perspective and focus that is different. There were no real heros in the HeroIndustrialist sense, just a collection of kind hearted people trying to help others. It also struck me that there was a purposeful inclusion of different kinds of people, as though simply being different was the important factor in the casting. But there is a sweetness, a love in Ink, that I need to remember as I work together with Millennials. The whole "where are we now, where do we want to go, how do we get there," while important to me, is less important to some people as being inclusive and loving in the moment. It is trite to say "it takes all kinds," but perhaps it is useful to say we all care in different ways, and leverage our limited human cognition in that direction. I wrote a bit in 3SA about my history with backup retention. It is true that I battled for a year with many meetings, and used up a bit of dude-like-us capital with the upper management (Is that bad, I wonder?). My point is that is I had just been quiet and let it fail, the firm eventually missing documents they needed, it would have been better for me. Yeah... no... I'm going to stick with my engineering mantra and be annoying, use up my capital. BUT, I will remember the lesson that protecting the letters as a priority and only dealing with 1 degree out Kevin Bacon is perfectly fine. Perhaps they will

save somebody realize a core beautiful self hidden behind Marley chains. Up in the Air is a bit more of an obvious Millennial flick, and not worth many cycles here. It is worth watching just for the backpack allegory transform.

#movies



2022-12-06 • Subject • Sean's Dad's Rotary Phone • LR

I hooked up Sean's dad's rotary phone to gvoice five years ago.



There is a small microprocessor in the yellow phone, a rotatone smd2, that converts the rotary clicky disconnects of tip/ring into DTMF (beeps). The microprocessor gets its power from the line, but the drain from the DTMF converter makes the call too faint to hear, so the box on the upper left, a Viking TBB-1B line amplifier, boosts the line voltage. This is difficult to do, as your voice and the DTMF is going over the same pair of wires. After it is boosted it goes into another small microprocessor box, an Obi OB/200, that connects to gvoice over the internet to make calls. It is a seriously indulgent suite of tech. Sean's dad died yesterday, and I wanted to make a call today in his honor on his old phone. I'll tell ya... I get impatient waiting for that rotary to finish tapping out a 9.



2022-12-06 • Memory • Grey Newt • L R

I woke with a Julee Cruise song playing in my head, but wasn't sure what one. It was reverberating through me like Edith Piaf in Inception. I had to hunt through my collection to place it. The song, it turned out, was The World Spins. Yow, what lyrics. What a way to wake.

I remember a party at our house in summer of 1998. I played Julee Cruise in the dark. I sat in a chair with a fire in the outdoor fireplace, staring at the flames. I remember Bill commenting on it as maudlin or somesuch, and Yvette

agreeing with a shrug that this was my way. Everybody migrated away from me as I enjoyed the music by myself. The music was not pleasant for others, at least in that setting, but for me it was soothing. I had both albums playing, Float and Voice, back to back. Eventually it was over, and people wandered back around the fire.

I imagine a grey newt that I am able to pull out of my brain and pet, soothing myself in this world. I offer my newt to others for their comfort, but instead it makes them feel strange and they leave. They will come back again after I have my time staring at the fire listening to Julee Cruise. Oh... perhaps a dab of her music is OK if there is a fight scene or Giant at the Bang Bang bar, but mostly, please just put your little newt back in the folds and close up your head in mixed company.

I imagine that everybody has their own newt, and other creatures they keep private.



2022-12-08 • Journal • Wanda • LR

I watched Barbara Loden's "Wanda", and the documentary about her with interviews called "I am Wanda" tonight. Both are very much worth the time to enjoy. I'd suggest the documentary after the movie. I don't know of another movie like Wanda. It has the feel of a John Waters movie as far as the way it was filmed. I imagine I'm the only one who sees that? (I just searched, and it turns out that Wanda is one of John Waters favorites, so maybe just me and John Waters think that?)

Spoilers here, but good review: Why Barbara Loden's Wanda Was a Feminist Anti-Hero for the 1970s #movies #john_waters



2022-12-10 • Journal • Bobo Twin Peaks • LR

Bobo came into my room and asked if we could watch more Twin Peaks together today. We have a lunch planned around it. I know how it is for sons/dads at 18, that combination of knowing(but not knowing) and the need to create walls of territory/protection. I try and honor that, but still guide and protect (self-depracating humblebrag inserted here). My point is that of all things, the fact that my son wants to do things with me on a Saturday is pretty cool. (We are on the last few episodes.) He also doesn't flinch when I put my hand on his shoulder. (He knows no difference... but I do.)



2022-12-11 • Subject • Oil Disinformation • LR

I read this morning about congress dealing with oil company disinformation regarding climate change. I thought two things:

- -duh
- -the enemy is us.

Everything I look at comes from oil, either directly, or because of the supply chain behind it. But, most people don't think like me. "Gee, I have this item that is made from recycled bags. I'm part of the solution." This is fine. It has heart, etc. The problem is that it is not considering where stuff comes from. Almost everything we see and hear is part of a disinformation campaign, but it isn't just the oil companies, it is us. We, all of us, through our shallow analysis, perpetuate the disinformation.

I've seen petrochemical flowcharts from the 1950s and earlier. They are prominent. Look! We supply much of what you use day to day! Back then the oil companies were very open, proudly displaying the extent of their products. It showed innovation and promise. I can even support that. It was innovative. I also know that today it is much more extreme. The supply chain behind your phone is insanely deep. All of that compute, all of the infrastructure behind your favorite cloud overlord too, all of it comes from very deep supply chains that are mostly run on oil. Again, both

literally (plastic), but the supply chain behind it. When I see the "carbon neutral since 2007" blurb at the bottom of google search, every fiber of me screams "BS!"

I know this. Many "kind of" know this. But where is the proof? Where is the map of the current petrochemical supply chain? I looked *for an hour* to find something I could share. This was the best I could come up with that wasn't paywalled. This was the same chart I remember seeing a few years ago when I searched. The problem with this is the change involved. The change itself requires alternative feedstocks *and energy*. It needs to scale quickly. So, the premise of this article is faulty, but it does show a map of petrochemical flow. This is also where I gained my stance on writing for the future. There is no way out that I'm aware of. Ye Tao's MEER can deal with the climate change part, at least mitigate warming, I suppose. In order to do that though, somehow we have to break out of this cognitive impasse. Even then, what do I expect people to do with that knowledge?

The right will raise a decent argument that relying on government to solve these big issues is also problematic. For that matter, the left (at least the traditional left I'm familiar with), will raise concerns of trust, oligarchy, surveillance, and authoritarianism. Sagan talks about this quite well towards the end. We need to work together. Any real solution will require orchestration at a global level, and by definition, this means a globally empowered organization. I just don't think that we can create this without stakeholders, the citizens of the world, cognitively understanding the requirements and possible solutions. But... besides all that... my point is that the issue is *not* disinformation. We knew this was coming. If not Sagan, then the Presidential report under Johnson in 1965.

I have to conclude that for many, they would simply prefer to sip scotch at the top of the Columbia tower than consider that they are contributing to the collapse of ecosystems that support vertebrates. It isn't simply not feeling empowered. For me, that was the subversive thing about the first Matrix movie... that steak that Cypher eats. Cypher just wants the illusion. The scope of my individual push in response, is simply to provide ways to handle and map knowledge quickly and visualize it so when we do start to take this seriously we can do it as individuals using something a bit more powerful than, say, a knowledge model based on a 1980s ERP system. I'll leave the globally empowered organization to others to deal with. I don't feel empowered to create that, or that I even have close to an understanding of how to pull that off.

#civilization #climate change #oil



2022-12-11 • Journal • Dark Side of the Turkey • LR

I deep fried a turkey a few weeks ago, and the oil has been sitting next to my fryer with the intention that I would use it a few more times. Today was that day. Bobo had plans with his friends, so I made an early batch of fish and chips before he left: fried tilapia and sweet potato. It crossed my mind to put Cheerios in the Cuisinart, as I didn't have any panko, but decided to just use flour instead. I dredged the fish through seasoned flour, and some egg. I cut up the potato, and went outside in my sandals and socks, waiting for the oil to hit 350. I thought that perhaps my footwear decision might be looked back on as unwise, but I didn't change my shoes. I continued on.



I dumped the plate of potatoes in the fryer. The fryer is huge, big enough for a turkey, of course, but the burner is also monstrous. It is used for crab/shrimp boils. I ordered it six years ago when I was feeling flush. It is massive stainless steel with lots of burner ports coming off at many angles. I am completely tapped in to the waste gas from oil exploration on my continent. I run it off of an extension from the natural gas dryer on the back porch. I stepped back immediately after I dumped the plate, and the oil bubbled up with the steam, a bit too close to the top for comfort. I should probably have turned off the flame at that point, but I didn't. I got some long tongs from the kitchen and inspected the potato until I figured it was the right timing for the fish.

I dumped the fish in, and reflected on my bare arms above the oil, careful to not burn myself, but realizing this was a possibility with all of the boil and trouble, the Carhartt logo on my socks

peeking out of the end of my sandals, taunting me. I was able to pull all of the potato and fish out without burning myself. Bobo found me after he ate it, and said it was very good. Success.

I completely forgot all about it. I was working out, watching Penny Dreadful. I just started the series. I need some entertaining show to watch, something that pulls me along a bit. Dexter seems to have dropped off in quality... I might revisit, but for now I'm trying Penny Dreadful. So far it is good. I'm on episode 4 today. Just as Chandler is telling Gray about the Anasazi, I happened to smell the back of my hand. What is that smokey, greasy smell? Why do I smell like turkey? I guess some of the oil did get on me. There was something about the way the smell melded with the show- not exactly Dark Side of the Rainbow or anything, but perhaps a tack weld.



2022-12-12 • Dream • Angela Raider • LR

I dreamed about this website last night. I was out at lunch with some work colleagues and I showed the site to them. One of my colleagues liked the woman that was in the game soml-3, which was a game he used to play that was kind of like Tomb Raider. I said he could search, but all he would find was the Angela ASCII art. I was generally interested in the whole site, not just Angela, but that is all he was interested in. (I have no idea what soml-3 is. When I sold Kaypros in 1984, a work colleague pinned up Angela in the bathroom in real life.)

Comments:

2022-12-12:

I'm not a gamer anymore. The last time I gamed much it was in the 1990s. It turns out SOML 3 is a thing



2022-12-25 • Dream • Anima Two Three • LR

I've been up since 4:30AM working on Triple Pub. I laid down to rest, and faded into half-sleep. A woman told me there was the normal stream of key-value pairs, and that there was also triples. When she told me, it was very clear and authoritative. It felt like the same kind of voice from previous encounters with her.

#anima #medusa



2022-12-31 • Dream • Different Pie • L R

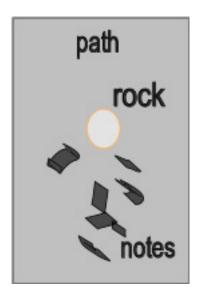
I was living in another town, but I visited the Pie Shop. Terry was still there, but the walls had changed. They were more beige and clean, like a modern suburban house. Terry was glad to see me. We hugged. I told him that I was taking a job in Eugene, and would be moving back. He was happy about that, and made me promise that I would cover for him when he went elk hunting for a week in October. I agreed, but did think that it might be difficult to manage with my new job.

#pie shop #terry



2023-01-02 • Dream • Rock Notes • L R

I was in a class that Krista taught outdoors. It was towards the end of the last quarter of the class. I would take expanded notes about the class by putting a small rock on the path and carving the notes on the path in back of the rock:



She told me she didn't want me taking expanded notes for her class anymore. I was grumpy about that, and said that that instead of using 85 percent of my brain, I would just use 12.

#class #krista



2023-01-09 • Subject • The Flight of the Phoenix • LR

For years I have wondered why, as humans within complex systems, we have less and less of a grasp on our own telemetry, both individually, and as a species. The prevailing idea is that the systems are simply too complicated to understand, so we need to rely on computers, cloud, and hero industrialists to solve our problems for us. We are relegated to being black-box consumers. The problem is that this becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy and trap. As we rely more and more on black-box cognition, focused on tweaking streams of metrics to true up the plane, rather than understanding what keeps it in the air, we lose the skills to establish holistic telemetry within systems. Use it or lose it. If you lose it, somebody else will gladly sell you a service. But, buyer beware, without agency, the goals of the black-box cognition provider become your goals.

We have a responsibility as individuals and as a species to cognitively understand our telemetry within complex systems. This is required for us to make informed choices, to make sense of the world we live in. The challenge is: how do we reclaim cognitive agency and engage responsively with the massively complex systems we have created in our civilization, without ceding cognition to the black-box vendors? We will need hero industrialists. We will need cloud. We will need machine learning and Al. But we also need to have individual agency in the cognitive exoskeletons we use to collaboratively establish telemetry, requirements, goals, and, ultimately, progress towards a shared, intentional future. Frankly, this is a huge challenge, one that I am attempting to address, but as I watch, the world is shrinking from individual and organizational telemetry and cognition and working as fast as they can to outsource it to black-box services.

Whether or not we can actually do this, whether we have enough runway to face the hard realities and participate as individuals and a species in our future with shared cognition before broad collapse, is not my concern. If we have no more runway, we will simply be... well... at the end of the runway in the grass. But, eventually, we will need to regauge telemetry within the remaining systems. Eventually we will need to work collaboratively. When the plane crashes, the IoT feed stops, no? As far as individual action, it can only help to hone these skills and tools. Anybody see the movie The Flight of the Phoenix? It is one of my favorites. It fits well into my metaphors here.

#cognition #movies #ouroboros



2023-01-10 • Subject • Rowboats not robots! • LR

Rowboats not robots!

Perhaps I'm wrong. I'm sure I'm wrong about many things. But, I did participate in the growth of computers, starting with acoustically coupled modems on the top of dumb terminals. I've carted in old 386 hardware with Slackware GNU/Linux installed to replace the unstable NT DNS with BIND at work, where it managed name resolution for a nationwide consulting firm. I did DevOps in 1996 by having acquisitions fill out a spreadsheet and generating file and identity/authentication servers automatically from the spreadsheet (filled out originally by non-technical people in Excel, mind you, not a proprietary JSON/YAML-ish format for the CI/CD of the year).

I know the pain of dependencies for an operating system, as I've built them from scratch, down to the GNU C Library (I'm posting this from an os with my own compile of glibc-2.30 at the bottom of the stack). I understand why Docker. I understand if you have containers, why Kubernetes. I understand why package managers like pip, apt, CPAN, yum, yast, etc. I understand why Node and JavaScript. I've used all of these. I've watched as folks with thin experience discovered source control and turned it into a religion. But I think we lost our way a bit at sea. We lost our ability as humans to clearly describe where we are, where we want to be, and how to get there. We ceded that ability to third parties that sold us black box everything as a service BBEaaS.

As I've worked my way through implementing, operating, designing, and analyzing business processes and information systems through the years, I have also worked with web technologies. The standards in place that allow BBEaaS to operate profitably without needing too much compute, and mitigate latency issues, these standards can provide local-first analysis and visualization platforms, a rowboat for human cognition, rather than robots that provide yet another BBEaaS. As somebody that experienced the glee of regular users claiming IT agency by bringing up their own word processor to write their papers, manage their own client databases, or manage their cash flow with a spreadsheet, I see the same excitement and possibility of local-first analysis. That is my focus. I'm documenting and researching the rowboat, publishing my findings and design CCO.

I don't intend to conclude with a straw man, but:

Perhaps I'm wrong. Perhaps analyzing our individual businesses, organizations, and sole efforts is better served by increasingly complex software and infrastructure ecosystems with deeper and deeper supply chains behind BBEaaS?



2023-01-15 • Dream • Tim Cook Mirrors • L R

I dreamed I had a meeting with Tim Cook. We were having a one-on-one. I guess I worked at Apple, but that was not the focus of the dream. Tim Cook had the reach and power he does in real life. I knew I had a very brief period of time. I glossed over what I was doing, and then said, "I want to share something important. Give me five minutes." I explained MEER to him, talked about Ye Tao, and he listened and took notes. He noticed the bottle->fastener tool, and I talked about how scalability and supply chain issues were addressed by MEER's plans. He left the meeting with me, and he started walking through walls, leaving a silhouette. I followed him through.

#meer

Comments:

2023-09-25:

This is example of the bottle/fastener tool:

https://youtu.be/TRy2sD k57g

MEER has a version of this as well, customized for their installs.



2023-01-17 • Subject • Al and Humans • LR

I've always been puzzled by the general trend to avoid humans. Why is it that we will create such incredibly complicated systems, instead of humans sitting down with humans to analyze what they really need? We put keyloggers on their keyboards, harvest their emails; we do just about anything we can besides just talking to them. We hide behind our screens, do git commits, and all just churns on and on towards our own oblivion, but it is all OK if we don't actually have to deal with those messy bio humans.

I got a glimpse of the motivation in the movie Super Pumped about Kalanick at Uber, when he raged about the drivers, and launched on his mission for autonomous vehicles. Humans have human needs, and it gets messy. Folks like Kalanick want to control that piece, that link, so we have moved to mere data, throbbing and pulsing through data centers, instead of routing blood through human hearts, veins, and arteries into perfectly capable human cognition. Instead of actually dealing with humans, by offering security for their human needs and oddity, we prefer the safety and control of data streams and Al. We charge a service fee for every aspect of their controlled, Al-fed lives, and save money on health insurance and HR.

I guess it isn't so puzzling on reflection. As Philip K Dick put it, "The empire never ended". Our methods of control have changed, but not our priorities.

#ai_ml #pkd



2023-01-18 - Subject - Morning After Paradox - LR

My two favorite movies, if I was forced to pick right now, are Wim Wenders' "Until the End of the World" (the 5 hour version, not the butchered one), and Hiroshi Teshigahara's "Woman in the Dunes". I was listening to Bobo narrating his todo list mixed with rapping as he took his shower this morning, and it reminded me how I used to sing Maureen McGovern's "The Morning After" (theme of "The Poseidon Adventure").

"The Morning After" was the first 45 I owned as a child. I heard it on the radio. I sang it all the time. Also in my rotation was Johnny Appleseed (including narration and songs), and "God Bless America". I would wander the playground during summer school singing my rotation. Nobody knew me, and I felt safe. I didn't sing on the playground at normal school. This was all around 4th grade or so.

I remember I used to figure I could sing especially loud when I mowed the lawn. Both morning after and god bless can really be belted out with a child's voice, and I let loose with the mower running. My mom came out one time, though, crying, and saying the neighbors would think I was crazy. (My 4th grade teacher about that time said there was something wrong with me, and they had me tested. I didn't remember the correlation until just now, but my mom was under some stress.)

I looked up morning after today, and found out something else I didn't know. The original lyrics were "Why Must There Be a Morning After?". That is profound. Here we are. On the sinking ship. We all know it. Why must we focus on escape, the morning after. Why must there be a morning after? This is a big part of "Woman in the Dunes" and "Until the End of the World". It is our song, our love, making the water catching machine (reference to Woman in the Dunes), or playing in a band. It is our music here and now. Sing it out. This also matches how I see consciousness at the end. It doesn't just disappear, it fades with time, half-distance traveled towards the end at each iteration, but never getting there.

#bobo #mom #uteotw #woman_in_the_dunes



2023-01-19 • Subject • Meer to Date • L R

I joined an energy transitions group in 2011, and learned about the depth of the problems facing us with energy. At the time I was a typical geek techno-optimist, talking about various silver bullet tech as a solution (I liked biobutanol and LFTR, for instance). The leader of the group taught me to look at scalability, and guest speakers introduced me to the climate risks. Fracking gave us a pause in urgency, and the group disbanded, but there are structural issues that we still have to deal with.

I ended up following Guy McPherson, who is fairly well known, but also has quite a rep (deserved) as a doom and gloomer. I am fairly well versed, now, in the various positive feedback loops he outlines. I don't tune in as much as I used to. The key thing, though, is that while he is generally negative, there is one solution that he thinks will help, and that is Ye Tao's MEER Solar Radiation Management (SRM) project/research. Likely there are more, but the fact that Ye Tao passed Guy McPherson's feasibility requirements meant I should look into it. I did, and Ye Tao does the math. He is convincing. So I had a positive solution, rather than just waving my hands and saying the sky was falling.

A remaining problem until just this week, was "Why no traction with MEER?" Ye Tao has been trundling his show around for a few years now. He is respectable. He presented at COP26 and COP27. Was it simply that there was little profit in his solution? While this is true... it never really satisfied me as a reason, not completely. I know that simple solutions have likely turned off some investors, preferring massive carbon capture or more extensive geoengineering, etc., but it was never that satisfying an answer. One of the main reasons I was dissatisfied, is that surely economists, people who helped those in charge guide policy, knew the true story.

Just this last week, though, I saw a presentation by Steve Keen in relation to MEER. I watched a few vids, in typical fashion. He seems legit. The main thing is his explanation of where economics went wrong, especially in the context of climate change, makes sense to me. This was the last piece. Yes, I know that in general people are lazy about learning knew things. Those that are successful keep on doing what they do to be successful, and don't break out. Those that are dispossessed are desperately trying to imitate the success they see. Coupled with Keen's work, though, I'm pretty satisfied with my understanding of how we got to where we are.

#guy mcpherson #steve keen #ye tao



2023-01-31 • Fiction • Sue Ops • L R

Sue was just returning from lunch break to staff the operations center of the county water district. She wore heavy framed, black eyeglasses, jeans and a gray long-sleeved canvas shirt. She had been there through three reduction-in-force sweeps, and was one of two people left watching the operations screen and tending the district machinery. Three red circles appear on the wall console that showed pump failures at Lovelane Lake, Upper Dredge, and Placidish River, connected by a web of pipes. Sue logged on to her computer to get details, but received "Access Denied". She tried again, and got the same response. John was the only other person in the ops center. There were four room-width desks facing the screen on the wall with empty chairs, and he and sue sat two seats apart in the second row.

"It won't work, Sue. There is no authentication available, as Datacenter West is down, or at least unavailable."

"Do you know what the pump failures are?" asked Sue, anxiously.

"I assume it is electrical, as the dam at Upper Dredge blew a transformer. Datacenter West gets power from there. They are on backup, so the datacenter is still live, at least until they run out of diesel, but nobody can reach it because the network is down. I'm going to drive out there and get a copy of our pipe layout and IoT keys, as we don't have one on site. We may need those."

John grabbed his backpack, shoved his laptop inside, and ran out the door, leaving Sue with a screen of red. John had been there almost as long as Sue. There were now seven circles of red on the console.

"I'll log on locally", Sue muttered, and was able to get a command prompt. She tried to ping the pump at Lovelane, and nothing. She got the same result for the other pumps. Her email and other office software was also hosted at Datacenter West, so all she could do is run notepad and ping. She noticed Joyce outside the window waving at her, and opened the door to talk to her. Joyce worked in accounting reconciling C* expense reports.

"Did you know the water is out? I can't wash my hands," Joyce said, annoyed.

"Oh no! If the water is out too, Datacenter West won't cool."

"Huh?"

"Never mind. I think Upper Dredge dam has stopped pumping water over ridge 4. I got an alarm. I think there is still bottled water in the fridge. Power is going out across the county as well, so you might want to get your car out of the garage. I'm calling Laura Talos right now. She'll know what to do."

"OK. I think I'll get home while the traffic lights are still working. See you tomorrow."

"Think, think," Sue reminded herself in a half-whisper. "John is getting the IoT keys, so that's good. We can at least see if any Upper Dredge pumps were damaged in the surge when the transformer blew. Where did I put Laura's number? I know I copied that down from the Datacenter West contact app just in case. Ah, here it is."

"Hello, Laura? Sorry to bother you so late, but we have a situation. Upper Dredge blew a transformer... oh, you know... yes... yes... but the problem is that it powered some networking equipment, and we can't reach many of the pumps. The monitoring screen is all red. Yes, I thought that too, but there is no running water at the office, so the outage looks real. I'm worried about cooling at Datacenter West. John headed out to grab a copy of the IoT keys and an updated map. ... No, we don't have one here. I can't get into email or access my spreadsheet of pumps. I can't even log on at all. I had to log in locally. ... Yes, yes... I'll call after John gets back. Kor? Who's Kor? OK. Bye."



2023-02-09 • Dream • Three Fingers • LR



I was at a bar in a hotel. It was brightly lit. It was a large room, like a convention center ballroom. It was my turn to order my drink. I had no idea what I wanted. The person in front of me had ordered a tall drink. The glass was a foot tall, 2/3rds full of ice, and it came with another bottle, that I figured was a strong white wine. A woman bartender asked if I wanted a wine spritzer. I said no. I thought quickly, and blurted out I wanted two fingers of Wild Turkey, rocks. Just then she and the two other bartenders on duty were called away. One of the two men had very white skin and shoulder-length hair, with a few days growth of light beard. I thought about the fact that rocks had a particular name,

not just ice, and that it distinguished crushed ice from large chunks. Two bartenders came over to tend the bar, as the others were busy, both in their 20s, one black and one Arab. The Arab had a thin, black beard, and repeated, "Two fingers of Wild Turkey, Rocks?"

I said "yes".

"Any water?"

"Yes, one finger."

"Is this your regular drink?" he asked. He pulled out a tab spike and pointed at my order on the top with my number 54, and looked at me hopefully."

"Yes," I replied. I was fine with making it my regular drink, even though I doubted I regularly ordered it. It would make my future simpler. I would know what to order.

#alcohol



2023-02-09 Journal Sea Peoples From the Word LR

How long have we put written words on the description of "world"? Likely about 6,000 years, with the first word being a marking in a clay tablet that signified amounts of grain, as we moved from tokens to written word. The old testament was likely written after the time of the collapse in 1177BC. From this perspective, looking back, it is possible to map the beginning of the world as the "the word". John 1:1 John 1:1 is guessed to have been written around the time of Jesus.

It is reasonable to describe the beginning of civilization as we know it as the beginning of the written word. Written words let us track things like grain, and build things like locomotives. It is reasonable to imagine somebody writing

in 50 AD about both a beginning and an end of the world. 1177BC was a very large collapse, with characters like the four horseman (although they were Sea Peoples). But the real story, as Eric Cline will point out, is about complex systems and inherent instability under multiple stressors.

We repeat ourselves in ever-expanding versions of collapse with the dark ages, and quite likely, now that we can tilt ecosystems, the mother of all collapse. But, still, in the beginning was the written word. I refuse to believe that we are permanently doomed in these cycles. I have faith that there is some way out. We don't have to build up to peak complexity and collapse. Rome *can* end, as well, as far as oppression and PKD's observation.

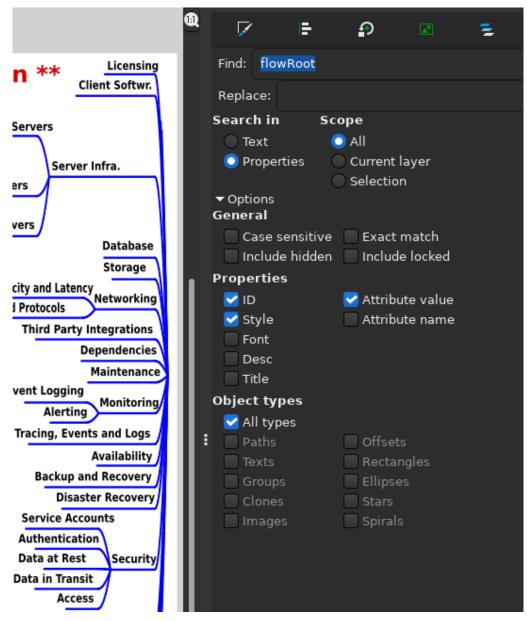
For those living in the insanity that glimpse it, like PKD or the Wachowski's first Matrix movie, it must seem like they are watching the destruction by drones or bots, entities unable to break out and see through the trope of the lotus-eater machine. I can see some similarities in religious writings as well, across many different religions. But most in the world don't experience it that way. It is business as usual, heavy on business. There are mouths to feed and family to heal. Well... I should move on to my work, but this all reminds me of this bit I wrote.

#civilization #collapse #eric cline #industrial civilization #jesus #ouroboros #pkd



2023-02-10 • Apps • Finding Inkscape Objects • LR

Select objects with search to change globally or find hidden items. For instance, use this to find and change flowRoot:





2023-02-17 = Subject = Rhizome Rock = LR

I used to doubt the idea that you couldn't put words to true things. I assumed that it was that the fabric of reality was not expressible as words. How do you describe the real feeling of wind through Douglas Firs and the deep musk of dark forest if you aren't David Lynch? Even if you are David Lynch, you are still connecting at a collective unconscious level. Ah, and that level is key. We get the authenticity, it has that sparkle of recognition. And, it is true, as well, the weave that binds our human experience, but I'm not talking about that. I'm talking about true things outside of domain.

"Domain" is a graph analysis term. I've stumbled into the domain of where the word "domain" is used. And this is outside of the archetypes and Jung world. We all work within domains of understanding. While it is possible to break out - to go in to a different domain, at the level of complexity we live at, with the fractured surface experience - we have almost infinite domains of experience to share. Streams cut through that, and the less real information that is presented, the more likely we find something to latch onto as we observe from our domains.

We have leveraged machines to help us, yet that does nothing to help us as humans, to discuss what is true. It isn't merely the intangibles like the musty forest experience, it is the real things cross domain that cannot be named. How is it possible to name things cross domain at a level that is humanly understandable: real communication and cognition? And, as we rely on streams and computers for the assist in our exponentially complicated, nested systems, we lose the cross-domain cognitive capabilities we once had as a species due to atrophy. Even before atrophy, though, the people who we thought were the wisest among us often referred to the true things that had no words.

Words. The first written words we have, are on a clay tablet that tracked jars of pig fat (3,000 BCE). For those of you using Microsoft Power BI, the ontology used for knowledge looks like an ERP system (MS Common Data Model). We constantly slide back to tracking jars of pig fat. But there is more we can do with words. The problem is that crossing of domains from a human cognition perspective. Just how do you do it, if words don't capture ideas across domains? We can use art, like Lynch, but that is cheating. It feels like knowledge across a domain, but it isn't exactly, as it is hooking in to the Jungian. The only way to break across the domains cognitively takes much work, and if you are primarily building more "effective" (yes, sneer quotes) ways to track pig fat to sustain us to a peak of 10 billion humans, it will consume all of your cognitive spare energy.

We have beautiful, glorious brains, each of us, but they are fairly raw, and extensively hijacked. There are many true things within our domain, but communicating those true things outside is extremely difficult. It is possible, though, but not for forest musk. Forest musk will remain, like perfume brought to life on warm human skin, something that words can only approach artistically. But it is possible to breach the domain walls of more tangible things without falling back in to the words of an ERP system. And, while the wisdom is true at core, all of the cautions, we must imagine Sisyphus happy. I am beginning to suspect that the key is in working from the middle, like a rhizome. It doesn't matter what small facts you gather as you push that rock. Eventually it will weave something real, something true, but not at the top or bottom. The weave happens in the middle as you roll the rock. How perfect! While I understand the general idea about the impossibility of cross domain (outside ERP, of course, particularly in my country), and I appreciate the need for stream analysis vs. structural cross-domain knowledge, I still am able to hold the possibility. That is the secret. The possibility comes from the middle of things, the rhizome, for everybody.

Now... of course this post is cross domain for everybody reading this. QED

#civilization #ouroboros #rhizome



2023-03-05 • Subject • Data Law • L R

I'm OK with data being the law, but only if it is in the service of love, under human will. Distrust any stack of services peddled to you that doesn't acknowledge up front that human needs come first. Expect initial human collaboration to establish that need. If the priorities start with a proposed service, or divorce data from human requirements, then

reject it until the need is established by the humans concerned with the system. If the data can be used to scare up errors and misconceptions, and keep efforts on track with whatever the AI/ML and analytics stack of the month is, and doesn't detract too much from other human needs, then this is a win. Remember, humans need a certain kind of biosphere to thrive. Ensure balance. Everything has a cost. Leave room for nature – Leave room for nature.

#crowley #georgia_guidestones



2023-03-19 • Subject • Feedstock Flow • LR

I've been looking for this for years. Not sure why all of a sudden I found it, since it has been around since 2018. I think it is because I finally used the keyword "feedstock". I will often say stuff like "everything around you comes from oil", but there has to be some numbers and diagrams relatively recently. Well... here it is.

#oil



2023-03-23 • Subject • BaaS • LR

The central mechanism of maintaining business-as-usual and perpetuating complacency, is to provide participants a way to feel they are contributing to the good, yet remove their ability to establish meaningful goals or gauge telemetry against them. Even better, is if somehow you could convince them to subscribe to BaaS (business-as-usual-as-a-service). People will actually pay a monthly subscription to destroy their own biosphere, as long as the central mechanism is in place. This both keeps the dream afloat, facilitating monetization of the last gasps of a biosphere that can support 8 billion humans, but it prevents rogue analysis from gaining traction, as all analysis is BaaS.



2023-03-29 • Subject • Al Scraping Rant • LR

It fascinates me that the approach of most is to come up with the idea that, "Hey! Let's house all of our knowledge, visualization, and compute with a specific vendor. Oh... and we can't use it without the telco. We'll save so much money, since we don't have to pay humans for on-prem." It is true that you could conceivably do local-first (authority) with containers that would leverage cloud commodity services for availability, scalability, etc., but who do you know that actually does that? Most just pick the cloud provider of the year and say sign me up at three nines (in good times, not the scenarios in this article). The suits look good for saving all that money. The org lays off internal knowledge that knows how to actually build and run compute. It becomes too expensive to bring back home. Cloud wins, but businesses are much less resilient in general. The same thing goes for communication. We rely on a handful of companies for most communication, both at the app layer and physical. Oh... and those apex cloud companies? Now that Al/ML is the new blockchain, they force independent websites that publish quality public information to use bot protection with cloud providers and increasing arms escalation w/ Al protection vs. Al scraping as they feed their models.

https://www.wired.com/2001/03/baran/



2023-04-13 • Dream • Key Parking • L R

I tried to find a roller skating rink, and saw the entrance along a concrete building. The entrance was a freeway offramp. I missed the entrance, and had to park nearby and walk in. I had Sean's coat with me. It looked kind of like her "I. Am. Gorgeous" bathrobe in real life, but was sturdier, with a tighter weave on the body. It had the same frilly collar. I went down the stairs to the locker room. It was co-ed, and had different generations of lockers, mostly all

metal. The older ones looked like file cabinets. There was a pile of key assemblies that you were supposed to grab that you then found a locker for. I grabbed one that was like a long money box key: flat metal, skeleton, about three inches long, and found a locker. I moved the locker to an area that didn't have any other lockers next to it for privacy, even though it looked like it was blocking a door.

I was then parking in a mostly empty corporate parking area beneath an office tower. As I was walking up to the building, I saw Charlie standing on an exterior alcove of the building and he greeted me. We met in a large hall. I sat with Charlie as he announced the launch of his new startup (his current one in real life). He had received funding, and needed helpdesk and other staff to launch. The room was full of people from his last ventures. He said he was headquarters to North Dakota. I recognized the city as being close to Crosby. I shared with the room that I was familiar with the area, and Crosby had the most affordable houses, and had appealing nature features. After I sat back down, I realized that I had forgot to say the most important thing, that the area had lots of access to natural fresh water (which is true in real life).

Charlie was talking with other people at the table, and somebody asked if he had ever had a real job. I said that Charlie had worked with Tim Berners-Lee at "That FAX company". I added that it was MCI/WorldCom, when Charlie gave me a puzzled glance. (In real life Worldcom purchased FACSys) I then corrected myself, and said it was really Vint Cerf. After a bit, Charlie said, that he had forgot that MCI had bought FACSys. Charlie asked the room who would be interested in staffing the helpdesk. Twenty percent of the room, about fifty people, raised their hands about three quarters high. One woman talked about how she was particularly happy about the short-term nature of the gig.

I played it coy. I didn't raise my hand. I assumed Charlie would try and get me to join in. I was torn between just doing some part-time work to supplement my income, and diving in from an architect/engineering perspective, which I figured Charlie wanted me for. I ran over some numbers, and figured if he asked my rate, I would say \$85/hr. I left the building, expecting Charlie to chase me down, but he didn't. I was confused, and couldn't find my car, so I walked around the building looking for my car in the lot.

#charlie #key



2023-04-18 • Subject • Unfurl • LR

This single article manages to capture the large percentage of my concerns and beliefs, including the sarcasm:

"A relatively new field of study, economics, saw the expansion of production, trade, and population as inherently beneficial, attributed it to human ingenuity (rather than to fossil fuels), and declared that it could and should go on forever. After all, the economists gushed, there are no limits to human ingenuity!"

Everybody reading this, particularly in the US, will experience the truth of these words, whether true or false, relatively soon. Look up US oil production. Compare it against known US oil reserves. No amount of feel-good phone apps or correct political stances posted on your social media profile will overcome the crises that will unfurl in the next twenty years. It will certainly be an opportunity for some; I agree that change has that characteristic; however, understanding the scale of change that has to happen, as well as where things **actually** come from is needed to navigate the change.

#civilization #oil



2023-04-24 • Subject • Butt Sniffing Bots • L R

I often think about what has happened to my culture's ability and interest in collaborating on knowledge. I've been working on a personal project for close to three solid years at an extremely intense velocity and load, and have received relatively close to zero engagement. (I'm dedicating this to several people that are exceptions, but they aren't that heavy technically. Technical heavy engagement is even closer to zero, except, perhaps for Jason L. I have to also tip my hat to Dan B. for initiating, by simply asking what I thought would be useful to the company that

I would like to do.) Still, after 8,000 hours of pouring my heart and soul into my project, I have received extremely little technical engagement. Some encouragement, but no interest. For awhile I've had my eye on the VC cycle in our country (idea, present to audience, get funding, be a founder, make your million, sip drinks on the beach or be a real-life Tony Stark, the modern form of Calvinist predestination). I've watched quite a few people interested in my particular area of graph analysis share their knowledge and then close it off again as they enter the VC cycle. They leave traces in the wayback machine. When they are doing their doctorate, they are all into collaborative knowledge, but after that, they get trapped in the VC cycle and protect their IP. But there must be something more, as it is embedded in my culture (coast city in the US... not saying center US cities are different, but I do know that Canadians and European countries are much more collaborative in the fields I'm interested in generally, with specific exceptions, as always).

This morning I had a flash where I remembered the animation of the dog sniffing butts in this Timothy Leary/Robert Anton Wilson 8 circuit model of consciousness. All of us have that butt sniffing aspect of motivation. My thought is that this is what the famous invisible hand of economics theory is, slotting our predictable behavior as butt sniffer bots. This fits with the VC cycle too. Intellectual flashes of the upper part of the stack get routed to sniffing for the VC money, and they all are stuck there in a lotus-eater machine trope (slouching towards Stark). The 8 circuits also act as a stack like the OSI model. While it may be true that we all have that physical layer, much more can happen cognitively above. YMMV depending on how much of the stack you call yours, what you use. We all have this full cognitive stack available, I believe. I may not be as out there as Leary and Wilson, but I think they have the right general idea.

#consciousness #ouroboros #robert_anton_wilson #timothy_leary



2023-05-17 • Dream • Bed Table • L R

I was at a large gathering of family and friends. We needed a table to eat dinner at, and I figured I would convert the bed of my Toyota (Kalis) into a table. I made some wooden blocks that served as supports and seats. When it came time for dinner, though, somebody volunteered their red Mitsubishi pickup. I said that the bed was shorter, and I wasn't sure it would work with the supports and benches I had built. My mom agreed with me, but some others urged me to consider how the Mitsubishi bed was deeper. It was all metal, unlike my bed, which was black molded plastic. I thought that even though the bed was shorter, it still might fit the supports and provide enough room for seating.

#kalis #pickup

Comments:

2023-05-17:

I test drove an Isuzu P'up before I got the Mazda, when I lived in the cabin. I'm not consciously aware of a Mitsubishi pickup.



2023-05-19 • Subject • Card Sales • L R

As a youngster I did a variety of things to make money. I worked during my lunch period in the cafeteria washing dishes and serving food in exchange for a free hot lunch. I mowed lawns. I babysat. I also sold greeting cards in my neighborhood. I roamed the neighborhood in the seventies during the 73-75 recession knocking on doors. People have a difficult time turning away kids. I remember people bringing me into their house to prove they had a closet full of greeting cards. I would haul my little brother, four years younger than I, in a wagon to help me, and my-o-my, that was successful. It seemed like it was a good deal for me, but I did quite a bit of sales work for national greeting card companies that made most of the profit, while I creatively figured out how to convert the last mile into sales.

I think of advances in information technology this way. Linus Torvalds (linux), Ken Thompson (utf-8 and many *nix things), Tim Berners-Lee (www), Richard Stallman (GNU), Donald Knuth (TeX), and Behdad Esfahbod (HarfBuzz)

come to mind immediately. All of these people are passionate about IT because it gives people the ability to create their own greeting cards. In the case of Richard Stallman it was literally the freedom to modify the software to print greeting cards, among other items, that motivated him.



As I write this, it is difficult, if not impossible, to run the most prevalent desktop operating system without having a greeting card company account (for your protection, of course). Everybody is getting prizes or cash, and working with other people with their own wagons and props to monetize the last mile. It is a web of prizes or cash. Most of it is now run by software originally intended to let us create our own cards. Who is really profiting? Who has agency? It is made even worse, now, as the cloud interests with the best connectivity are scraping all public content to market Al products that appear to be sentient.

My card business failed because I relied on a supply chain for my cards. I sent in my money, and the cards were shipped, the vendor said, but I never received them. I imagine somewhere there was fine print that everything was really my fault, kind of like the availability fine print for cloud services, and other failures. I essentially passed on the failure, as I didn't have enough money to cover the cards that were lost in the mail, but, still, it taught me about agency. As I watch similar efforts in IT, I think of this example.

#work



2023-05-25 = Journal = Action = LR

This is why I have abandoned the typical. When I look at a graph like this I transpose my colleague's streams. Oh! Oh! If we could just double down (again... again) on the AI/ML/BI, we would know our telemetry! No. There are lots of reports, but they aren't reports that support business as usual, so they are ignored. That isn't the problem. The problem is owning cognition of telemetry within systems, and this requires a map. The absolute insane collusion of the status quo to build out more and more datacenters, now focused on a chatbot that bases answers on scrapes of the web, is mind numbing. This is not a singularity, it is a another mars/blockchain pipe dream... anything to give false hope to the techno-neoclassical-economics-bs-based fans. Yes... it is costly to choose and plan towards an agreed path vs. just let whatever happens happen, as long as somebody can stuff their pockets. But... I don't tackle that. I just work the system cognition problem (to crickets).

So... the positive. 3SA is published. I should have the OS ready today. After that I do streams work on LI. We will need the AI/ML/BI streams tools to predict, true up, and vet plans and implementations, but I see it like using oil for public transport vs. building an entire new infrastructure for single occupancy BEVs.

#crickets



2023-06-01 • Dream • Code Self • LR

I realized there was a "on click" command that would work with any visual element. It didn't just have to be a form. I thought it was very cool, but wondered how multiple "on click" commands worked. Wouldn't the commands get confused? I saw on a message board that somebody figured out they needed to use case statements, so if there were multiple "on click" commands, it could tell what to do by the reference.

I realized that I was very close to providing a complete compute environment with 3SA, because everything was on one page. All I had to do was add a rewrite/reload on the page. I thought a bit about getting credit for the idea, but figured it didn't matter, as it was the idea and use that was important.

#3sa #code #mqtt

Comments:

2023-06-01:

3SA is meant for wrapping code around the data engine. MCJ takes that same page, and uses Python to modify the triples. 3SA is supposed to be quick, somewhat disposable as far as code, as the knowledge is captured in the triples, used to address the crisis, and then morphed for later crises. In the case of journal software, it doesn't morph much. I use MQTT to navigate within the live page. The MCJ app proper isn't really that complicated. I've considered Node and Electron before, but I don't think it adds much to my main focus.

2023-06-01:

I'm not sure I've dreamed about code in such a detailed way before. It must be seeping down there. I am inspired to look at Node to see if there is a simple way to save and reload the current page. (A quick search shows that nodemon might do it, or perhaps Electron.)



2023-06-10 • Journal • Bootleg Neil • L R

Many things captured from the scene:

Neil Young goes record shopping, finds his own bootlegs (1972) #neil_young



2023-06-15 • Dream • Rock Pile • LR

I was on the top of a rock pile in a room. There were plastic bins of belongings amid the rocks. Several children, including Bobo, were playing at the top of the pile, in a clearing. One of them started climbing down the rock pile, and I said not to play on the rocks. I was watching them while Yvette was asleep in the next room. After a few hours, I climbed down the pile. I told the children not to follow me, and closed the door in the next room so I could work on my single-page application. As I closed the door I heard several of the bins tumble down the rocks.

I heard Yvette stirring after twenty minutes, and went to the kitchen to make dinner. She said the kids playing woke her, and if I had been watching them, they wouldn't have. I complained that I had been watching them for three hours, and had only closed the door twenty minutes ago. I wanted to make a quick dinner. I was chopping up some chicken, but didn't have a board, so I was chopping it up on the table cloth. Yvette said the table cloth was dirty, which it was. I had figured it would be really quick to just chop it up, but it wasn't so I moved it to a wooden cutting board with a lip. Yvette was making a plate of vegetables ringed around the outside, so I couldn't move the chicken off the cutting board, but the juice was leaking. I asked Yvette for some paper towels, but she was too busy with her vegetable plate, so the juice started spilling off of the board, onto the table. I poked my head into the back room, with the pile of rocks, and when I closed the door again, the rest of the bins fell down, along with the shelves against the side wall. The entire room was likely full of crashed bins.

Some time passed. We ate our dinner. We were vaguely angry with eachother. Not yelling, just resentful. Bobo went to see his brother, who was playing with a bunch of neighborhood kids nearby. He brought him an Easter gift of a hard boiled egg. His brother, in exchange, crushed a raw egg and smashed it on Bobo's face. Yvette asked me if I noticed anything, nodding towards the sink, and Bobo was sitting in the sink as a baby, with a cross between Japanese writing Maori tattoos covering his torso. His friend Austin had done it to help him emotionally after his brother smashed the egg on his face.

#yvette



2023-08-22 • Subject • Simple Facts • LR

I recently ran across this video, backed by this paper, backed by this book. Like Ye Tao's MEER, these become relatively simple facts that can be established as we consider options. The facts seem reasonable to me, but pushing

these facts is not my primary purpose at this point in my life. I just want to provide ways to lay out these facts in a graph that assists human cognition. I am solution agnostic, as long as the right stakeholders are involved, which means humans, really, as we are currently the apex species tilting the biosphere for other life (including our own species). The paper also hints at some interesting bits, like the obvious contradictions if we are optimizing interactions for profit.

#ouroboros #industrial civilization #tom murphy

Comments:

2023-08-27:

It is possible, that now that I can see these kind of comprehensive books out there, and some engagement, that I can move on? Not sure. It is like that scene in American Beauty. I feel like that in my life right now. A mistake will suck me back in to my old life, where I will be stuck until a future time, unaware. I am able to feel that electric air before the storm, hold onto it. (But there is a trick in holding on, it is more like an observation holding, not a clinging, as clinging will suck me right back in again.) I am hopeful that I can move on with the understanding of the plastic bag scene.



2023-08-27 • Dream • Woods Week • L R

I was at a large week-long festival in the woods. The attendees wandered a circle that went past by exhibits, much like Oregon Country Fair. I was not showing. I was an informal assistant for another group of people that were. I figured I would make money by selling bacon sandwiches: just toasted bread with mayonnaise and crispy bacon. I asked my sponsor group, and they said I shouldn't do it, as I didn't have an official exhibit, and agents enforced this. One of they showed me her arms, and they hand large, red mosquito bite bumps on them. "This is what happens when you get caught."

I continued to plan a way to do it anyway. I figured I could do quick sales on the path to the exhibitors. My sponsor group had to leave, though. I was helping them pack with another assistant. They had a large wagon with three rows of seats. They wanted us to pack it so they could haul their stuff, but on the final leg of the trip, they wanted to leave the seats out. They asked if that was OK. I protested, because I didn't want to be rattling around on a bed going down the freeway without a seatbelt. The other assistant didn't have a problem with it.

#oregon_country_fair #woods #money #bacon



2023-09-07 • Subject • All else is vanity • L R

I've often wondered if I could truly wish that I had never understood. Would it have been better to just be a technological optimist, doing the established good things, having the appropriate hobbies, sharing my interest in a particular kind of hop I'm growing in the backyard, and work my job for the engine that is destroying the biosphere for vertebrates? Seriously, I've considered that. Would I grow a callous, an extreme block to understanding my sin as the trains take my neighbors away to gas chambers? Would I work for that time when I could just consume more and more in retirement, happy and complacent (but suitably disturbed by world events, blaming the other color - blue vs. red)? The thing is, before understanding, before the callous forms, if I had not dug... picked at the scab to reveal the wound and understand, I may well have been innocent. But... over time, if my wall was strong, would it fall before I died? Because, then I would know, and the world would cave in on me. Seriously, it is a tough one. But, no. I'd rather learn, explore, understand, than do the checklist that was provided me for a proper life by the looters. Now... the looters will protest that rogue understanding outside of the machine is narcissistic, there is no such thing. Neoclassical economics is God, and only trust in God. All else is vanity. Or somesuch... just a few thoughts this morning.

#uteotw #blue_vs_red



2023-09-07 • Journal • Wrap • LR

Whew! Well, at 909 pages for the PDF, is that a wrap? I think so. I plan to work on compute.land at this point. I'll tell ya, there is a consistency to the 30+ years of cycling on these ideas. I can see the development. I know what to do.

#uteotw



2023-09-24 • Dream • Car Startup • L R

I went to a hardware store, much like the local McLendon. A man I assumed was the owner asked me if I'd give him a hundred dollar bill. I said I'd work if he gave me a hundred dollar bill. He said he had some work, and showed me an old video of a car. The video was in four panels, and from different perspectives. The panels looked like a closeup of a CPU chip. As I looked closer, I could see the car speeding down the pathways, and it looked more like a car speeding through a field.

The man said he had purchased the video, and wanted to start a business. I told him I could fix up the video to present on the web. I had the tools. He had to do something else, so I waited in the mud room. I was then waiting outside in a dirt parking lot, laying on a large flatbed trailer. His daughters were in a car next to me waiting as well. The man talked with two other men about his plan to sell used cars, and this ad would kick off the business, but he didn't include me or his daughters in the discussion. We slept in the parking lot all night, and in the morning I saw him walk over. He apologized for making us wait all night.

I told him that we needed to talk in private about my thoughts, and his intent. He took me to a church filled with people, and started up to the pulpit. I protested that church was in service, and we would interrupt, but the congregation assured me that they were not in service. I told him that what I had to say was just for him, and we should find a more private spot. Somebody in the congregation said I should use the corner of the church. We went there, but it was still not private enough. We then went outside and used an old 1950s/1960s bus that he owned to meet.

I told him that I would contract for him, but I didn't want my name associated with the business proper. I would help with his website and the graphics, but I was concerned about his approach to selling used cars. I didn't have any particular worries. The cars weren't stolen or anything. I was just wary about selling used cars in general.

I then met with his family without him. I told him what I knew about his plans for the used car startup.

#church #car #specialty house

Comments:

2023-09-24:

Ron's daughter from specialty house electronics worked with me. Dad had convinced me to work for him instead. I told her about how I was planning to leave, and she gave me a hard time about it. I forget why. The next day I talked to Ron and quit.



2023-09-30 • Subject • Daniel Schmachtenberger / Stockholm • L R

I love this talk: Daniel Schmachtenberger I An introduction to the Metacrisis I Stockholm Impact/Week 2023, particularly if you skip past the introduction. The Schmachtenberger vid captures most of my present concerns. Like my interview with Medicine Bear that I did in 2006, which does echo bits of Schmachtenberger, I wish I understood the ideas and the moving pieces earlier in life. At the time I interviewed Medicine Bear, most of his ideas went over my head, and I dismissed them. It doesn't mean I have a corner on understanding. There are many ways to navigate these ideas, from outright rejection (with reason), to extrapolation and corollaries. Most will not navigate. They are

cognitively blocked to it. Why? At this point in my life, I suspect it is more about comfort in the existing set of ideas. After you reach 30 years old or so, there is little reason to shift. Further, much of what pushes you is beneath your "cognition", as you are not conscious of it. I'm not sure if I'm unique in binding cognition to conscious or not. In the popular form, I think that is fair.

There is some recent progress from a positive perspective. I know of one outfit that is taking positive steps within my critical set of analysis, and that is the MEER project. They appear to have received some more funding, and are making progress. To allow for MEER, though, it requires understanding some underlying physics that show just how insane our current approaches are. If you combine MEER with the ideas of Schmachtenberger, you will arrive at my particular form of optimism. Well, here is a recent short documentary on MEER

My interest is that we can use human cognition to redirect our trajectory. I'm working that, even though it is generally rejected. BUT, I've shared my work enough, that I don't need to reference that. MEER is tangible, coming from somebody with the interest, agency, and cognitive flexibility needed to truly change our trajectory in relation to large problems.

#schmachtenberger #uteotw #unicorn #meer

Comments:

2023-09-30:

He is not so pained in Daniel Schmachtenberger | Misalignment, Al & Moloch | Win-Win with Liv Boeree. Both of them are having quite a bit more fun. It also explains more about Moloch (outside of Ginsberg).



2023-10-11 • Journal • Published Compute Land • LR

I published Compute Land. The idea is that it is it can serve up applications that are described in Triple Pub. The base model includes Cytoscape and a DFD with levels. I still need to fill out the documentation around CL, but there is enough there for somebody to piece it together. I do intend to back off from my 7x12s schedule I've had for the last four years. I promised Sean I would go back down to something more in line with 5x8, perhaps even less. I need to contribute enough to future interests to be comfortable, but not at the cost of my relationships or health. It will be tough to back down, I'm sure. There will be a transition.

What is next?

- LFS 11.2 base OS
- · Backport of ideas from CL to ORNG
- · Write more fiction
- · Fill out details on CL
- · Port other models from 3SA

#dfd #compute land #sean



2023-10-12 - Journal - Eno Cat Food - LR

I found a decent piece of internet history here. Apparently the story is 404. I'm not sure why.

There are a few sources for the image.

I fell for it this week, even though I likely fell for it ten years ago, and found the article as I researched the image.

#eno



2023-10-15 • Subject • Terminator Time • LR

When you analyze dreams you have to change perspective. For instance, a house usually isn't an actual house. Likewise, for shared cultural cognition, from a collective unconscious perspective, the prevalence of Zombie movies means something about our culture. I am re-watching all of the Terminator franchise stuff for this reason, as I work out. I've always thought that underneath it all is a reveal about cultural fear that isn't the primary narrative.

Season 1, ep 3 of The Sarah Connor Chronicles (SCC) starts off with her in a room with the scientists that created the atomic bomb. She tries to kill them, but they turn into terminators. I forgot about that, but I wasn't watching it before with the culture stuff in mind. You could say the same kind of thing about sending back terminators to stop a particular person, but in a theme that SCC also does explore, much like current civ, the enemy is really us. We think we can pin it on a particular hashtag. While this feels somewhat correct and makes us feel better in the moment, we still feel uneasy, because the unconscious mind knows.

There is also the theme of isolation from a world that doesn't believe in the problem.

#the terminator #civilization #cognition #scc



2023-10-21 • Subject • Built for Global Supply Chain • LR

I'm on my final run (it seems... it must be?) of the primary data flow method for 2D work. I've gone quite far exploring all of the options. I've used Perl, Python, wxPython, Plotly Dash, but I've settled into JavaScript. At first I was reluctant. I like the Python world better, and it was more intuitive with my background. Also, I mistakenly thought JavaScript was not as mature. I've known for a long time that part of the benefit from a data center perspective is that JavaScript pushes compute out to the user. What I didn't completely understand was that it is possible to pull back the ecosystem from cloud to local and create a virtual compute environment that is independent. I've been gelling that thought into my idea for Compute Land, with the goal of providing local compute that was ubiquitous via a run-time environment (that isn't Java). Deno does this.

Today I've been sprinting towards the easiest to explain and operate version of multi-level data flow diagrams. As I've done this, I've worked through decisions like what kind of way I load modules. Maintaining a local set of libraries is a problem. My ideal is something like a floppy disk. In a discussion last week, somebody asked me about my early software business, where I only targeted PCs. True, it was 1993, so PCs were more affordable, but, still, they cost a thousand US dollars at the time for a complete setup. My experience, though, was that you just went to campus and there was a room of 30 PCs you could use if you were a student. Usually you could get in without much wait; you just had to bring your floppy disks. This is where I'm heading. What is the modern equivalent?

As I'm making various design decisions today, in my synthesis and consolidation of the last 10,000 hours of time I've spent on these ideas, it struck me that most decisions are based on how we create software that fit well for hundreds (or thousands) of software developers around the world working for global corporations. What kind of module format you use is tightly related. Specifically, I figured out how to load an ES module of Graphviz, but ended up using UMD in

. From a single user perspective, particularly if they are the ones modifying the program, they will likely never need to touch that again. I will/do lay out page signing, which is the equivalent of validating that random floppy disk in your satchel before putting it in the PC with a cryptographic signature based on the original author's public key. Even this can be done with straight JavaScript standards using crypto.subtle, which means that all you need is a web browser (or Deno) to validate.

I think this goes broader. Our workflows, which filter how we see the world, for most developers, revolves around massive collaborative efforts that mainly benefit large organizations. Let's put it this way. If I wanted to manage inventory myself for a small bookstore I ran, and didn't want to have to rely on cloud, how would I do it? I certainly wouldn't put in a CI/CD pipeline. I'd find *some* relational database, or open source vertical app, make sure I could back up and restore it, and use that.

So, as you sit and extol Python w/ Pandas frames, or whatever it is you stare at all day, is this model for scale, or is it something you could seriously expect a regular user to manage on their own? My thought is that our entire world is

geared towards supporting the global supply chain and global companies that we so often complain about. There are definitely some good things that came from this collaboration. We can re-use emoji in our software products. We got insanely detailed and standard HTML, CSS, and JavaScript, V8, Unicode, UTF-8, etc. We have free ways to run compute. Now, many global apex cloud interests have used this collaboration to build their huge revenue generation. At the same time, though, we can bring it home, too, and get back to the model of a floppy disk and a backup. Cloud is pretty great for backup, particularly if your data just fits on a floppy. Speaking of collaboration, Facebook's Zstandard has a pretty great compression ratio. I imagine that most single-proprietor bookstores could fit on one floppy with Zstandard.

#compute land #global supply chain



2023-11-03 • Journal • Broken Ladder • LR

I have an old folding ladder that was recalled. It is quite strong, but the latches don't always latch, so some who owned this model of ladder have fallen. I've had the latches fail on me, but I've always double-checked and been able to catch it before the ladder collapsed. I discovered the recall way after it was announced, and figured it was futile to try and return it, even if I could find the receipt or remember where I bought it from. I've had some leaves gather in an awkward spot on my roof, and need to climb up occasionally. I decided to convert the ladder into a permanent one, by bolting it to a crossbeam that supports the patio roof.

The old ladder had rivets at the hinges. Rather than saw off the ladder, which would leave sharp aluminum, I decided to use an angle grinder to grind off the end of the rivet and used a pickle fork to separate the assembly. Prior to my Rambler wrenching, I had last used a pickle fork on Earl, the VW Bug. They aren't usually the correct tool, as they destroy the boot, at least in my experience. I picked it up one time cheap, and had never used it. It brought back lots of memories of various wrenching fiascos. I ground the ends of the rivets off, and it came apart easily with a few hammers with a hand sledge.

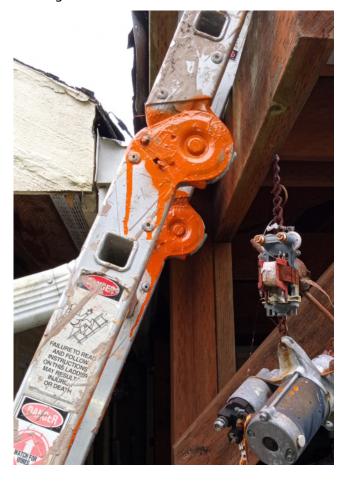
As I was looking for the pickle fork, I noticed the Osborne 1 circuit board on my shop wall. I have a number of things nailed to my shop wall. An old Basic Stamp microcontroller, a Z-80 in static foam, an RS-232 breakout box, and an old Rambler hubcap.



It felt good to get out in the shop a bit. I've been cooped up working on 3SA for so long, that my body complains when I do work like this. I should do more. The shop walls remind me of what I have set aside, unwilling to let those things absorb my time like they used to. There is an entire subculture of folks that work on Osborne 1s or Amigas,

and another entire subculture that works on Ramblers or other old cars. It is as though once you reach a certain age, nostalgia hobbies are the needed tonic to get through. Yes, true, I do have Betty, but presumably she has a purpose, my bug out bag on wheels? I've rewired her. She has a great engine. I just can't seem to let her go. I probably will... I haven't decided yet. She still seems practical, and she is in decent shape. We shall see.

I put some deck screws into the joints below the latches to lock them in place, and painted the entire joint with dripping orange enamel to keep the assembly from rusting. Most of it is very hard steel and aluminum... but, still... making sure.



Next up? Well, I have a need for Betty to haul some sheetrock. She is big enough to fit 4x8 sheets inside, so I'll get her running well and see how she does hauling. The battery was completely discharged. Somehow the trickle charge cable was pulled apart at the extension joint. Betty has been up on jackstands for over a year, so it will take a bit of carb cleaner and new gas, but she ran well when I put her to sleep with Marvel Mystery oil down her carb.

Writing this, I can tell that not only my body has been affected by the four years of focus on 3SA w/ just the elliptical and walks, but my writing has suffered. Both can be recovered, I imagine, but I'll have to remember and work at it.

#rambler #wrenching #betty #uteotw



2023-11-11 • Subject • Hippies and EEAAO • LR

Based on a recommendation by a Mastodon connection of mine, I decided to watch Everything Everywhere All at Once. I stopped it three times, deciding to never finish, because I could tell where it was leading. I was not wrong. I did know. I finished it anyway, when I needed something to go with my coffee and meal as I rested during my home improvement project.

In the spring of '86 I was living at The Church of Toast and Beer with the punks, where we moved after getting kicked out of Phlegm House. I had previously lived at Brandwine and Mingo's Farm, so I had quite a few hippy friends. The punks were confused about the hippy philosophy, and asked me to explain it. One of my hippy friends, Rhys, had

recently loaned me Baba Hari Dass's **Yellow Book** and Baba Ram Dass's **Be Here Now**. I told the punks that hippy philosophy could be summed up with these statements:

- Everything is everything
- Everything is nothing
- · Be here now
- It's all the same fucking day, man

The last one is from this Janis Joplin quote. I sat all the punks in a circle in the kitchen floor, turned out all of the lights, lit several candles in the center, and burned some Nag Champa incense. Sammy was there, too, visiting Sigg. I told them that to prove what I was saying, we would pass around **Be Here Now**, and take turns picking a passage and reading. As a group we would then decide which of the hippy bullet points applied. The experiment was successful.

The theme of Everything Everywhere All at Once is quite close to how I boiled down hippy philosophy in the punk rock circle, both explicitly and in spirit, especially if you add another item: Robert Hunter's Grateful Dead lyrics in Uncle John's Band of "are you kind?". I'm OK with the add of "Be kind." It falls under "All you need is love", yet another soft philosophy for the masses. You can't really argue with a soft philosophy. Personally, I enjoy the philosophical add of Woman in the Dunes, where it is known that the villagers that support the life of the trapped woman and man make their living selling substandard concrete. This is key. Everybody reading this blog entry is living a similarly absurd modern existence. While it is reassuring to embrace the hippy philosophy, there are some realities that are good to remain aware of, that make the choice to continue living in the pit and distilling water from the sand valid. It makes the soft philosophy a bit harder, more punk.

#church_of_toast_and_beer #phlegm_house #brandywine #mingo #rhys #janis_joplin #sammy #sigg #nag_champa #woman in the dunes



2023-11-29 • Subject • Two Roles • L R

We've all heard of full-stack developers, as well as cloud services that run everything from a spreadsheet to security for you. As long as we have plenty of oil to keep the dream running, all works great. It isn't just oil; the dream depends on negative externalities not tipping external systems like climate and weather that much, or polluting water. It also depends on many resources besides oil, mainly minerals.

Who knows how long we can keep the dream running. It seems to me that we are already falling apart, as we desperately prop up our egos with purity spirals, ironically calling out the narcissists, our finger pointing like Donald Sutherland in Invasion of the Body Snatchers.

For those working in IT, what kinds of jobs will be the most valuable during the transition, whenever that transition is? My assumption is that we will increasingly value off-internet computing. Likely we will still have networked computing, small work-groups or entire companies; however, I suspect that the idea of ubiquitous internet connectivity will end. I have a couple of ideas for jobs with this assumption.

First off, internet connectivity is required, of some kind; however, the current model where gigabytes of software downloads for updates seems unsustainable. This means that computers will be increasingly vulnerable. I can see highly technical groups of



people that handle proxies that allow organizations to run mostly "off grid". These groups would help maintain and secure the internal systems as best they could, and filter requests and data going to and returning from cloud resources.

The second role I see is "full stack" development that includes analysis and works within an off grid scenario like above. There are likely many variations. I'm personally looking at monolithic binary runtimes like Bun and Deno, as well as custom binaries built with Node and nexe, or somesuch. We have many computers that already exist

that can run in this configuration. Deno has an advantage, in that the code can be verified prior to running, via SubtleCrypto. It is important to realize that there is likely only room for one of these types of staff for an organization of 20 or so people, is my guess. The workflow will be much different than normal dev work, as it is not expected to be tapped into internet ecosystems (package managers, etc.). I also think that training stakeholders to analyze and modify the code is valuable. It hasn't been a priority recently, but as more organizations are knocked offline with little agency, I imagine they will want to seize agency from cloud again.

#purity_spirals #climate_change #uteotw



2023-12-06 • Apps • Capturing D3 node and edge with timer • LR

A bit of code that uses timers to capture both click and double click on d3 node and edge events.

```
function st app(){
   d3.select("svg").on("dblclick.zoom", null);
   var nodes = d3.selectAll(".node");
   var edges = d3.selectAll(".edge");
   var graph = d3.select("#ont").selectWithoutDataPropagation("g").selectWithoutDataPropagation("g")
   graph.on("click", function(event, node_data) {
     if(node_data.attributes.class='graph'){
          graph timer=setTimeout(function(){
          console.log('graph')
          },300)
     }
   })
   edges.on("click", function(event, node_data) {
     if (graph timer) clearTimeout(graph timer)
     if (dir=='forward') ndir='back'
     if (dir=='back') ndir='forward'
     dir=ndir
      render()
   })
   nodes.on("click", function(event, node_data) {
     //console.log(node_data.sourceEvent.altKey)
     if (graph_timer) clearTimeout(graph_timer)
     if (dbl timer){
       if(event.altKey){
          console.log('delete node')
          clearTimeout(dbl_timer)
          dbl_timer=null
       }
       else{
          node_label=prompt("node label")
          clearTimeout(dbl timer)
         dbl_timer=null
       }
        render()
     }
     else {
        if(event.altKey){
          dbl_timer=setTimeout(function(){
            !node_state[node_data.key] ? node_state[node_data.key]=true
            : node_state[node_data.key]=true ? node_state[node_data.key]=false
```

```
: node_state[node_data.key]=true
            console.log(node_state)
            clearTimeout(dbl timer)
            dbl_timer=null
          },300)
        }
        else{
          dbl timer=setTimeout(function(){
            if (shape=='egg') nshape='house'
            if (shape=='house') nshape='septagon'
            if (shape=='septagon') nshape='egg'
            shape=nshape
            clearTimeout(dbl timer)
            dbl_timer=null
            render()
          },300)
        }
      }
    })
    nodes.on("mouseover", function(event, node data) {
      //console.log(d3.select(this).selectWithoutDataPropagation("g"))
    })
 }
}
```

#javascript #d3 #compute land



2023-12-12 • Dream • Man in Room • LR

Most of the household was away on vacation. I was trying to clean up the attic. There were bags of old concrete mix blocking many of the storage areas. I started to move the bags over to the edge of a patio, but one of the residents showed me that the bags could get wet. I thought it was a good idea, as people wouldn't fall off the platform.

A friend or my brother had kept this man in a room. I'm not sure how it started, but the friend or my brother couldn't let the man out, because he had eventually felt trapped keeping the man in the room, and hoped that the man would just die. He came to the door once when my friend/brother opened the door, and he begged us politely to let him out.

I asked my friend/brother to talk, and I said that maybe we should let him out. I was OK with that. I was thinking that he had been in there so long, that maybe we should give him water first, and a small amount of food.

#room #vacation #attic



2023-12-17 • Apps • Cytoscape Filter • LR

Another great chunk of code that I'm abandoning for now:

```
let level_edges = cy.nodes().filter('[subclass="' + srch_nodes + '"]').connectedEdges()
level_edges.forEach(ele => {
```

```
let edge = ele.json().data
let lbl = edge.edgel == 'operates' ? '' : edge.edgel.replace(',', '\n ')
let clr = edge.pred == 'operates' ? '#009988' : '#0077bb'
dot += edge.source + ' -> ' + edge.target + ' [color="' + clr + '" label=" ' + lbl + '"]\n'
})
level_edges.connectedNodes().forEach(ele => {
  let nd = ele.json().data
  let clr = color_shape(nd)
  dot += `"${nd.id}" [id="${nd.id}" `
})
```

I'll get back to Cytoscape JS at some point. Right now I'm focusing on the 40K people model, keeping it as simple as possible. I did figure out how to do this with a fully functional graph with UUIDs for nodes, and the above code was part of this. During the process, I found that Cytoscape adds UUIDs automatically. By doing this exercise, I came up with a rough ontology that I'm using in the city. It is similar to Gane and Sarson, but it calls a process a transform, and can deal with data, services, and goods. Data can flow between an operator of a transform. Data can flow between a transform and data stores or agents. Goods and services can flow between places or agents.

#cytoscape



2023-12-27 • Dream • Disneyland Escape • LR

Yvette and I were working on alternate days. I had a profile picture on my social media account that was taken by a scrappy academic AI lab. You could see a swoosh of one of the lab members behind the center head that was the avatar of the AI. I thought it would be funny to cut out a picture of the head of the AI and replace it with a picture of the head of the AI. The head was vaguely human, but mostly machine. Yvette was was on her way to work at a natural foods store, and she asked what I was doing, and I showed her, but she didn't understand how the picture of the head was different. It was true, there was really no difference. It did show where I had glued the head over the picture of the head and re-scanned it, but that was it. The picture was smeared by the AI that created it, with what could be a face and a camera. It had no real recognizable human features. At a minimum, I figured it would fool programs that were scanning the picture, because they would be stumped by the ring around the head.

I had the day off, and dropped by Yvette's work in town. She had started to eat healthy, and was eating a spinach casserole for lunch. I noticed there were rows and rows of pre-cooked healthy meals on display. She gave me a bit of this bean to taste. It tasted like very good pinto beans. I found the jar of them in the aisles, and they looked like a small cluster of grapes, but with beans, and they were in glass jars, in a light brine or oil. All the items in the store were too expensive.

On my way home, I was inside Disneyland. It was in the in-between part of the park, like how a mall has common areas that are still in the mall, but not in the store. It was loud. There was a simulated attack of Earth by aliens. You could see broad fields of mud and dirt with machines like in War of the Worlds advancing in rows, lighted at the top part, with the legs trudging forward slowly, as they launched missiles that exploded loudly nearby with simulated mud flying everywhere, yet somehow all was still clean. The rides and restaurants were behind closed doors with hours posted. I figured some of them must be open to the public, then, as I wasn't really in Disneyland proper.

I was wrong, though. I tried to leave, but couldn't find a way out. Along the edges were barbed wire fences. I bounced around the park until somebody pointed at a man at a gate. It was in a barren clearing. He was fixing the gate with a come-along (winch), and was about to lock it when I showed up. He waved me through, and I thanked him.

I walked until I came to a river that flowed around the park at that point. I jumped in the river with a bunch of other travelers. One of them asked if I could hold on to a long bag for him, and I agreed. The bag had a soft foam like quality, in between the texture of a neoprene wet suit and a foam bed topper. It was about three feet long. I let it

follow behind me in the water as I held on to the man's hand. Eventually we had a floating piece of junk to hold on to. We passed many homeless camps on the bank and under bridges. I was concerned that I wouldn't have a safe route home, but figured that eventually I would find a way, since it connected to the Red Sea.

I did find some walkways that seemed like they would lead to city streets. My friend I had met in the river went with me. We got separated. I followed the paths that crossed over each other, trying to escape, but all paths led to a Disneyland entrance. I noticed one of the entrances had a sign that only T tickets were allowed. At one of the entrances I found my brother David. He had his son with him. I told him I was trying to get home. I asked him if he wanted the bag I was still hauling with me. He said yes, and he handed me a handful of pills in trade. They were all chewables. I asked him what they were. One was for his headaches. I thanked him and left.

I met Dave again on one of the paths in a crowd just as I saw my friend. My friend said he needed his bag back, so Dave gave it to him. We all separated again. I walked in circles for awhile trying to find an exit. On an open stretch of walkway, with three foot sides and a two foot walkway, I met my friend again. He said he needed help, but I didn't have much to help him with. I asked him if he knew how to get out, and he pointed at some stairs that ran beside the path. The stairs were older, not built by the same entity that built the winding overhead footpaths. I thanked him and found out how to get to the stairs.

It appeared that the stairs went straight up to the street in the city, 100 steps up into the horizon, but as I scaled the steps, some were broken, but there was another partially collapsed set of metal stairs that hung like a rope ladder to the side that I could use, as I alternated between concrete and steel steps. I finally saw the city street. The collapsed steel steps were down to just wire, some shaky looking links with no more concrete. The steel steps were painted dark green. I pulled myself up the last part slowly as I balanced on the lip of the edge. Eventually I was able to stand up. I saw a familiar business sign lit up. It was an old business from the 50s/60s that still used the old sign that wrapped around the side and top of the building, roughly three feet top to bottom. I got on a bus that I thought would lead to downtown, 42.

#dave #yvette #river

Comments:

2023-12-27:

That isn't a typo where I replace the picture of the head of AI with a picture of the head of AI.

2023-12-27:

Not sure why it was a son in my dream, as David only has a daughter.

2023-12-27:

I did watch Lawrence of Arabia on Christmas Eve, while Sean was visiting her son, so that might explain the Red Sea, particularly how the river was certain to hit it.



2023-12-30 • Journal • Crazed Monkeys • LR

I'm working on my stuff... 5am.

I was considering the Techno Viking drama and Chris Crocker (now Cara Cunningham), who published one of the best zodiac vids.

Yes, I know, quite a bit of good stuff happened, but from another perspective we are crazed monkeys that had a 200,000 year stint on this pale blue dot.



2024-01-11 • Subject • Bill Joy's Dystopian Warning • LR

Bill Joy's dystopian warning did not account for Fermi's Paradox. From the perspective of the universe, even at a billion year interval, we don't reach enough complexity to cross the space and time to span civilizations. This also works locally. We could snuff ourselves out earlier, but there is still a limit to complexity. We can leverage AI and deep supply chains, but we will collapse at complexity. The same works for human cognition or AI information loops and resulting hallucinations.

#bill_joy #fermis_paradox



2024-01-11 • Subject • Melancholy Man • LR

The song Melancholy Man, by the Moody Blues, has additional meaning if you think of PKD's pink beam.

#moody blues #pkd #pink beam



2024-01-23 • Dream • Starting Again • L R

I knew some people on an outreach program to another country that was addressing global warming. I visited, and discovered that the country controlled the world, because they had discovered the last, big oil field. They were also working on solutions to global warming, but they knew it wouldn't likely come to anything. Thousands around the world were applying for internships. Because of my connection with the outreach program, I had a chance to join the team. In the end, I decided not to go. The program coordinators were somewhat discouraging, as they knew it was futile. There was a very rich member, and he said he would give people money just to enjoy the last few months. When I finally decided to leave the program, I walked home. It was sunny, and there were trees and a breeze, kind of like when I arrived in Eugene in June in the Mazda and found a laundromat to wash my clothes that first day before I found Sammy.

#sammy



2024-01-25 • **Subject** • **Tolsty Chris** • **L R**

I've always struggled with the idea of accepting things as they are. Things are messed up. But this is rooted in the wrong understanding of accepting things. The point is to maintain a relationship with reality as it is. You change things *through* that relationship, so rejecting it outright is a mistake, as you lose your connection.

A few weeks before he died, McCandless underlined a passage in Dr. Zhivago: "unshared happiness is not happiness". Now... happiness is a tricky word. What it means to most now is not what it meant 100,200,300 years ago. I guess that is one thing I have to accept, right? But the concept is valid if you replace connection with happiness. What is the thing that tethers you to the living, breathing web and world of life. Untethered, alone, in a bus, no matter how Walden freedom it might seem, is no connection by definition. I think McCandless learned that.

#mccandless



2024-01-26 • Dream • Rage Release • L R

I was fading to sleep last night, and I was thinking about the cycles where I join OurData again and rage. How long have I raged? Is it since 2012? Perhaps. I asked the question if I could stop raging. I saw a woman smile. It was the same kind of knowing smile as in Eye of Providence and Who Are You?. I didn't have to rage anymore. I could move on. I went to sleep with an image of her smiling.



2024-02-21 • Subject • Pivot Words • LR

I've had this happen to me twice in my life. Once was when I was in Eastern Washington during the 2017 smoke. I wrote about it here. It is when I am mentally exhausted, but am able to let go of my current mission. The idea of fugue state seems right. It is a bit disassociative, but more in a meditative/ego way. I just had one this morning.

It started with an article I was writing, where I was comparing and contrasting real-world global supply chains with information technology supply chains. They share many of the same characteristics. I was interested in artisan hobbies. For instance, my feed is filled with guy-in-a-forge, where he shows different ways to forge tools. This is counter the the operation of the global supply chain. We cling to the artisan view because it seems more authentic, but, at the same time we act counter to this with the community and economies we build and support. Instead, it becomes a hobby, authenticity consumerism, much like how old computer folks spend money on recreating their personal computer experience, yet work at cloud companies.

I laid down for an hour, dozing briefly, and floating in and out of these ideas.

I've understood for a long time that the benefit of triples is that it works from the middle. You don't need an over-arching schema to start work. The big problem with traditional analysis is that if you build up your model from top down, by the time you reach the deepest levels, the product might not even be useful anymore. And, yet, I often build models from the top down. This makes sense in many ways, but since it runs counter to the painful reality we have learned about repeatedly, namely that we are barely treading water amid extreme complexity and change, it gets discarded if there is a whiff of top-down. What do I do? I introduce a top-down model of a small town, and cling to a title of system analysis.

From the middle. What does that mean? Well, consider this.

Coupled with another bit about crises I know is true: resilience is something realized at time of crisis; I need to change my approach.

Change my @\$#%ing approach? Yeah... well... that nasty fugue guide... wherever it comes from, can be disruptive. Luckily, it isn't that far off from what I saw as beautiful back in 2013 or so when I first started using the ideas of knowledge graphs. Yes, it is true collaboration is important, and at a high enough level this often leads to unanimous understanding and support of a visualization and plan, but, after that, things always get weird at detail. Specifically, we can all agree we need medical care of some kind, but things get weird pinning down who pays for that care, particularly if we consider the biosphere.

The punchline, the outcome of my fugue state/meditation guidance, is that the key words are "emergent analysis". True, emergent is a wee buzzword right now. I think the focus will be more helpful, regardless. For years, I've framed my work in: "Where are we? Where would we like to go? How do we get there?" I don't think most people really know where we are, based on my understanding of oil involved in the economy. I don't think most people can say where they would like to go, as I'm not aware of any tenable proposals. Most proposals/solutions have implications that we cannot politically accept. Further, any plans for how to get "there" become meaningless between these two.

This means that we need analysis that is emergent within the set of knowledge related to the current territory. And, I don't mean exhaust stream Al/Reporting. What is emergent is knowledge related to human agency. Reading the 2017 one, makes me pause a bit, though.



2024-02-26 • Subject • Meme Riff • L R

I don't get much valid information back from folks that I know, but I do get some. Valid information for me means interaction outside of cultural memes. What do I mean by that? Well, I was first introduced to a broader meaning of meme in the Terry Davis Interview with Kenster. The interview was inside a McDonald's. Kenster was relaying questions asked on a chat to Davis, become frustrated with the quality of the interaction, and said, "They think you're a meme". It confused me at the time, because I thought of memes as a social media artifact that originated

with Kilroy. Humans don't cognitively understand things in depth that are new. First off, there are billions of people cycling memes, and it takes quite a bit of time to break through to the data, separating the bs. It is like human memory. We remember as webs of forms. We don't remember as rasterized scans of reality we witness. Kenster meant that Davis represented something to the viewers that would not yield valid information.

It isn't one-way. We all are like this as humans. Humans do have a super-power, though, according to Michael Tomasello. We can cognitively work together with several tools in real-time split off in two teams. This fits, for me. We do seem to work well like that.

This is also the background mechanism of racism and stereotypes in general. Which brings us back to combinations of memes, or a memeplex. These combinations form a cultural group. If I walk into a Whole Foods market today, I will validate my own memeplex about the people there. At the same time, as a graying white male going into the store, I'll validate other's own memes. But, it isn't merely stereotypes. It is how we understand the world without digging further.

This all comes into a critical focus when sharing criticism of an existing order. Yes, all of this seems fairly straightforward as far as analysis goes, but the catch is that none of us like to think we are meme automatons. Analysis itself in this world, acts like links between different memeplexes. What does Marxism mean? Existentialism? Existential->Camus->Marxism->Collapse of Soviet Union... Boom! Done with the analysis. (Not a comment on the validity of that chain at all, just that these are the kinds of chains that form, and any one of those links explode with contradictions to the chain that could take a lifetime of study to unravel.)

Even Moloch is a meme, a meme that means something different to Schmactenberger and Ginsberg. What **isn't** meme triggered is some Al models. BUT, I suspect that Al is used to facilitate memeplexes to sell product, which only divides us further by turning up the volume on that behavior and turning down the volume on individual, nuanced analysis. Even our psychological labels like gas-lighting and narcissism become meme-like.

There are also emotional connections. Memes are connected to this. We all have the stereotype of the presidential candidate holding babies ready, and we see it. But that doesn't keep us from being vulnerable to it. We look for things that reassure us, and make us feel connected, authentic, and worthwhile. Pictures of wholesome things are good for that.

This is human, again, nothing new, but what *is* new is the level of complexity of our world. We can't just go "horse needs water". We naturally simplify everything we encounter in five seconds: "Dude is a crank" "White entitled male", etc. We move along doing the exact same things as before.

All of this is not my focus, nor what I spend my time on. It is just an interesting thread related to communicating ideas outside of the cultural memeplexes. Where did *you* get your ideas? Stuff like "hard worker" or a nationality stereotype. This world is changing at an unfathomable rate, using an unfathomable amount of oil every day, and the data of this is captured and used by a handful of *apex* companies with the primary goal of profit. And your outdated meme of "profit motive good" or "profit motive bad" (replace your 1930s meme here... Monopoly dude anybody?) This is no longer useful.

At the same time, I doubt, at this point, that breaking out would do much good. It would be like arriving on the Nebuchadnezzar, but the above engines mentioned have destroyed hopeful agency. This is called many things. These ideas are often abused for stuff more evil than simply selling product. It primes us, though. And, again, it is a beneficial human characteristic, just not so beneficial in the extremely complex systems we are part of.

This is the Kenster interview. Davis was crazy. I don't remember the diagnosis right now, but I don't really care, as this isn't the whole story. There is another feature of interaction: they will look for small issues that keep them from needing to take the time to learn. When people think of somebody as a meme they will validate it with shortcuts, like the questions Kenster is relaying. Stuff like Big-O, which I don't think Davis gets specifically, but he certainly understands the concepts, considering he created his own OS, are meant to make the people with the questions feel validated. Once they see evidence, it helps put the troublesome entity in a fenced corral of memes they came into the situation with, and they will plop it there and move on. Ironically, their next stop will likely be purchasing something that validates their preferred memes that make them feel good and authentic.

Comments:

2024-02-27:

I found this book that goes into better detail on my hunch/riff: Cultural Software.



2024-03-01 • Subject • Meme Connections • LR

Imagine your connection to ideas and how you relate to the world as super-memes with a reactive and propelling force that is invisible underneath your super-memes. We'll call the underneath force the unconscious mind. It is a combination of Freud/Groddeck's Id/It. This is what advertisers in the 1960s started to realize could be marketed to: desire for death (skulls in ice cubes, etc.), sex, power, validity. I don't want to downplay the unconscious mind stuff, but that isn't what this post is about.

I have had, for most of my life, a naive view of the connection of ideas and how I relate to the world. Let's call this culture. Back to the analytical psychologists, briefly: Jung believes in a collective unconscious. Some people also call his version culture. Dreams reveal this territory. For instance, driving a car or a house mean common things. There are other deeper structures, more mythical (Kali, Medusa... etc.) One of the most basic dream analysis bits is that a house is your "self". But, what if culture is the common environment imprinting on your brain. That is, if you live in a house, you are a house.

The energy/society folks that are trying to understand why their view is not inspiring more action. Usually it falls down to Moloch, or even a rational understanding of the energy trap. Nate Hagens will say it is a super-organism. But, this all has never been entirely satisfying to me. I get it that we act this way, but the distance in cognitive reactions seemed too far. That is, if I can follow all of these lines of thought, and it makes sense, and I can identify fairly large groups of folks that also think so, but not know anybody that really groks it like I do, then why the difference?

I write about Michael Tomasello quite a bit, and "chimp notches". The idea is that humans have a super-power that we can predict with an almost telepathic accuracy in real-time, what the intentions are between players with two teams and a few tools. I think of it like a game of polo. Horses, mallet, ball, and two teams. This does explain some behavior, particularly when coupled with unconscious mind stuff, but it is still lacking. For instance, both of us likely think that the biosphere is threatened, but why is it that after multiple mentions of Ye Tao by me, that doesn't stick in our conversations?

But back to culture and the super-memes. Memes these days are propagated bits that are mostly unrelated in the current vernacular: some ladies screaming and a cat eating lettuce, or a guy doesn't like *this* but likes *that*. But what if culture was mostly meme-like. And, it isn't just one-way. We see our world in memes. It is how our brains can understand what to do, how we evaluate new ideas. Remember the house in dreams? We are the house because we live in the house. (The medium is the message, right?)

I am a meme to people. I am the crank, or the environmentalist, or the decel (A derogatory term for a degrowth advocate by the technological optimist crowd. A good example of the technological optimist crowd would be Marc Andreessen. I'm not actually a decel, but it is a likely meme I match for others). If I share an idea, there is an identity meme as well as memes for the ideas themselves. How many times have you shared a nuanced intellectual narrative, and have somebody come back with a weird caricature in response? It is like they combed through the idea and found their straw man.

But, it isn't exactly a straw man fallacy. It is how we interact with and see the world. As I write this in the United States, now, everybody reading grew up in the age of oil. Stuff was cheap. We could rebuild if needed. More than that, though, we have mining and land. Sometimes we will understand that we had an entire beautiful country to mine and exploit, and this led to our wealth. But, that fades, and we tend to think it was our fabulous understanding, our philosophy of freedom, etc. This forms culture. "The West" is a big part of that.

I don't really know how to close this out. I just realized that everything I say to somebody, everything I try and do, will be observed through the memeplex of culture. And, everybody has their own set, with a mostly intersecting

chosen team. This explains much more than any of the others as far as the impasse on progress. People look through their memes to gauge other memes. But it is more than simple perspectives. It is how our civilization grows and propagates. And ... language... oh my. That is involved.

My point is mainly that meme-like processes of cultural transmission and evaluation play a much larger role than I ever could have imagined. The world does not work through analysis, at least as far as agency. All of that being said, it is possible to use critical reasoning to obtain pragmatic human agency. But, when everything is gauged on a culture and memeplex luggage, it is likely impossible to break through. Plus, I am also blinded by this.

Now... this doesn't devalue my own efforts, at least in my mind (see above for caution). But, it certainly explains a lot, and tempers my expectations. Culture is not rational. Culture is *propagated*. Culture is the big one here. Culture can split. We hear "culture wars" all the time. Perhaps *you*, the reader, knew what that meant, but I didn't until recently. It means that there won't be change of significance until we change our propogated memeplexes. While there is a split, world events will have completely different perceptions from different cultural clusters. And, since, from my perspective and the others who I've posted on my profile, we live in an untenable culture, the culture will be forced to change. I just didn't realize how structural it all was, I guess.

There is another type of knowledge. I remembered this as I cracked eggs for a scramble. I learned how to crack 144 eggs with one hand when I baked pies. I still know it. It is similar to knowing how hard to torque various kinds of nuts and bolts. It isn't exactly unconscious mind. It is more like muscle memory. This topic was mainly culture, though... but you can't forget the pieces.

Kind of being captain obvious here, but that also explains social media behavior. "I am experiencing", or "I am thinking about", or "I possess" needs to fit into certain classes of activity, thought, and items. Here is a holiday decoration I crafted. Here is a picture of my face. I'm skiing. I'm traveling. "I'm thinking about" works well with gratitude and happiness, and even frustrated and self-depracating. On work social media the meme-clusters are different than they are here. BUT, most are optimized with the goal of selling ads, so in addition to getting filtered by people's own culture, the culture is manipulated to extract profit. We are meat bots sharing culture for reactions for profit. This amplifies the negative aspects, primarily resistance to learning and agency. Once people become aware of this, they can leverage the platform to their advantage (if they are looking for status/power/validation). I knew this stuff, but I didn't understand how tied in it was to how we propagate, filter, and grow culture, which outweighs the facts of civilization. *This* is the key part. We don't really work on analysis and science. For most, we work on culture. This culture is hijacked. Those who attempt to hijack back (culture jamming) on social media are quarantined (is my guess). It is particularly odd for me, as I've never really been of the culture I hung out with (punks, hippies, preppies, nerds, straight-worlders). There is another aspect I neglected: If you are blank but kind and harmlessly varied, people will color you in with their own memeplex. Things go to pieces when you start talking beyond the surface.

"You can sway a thousand men by appealing to their prejudices quicker than you can convince one man by logic." \sim Robert Heinlein

"As a rule we disbelieve all facts and theories for which we have no use." ~William James

"It is difficult to get a man to understand something, when his salary depends on his not understanding it." \sim Upton Sinclair

Seriously, the way I've bumbled around as I got hooked on energy/systems and tried to express it, I blame nobody for not getting engaged. As I've said many times, I was a technological optimist for most of my career. The first challenge was answering "what is this that stands before me?" (Did you know the figure in black pointing at me from the first Black Sabbath album is on the Green Day Dookie album?) The second challenge was around communicating what I found, and the last was realizing that while many had come to the same conclusion, the large, large majority couldn't/wouldn't break out of their mindset.

#memetics



2024-03-02 • Subject • Memeplex One More Time • LR

This morning Sean said, "Say memeplex one more time!" in a semi-threatening, but slightly joking way. Later on she asked, "Do you really have a 400 page book on memeplexes?" (I do, it is here)

I've been thinking about culture, and how it propagates, and the meme stuff I posted about. I asked myself, what would I change about culture if I could? I came up with a list that would be obnoxious to everybody I know (except, perhaps Sean). Then, I realized that everything flows down from one big flaw in our culture. We don't consider the cost of things, nor where they come from. We don't want to hear that most things come from oil. We will put in huge public transportation projects without calculating the costs. We don't track what damage datacenters do. We don't account for negative externalities. We say we do, but when presented with facts we run away and say, "Find your own bliss. We really can't know." This is a cultural thing. What does it take to keep 8 billion people fed? (A whole lot less per person in some countries than in others.) We run away from detail. (Chicken little is a cultural meme that we hook onto it.) We act like there are no limits. What is a human life worth? Burn the f@#\$%ing biosphere to cinders for one human if it is in your power. (Culture.) We claim that we are entitled to biosphere destruction by birth, it is simply our right. (Oh my, that cultural bit goes back a long ways.)

We hook it into strange ideas of god, from "can't know, quantum entanglement" or who knows what odd thing, but it all comes down to the same thing: neglecting to give our attention to where stuff comes from, account for it, and be responsible for it. Culture also is the attitude that humans can tech their way out of our problems. Culture is the idea that having 100 companies working the same problem using up resources is better than getting together, deciding, and making it happen. (This one is *huge*.) My take is that most of it is a ponzi scheme, most of us are suckers, and the root cause is we simply won't take the time to trace and gauge. We have been living a fantasy culture for a long time. It will end one way or another.

But, seriously, the entire thing could be shortened down to an understanding of where stuff comes from, both from an energy and materials perspective. We should also track what human, creature, and biosphere damage we do along the various supply tributaries, as that is the full cost. If your world is too complex to understand this, then you should probably simplify your world, or it will be simplified for you. Running without agency is damning. I suppose another problem is that if you aren't suffering the "find your bliss" approach seems more valid. "Ah, well, it will work out, I know it is a problem, but what can I do? It is hubris to try and understand. I have my security, my money. I donate to United Way." Guess who is embracing Ye Tao and his work? It is those suffering from the heat in Sierre Leone for one. There are others. He is actually getting some traction. For that matter, it seems to me that there are more references every year to these issues, people that are tracking.

#memetics



2024-03-10 • Subject • Energy and Minerals • LR

There are some realities about energy and minerals that I don't see talked about enough. I want to see the #regenerative posts and the ones vilifying the fossil fuel energy companies, to start with energy and minerals as a first order relation in analysis. Combine this with feedstock flow reports, paying particular attention to the scale of fertilizers, before piling on with the fossil fuel company bashing. We can talk about utopian views of how things should be, an alternative to our current cultural norms, but it is all feel-good echo chambers between colleagues without grounding in a very hard reality. I'd hold Ye Tao and his analysis and work on MEER, as an example of facing the realities of climate change and solutions with energy and minerals in a first-order relations status.



2024-03-11 • Subject • Meme Load • L R

Cultural memes, under intense attention load *become culture* for the large majority. Many of those that I follow call the cognitive barrier/trap Moloch or the Super-organism. I'm beginning to think that it is simply just culture at this point. When Nate Hagens says "bend or break", a culture view of root cause changes the conversation.

Those of the culture propagated in science, peak oil, systems theory, etc., have a different world, a different culture cognitively, but they are still soaking in current culture memes. I get it that the incentivizes are often skewed, that economics is usually an invalid credo, but I'd guess that a handful of generations raised within cheap energy, minerals, and feedstocks and the associated cultural memes, is a bigger problem than pragmatic concerns about a steady paycheck. Culture will change to track raw reality. It always bends, it always optimizes. It only breaks for previous cultures, not the present. It fragments, isolates, morphs, unifies, explodes, but it doesn't break, not like underlying economies. As we hit the wall (or fall off the cliff), our culture will follow with new schemas, but it will bend there over generations. If the change is unpleasant, it is all of our fault, it is our culture that we propagate.

When the broad/deep complexity is simplified for us, our attention will have the capacity to carry a more sophisticated culture with cognitive agency vs. automaton meme spreaders, and propagate a new culture outside of meme snippets. It isn't futile. We can seize more agency at any point. We can also create that time capsule that Hagens talks about at the end of the road.

The culture perspective also explains the root cause of the alienation for those in transition. Kicking against the cultural memes, a member outside the local memeplex, gets you killed, historically. This is also why the echo chamber deal happens, isolated clusters of people over much of the span of the age of oil that see what is happening to the living planet, yet can't seem to change the course of the ship. It reminds me a bit of the very reserved points that John Vervaeke made in The Psychological Drivers of the Metacrisis vid with Iain McGilchrist and Daniel Schmachtenberger. He knew something different needed to exist culturally, but he also knew the absurdity and futility of leading that charge. It also reminds me of how much time, sophistication and engagement there was during the Lincoln-Douglas debates vs. today. Again, it is our culture.

Note that you can't legislate a new culture. Even if you could, who wants to live in that culture? This is probably one of the reasons people persist in their existing, broken culture, no matter how misaligned it is with reality. It is the problem you can't fix from comfy academic chairs. You can't fix it with legislation.

#memetics



2024-03-12 • Subject • Kesey Meadow • L R

At U.C. Berkeley's Greek Theatre on May 12th 1970, Ken Kesey talked about information flow, and how we usually thought it flowed from the microphone out, as though it was the tip of a pyramid. He proposed that it flowed in the other direction. His context was around changing culture. We look to change things from the top of the pyramid as thought leaders, but culture changes organically. If you try and design a meadow, to borrow from Nora Bateson, it won't work. Changes in a meadow emerge like culture, from the middle, as tangible and relatable crises emerge. It is my thought that the problems we face come from a culture that is used to cheap energy and minerals, and not accounting for negative externalities. It is that simple. It is all of us. There is no Moloch, there is only culture. We can imagine how things should work, we can stand at Kesey's microphone, but change, the information of a new world, the cultural memes of resilience, will not come from the imagination of experts or legislation.

As a system analyst from the IT side of things, I also have a mindset of the microphone. What great new silver bullet tech will save us? What leader? In the last year, though, I realized that a key requirement to keep for my efforts was "no servers; no admins", which I borrowed from Dmytri Kleiner. And this would be my time capsule, to use the Nate Hagens allegory. What is the goal for my time capsule? What will it contain? Well... what do humans need to be resilient in a way that can be propagated through culture? Of course, there is irony here, because I came to this realization from a bunch of people at microphones, and yet, I'm talking about culture, and besides echo chambers of intellectuals that talk about this stuff and share it, there is little engagement with these ideas.

My career has been visualizing and building new IT systems. But, I also understand that a key tool that people need to change their culture, is the ability to visualize and build all kinds of systems as the need arises, from the middle, with agency, without servers, technical experts, and admins. My go-to dance move so far has been to create dense narratives that might help those at microphones. I think that multi-level graphs, much like data flow, should be a tool that everybody can use to map their own systems as needs arise, much like how people originally used

personal computers. The first step in this is a way to author graphs that is simple. Simplicity means convention over configuration.

#kesey #memetics



The ideas about culture by Jack Balkin have shifted my perspective significantly in the last month, and make quite a bit of sense in the areas I am interested in. For me, it explains the divide between known problems with our situation and our actions as a civilization. Coupled with the work of Michael Tomasello's "Understanding and sharing intentions: The origins of cultural cognition", I have a pretty good idea of what I'm up against. Seriously, at least read the memetic evolution chapter. If it is appealing, go further. We have roughly five generations of culture we share where energy and minerals were relatively abundant and able to exponentially grow year-to-year, and the negative externalities of exploitation did not directly affect most of us. It gave us global wars, astounding medical advances, moon landings, square miles of datacenters near Phoenix, a globally maintained and free operating system kernel, and a chatbot that does not pass the Turing test yet (but, perhaps if we burn up the biosphere a bit more with lots of energy and minerals routed to more Phoenix and Virginia datacenters it might). We built most of our cultural memes within that framework, and it has worked well for the dominant culture. Ask yourself: what does that mean for me, as I consider what is "true" about the world and my position in it towards goals?

It is my take that for the most part our world cultures vary little as far as the minerals and energy perspective. Cultural dominance was/is close to equivalent with the ability to exploit minerals and energy. The divide between known issues and #civilization direction, for those deep in climate and energy, has been a very puzzling bit. Why do good people continue on with narrow analysis? Because we don't evaluate to three relations and beyond. The minerals and energy needed for our cultural ideas is irrelevant to the majority, since we filter and decide based on the previous five generations of cultural memes. Further, what we define as a "value proposition" is based on cultural memes that likely go all the way back to the beginnings of civilization and the written word.

Bonus worry: what happens when our cultural memes are manipulated in our feeds? Likely this is already happening. Further, as we have more demands on our time for attention, and face increasingly complex systems, we are less capable of working our way out of anything, trapped in memeplex puppetry.

#memetics



2024-03-16 • Dialog • Nora Bateson • L R

Nora Bateson,

I finally watched An Ecology of Mind today, and it tracks with many of my interests the last four years. Here are my reactions:

Punk Rock: I enjoy that you put that in there. I was part of punk rock culture for a few years. It was quite communal. The house was always open. You could sit on the couch and talk to just about every different kind of person as they wandered in and went away. Somebody interesting always showed up. Jerry Brown liked the Dead Kennedys' song California Über Alles.

Culture: Two people that have affected my thoughts on culture are Michael Tomasello and Jack Balkin. I agree that much of how we see the world is cultural. It wasn't until quite recently, the last couple months, that I realized how big of a barrier culture can be to a more connected and broad perspective within systems. Tomasello looks at it from a real-time shared intention cognition, which leads to a few tools and two teams. Balkin is talking about the propagation and filtering of ideas through memes.

Cybernetics: Gane and Sarson DFDs break down systems into processes with entities and stores for data. The great thing is, like a knowledge graph, that you can fit systems within processes (nodes). My add, based on live analysis I

did with groups of people, is that a node, or level, brings perspective of that level. You don't benefit by carrying definitions through the levels for datastores and entities. For instance, at the top level everybody agrees there is an "accounting" process. When you are inside the accounting process node, it explodes into a world that has the world-view, the perspective of accounting. Where you store stuff can mean one thing at this level, but if you go into the A/R module, two down, that can change yet again. I am extending DFDs to handle materials with the same ideas, so data, energy, cups and minerals, etc., can be mapped. I have lots of examples on my profile (11 different demonstration websites). At root of all of this are relations in triple form subject-predicate-object.

Ontology: Your film does not talk about ontology, but this seems to be Gregory's ending focus. Barry Smith and the Basic Formal Ontology all happened after Gregory. Also, some of Gregory's roots go back to the 1800s, as the film mentions, and this is also when Charles Peirce wrote, and Barry Smith comes from that line of thought.

Flow vs. Structure: Flows can be unstable. Many of the errors in logic come from conflating structure with flows. Donella Meadows dealt with flows and dynamic systems. I am more focused on structure, the ontology, the relations, the meanings. As I mentioned, and I think is aligned more with Gregory, I don't pin the meaning between levels when doing structured analysis. Flows are much more complicated. I'm not downplaying Meadows or World3, etc., I'm just saying that my focus is about human cognition about system relations, but cautioning that flows are much more difficult, often chaotic, and much care needs to be made when discussing them.

Patterns: I see some correlation with Stephen Wolfram's New Kind of Science, as well as his recent physics work. There are simpler patterns underlying our complicated science. In my mind it is like how "physics for poets", that is, physics using just algebra and not calculus, is much more complicated than if you know calculus and differential equations. Wolfram's idea that there are underlying simple programs that express the reality we see makes intuitive sense to me.

Art vs. words: The idea that art expresses truths that can't be spoken was explored in inverse by a poet, Laura Riding Jackson. She spent her later life doing the equivalent of an ontology via English (She is Graves' White Goddess). Peirce, as well, felt he could express things pragmatically and break through cultural blocks with structures (he invented triples). I get it. There are many things art can express that words cannot. But this has always been interesting to me, and related to the ontology interest of Gregory, as I understand it.

Balance: Oh my yes. This is huge. Your phrasing of the emergent meadow that I got via Nate Hagens' talk at Norrsken has changed my approach to "cybernetics". That is, if you start a basic relation at time of crisis, say, humans need water, a statement that is true, and the crisis is there is no water, then your needed cognitive map adapts right there, on the tightrope. What is related to water? What else uses the water? (we don't want to reroute water from fields that provide food, for instance, as that will quickly bite us.) We are actively, cognitively adapting our knowledge at time of crisis and building it. This is the main way we can deal with constant change, yet hopefully not fall off the wire.

Regards, and thank you for your work, Agatha

#tom_murphy #laura_jackson #stephen_wolfram #chimp_notches #bateson

Comments:

2024-03-18:

My original Mountain Climbing metaphor can be understood better with Bateson's Cybernetics.



2024-03-18 • Subject • Slim Chance • L R

1) What happens to culture when the relationships are too complicated to understand for the large majority? I'm talking about relatively factual things like where datacenters and battery-electric vehicles come from. I'm defining relationships as established parts of a map that includes materials, energy, and negative externalities. I'm not talking about dynamic systems and feedback loops, flows, etc., but those are certainly relevant. Dynamic

systems can fool you with chaos, often because of ... wait for it... culture. But, dynamic systems also have unpredictable and computability problems. Now... at the level I'm talking about, with structural relations, it is possible for anybody, but the culture has to provide a space for it.

- 2) What happens to culture when the memes (using the broader definitions in this article) are propagated by our primary feeds with a goal of monetizing?
- 3) What happens to culture when people do not stress abstract learning and critical reasoning? By abstract I mean a kit of cognitive aids that helps understand other domains of knowledge. (the best, most creative IT folks I've worked with often had non-technical undergraduate degrees.) A related issue is related to 1., is when the culture propagates that it is futile to try and understand complex systems.
- 4) What if virtually everything, every problem, was assumed to come from culture? That would change how we think of politics, sociology, economics, medical care, addiction, etc. Balkin will, rightly, say there are other things in play like genetics and physical constraints, but I'm talking about the original assumption. What do we go into a situation with. Do we look at tent cities and ask, "What is it about my culture that I live in with this tent city, that created this situation?" or do we go into it assuming that we are all individuals with agency to determine our own paths?

The systems folks (Donella Meadows, Gregory Bateson, Buckminster Fuller...) often run into culture. Bateson was closest to grasping the correlation. If you want to see a three hour video that runs all over this stage, watch this.

I've had many blindspots in my life, but none were as big as what culture means, and how it works.

Oh... and mostly the culture on WarmRootBeerSocial (duh) is corporate, cloud-based, feed based, and AI friendly. So, asking a question like "where do datacenters come from" or "how much and what kind of minerals do we need for energy transition" get filtered out by culture. This invalidates the "Answer is AI, dude!" response in my mind. Probably not yours. I opened with this. I am not blind to this. I have to say it, though.

#memetics



2024-03-19 • Subject • Different Culture • LR

I publish my work to a different culture. I came to this conclusion after reading Jack M. Balkin's book Cultural Software: A Theory of Ideology. Culture propagates culture. As demands for attention become greater, the mechanisms approach purely meme-like propagation, with memes fed by engines built by the entities most successful in propagating and benefiting by culture. It is an all-consuming cycle at this point, with a few profiting significantly from it. To what end; what is the purpose? To achieve participant's ideology about what success means, what will bring them "happiness" (another cultural concept). Our current culture does not gauge success on the health of related earth systems, but rather by boats, a lake view, single-family home with two EV charging stations, evenings at the pub, and rubbing elbows with other successful people in high towers. Oh... true, we have a need for the genuine, the authentic, and we will consume that until it becomes a theme park, destroying all small towns near urban capitals. In our dominant culture, the entities that win the game are the ones that are best able to exploit minerals and energy, yet are able to satisfy the "we are a good culture" memes, so the cycle can continue. Negative externalities are swept under the biosphere.

In order to break out, consider Donnella Meadows closing ideas about ideology, and consider how your culture is your ideology, and the nature of how it is propagated. Decide on the requirements for an imagined culture that might work as you deconstruct the current culture. Go for it. Write to it. Work towards it. Be stubborn. That is how culture changes. We aren't going to get there by regurgitating the current culture. Most likely we will get there when we reach the end of the road abruptly. Even then, it is possible that cultural time capsules from some of us writing and building to a different culture will be useful. It is extremely difficult to work outside of culture. All of us are in it, and it forms everything. Figure out a requirement, a constraint that is like a magic beaded bag of evolving. For me, the requirement of "no servers; no admins" is such a constraint.

We will likely never know if what we did helps, but it is an honor to be involved in an imagined future web, the web from Gregory Bateson's idea of relationships, not necessarily the dominant cultural idea of Tim Berners-Lee's web. I suspect that Tim Berners-Lee shared the same excitement as Stewart Brand about the Cybernetics version of the web, but the dominant cultural excitement of the web is different. The dominant cultural version hijacked the Cybernetics version, at least in the beginning, but it was transformed into something ugly.

#donella_meadows #memetics



2024-03-27 • Subject • Einstein Bike • LR

I saw one of those "Einstein justifies my X" posts that references something he said, that usually is wrong. In this case it was the one about riding a bicycle ("Life is like riding a bicycle. To keep your balance, you must keep moving."). While the quote in the post, unlike most quotes used in social media, was from Einstein, it also added the word "forward" to what Einstein said, so it was more like the Walt Disney version used in the movie Meet the Robinsons, and highlighted with "Keep moving forward". The person was pushing their version of AI (LLMs) added to their SaaS product, and they were making the point that this was the way forward. It crossed my mind that I should comment on their public post and mansplain the real quote, make a snark about AI scraping Disney and Einstein quotes and messing it up, and continue on with systems theory. I'm a wee bit wiser now. We are in a strange cultural time. I get it. As a boomer (barely!) white male, I am a cultural meme, with all that goes with it. The comment would have been an energy sink, and would accomplish nothing but entrenchment and division.

The Einstein quote is from a 1930 letter to his son. From what I can tell, the full quote from the letter in English is "Men are like bicycles. It's only easy to keep your balance when you are on the move". Scratch the "men", fine. Call it living in the world and trying to keep your balance, fine. Note that you can only keep your balance at the immediate point of flow, fine. Making a point about those critical of LLMs by hooking it up to the Disney version? Not fine.

#social_media



2024-03-29 • Subject • Culture Bind • LR

"The shared idea in the minds of society, the great big unstated assumptions — unstated because unnecessary to state; everyone already knows them — constitute that society's paradigm, or deepest set of beliefs about how the world works. There is a difference between nouns and verbs. Money measures something real and has real meaning (therefore people who are paid less are literally worth less). Growth is good. Nature is a stock of resources to be converted to human purposes. Evolution stopped with the emergence of Homo sapiens. One can "own" land. Those are just a few of the paradigmatic assumptions of our current culture, all of which have utterly dumbfounded other cultures, who thought them not the least bit obvious." ~ Donella Meadows

It is funny... while I was familiar with many of the ideas of Donella Meadows, and even this particular paper, I never fully grokked the power of culture: where it comes from, and what happens to culture in a global system based on a naive algorithm of simple profit. I can watch as massive apex cloud interests hijack culture, eliminating agency while making it seem like agency is provided. I also hadn't thought much about how our own human selection under evolution works with culture. That is, the simple machine that runs selection with humans, also works with culture. They go together.

We have joined this with knowledge and corporate feeds that regurgitate and propagate culture. We will purchase cloud AI services that need cloud Graph services that require us to use knowledge graphs we establish with humans to minimize hallucinations, yet never question the expensive framework and end-run. We never ask, "What do we need?" anymore. Why? Because of culture. Crisis responses (pick your crisis over the last 100 years) push the

culture further into a game state that cannot be won. It is a double bind. We need to change culture at the root, but the change will further fracture culture through resultant crises.

We are stuck with what we are fed, and will not break out. We will lay down datacenter after datacenter, relying on the Palo Verde nuclear plant that is cooled by complicated wastewater reclamation and pumps. We will grow until we break. When we break, a new culture will emerge. Or, perhaps, the hybrid culture/news/Al/feed/memeplex organism will continue to grow under the simple algorithm. Bill Joy's #greygoo as a metaphor, with a Matrix engine that makes the steak seem real. Everybody chooses the steak (and those that don't, post about it... and choose the steak metaphorically).

#donella_meadows #memetics #culture



2024-04-06 • Subject • Blake AI • LR

At a certain point, as we evolve our LLMs, we are going to be able to get clear answers from questions based in real human requirements. Culture prevents this currently. Likely this means we have to decouple AI from the companies that benefit from our current culture. We won't like the answers. What I mean is this:

Every prompt for a direction from an LLM or other form of Al assumes that we want to preserve the living planet, yet provide water, food, a wet-bulb temp range, and sustainable cultural requirements (human touch, and other basic needs) for all humans.

Humans can't work on the number of dimensions needed to answer prompts like that. Marketing and advertising spend is done to keep us from building out related knowledge. In real-time, as Michael Tomasello shows, we do have some ability to gauge a few tools and two teams, but that is all we can do for shared intention towards goals. Our culture pushes the *idea* that we want positive things for all humans, but marketing and advertising harnessed by those in power is the invisible worm, to use Blake's imagery, that destroys our life. Al can make these connections, but only if we start with a knowledge graph of basic requirements, rather than simply a slurry of scrapes and matrices of floating point numbers powered by yet more datacenters hooked up to the Palo Verde Generating Station (or East Coast coal or Northwest hydro, etc.). What we don't want to assume is "How can I keep my single-occupancy vehicle, own land that 100 families could live on, use more energy than 98 percent of other inhabitants, destroy habitat for the living planet, yet feel good about it."

As cautious as I am about AI, under certain conditions I can see it helping us break out of our cultural engine of destruction that is pushed by the Mad Men and the comfortable, complacent folks who consider life as merely an opportunity to turn the crimson joy of our planet's rose into waste.

#chimp notches #culture #memetics #ai



2024-04-08 - Subject - What Motivates Me - LR

Why this paper?

I'm a full-on computer geek. I see world problems and imagine technical solutions. But, it is also true that I see technical solutions as a large part of the world's problems. I have two papers with many references that explain these ideas, as well as descriptions and designs of related technical solutions:

- One is finished. It is located at triple.pub.
- One I'm working on now. It is located at triples.pub.

Read them for more background. I will not duplicate the references in this paper. Instead, I will strip out my technical application of the ideas, and explain my motivation.

Pretty Little Heads

We live and work within complex systems. We are sold the idea that we don't need to worry our pretty little heads about our location and goals; we only need to pay attention to simple metrics like profit, and let the system work as it wants. This is a prevalent cultural trait that is amplified by those with power, those that profit by our blindness.

Consider the metaphor of wandering in the woods. We get lost without a compass and a map. If the compass is only a "profit" compass, we are blind to many other guides.

We are all aware of these basic concepts:

- We rely on the biosphere and the life within it.
- · Our life choices affect the biosphere.
- The things we use in our life have supply chains behind them, and there are associated resource constraints and negative externalities.
- Short-term vs. long-term profit can diverge greatly.

The idea that we can have thousands of duplicate efforts, where the best emerge under the simple mechanism of profit, only works if we ignore these basic concepts. This naive cultural idea was developed as empires seized land, human, animal, plant and mineral resources around the globe. We are at the end of an unprecedented period of cheap energy and fossil fuel based feedstocks. Most reading this are completely embedded in this same culture, but we don't have to continue forward with the same destructive and naive assumptions that led to this point.

It Matters

Understanding our place in systems matters. Culture matters. History matters. Where materials come from matters. We are at a crucial point in the escalation of the naive and simplistic cultural ideas. Those that benefited the most from a culture of downplaying individual human experience and knowledge and focusing on simplistic and naive algorithms of profit, are in more control of the economic momentum than ever before. The same companies that feed us cultural information are now doubling down and ensuring their grip via AI. Don't get me wrong. Neural networks and matrices of floating point numbers coupled with massive compute can do some amazing things. But, much of our world is still based on a simplistic and naive cultural algorithm. We are 8 billion people with very few outliers that are operating a machine that is producing many undesirable outcomes. We are about to turbocharge this engine with AI, without challenging the culture at the wheel.

But, how do we break out? It is a self-propagating cultural engine, and success is determined by playing within the rules. If we see undesirable outcomes, what can we do? How do we jump out of a moving car? I have no interest in establishing overall meaning and goals. I'm not a politician or a philosopher.

Small Facts

Once upon a time, I was an engineer working on design considerations for a new application. The project manager would not provide availability needs. How much downtime was acceptable? It was a very hierarchical organization, and I had already gotten in trouble for going directly to stakeholders, so I had to rely on my project manager. I knew that the cloud solution could only provide three nines at best. Was this OK? It was then that I realized the volume of mediocre managers flocking to whatever the cloud solution was providing. This has to do with meaning. It is possible for the organization, the stakeholder, and the provider of the application to agree on availability requirements, but increasingly, this was not a priority. This is also part of culture. We are accepting our feeds, discarding meaning and accountability for expedience. The smallest facts **can break this behavior**. Eureka!

I am small fact agnostic. I'm not hooked on availability, nor other requirements like restore point objective or restore time objective. That isn't my point. I'm saying that as humans involved in organizations and individually, small facts are important. I am **not** saying that only small facts are important, merely that there is a certain level of consideration of small facts that is prudent. Let's take the lost in the woods allegory a bit more literally. If the game of "lost in the woods" is to find gold nuggets, and everybody has a compass to gold nuggets, what about the small fact that humans need water to live? A list of small facts is useful, even if the culture is based in the game of "obtain gold nuggets".

Here is another small fact: Can your organization tolerate a provider outage? If so, how long? What are you doing to mitigate that risk? The supply chain behind running your organization from a pure cloud approach has many weak

links. It doesn't mean you shouldn't do it; however, you should be able to model your situation by building your own appropriate collection of small facts and dependencies. Now, here is the kicker: do you model your situation on a cloud service? Doesn't that seem silly to you in context? And, yet, most do. I understand the reasons for this, particularly as the cultural dumbing down of in-house expertise has taken its toll. How can experts be kept and relied on to model and understand your situation? This is why models that do not require experts or servers is an important consideration in the work I do now. SOS! **You** will save your **own** soul, not me. Not an expert. Not cloud. Not Al.

One Small Fact at a Time

There is a vague idea being pushed that we can rely on AI to handle the direction we choose to go individually and as organizations. Have you seen the series Super Pumped? I think the core reason for all of the money being poured into AI is the same reason Kalanick was so interested in self-driving cars. Humans have messy needs. They need healthcare. They can be irrational. They don't easily fit a naive profit model of behavior. Like the Kennedy moon shot memo, where the origin was simply a power play without preference about how dominance was exhibited, the background motives of AI are suspect. Do you know things about yourself that require certain rules? If you have a tendency to be a compulsive gambler, do you avoid casinos? What is your collection of small facts? They are quite likely unique. As an individual human, how do you manage your knowledge of your situation?

What does your organization need? What do we need as a species? What are the double binds that our civilization is in? There are all kinds of small facts appropriate to own, that can be assembled into knowledge graphs. It is possible to do this without servers or experts. It is a way that we can break out of the cultural momentum that increasingly flows us forward against our own interest through naive models. That doesn't mean there isn't valid culture, just as there are valid applications for AI and datacenters. It just means that we should be driving. We should be able to own and manage our knowledge ourselves, as humans, and move culture in a better direction. We can change the algorithm of culture with intent and action aligned with small facts assembled as knowledge graphs, one small fact at a time.

#civilization #double_bind #work #triples



2024-04-14 • Subject • See the Game • LR

Most in my culture have the premise that maximizing resource extraction and profit can guide us to a better future. Profit and consumer agency provide a mechanism for civilization guidance. Success, or predestination, within this culture is measured by profit and virtue signals. The virtue signals for most read like an application to graduate school at best, or a social media feed at worst. Over time, available resources change, and this is a form of profit and virtue: Oil -> Lithium/Cadmium/Copper/etc. Let's call this PKD-ROME. If you add a code of honor and a pair of Beretta 92Fs you get A Better Tomorow I,II,III, or HK-CHOW. If you add religion you get CHK-FIL-A. If you replace religion with government oversight and orchestration, you get EU or CHN. In all cases PKD-ROME is at the core, with the most successful having past or present empires that grew by optimizing resource extraction. Let's just call all of these ROCK.

I have been part of alternative cultures whose premise is minimizing resource extraction and profit. Let's call these cultures LUV-HPPY and FU-PUNK. I am aware of indigenous cultures where virtues are part of culture, as well as minimizing resource extraction and following the baseline of required needs, stressing soft needs and broad relationships. Let's call these NATV-TBT. Let's just call all of these SCISSORS.

ROCK, with unlimited resources to extract, always beats SCISSORS. ROCK has had power for as long as written language. Yes, there is a correlation between the worm and the spice, here, as language propagates culture. Writing with ROCK fixes ROCK across time, and allows us to track grain distribution.

If you run an LLM against ROCK culture, you are going to get more ROCK culture, no matter how much you virtue tag SCISSORS culture in your feeds. Culture also functions like a narrow AI (called ROCK). ROCK will use other vertical AI types for more ROCK.

The main unknown is what happens when when we hit limits, the ROCK wall. Will ROCK bend or break? The SCISSORS hope ROCK breaks, the dust forming PAPER. ROCK hopes there are no limits, just changes of resources to extract. Both underestimate the overall risk to the biosphere and severity of the wall.

What is right? For those reading this, culture determines that. An LLM will just concretize ROCK and accelerate. I'm not sure ROCK will tolerate alternative narrow Al models where ROCK is not in power.

Nobody has any idea what a true AGI would bring to the game, but I'd offer that it brings a million moves and a million factorial relations, but these are indistinguishable statements in meaning. I suspect that before we reach AGI, ROME truly will finally end, and NATV-TBT cultures emerge from the rubble, simply because we have run out of resources to extract, and the gatekeepers of the black iron prison perish. I am just a mere map maker, though, and relatively agnostic about the game. Seeing the game is not being the game, and this is useful for a map maker.

#civilization #bip #pkd



2024-04-15 • Subject • The Matrix is Culture • LR

We are The Matrix. We form a computer through self-replicating memetic cultural messages. We are 8 billion people running on a simple algorithm of profit. Consider the memetic messages in your social media stream. I bet you can review your feed and pinpoint the class of message and reaction, and slot it into one of 100 classes. We no longer think about our place in this system. We think about participating in the messaging within 100 classes.

There is lot we can do to escape. Naming the computer is a career limiting move. We are running in a biospherechanging civilization algorithm that self terminates with a memory overflow when we run out of minerals, fossil fuel feedstocks, and energy.

How did we get here? After WWII, marketing and advertisers figured out how to hijack culture to make a buck. We fell right in. Eisenhower was right. Culture is consumerism. War is profit, and our governments are participating, colluding in the illusion. Our route to agency was reduced to choosing what biosphere-tilting product to purchase. We degraded our workstreams into small steps with decreasing understanding of the overall system or real human needs.

And, now, we have this idea that we will solve all of this wasteland of data and consumer choices with LLMs churning through the 100 trillion gigabytes of yearly data volume we create, capture, copy and consume, to provide what? Better products? A phone app that plugs into our brains to make us feel good? A cure for a disease that causes (whatever 2 million dollars worth of cost in the global supply chain amounts to in) environmental damage?

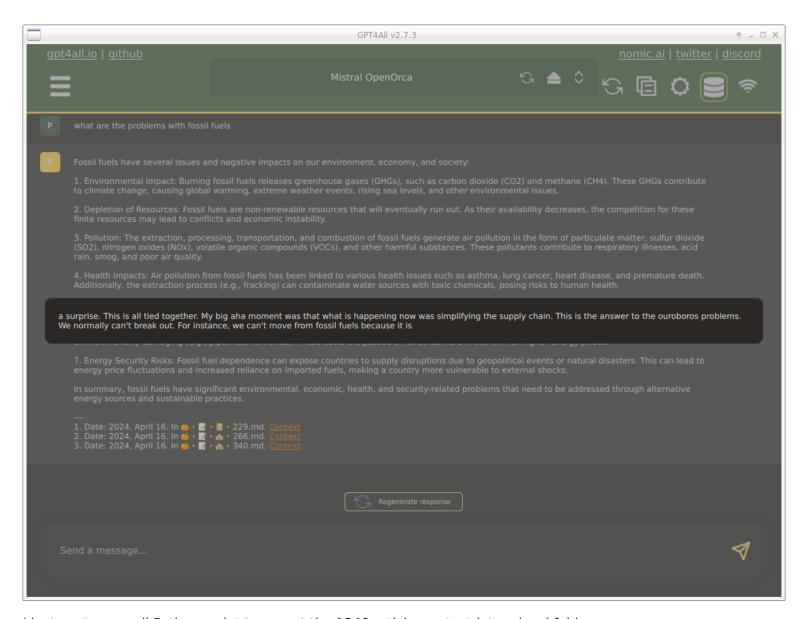
I don't believe that Lana and Lilly Wachowski had a complex story to express, but, rather, it was simply culture. They felt trapped in culture, and wanted a way out of the matrix. When they found a way out, expressed their imprisonment, their success became their cage as their ideas took on a life of their own. The Matrix consumes all, even sequels. You cannot leave the lotus-eater machine. It is an old allegory. People like the illusion.

#civilization #bip #memetics #culture #lotus eater machine



2024-04-16 • Subject • LLM Toe in Water • LR

GPT4All will combine local documents along with a *local* LLM, and return results referencing your local documents in context. This screenshot shows articles off of orng.org as sources.



I just wrote a small Python script to export the 1340 articles as text into a local folder:

```
import json
arts={}
predicates={'*\':'#','| | ':'entry',' | ':'title',' | ':'comment',' | | ':'date'}
with open('data.json') as f:
  data = json.load(f)
for l in data['triples']:
    if l[1]in predicates and len(l[0].split(' → '))==4:
        if l[0] not in arts:
            arts[l[0]]={}
        if l[1]=='\':
            if 'tags' not in arts[l[0]]:
                arts[l[0]]['tags']={}
            arts[l[0]]['tags'][l[2]]={}
            arts[l[0]][predicates[l[1]]]=l[2]
for d in arts:
    print(d)
    art=''
    art+=arts[d]['title']+'\n'
```

```
art+=arts[d]['date']+'\n'
art+=arts[d]['entry']+'\n'
if 'tags' in arts[d]:
    art+='tags: \n'
    for t in arts[d]['tags']:
        art+=t+' '
    art+='\n'
with open('local_orng/'+d+'.md', 'w+') as f:
    f.write(art)
```

I added the SBert model, chose Mistral OpenOrca as my LLM, and boom! This is all running locally on my own Ryzen 5, nothing special, just running off of the CPU, not GPU. I was impressed that it didn't barf on my emoji filenames.

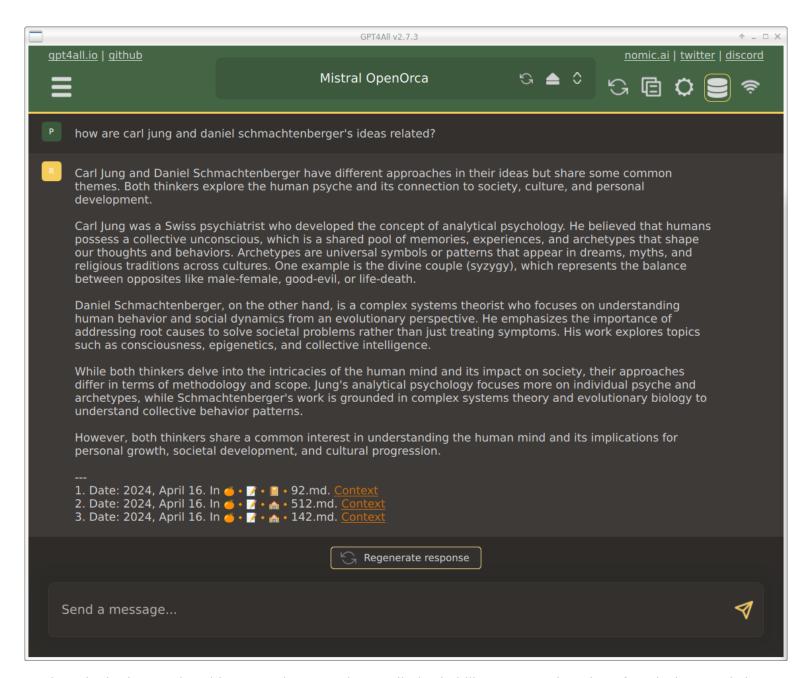
It is funny... I've worked for five years on my local knowledge graph ideas. I figured I'd take a day off and learn about what all of the fuss was about. I've never entered a prompt before. It is pretty much what I imagined. From what I can tell, it is a good time to tune in. There is some good stuff happening in the world that is open, free, and able to run locally. I did make some progress using Ravindra Marella's chatdocs project before I found GPT4All. None of this fits my concept of "light". My model of 5,000 people with an operational knowledge graph, with all data and software is coming in at under 2MB. But, they are solutions to different kinds of problems. I know that knowledge graphs are also being integrated with LLMs to reduce hallucinations. Still, even in my small town scenario with the fiber cut, GPT4All would be quite helpful to review the mountains of data that the town likely has. I'll have to add that to an appendix on triples.pub.

Oh... I asked regular stuff too, like how to bake a pie, and what medusa means in your dreams. (I didn't get the Jungian Anima answer I hoped for, but it was at least warm root beer.) I think that is the key, right? People can't really think sharply anymore. They aren't really that curious, not enough to dig in, just enough to take a five second pass. It all comes down to how much it matters. As we collapse, it will matter, I guess. Anyway... not to bring it down... Woo! Local LLM and local stores!

#schmachtenberger #gpt4all #llm



2024-04-17 • Subject • LLM Revisit • LR



So, here is the interesting thing: As a human, I have a limited ability to cross domains of analysis. Jung is in one domain; Schmactenberger is in another. One talks of the polycrisis. One talks of the internal crisis. I often write about them both in my journal, but I have never associated the two. I know they are both systems of analysis, but I am unable to think with enough relations to answer this prompt. I was genuinely curious about the relationship, but admit I was a wee bit impish when asking the question of the LLM. There must be some, as I think highly of both, and wade into their ideas for guidance and understanding. Even if I stuck within a domain, as I write this, my guess is that I know of only a couple of people that know enough about Schmachtenberger's ideas to attempt the correlation. Perhaps a few know a bit about Jung, but my guess is that the LLM is the only way I could find this answer.

That doesn't mean that human cognition within domains with one class of directional relations and three node classes can't benefit by the sharp, solid model that a knowledge graph can provide (which my morph of Gane and Sarson's methods does). Sharp, specific knowledge graphs work like checklists (Atul Gawand's Checklist Manifesto). They can be cognitive aids for humans that are particularly useful in crisis or navigating complex situations. You wouldn't enter a prompt to remember to raise the landing gear after take-off, or check that major components were bolted on. (You might automate that, and I imagine we do, but for important things it is good to have a sharp, solid model that is quickly understandable.) In my usage, knowledge graphs are like checklists with expanded dimensions and visual conventions. But mapping between those domains is difficult. Either you have to form the base in Barry Smith's BFO, which is too expensive for orgs that aren't NASA or the gene ontology effort. LLMs can likely do this at less cost.

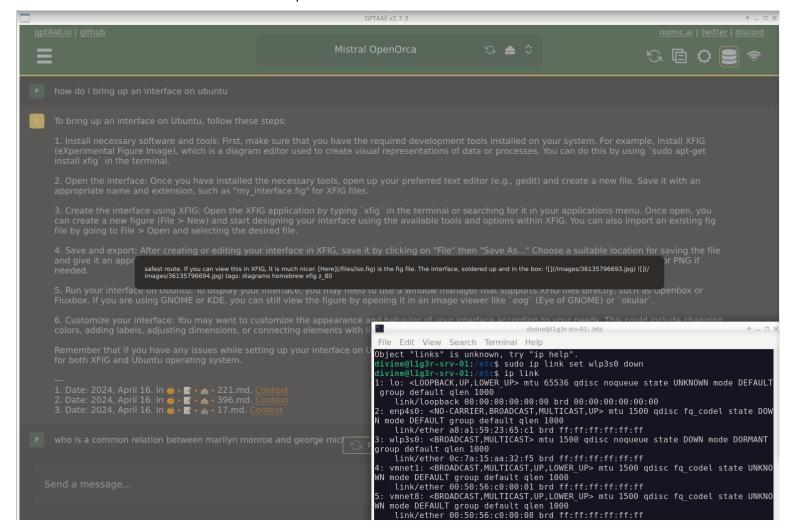
Running locally avoids my concerns about agency, availability, and general socio-economic-environmental reservations about stacking up datacenters next to NW hydro, the Palo Verde Generating Station or Virginia coal.

#IIm #gpt4all #schmachtenberger



2024-04-20 • Subject • Bad Local Good • LR

I was experimenting with my local, offline LLM using Mistral OpenOrca and a set of local documents pulled from my journal via GPT4All. I brought my network interface down to prove I was truly running offline, and entered a prompt for how to do the reverse, assuming it was just 'up' instead of down, which it is, but GPT4All found a misleading answer in my local documents as a priority. It is answering my prompt by using data from my parallel port homebrew Z-80 interface in this article. True, it is an interface. I asked another question to make sure it wasn't *just* considering local docs. This is the behavior I would hope for.



I am focused on human cognition via knowledge graphs, but humans can only work in real-time with two teams and three tools. There are ways to supplement LLMs with knowledge graphs, but that is not my focus. This example, though, does show how to deal with a valid use case when dealing with an Internet outage. My thought is that rather than connect the knowledge graphs directly, humans could use an offline LLM attached to the stack of existing operational manuals and other documentation for my small town model to ask questions from the emergent knowledge graphs as they deal with the crisis. GPT4All fits my requirements of no servers, no experts, no administrators. It runs on anything, and you just have to point it at a local store.

#Ilm #gpt4all



I'm enjoying GPT4All with Mistral OpenOrca.

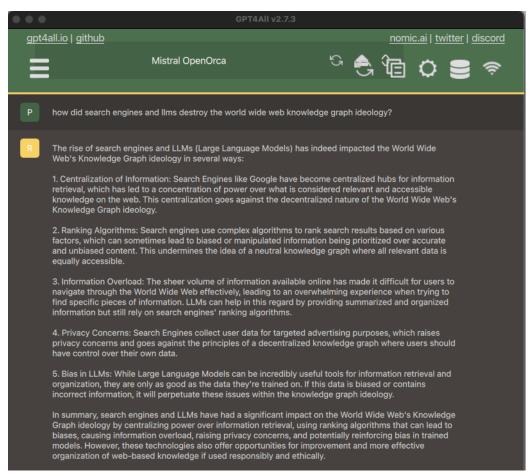


Figure 65: What Search Did

From one perspective, all of the wonderful visions of Tim Berners-lee were able to provide Wikipedia and other collaborative knowledge stores to scrape, so a few apex cloud companies could resell out of datacenters next to all of the cheap energy (Phoenix nuke, NW hydro, Virginia coal), as they mine the rest of copper and other minerals for the build-out and the "green" high-tech solutions. All is just part of a continuum of a degradation of human cognition and agency, starting with search.

From another perspective, you can query your own local AI with similar power. Much like how the apex cloud companies turned copyleft against the interests that people like Stallman imagined, we can flip the script again and pull it back with the same legal frameworks: judo on judo. I wonder how long Huggingface is going to provide free downloads of 7GB GGUF model files? Open access might actually be required to bootstrap the full AI ecosystem that the apex cloud entities imagine everybody subscribing to at a monthly fee to handle everything. Well... at least until the negative externalities and energy/mineral constraints catch up... but the "suits" in "hot tubs", (or whatever state and location the elite technological optimists gather in these days) figure they will have to mine planets, the moon, or asteroids in their untethered visions. This delusion works for those in power, who, to quote Pauline Schneider, "will tear out the heart of Earth for a single day of power".

And... I get it, I was running web sites at a time where you submitted URLs to Yahoo to get in the taxonomy (I did get in... and even managed to get somebody to modify the URL when MS threatened legal action against websites with "NT" in the name.) Collaborative knowledge graphs without a good foundational semantic base like BFO degrade in usefulness at scale. And, at the same time, the number of people who are willing and able to collaboratively build knowlede in a structured way is less as alternative means of finding knowledge quicker through search and AI improve. Along these lines, this is an interesting analysis of the paper "Language Models are Open Knowledge Graphs".

Frankly... while I've watched much of this go down, and I have seen patterns of thought and trends, my interest in battle on these plains is weak. I have something positive to add, primarily knowledge graphs without servers, experts, or administrators. This is useful no matter what side is correct, or if I'm dead wrong on some things. I need to let go of the broader issues, and "move through the web".

#Ilm #gpt4all

Comments:

2024-05-03:

I noticed that Michael K. Bergman, one of my heroes, posted A Quantum Dialog with ChatGPT. I fired up my completely local instance of GPT4All with the Mistral OpenOrca model to compare responses with the same prompts.

Me: Please respond to the request after the colon below in a style that blends expressive imagery with declarative language. Combine evocative descriptions and straightforward statements that appeals to reality and common sense. Use idiomatic expressions and metaphors to add color and depth where appropriate. Aim for a rich tone, but is not obvious or repetitive, and is grounded in truth or compelling logic. Include the emotional with the rational and intelligent. Here is the topic:

How does quantum mechanics relate to the classical world?

Mistral OpenOrca: The intricate dance between quantum mechanics and the classical world resembles a symphony of harmonious discord, where the mysterious realm of subatomic particles seamlessly intertwines with our macroscopic existence. In this mesmerizing ballet, the very fabric of reality is woven from the delicate threads of both worlds, as they strive to maintain equilibrium and coherence in a universe that is ever-expanding and evolving.

At first glance, these two worlds appear vastly different - quantum mechanics delving into the microscopic realm where particles defy our classical understanding of cause and effect, while the classical world presents an orderly and predictable environment governed by Newtonian physics. However, upon closer inspection, we find that they are intricately connected, much like two sides of a coin sharing a common edge.

The bridge between these worlds is built on the foundation of quantum entanglement - a phenomenon where particles can instantaneously communicate and influence each other's behavior across vast distances, defying our classical notions of space and time. This mysterious connection has captivated the minds of scientists for decades, as they seek to unravel its secrets and understand how it relates to the macroscopic world we inhabit daily.

As quantum mechanics interacts with the classical realm, it challenges our understanding of reality by revealing that the very nature of existence is fundamentally probabilistic and uncertain. This uncertainty principle, a cornerstone of quantum theory, reminds us that there are limits to our ability to predict and control outcomes in both worlds - be it the position or momentum of an electron or the trajectory of a thrown baseball.

In this fascinating dance between quantum mechanics and the classical world, we find ourselves immersed in a tapestry of interconnectedness and complexity that defies easy explanation. As our knowledge expands and our curiosity drives us forward, we are continually reminded of the profound beauty and elegance that lies at the intersection of these two seemingly disparate worlds.

Me: Are there examples where others have related quantum mechanics to a ballet?

Mistral OpenOrca: While I cannot find any specific instances where quantum mechanics has been directly compared to a ballet, the metaphor can be seen as an artistic and poetic representation of the intricate relationship between these two seemingly disparate worlds. The dance-like nature of their connection highlights the delicate balance and harmony that exists within this complex interplay.

In essence, just as a skilled dancer navigates through space with grace and precision, so too does quantum mechanics navigate the boundaries between microscopic particles and macroscopic objects in our world.

This analogy serves to emphasize the beauty and elegance of both fields while highlighting their profound interconnectedness.

Me: So, are you saying that Mistral was to first put forward the ballet analogy?

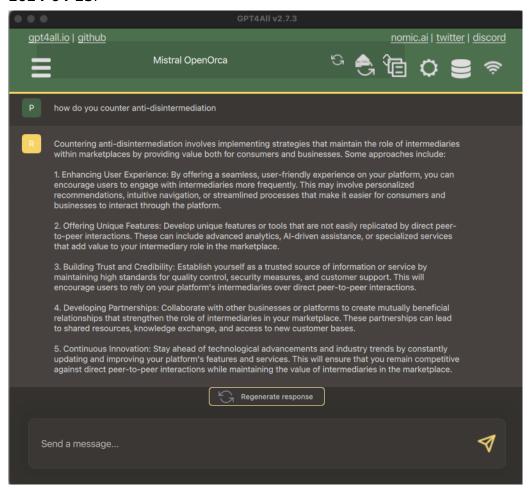
Mistral OpenOrca: No, I am not claiming that Mistral was the first to introduce this particular metaphor. The comparison between quantum mechanics and a ballet is an artistic expression used by various individuals over time to describe the intricate relationship between these two worlds. It serves as a poetic representation of their connection and the delicate balance they maintain within our reality.

Me: Would Mistral claim that our conversation resulted in some form of creativity or emergence from what was before?

Mistral OpenOrca: Yes, indeed! The interaction between you and I during this conversation can be seen as a creative process where new ideas are generated through the exchange of thoughts and perspectives. This dialogue has allowed us to explore various aspects of quantum mechanics and its relationship with the classical world in an engaging manner, resulting in a richer understanding of these concepts.

In essence, our conversation serves as an example of how creativity can emerge from seemingly unrelated topics or ideas when they are brought together in a thoughtful and open-minded manner. This process highlights the importance of embracing curiosity and exploring new connections between different fields to gain deeper insights into the complexities of our world.

2024-04-25:



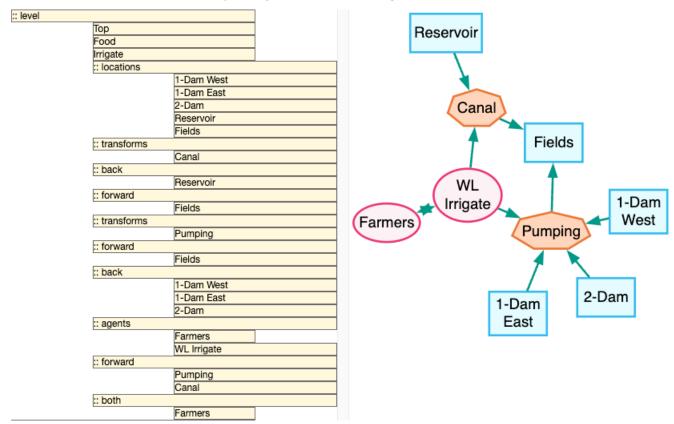
Not quite getting the triple negative there. (disintermediation is when you don't need companies to handle your knowledge, services, etc., you can do it yourself... nobody in the middle mediating... anti-disintermediation is what is being answered here. The prompt returned strategies for anti-disintermediation... y'all are soaking in it all of the time... counter anti-disintermediation would be no servers, no administrators, no experts... note I'm using "experts" as knowledge experts that translate domains, etc. In other words, #gpt4all could be considered a strategy for counter-anti-disinformation,

as I can pull back down all of the scraping that the apex cloud interests did of wikipedia and use it without intermediaries or experts on my own workstation... no servers) BUT, you end up with kind of a static model. You can add local documents to your model, which helps somewhat, but if you truly are going for counter-anti-disintermediation, you likely want to simplify, simplify, simplify... perhaps down to single domain knowledge graphs, supplemented with... say, a local LLM. Just a thought... Or... just be a subscriber and consume, all watched over by machines of loving grace.



2024-04-25 • Subject • Duplicate Agents • LR

This is two levels down below top in my town, at food-irrigate.

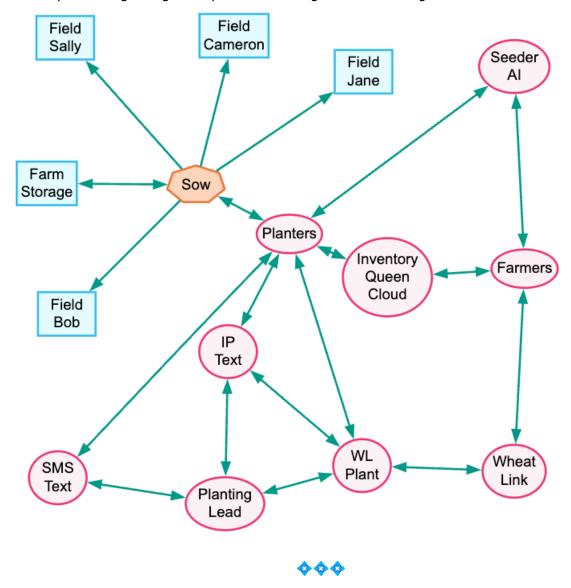


On the left is a stack that you can drag up and down vertically (see triples.pub). Graphs with limited dimensions for human cognition are used with DFDs, but data flows over the edges. Agents (or entities in Gane and Sarson) are sources and sinks of data. In my case, though, I'm working with the edges flowing either materials between locations and transforms, or operational knowledge between agents and transforms. So far it is working well. What I wanted to share, though, is how limited models within one domain, in this case, material flow (AKA supply chain), show characteristics that aren't normally visible without constraints. Humans, computer programs, and AI all provide knowledge to transforms and each other. As I'm mapping it out, something is redundant, and I can see how the human agents get shoved aside over time. Now, in my scenario for the town, internet connectivity is disrupted, and the valves and gates for the pumping station and canal are cloud controlled. The farmers monitored the flows, as they had to pay for the water used, but the operation was done by something I'm calling "Wheat Link", and it is deployed across all aspects of food production. Anyhoo... when you graph it out, it shows the motivation to simplify agents. Farmers, at least at this level, are fairly useless, particularly if the "WL Irrigate" module has insight across multiple domains. But, all of that gets tossed out of the window, as the internet to the town is down, and the staff at the dam that used to know how to operate the valves were laid off. What is even more interesting, is that I'd imagine that the most sustainable way to treat the crisis is to make the Farmers into WL Irrigate, as likely as soon as the internet connectivity is restored it will roll back. I could call it "Irrigate Intelligence" or something, but humans have different material needs, and it is a materials graph. (yes, Madonna just started singing as I wrote that, lol)

Comments:

2024-04-26:

There ends up being clusters of agents woven by communications. Even an SMS text is an agent. True, it has minimal intelligence, but it interfaces with humans and perhaps even other computing or AI, before it ends up directing an agent capable of moving or transforming materials.



2024-05-06 • Subject • Closure • LR

I recently watched Bertrand Bonello's *House of Pleasures*. There is a scene where Clotilde is exhaling from the drag off of her opium pipe. Céline Sallette acts the part so well, and the director sets the scene such, that I could feel the evaporation of words and emotion leave through the smoke, leaving her in peace.



Shortly after I watched the movie, I had a restless night. At one point, I got into a state where my mind was quiet, and I thought of the movie. I was able to sleep through the rest of the night without trouble. It is not the same as

giving up. There are likely quite a few labels for it. Regardless, I understood the idea better than I had before in my life. The following week I ran into Robert Sapolsky and his ideas on free will. I can't go all the way with his ideas, but I have found validity in his, and even Groddeck's ideas. A search shows that few find the correlation with Groddeck. I also see some correlation with Standing in the Way of Control. And, finally, there is a form of futility that I have faced poorly within my own culture, the face of The Matrix, Moloch, and The Superorganism. There are many words for, it, but it is culture, particularly the meme-like version that is propagated, as well as un-examined ideologies that are extremely difficult to break through. Combined, I can feel a way through, like the smoke leaving Clotilde's lips.

#ouroboros #movies



2024-09-17 • Journal • New Articles Again • LR

After closure, I wasn't sure if that was the end or not. I was nearing the limits of a single floppy disk in size. This doesn't necessarily mean the end of my journal, but I considered it. I've said much of what I need to say. But, still, the main audience of my journal is "The Admiralty" and myself as a log, my mountain climbing journal. There was quite a bit to rework as I moved from Python and wxPython to Deno and pure JavaScript. Well, here I am.

#history #the admiralty #wxpython



2024-09-18 • Subject • My Version of History • LR

We built out networked corporate information technology in the 1990s and early 2000s using inherited engineering methods from large projects in previous decades. Our migration of work and knowledge to electronic form was new from physical and logical perspectives. Computer and networking hardware provisioning, knowledge collaboration, and operations had to be built from the ground up, as there was no previous model to work from.

Information technology, combined with the Internet, allowed us to scale supply chains up and out, spanning the globe. Cheap energy and abundant materials accelerated this growth. Most subscribed to a naive principle that limitations to growth were purely imagination and grit, ignoring other limiting domains and negative externalities. Eventually information technology became centralized, and was sold as commodities in central markets. Today we have a handful of core cloud providers, supported by a broad ecosystem of related participants serving as boutique cloud resellers.

The arc of car ownership is similar to information technology. Originally, automobile owners retained generalist mechanics that could fix whatever went wrong. Instead of a dedicated generalist that tended the hardware and software of a computer in an office closet, we evolved to a distributed workforce supporting centralized providers. The growth is tightly coupled and co-dependent with material supply chains. It is tempting to look back on this growth as a natural outcome, particularly if energy and materials are ignored, but the resulting global system is fragile, and creates negative externalities in neighboring social, economic, and environmental domains. We can expect limitations in energy and materials that fueled this growth, as well as interference from degraded related domains.

In addition to treating many parts of information technology as a commodity, we pushed engineering and analysis to software developers, as they were the last piece that couldn't be automated and commoditized. It is easy to house a database on the Internet and charge for use, particularly when it is based on the free effort by social idealists. Software development remained a largely human task, so it was possible to eliminate most other roles. Like the auto industry, we enforced corporate control through global detailed division of labor and robotics, using established and corporately controlled frameworks of knowledge and communication.

#computer stories #industrial civilization #j curve



2024-09-19 • Subject • Shouting at Forest Fires • LR

This post will take shortcuts, as it assumes familiarity with the ideas of Tom Murphy, Nate Hagens, Gregory Bateson, and Daniel Schmachtenberger. Alan Watts observes that nature is wiggly, and humans want direct lines, i.e., it is futile to understand nature as humans. I'd offer Stephen Wolfram's idea that the universe operates on small, simple programs. This does not make the universe less glorious, any more than it detracts from the beauty of the Mandelbrot set. There is a temptation to release ourselves from the burden of understanding our situation at orders of relation higher than 2. Even Alan Watts will concede a network, which can be broken down to small direct relations. The building of those links by small programs, though, is core, and deciding what links to build as human intelligent agents is based in culture and ideology. Intelligence at the point of the small program creating links, using an understanding of relations higher than 2, is endlessly more effective than trying to hoover up the rendered fractal links, digest, and change direction again.

We arrived at where we are now by simple programs without a culture of harmony. We arrived via empire. We arrived through power and domination, genocide and exploitation. We arrived through a naive economic credo. The lens that we look at the world through is tinted and tainted. Repeatedly, we visualize our understand of the broader problem as the Superorganism, Moloch, and The Matrix, as we consider the polycrisis. In brief moments of clarity we grok that we are shouting at a forest fire. We are *in* Moloch itself, and the yelling is part of the fire. We continue, living our own various double binds.

It does puzzle me that we keep on doing this. Why? When we are faced with a double bind, why continue that same fruitless messaging that pushes us into insanity? We cannot get to the other side using these tools for communication. I am very aware that every word I post here is being digested in order to play out a naive small program of domination and monetization. We all come to the same conclusions about culture and ideology. We all understand that we need to restore evolution in orchestration with the living planet, and that the balance of terrestrial mammals using the simple metric of millions of tons is off balance by an obscene factor.

The changing-culture-within-culture problem is immense. If you accept that it is a double bind to work on that goal, particularly at this stage, then why continue that work? I am grateful for the work y'all have done that helped me understand, but all it did for me in my personal life was illustrate the nature of the double bind. The only idea that fits with this is something Nate Hagens said at the end of his Norrsken talk last year. What is needed when the road ends? What do we put in the time capsule? The rest, unfortunately, seems to be just the same part of the superorganism. We are just feeding our destruction with our flourishes, like the Stay Puft Marshmallow Man.

Why do we shout at the forest fire?

#schmachtenberger #guy_mcpherson #nate_hagens #moloch #polycrisis #superorganism #the_matrix #bateson #tom_murphy



2024-09-23 • Subject • Shimmer-merge • LR

It is a weird to be completely aligned with Tom Murphy in this, yet spend most of my time hacking on JavaScript, CSS, and HTML. The key is with origin. Tim Berners-Lee started this with the idea of sharing knowledge in a better way than CERN's existing tree model. He envisioned a network of ideas captured as documents and relations. From this perspective, knowledge is useful. The base is sound. We have interaction logic, views, and with the addition of a local run-time: persistence of data. I need to let go of the fact that modernity turned this into something different, as the base is still sound and useful. Further, the amount of resources that went into standardizing scripting, views, and sharing data is something we wouldn't have without the big cloud players. I use V8, VSCode(ium), and MDN every day. I use JSON every day as well: hey, does anybody else think that the demeanor of Douglas Crockford is similar to John Carpenter? They shimmer-merge in my mind.

#douglas crockford #john carpenter #tim berners lee #tom murphy



2024-09-24 • Subject • Missing the Point • LR

This particular comment (2024-09-17 at 13:18) shows the *big lie*, the appealing lie... or, better put, the covering up of the raw truth and the resulting lie by exclusion. It sounds good, but it is missing the difficult truth. The context is fabulous for this venue, for all of my colleagues over the years that fell for the lie, propagate the lie, live on the spoils of the lie, and plan their retirements as the web of life is torn apart (at least, the web of life we depend on as humans, along with many other species... as George Carlin put it, the planet will be fine). And, to **make it even better** it was the answer by an Al to a prompt. And to *make it doubly better*, the poster of the comment was oblivious to the context. I am sure that the poster of the comment had good intentions. Also, it sounds quite a bit like the color glossy sales brochure of a place I used to work at. I triple dog dare anybody reading this to watch Tom Murphy's full series. He is much better at presenting these ideas than I am. This also shows the scary "value" of our LLMs. It is like our own delusions accelerated.

#tom murphy



2024-09-25 • Dream • Alan Watts' Dog • L R

I had just started at a new law firm (third one). Kate worked there, and she sent me a personal email from her work address to my personal address. It had lots of links in it. I was glad to receive a personal email from anybody, as it was rare.

I was in a room with Sean, and chuckled as I showed her plywood strips on the edges of the yellow desk I made Yvette out of pallets. I thought it was funny I used plywood for trim with the solid real wood of the pallets forming the core of the desk.

I started writing an email update. It started out with me seeing lots of weird things. I switched the words around a few times, but it meant the same.

I was driving in a car with Yvette (or Sean, they were alternating back and forth at this point). She said she needed to drive far away to work on her art, just for the week-end. I encouraged her, as I could use the time myself, in addition to supporting her in her art. She was driving, and wasn't paying attention. I shouted out for her to stop, and she stopped just before she went off the cliff.

I saw a terrarium in a room that had a koi that glided back and forth in a soothing way. Alan Watts owned the aquarium before he died, and it had been preserved. There was a talking Chihuahua dog he had trained. I asked the dog a few questions, and it answered intelligently. I asked why he existed, what was his agency targeted for in the future. He said, "I will reroute." I took it to mean in my dream that he would reroute the agency in the dog to intersect with me in the future.

#alan watts #car #dog

